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APRIL, 1913 TEN CENTS

The Western Comrade

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IN THIS NUMBER

BATTLING AT THE BREAD LINE
By Chester M. Wright

THE SUNSHINE OF SOCIALISM
By R. A. Maynard

A Page About The Western Comrade for May

BY THE EDITORS

WHEN you read these lines, which are intended as a personal message to you from the editors, you will have formed something of an opinion about The Western Comrade, its ideals and its ability to attain to them.

And while you are in that cogitating mood, let us discuss together some of the things that are to be brought to you in the May number. They may help to lend more of balance to your judgment.

First of all there will be a story by Job Harriman. Many a magazine in these radical days would eagerly reach for the pages that come from his pen and The Western Comrade is particularly fortunate in securing for its second number a contribution on "The High Cost of Living and the Cost of High Living," written by this student and fighter of the Pacific Coast.

What would you say if someone should come to you and say to you, "Come over the nation with me while we chat with its heroes?"

Wouldn't you welcome the opportunity to meet and know the best men of the last twenty-five years all over the land—the brave hearts of Socialism?

You are going to have that pleasure!

R. A. Maynard will be your guide. In years of going to and fro in the service of the Socialist party he has met and known intimately its grandest spirits. Of these he has promised to tell in the May number of The Western Comrade. In his article on "Heroes of the Social Revolution" he will tell you of great hearts and brave souls, of noble men and women through whose lives the world has been made better. Some of these comrades have passed beyond this life; some still live and battle. This article will not be alone—or even mainly—of those much in the public eye. It will tell of people new to most of you, people who have done wonder work for humanity but of whom the world has heard little. This article will be something new in Socialist literature and you will want to preserve it.

Then there will be "The Conquest of Prudery," by Emanuel Julius, one of whose stories appears in this number. The forthcoming story by Comrade Julius is one of his few efforts in the field of special articles. Socialist readers all over the nation know him as a fiction writer, but here he has given us something new. He has taken a subject commonly called delicate and he has handled it so skillfully, so thoughtfully, so clearly, that it cannot be other than a help to those who have pondered over the wonderful questions involved in the mysteries that have been developed behind the awesome veil of convention. Prudery is given a severe treatment in this article. We believe you will agree that its selection for the May number was a fortunate one.

Aside from these are a dozen other features. There will be another wonderful title cover in colors by Robert Wagner. To have secured the work of this gifted artist for The Western Comrade has been voted by all a master stroke and the editors are justly proud of the accomplishment.

TWO GEMS FOR TWO DIMES

Because of a fortunate saving that we were enabled to make in the course of publication, we are able to offer two of the best books available for propaganda use at 10 cents each. They are:

"The Gospel of Socialism," by Stanley B. Wilson.

"The Religion of a Socialist," by R. A. Maynard.

The books should be in every library. There is an inspiration in every line. There is an upward outlook in each that brings to the reader a finer, nobler conception of the great world-wide Socialist movement. They warm the heart, they strengthen the intellect, they bring warm sunshine to the soul. You must have these books. Clip the attached coupon, put it in an envelope with two dimes and mail to The Citizen Publishing Co., Box 135, Los Angeles. CLIP THE COUPON NOW AND HAND YOUR LETTER TO THE FIRST POSTMAN YOU SEE!

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I am sending you two dimes, enclosed. I want those two inspiring books, "The Gospel of Socialism," and "The Religion of a Socialist," by RETURN MAIL. Send them to:

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Western Comrades

Not in gold in her mountains,
Nor in blue of her skies,
Not in gleam of her fountains,
Nor in bright, sparkling eyes
Of her fairest 'mong women,
Is the lure that men prize.

But strength of women, worth of men,
And broad expanse of view;
In frank warm love of comrades, when
The Cause comes just and true;
Here stands the Western Comrade—
His hand he proffers you.

The Birth Song!

It is not because it is customary that these lines are written, but to tell you something of The Western Comrade, its plans and aspirations. It is not because publications are expected to explain themselves that The Western Comrade takes you off on a journey into the future in these paragraphs.

These lines are written because The Western Comrade is so brimful of the exuberance of youth and the sheer joy of consecration to an ideal that it just must take you one and all into its confidence.

These lines are written because the heart must speak. And if your heart is attuned alike to the spirit of the great struggle, you, too, will enjoy communion with the people who have produced this magazine.

The Western Comrade comes into the world of clash and conflict with no under-estimate of the size of the breakers ahead, with no foolhardy hazard at what the cost of its daring may be. But it also comes with a whole-souled conception of the work to be done. It comes knowing that all men have hearts and minds that must be reached; and in reaching them and gripping them that day for which the great world Socialist movement is striving will be hastened on its way. And what nobler purpose could there be than to speed the coming of that day?

The Western Comrade comes into the world to breathe upon it the spirit of the boundless West and to bring to the West itself a better, more wholesome interpretation of its own all-inclusive spirit—that noble spirit which has heralded our West to all the world as something wide and free and daring.

The spirit of the West is the spirit of health and youthful effervescence. It has baffled the agencies of decay and pessimism as no other has done. It smiles red-lipped from its verdant low lands and it laughs full-throated and clear from its majestic peaks. Its leaping rivers flash out clear like the bubbling eyes of wonderful maidens and its glowing sun rays betray warmth and comradeship and beautiful sentiment.

The real spirit of the West is the spirit of humanity untrammelled. The real spirit of the real West is the spirit of the world to be, the spirit of emancipated men and women, the spirit of perfect healthy childhood, the spirit of humanity unmasked and unburdened!

That is the spirit of The Western Comrade! Exultantly it goes forth to the world! Smiling, clear eyed, deep chested and strong, with the chains of commercialism thrown aside, it goes out to spread where it may the spirit that fills and clamors for expression! And in the pulsing, indescribable joy of wonderful life it calls to you everywhere: Come up out of bondage; come up the great slope, up where the sun shines, up where the air is pure, where the shadow of despair is never cast.

Come then, let us all together touching elbows, hand in hand, go up where man shall be free forever!

Fighting Clean!

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

THE best rebel is the cleanest rebel.

Somehow the world has come to demand that those who protest against the arrangement of things shall be of superior fiber.

Somehow the world is not willing to grant that those who are in revolt against the status quo may abandon themselves to the vices common to those who support things as they are.

And should we not be glad that this is so?

For it has had its effect upon the revolution and on the people of the revolution. It has made them better revolutionists.

But the men and women of the revolution pride themselves on cleanliness, not because the world demands it, for they are in revolt against many things that the world has set up.

They strive for cleanliness because cleanliness makes for efficiency. And we need to be efficient. Every ounce of energy makes the revolution that much more sure, that much more wantable, that much more inspiring.

This cleanliness is not a cleanliness from the soil that accumulates on the hands of the person who toils to create the world's bread. It is not a shrinking from contact with the grime of work.

It is that essential cleanliness that comes from the thinking of noble thoughts, the leading of right lives, the proper use of body and mind.

That person who so uses his body as to keep it at the highest state of purity and energy is exceeding wise. He furnishes a pure source of energy for his brain. Clear thinking is essential to the social revolution, for the social revolution is a revolution in which intelligence must win the victory.

The fundamental revolutionist realizes these things. The fundamental revolutionist believes that fresh air is as necessary to the fighters in the social revolution of today as bullets were to the fighters in the revolution of 1776.

The fundamental revolutionist believes that sunshine is as necessary to the revolutionist of today as strong tents were to the fighter in the dark days of the French revolution.

The fundamental revolutionist of today has a passion for cleanliness in all things. He loves cleanliness of the body. He loves the ruddy glow of clean skin. He is inspired by the beautiful play of clean muscles. He reverences the clean body. He is enraptured over homes that are clean and he knows the fighting value of the clean mind.

Clean people are clean fighters. The social revolution of today is the cleanest, noblest fight that was ever fought. It has a right to be fought by clean fighters.

Therefore, should not we men and women of the revolution, be clean; be clean of mind and body and clean of home? The great prayer of the revolution is for a day when all people may be clean, when every babe shall have as its birthright a clean body; when every home shall be free from the dirt that is forced into it by an unjust social system; when every person in the world shall have an abundance of cleanliness in habitation, in body, mind and spirit and when men and women shall be clean in their dealings with each other.

And, with these things before us let us set this up as a truth: The best rebel is the cleanest rebel.

Upon that principle the Western Comrade will always stand.

182382

The Sunshine

IN commenting upon the last Socialist National Convention at Indianapolis the press of that city called attention to what it termed the "terrible seriousness" of the delegates.

Little humor, few jokes, rare flashes of enlivening wit, only an occasional rift in the cloud to let the sunshine in—this was the verdict. The criticism was not new, hence the Hoosier scribes are precluded from asserting the claim of original discoverers-

A Socialist may be defined as an accoucheur assisting at the birth of a new social order. As such he is engaged in serious business. His duties are many and complex.

Careful study of principles and tactics; continuous sleeping under marching orders; enforced marches followed by frequent engagements on the skirmish line and an occasional hand to hand conflict—while all these develop an intelligent appreciation of the nature and gravity of the class conflict under capitalism they do not contribute in any great extent to the hilarity of nations.

To serve in this great Army of the Commonweal ever ready to accept what may come of personal discomfort or sacrifice, is not child's play nor especially mirth-provoking. The forces engaged in world-wide conflict are tremendous and the principles involved far-reaching in effect upon human welfare.

None save Socialists fully appreciate the significance of this titanic struggle only to end with death of the old and birth of a new social order.

The Socialist understands that the miseries and industrial wrongs of the present are birth-pangs in the travail of a civilization long since past the normal period of gestation.

But, while conscious of being a factor in vital processes and of dealing with living forces, which must inevitably win to the ultimate goal, he yet becomes impatient of delay.

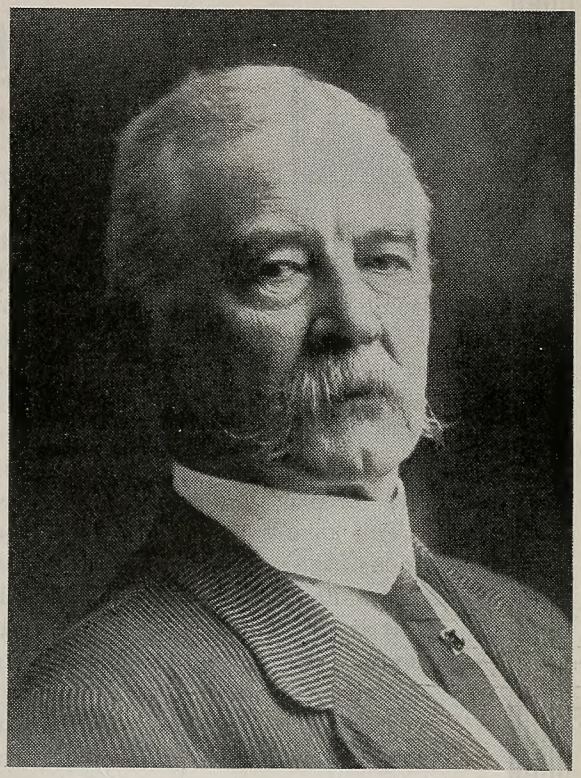
The mills of nature grind exceeding sure but they likewise grind exceeding slow unless their machinery be speeded through human aid.

How to awaken the minds of the workers, that the evolutionary processes be so accelerated as to make possible the transition from old to new order without violence, is today the supreme task of the Socialist.

It is not easy of accomplishment nor is the burden of responsibility light.

What wonder, then, that with such realization of the magnitude of problems confronting them, Socialists, whether in work of propaganda or convention, meet these problems in such earnest, serious spirit as to challenge the attention of the mere casual onlooker.

But let the spectator not be misled by appearances and jump to the conclusion that the Socialist is a pessimist, a mere dispenser of gloom. What is here seen is but his fighting face, his militant spirit in action.



R. A. MAYNARD

All Socialists are revolutionists. The battles of a revolution may be fought with bullets or with ballots. The Socialist uses the latter. But whether with ballots or bullets, equal courage, skill and daring are necessary. And these are ever found commensurate with the hope and confidence which a great cause inspires.

The world has never known greater cause than this last great conflict for freedom. A freedom that shall make real all the achievements of the past and bring a fully emancipated humanity.

But all this is of the shadow not the sunshine of Socialism.

In nature, as the shadow intensifies the sunshine of which it is the product, so the sunshine of Socialism is but made brighter by reason of contrasting shadow.

One of the lesser poets, writing of the ocean, describes the winds as raging and billows contending in angry roar at the surface, while far down in the depth of waters a peaceful stillness reigns undisturbed by tempest or storm.

Thus despite the storm and stress of class conflict and the cloud or shadow which it casts into human lives, there is still a calm at the center of the storm and a silver lining to the cloud.

But none save the Socialist can find the calm or glimpse the sparkle of the lining.

In one of Browning's poems are these lines:

"God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures

# of Socialism

By R. A. Maynard
Author of
"The Religion of a Socialist," Etc.

Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her."

The discerning will note that the most strenuous Socialist has not only the sterner soul-side, with which he greets the sadly distorted world, but another warm with hope and faith and love undaunted, with which he pays devoted homage to his mistress—**The Cause.**

As science has told the story, away back in the past human eyes were set well around on the sides of the head. The progress of the eyes to their present position and their subsequent focussing required centuries of time.

The industrial and social changes of the past have come through the clash and struggle of blind forces—our world of the present is for the most part the result of a well-nigh unconscious evolution.

But at last the eyes of evolution are in its forehead. The eyes of natural and human selection focus together. The Socialist is consciously co-operating with nature and her laws in the social revolution now on.

His is not a blind faith in invisible forces. It is neither "the substance of things hoped for" nor "the evidence of things unseen." It is a faith that has ripened into knowledge.

He knows that the entire Social structure rests upon an economic base. He also knows that economic change for the most part determines and shapes all social changes. Finally, he knows that economic change is inevitable.

On this bedrock of solid fact does he stand, conscious of the impregnability of his position and the inevitable triumph of his cause.

Here is the Socialist Mount of Vision. In the entire range of Socialist-Himalayas this is the topmost peak.

He who climbs the trail to this point is rewarded by breadth of vision and enlarged horizon, and is permitted to look out upon a world transformed and radiant with light, beauty and truth.

Light, beauty and truth are none the less in the valleys and on the plains than at the mountain summit. The same sun bathes all—in its effulgent rays.

But the mountain top gives perspective, sense of proportion and relationship.

Here alone is the shining of the sun never obscured by clouds that hover close and all too thick over the habitations where dwell the children of men.

Fullest appreciation of sunshine is only possible to one who has climbed to the heights.

Nowhere among the Rockies can I now recall such far-reaching mountain slope as that from the summit of the range above the Tomboy mine, down, down, down and still farther down into the pretty little town of Telluride—name historic in the annals of the labor movement.

On an October afternoon astride a handsome, intelligent, mountain pony I climbed the trail ten thousand feet up while the shadows were thrown off down the mountain side by the Autumn sun.

During the night there came a snow flurry and in the early morning just as the sun was peeping over the range, and the snow still lay like a mantle covering all with its fleecy whiteness, my steed and I began our descent.

Electric fountains shimmering and scintillating under the rays from skillfully manipulated electric lights are beautiful and posses a power of weird fascination, but the ride down the mountain side on the bright October morning, while myriads of melting snowflakes reflect the sunshine from twig and leaf and branch, in all the colors and combination of color possible to nature, presented a scene of more bewildering beauty than any electric magician could devise.

Away off in the distance could be seen the rainbows covering the silvery mists of Bridal Veil Falls, while far down in the depths of the valley, the spires and roofs of the little city cast their reflected light into the picture.

Instinctively there came to mind these lines of Moore:

"Blest power of sunshine; genial day,
What balm, what life is in thy ray."

This village and valley, thus glorified, was at that moment the center for one of the most bitter phases of the class struggle conditions have yet developed Apparently the gulfs and chasms, the deadly depths which divided mine-owning class from miner class were hopeless, and desperately dark.

But just as the valley was made radiant and beautiful by the sun of the new day, so the light of Socialist philosophy interpreted that human feud, turning it from horror to hope, from meaningless tragedy to purposeful drama.

Standing at Lookout Point below the falls, on the brink of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, just before sunrise on a Summer morning, a scene of indescribable beauty presents itself. The mighty canyon yawns a thousand and more feet in depth and thousands of feet in expanse, with walls so brightly tinted in rainbow colors, as to make the fact that it is nature's handiwork well-nigh unbelievable. In the foreground towering needles of rock pinnacles stretch aloft and in the back ground are the great falls of the Yellowstone whose waters in their descent fall more than three times the distance of Niagara's. From the seething mass of waters great banks of spray continuously rise, filling the air with fleecy clouds and dewy mist; when lo! It brightens in the East! the first gray streaks from his majesty the sun stream above the horizon, and the whole scene is thrown into bold relief of light and shadow.

On comes the sun, climbing higher and still higher, until at last a flood of golden glory streams into the canyon depths and the wondrous picture stands revealed.

Millions of rainbows arch over all; the infinite

variety of color on rocky wall and spire and pinnacle glows with light and warmth; the shadows deepen in the depths; each gleaming drop of water, as the mighty volume breaks at the surface, becomes a diamond, ruby, emerald or sapphire, and the glory and triumph of the sunshine is complete.

From the foot of the falls on the river bank at the bottom of the canyon but little of this picture would be visible. The altitude of Lookout Point is necessary to give perspective, proportion and full appreciation.

But, while the wider vision and enlarged horizon are necessary to reach such understanding of the fundamental truths of Socialism as to merge hope and faith in positive knowledge of sure fruition, yet, after all 'tis not so much in this knowledge as in its necessary implications that the full glow and warmth of the sunshine of Socialism is found.

Within the shining rails of economic activity all future progress must move. In the workshop is the arterial life of society's heart, brain and spirit. Seeing this the Socialist finds in it his inspiration.

How to free this industrial life, how to make it abound in health and fullness—this is his problem, a problem, too, for which he has the remedy—blood sucking exploitation must go. No longer on all the earth must one man live in the sweat of another's face.

Although to comparatively few, in Labor's mighty army, it is given to enter into the larger knowledge and underlying assurances of Socialist thought, yet the glowing warmth and invigorating property of the sunshine which radiates therefrom is for all, even the humblest toiler in the ranks.

While Markham's lines:

"What to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades,
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the Rose."

are all too true of the rank and file of the workers, yet the aspirations of each comrade are common to all; and all receive their inspiration from the same source.

And this, after all, is the living, vital reality making Socialism inexpressibly dear to the hearts of Socialists.

A mighty host touching elbows round the world, in mill, in mine, in shop, in factory, on farm, wherever the work of the world is done, moved by a common purpose, sharing a common hope, loyal to a faith equally sacred to each, receiving inspiration from the same source, constitutent parts of one world-wide struggle, sustained by an unfaltering trust in the justice of their cause, and each pledged, by his own life and all life holds dear, never to give up the struggle until industrial emancipation has been won and for the first time a race of free men and women inhabits the earth.

This is the solidarity of Labor and the meaning of class-consciousness!

Comrade! What a depth of meaning the word contains for all who have entered into the full spirit of Socialist comradeship; for all who have found the more abundant life to which it is the door.

Comrades in a world cause having for its inspiration the life of humanity; for its mission to make that life free and to beautify it.

Here is found the heart, the life-center of the sunshine of Socialism. Here we are enabled to glimpse the beauty and the glory that shall be when the sun of Socialism shall have reached its meridian height. Here we reach the border land of that future just ahead. Here at last is place for vision, for dream interpretation, for anticipation. For, in the language of a great souled Comrade: "The Socialist heart which hungers for the music of the future must at times listen for notes floating down from the heights mankind is yet to climb, and take in those harmonies as if they were sounding now, thus creating a present day joy out of the joy of the coming generations."

The Socialist alone is the true optimist. It is he who draws in full, free breaths of gladness. There is ever sunshine in his soul.

Labor's problem today is only a question of bread, and bread is no question at all to the man of the twentieth century. Away then with exploitation, the unpardonable sin! Let us clear the highway for the Messiah. Let us break down the obstacles, remove the fears, and destroy the prejudices that block the pathway. Let us do this and gain for all the world an abundant entrance to a glad free life.

But first the chains of bread-bondage must be broken. Then—after that! Are you big enough to see what comes after that? After that there will come to mankind a limitless life of strength, dignity and beauty. On Comrades—let us on!

"And what if trade sow cities
Like shells along the shore,
And thatch with towns the prairie broad
With railways ironed o'er;—
They are but sailing foambells
Along Thought's causing stream
And take their shape and Sun-color
From him that sends the dream."

A SONG OF SPRING

By B. Barnett

"Lie down on the earth—then thou may'st hear the seeds quickening."
Come creep with me
Among the ragged mass of toiling life,
Through every crevice let us work our way,
Dig and descend; and let the keenest strife
Gnaw at our brain and body night and day.

Dig deep and full
With me into the great deep heart of man,
Into that surging sea of agony,
And let us clutch at what or whom we can,
Afraid of that grim death for you and me.

Bring thou with thee
The memory of pleasing sounds and sights,
The sense of beauty and of pleasant things,
The finer feelings, and the changing lights,
The sense that sorrow into justice stings.

See, feel and know
Where motley murmurs swell to voices grand,
Where seeds of progress find the richest soil,
Where rising forces, deep and wide, expand,
Down where the ragged human masses toil.

A Piece of Paper

By
Emanuel Julius

"O what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive"
--Scott

WE are ruled by pieces of paper—everything is based on paper. We conquer nations, enslave millions—all through pieces of paper. Paper is the new tyrant—it is all-powerful. The people have a new God, a new religion—they worship pieces of paper.

Pieces of paper make the gentleman and the aristocrat. Pieces of paper hold the pauper where he is. Pieces of paper direct armies, father wars, foster peace. Paper is civilization.

And, while on this subject, let us consider the case of Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Brown was poor; she had nothing, save relatives. In that respect she was well supplied. She once remarked, "If I had a dollar for every relation I wouldn't have to worry any more."

Mrs. Brown was a weight on her kinfolk, who were forced to help keep here. But Mrs. Brown had to work for what she ate—this aged woman was forced to wash clothes, scrub floors, sew and knit.

Many were the humiliations heaped upon this poor, frail bit of humanity. Of course, Charlie hardly ever said anything that might be construed as offensive or insulting, nor did Susan, his wife, ever remark, in so many words, that she was a "sponger." No; the evil was in what they didn't say. They ignored her almost entirely—except when there were specific instructions to accompany a basket of wash. They hardly cared to know whether she were ill or well. They and dozens of others took Mrs. Brown as a matter-of-fact condition.

Once, near Christmas, moved by a spirit of love, Susan remarked, "Oh, aunty, wouldn't it be great if someone was to die and leave you a wad of money?"

And to this, Cholly interjected:

"Gee, that'd be good luck, aunty; I sure do hope someone leaves you a fat roll."

Mrs. Brown shook her head. She knew the folly of expecting a "wad" from Cholly, Susan, or the others. So she sighed:

"There ain't no danger o' that happening."

"You never can tell," Cholly philosophized. "Funnier things than that 'ave happened in this funny old world of ours. You're always liable to get a letter sayin' 'this is to inform you that you have fallen heir to ten millyun greenbacks.' Yes siree, I tell you, this is a funny little world."

"I'd sell my chance for the price of a turkey," said Mrs. Brown.

Charlie didn't offer to purchase. Nor did Susan. It was talk, that's all.

Mrs. Brown slowly repeated:

"With Christmas coming I'd be more'n glad to sell a letter with a million in it for what a turkey'd cost."

As Mrs. Brown turned to leave, Susan declared:

"Don't forget to come tomorrow. We got to have the house all cleaned up for Christmas."

"I'll come," said Mrs. Brown.

* * *

On her way home, coming upon a piece of paper, Mrs. Brown leaned over and picked it up. There was nothing on that bit of paper, except a few printed words which read: "H. R. Crowell, Counsellor-at-law." It was a letter head.

The paper being clean, Mrs. Brown folded it carefully and slipped it into her bag and when she reached her tiny home, she unfolded that piece of paper and laid it on the table before her. And as she dipped a slice of bread into a cupful of pale, weak tea, she gazed abstractedly at that piece of paper, which was worthless because it had no black marks on it. Such pieces of paper cannot possess power. Mrs. Brown was well aware of that. She thought of what her nephew had said—and smiled. A letter might come, and it might not. However, waiting for a letter would never bring her a Christmas turkey, Mrs. Brown concluded.

"And yet," said Mrs. Brown, slowly; " a piece of paper like this with a little writing on it could mean the end of my troubles."

She fell to thinking of what she would do were she to become possessed of a fortune—new linens, a rug, warmer clothes, a better stove—and no more washing. The idea pleased her immensely. So, in her best handwriting (just for the fun of it) Mrs. Brown penned the following on the bit of paper:

"Mrs. Alice Brown,
518 First street, City.

Dear Madam: This letter lets you know that you have inherited $150,000 through the death of a friend.

Signed:
H. R. CROWELL,
Counsellor-at-law."

Mrs. Brown read this note again and again. It seemed to satisfy her pinched heart; it seemed to enable her, for the moment, to forget her hardships. She gazed at it, a look of happiness on her face and soon she imagined she had received such a letter.

As Mrs. Brown kissed that piece of paper, she could see herself sitting down to a Christmas dinner of turkey, cranberry sauce—and lots of other good things. And then came disillusionment when she realized that it was a vision—the piece of paper wasn't worth a row of pins. But, Mrs. Brown didn't throw it away; she carefully folded it again and returned it to her bag, and soon this worn, weary woman forgot her idle dream.

* * *

On the morrow, Mrs. Brown appeared at Susan's home ready to do the house cleaning; she worked until

every bone and muscle in her body was sore and stiff. Scrubbing floors was a little too trying for a woman of Mrs. Brown's age.

On arriving at her home again, Mrs. Brown slowly reached into her bag, for she wanted what solace that letter could afford, but, to her surprise and disappointment, it was gone. Somehow, it had been lost while working in Susan's home.

* * *

The news spread, and before nightfall almost all her relations, and there were many of them, learned of aunty's good fortune. She was an heiress!

They literally mobbed her, so anxious were they to congratulate this bewildered woman. Susan was the first to appear. She carried something wrapped in a newspaper.

"Oh, aunty, aunty!" she cried; "I'm awfully glad to see this." She handled the letter in a nervous manner.

" 'Tain't nothing to get excited over," said Mrs. Brown.

"Ain't it? Yes it is, aunty! You're awfully lucky. Oh, let me kiss you, dear aunty!"

She embraced the old woman and kissed her.

"See, aunty, Cholly was right when he said this was a funny old world—oh, thank God for this, aunty, He did it——"

" 'Taint nothing," Mrs. Brown repeated.

"And aunty——" here Susan's voice sweetened. She smiled lovingly as she continued: "don't think we're the kind as'll forget you, aunty, with Christmas so near. Oh, we was thinking of you, aunty, indeed we was."

Susan quickly tore away the newspaper and exhibited a fat turkey——

"Ain't this a dandy, aunty?" she asked. "You'll have turkey for Christmas—lucky aunty——"

Mrs. Brown looked at that piece of paper—that bit of worthless paper—and smiled.

Transition Stage

By Helen Unterman

Deep is the stir of the emotion after reading the wonderful book "Woman and Labor," by Olive Schreiner. But we would fail to see the greater value of the book, we would not comprehend its main message, were we to be satisfied with the mere stirring of the emotion alone. The aroused soul must utilize its inner vibrations by leading them into channels of practical activity. For in the practical application of our ideas lies the greatest evolutionary force, the greatest value for all mankind.

"Woman and Labor" pictures in the clearest and most fascinating manner the various transition stages of woman's labor. And to understand these various stages is to understand all the manifold suffering and pain connected with them. But what is more! It is to realize the necessity of it all for the sake of progress.

Evolution! Unfoldment! That is the meaning of it all! If we could but comprehend this, how wonderfully it would aid us in the transition stage of today, the greatest of all, the changing from the individualistic to the social sphere. The growth, the unfolding and uplifting that comes from such change, a change that transforms all our feeling, thinking and action, would be welcomed by us with open arms. Joy would take the place of pain. And it is joy that we need because it inspires to action. If we had but eyes to see and ears to hear we would no longer try to hold on to the Old thereby stifling the energies that would build up the New. Rightly would we interpret the little pain messenger and smilingly we would say to him: "Oh I know you, you are the evolutionary impulse, and I needed your aid to rouse me to action. Glad you came!"

"But there is pain," some will cry out. Indeed there is, much of it, very much. But the pain does not lie in the change itself but in the social disharmony, the social inequality, in our ignorance of social and psychic laws. The material and mental forces that hinder us from accomplishing the change—these are the real causes of our pain. For observe the transition stages of nature. There the main elements needed for the perfection of the change are rest and activity—and not pain. Take for instance a wintry day, a snow-covered ground. Nature at such times is seemingly dead. But remove only a little of the snowy ground and lo! whom will you find? Spring, beautiful, glorious Spring! It was just lulled to sleep by the friendly snow to gather fresh beauty, renewed energy for the time of his service. Social disharmony is unknown there, hence the absence of pain.

And so it should be with human transition stages. What we need to break the pain of today is to overcome social disharmony through collective feeling, collective thinking, and collective wisely guided action. The energy of every individual must be utilized to build a new force against the old. The new force—rightly directed—will gradually conquer the old. Then Discord will dissolve itself into Harmony, Bondage into Freedom, Confusion into Understanding and Hate into Love. And then the unfoldment of mankind will be carried on as spontaneously as that of nature. Can you imagine the power and the love of a race that will climb the evolutionary ladder with joy and vitality, instead of pain and weariness?

Let the wonderful powers of nature rest and inspire us. Let us relate the never dying activities, the endless creations of new forms to our own individual and social life and struggles, and trust that we shall find our place in them.

For, are we not part of Nature?

IN THE CALCIUM GLOW

Lewis J. Duncan, Socialist mayor of Butte, Montana, is the political house-cleaner of that city. At the beginning of his administration he grabbed a figurative mop and has been keeping it in action ever since. And, like the proverbial Silver-Dust Twins, he has made the dirt fly so high that you couldn't see it with a telescope. All of which is a rather round-about-way of saying that he aimed for efficiency in municipal government, striving to bring order out of chaos and replaced rank graft with competence, system and honesty. Which goes to prove that he acted just as a Socialist official should act, that he did what was expected of him and that he lived up to the principles of labor's international Socialist party.

Duncan has commenced a task that will be taken up in every other American city. The Socialists are coming forward with startling rapidity, determined to give the world a house-cleaning, wipe away the dirt of disease, the scars of poverty and then construct a commonwealth based on industrial democracy, which means, in reality, that the world shall belong to the workers.

And, it is just such administrations as are being given the people of Butte, Montana; Schnectady, New York; Berkeley, Calif., and such an administration as was given the people of Milwaukee, that will make the road to success quicker and more certain. For, it is in such demonstrations that the people see Socialists at work doing the things they believe in; and, as a natural result, they can do nothing but praise and support—except if they be plutocrats, dishonest politicians or subsidized newspaper editors.

A Political Housecleaner

After one year's service, Mayor Duncan sent his report to the members of the city council, outlining the work done, and indicating scores of improvements in municipal affairs. It would be impossible to even outline the achievements, so numerous are they. One thing stands out prominently: The almost unbelievable decrease in the number of infectious diseases and diseases peculiar to children. This year, says the report, there have been 126 infectious diseases. During the year before (1910-11) there were 1,084. These figures tell a convincing story.

And, why should this happen after only one year of Socialist rule? The explanation is easy to find, and adds to the credit and social value of Socialist rule. Mayor Duncan gives the reason in the following:

"The faithfulness and efficiency with which our sanitary regulations have been enforced and the inspection of milk, meat and other foods has been prosecuted, have, unquestionably, been the proximate causes of these improvements touching the public health."

Duncan has many other things to his credit, but, it is utterly impossible to even give mention to half of them. His short tenure of office has been a brilliant success. It shows what happens when Socialists roll up their sleeves and get to work. It shows what representatives of the working class can do when given half a chance.

The plutocratic editors, in attacking Socialism, never fail to parade this well-known bogy:

"Beware of the Socialists! They will increase expenditures and bankrupt the city!"

That sounds familiar, doesn't it?

Well, the actual truth is the following:

The Socialist administration in Butte, for one year, cost only $398,784.64. The anti-Socialist administration of two years ago, cost $460,292.64.

How is that for "bankrupting the city?" Saving $60,508.00 is a peculiar kind of bankruptcy!

Some years ago, Duncan was preacher in a Unitarian church at Butte. He had a congregation of staid, dignified, respectable folk who wore clean collars when they went to church. They were the kind of people that threw soundless money into the collection box—no jingling dimes were used.

Duncan was getting along nicely, giving the respectable people the respectable stuff they wanted. One day, Emma Goldman, queen of the Anarchists, dropped into town. She was billed to deliver a lecture on Anarchism. But, as usually happens with the fiery Emma, there wasn't a hall obtainable. The police had everything bottled up.

These under-handed tactics to suppress free speech set Duncan's blood boiling. And—good heavens!—he immediately exploded a bomb that was worse than anyone ever dreamed would come from a Unitarian minister. He actually threw his church open and invited her to deliver her message.

Duncan said that he wasn't an Anarchist, but that he did believe in free speech. As a result, he got the Angora of the staid, respectable deacons. In addition, the miners commenced flocking to his church. He, to the astonishment of all, delivered his message to the workers, telling them of the means that would result in their salvation right here on earth. In other words, he talked Socialism. And then, the deacons, minus their Angoras, proceeded to administer the "can" to the Unitarian minister—he was fired. But, the people of Butte didn't discharge him—they elected him to the office of mayor.

The Monster of the Gorge

By Dr. George W. Carey

WE talk glibly about common things; but now and then, in our experiences, it happens that some strange and uncanny thing is presented on the canvas of consciousness. These grotesque actors on the stage of our mental experience sometimes pass away like the "baseless fabric of a vision"—others remain and refuse to dissolve or be exercised. Maybe the actor in the story I am writing will fade from the canvas of memory after I have written the simple facts as I remember them.

I was living in a cabin on the Santa Cruz mountains about twelve miles from the city of Santa Cruz. One morning about 8 o'clock, a man called at my cabin and asked for an interview. He said his name was Claude Raymond and hastily added, "my name is of little consequence, but what I shall relate is of so much consequence that it affects the very foundation of science and all established things," and he then looked searchingly into my eyes and said, almost vehemently: "It is too much for one to bear; no man can hold such a secret and live twenty-four hours."

I begged him to proceed with his story—the strangest, most weird story ever uttered in speech.

Raymond proceeded as follows:

"I arrived at an Arizona mining camp in May, 1895. After a few weeks of prospecting and investigation, I bought half interest in a claim for $400, which was about all the money I had. My partner's name was Carl Peterson, a Swede.

"Our claim consisted of an irregular ledge of decomposed quartz. The ledge was only from three to five feet wide. Small pockets were found occasionally that contained gold-bearing quartz. The work was slow and tedious. Taking an average, we found was slow profits netted each of us $80 a month.

"One day, the Swede came to camp greatly excited and said that he had seen a picture of the 'thing' and that he would not stay at the camp another day. Of course, I had no idea what he meant by the 'thing'.

"My partner explained, telling me that the Indians had a tradition that many years ago the ocean covered all the land in Arizona except the mountains, which were islands, and that the ruler of the islands was a sea monster, about one hundred feet in length, with head and neck of a human, body like a lion, tapering back to a fish tail. It was claimed by the Indians that the monster had perfectly formed hands and that it worshipped at certain places where crude crosses had been erected by means unknown.

"Crude carvings of this 'thing' were known to exist on rocks in that region, but it was considered unfortunate to find one. However, I persuaded my partner to take me to see the 'picture', as he called it. It was a little above our path, where we had passed along many times. The carving was on the smooth surface of a large slab of slate-stone rock. Whoever wrought the image was a master hand. The carving represented a monster indeed—the man's head, neck, arms, and hands were traced in lines of awful beauty. I only glanced at the pictured 'thing' when my partner pulled me away and we hurriedly returned to our camp. Peterson seemed half crazed and urged me to go away with him. He said that we must sell out and leave Arizona.

"I agreed, and we packed up. We went to the little town and hunted up a Russian named Nick Jartson, and after much bickering and dickering succeeded in selling out for the pitiful sum of six hundred dollars.

"The following day I was relating the story of the carving to a dozen miners, when a gipsy approached the group and beckoned to me. I stepped aside and she said, 'I have a message for you.' I thought she simply wanted twenty-five cents for telling my fortune, and told her to go ahead.

"The gipsy's revelation startled me beyond measure. She said there was a cave in the Santa Cruz mountains that contained untold wealth. She said that Spanish pirates had deposited a million dollars in gold and precious stones in this cave nearly a century ago. She gave me a map of the country and said that I must go and secure the great wealth.

"The gipsy then warned me to beware of the 'thing' that made regular pilgrimages to the cave and worshiped there. She said that all who looked upon the monster's awful form were stricken with a fatal malady and soon died. She also said that the carving on the rock that I had described was a picture of the monster and that it lived in the Pacific Ocean.

"I arrived in Santa Cruz, and made inquiries about the mountains, but found no one who knew of a cave in the section indicated on the gipsy's crude map.

"Yesterday I found the cave. It was situated in the side of the deep gorge just west of this cabin. When I entered the cave I saw signs that indicated that some large, heavy object had smoothed away the vegetation and made a path from the mouth of the cave down the gorge toward the ocean. The cave was lighted by the reflection of a pile of dazzling gems at the foot of an altar surmounted by a cross cut from solid gold quartz. By the altar I found a pool of clear cold water, and on its brink the most beautiful cup I have ever seen; it was carved out of a garnet. Diamonds, rubies, pearls and gold coins were piled in heaps all about the pool and cross. So at last I was in the cave described by the gipsy, and the wealth of the Rothschilds was unveiled if—ah, the 'thing'—if I could only secure the gold and gems without an encounter with the sea monster.

"I had a sack that I intended to fill with the precious find, and proceeded to fill it with diamonds, pearls, rubies and some of the old Spanish coins.

"Suddenly I was filled with an awful fear that the 'thing' was near, and I ran to the cave opening and gazed down the path and saw emerging from the bushes a being that baffled description. It was moving slowly and majestically up the incline towards the cave. Its

head was raised ten or twelve feet from the ground and its hands were crossed upon its breast.

"The length of the awful shape seemed interminable as it was dragged forth from the bushes in the gorge.

"All this I took in at a glance and then fled to the most remote interior of the cave. Gold and diamonds had lost their lure and I thought that my last moment on earth had arrived. Crowding against the back wall of the cave, about sixty feet from the cross and pool, I looked out to the mouth of the cave and saw the Devout Monster bow its human head and enter the sanctuary and reverently approach the altar and baptismal font, for baptismal font it surely was.

"I shall never know if this wondrous being knew of my presence at all; or if it did that, it simply considered my presence as I would think of an ant or fly.

"Strange to say, as I looked at the features of the 'Ruler of the Islands'—as the Indian tradition had it—the dread feeling of fear passed away to be supplanted by a soothing sense of resignation, reverence and awe. As I gazed at this creature, more wonderful than any mythological god of the ancients, it bowed its massive head as if in prayer. I felt for a moment that my reason was leaving me, but I was aroused to sanity by the god raising its head and chanting a strain of song weird and wild enough to have delighted the soul of De Quincy.

"Then the Devout Monster took the cup in its mighty hand, dipped it full of water from the pool and poured it on its head; after this baptism it stretched itself out on the ground and lay perfectly still.

"The desire to escape seized me, and I cautiously passed out of the cave, almost brushing against the enormous form of the 'thing.' Once out of the cave, I ran down the trail for a hundred yards and then climbed up the side of the rocky gorge, pulling myself along by the bushes, ferns and shrubs. I soon gained the top of the ridge and the road, and found an Italian's cabin situated in a vineyard within less than two miles of the cave. I told the Italian that I was a surveyor and was tired out. I asked to stay over night, a favor which he granted cheerfully.

"The sky was overcast with dark clouds and the Italian said a big storm was coming. You know about the terrific rain and wind of last night.

"This morning at daybreak I hurried back to the cave, telling my friend that I must go back to Santa Cruz. Can you imagine my feelings when I arrived near the scene of yesterday's adventure and found that a mighty landslide had swept the side of the gorge where the cave was located and piled ten million tons of debris into the gorge?"

His story ended, the stranger rose to go. Before leaving me, he said: "Let me see; what was it the gipsy said? Ah, yes, now I remember. 'No one can look upon that awful thing and live!'"

Then, with a sigh, my strange visitor hurried away.

Without a minute's delay I started for the gorge to see if the slide had occurred as described, and was startled to find that he had told the truth!

On my return, I stumbled over a human form. Looking down, I was astounded to see the body of a man. It was the strange man who told me that strange story of the monster of the gorge.

Joaquin Miller's Last Poem

Almost as he passed within the portals of the world beyond this life, Joaquin Miller, "Poet of the Sierras," wrote his last poem. It was on the Friday before he died, after he knew that death was near, that he gave to his wife the pieces of paper on which he had written the beautiful sentiment. "This is my last message to the world," he told her. The Western Comrade counts itself fortunate to be able to give to its readers this last treasure from Joaquin Miller's pen. These are the lines:

"Could I but teach man to believe,
Could I but make small men to grow,
To break frail spider webs that weave
About their thews and bind them low.
Could I but sing one song and lay
Grim Doubt; I then could go my way
In tranquil silence, glad, serene,
And satisfied, from off the scene.
But, ah this disbelief, this Doubt,
This doubt of God, this doubt of good.
The damned spot will not out.

"Wouldst learn to know one little flower,
Its perfume, perfect form and hue?
Yea, wouldst thou have one perfect hour
Of all the years that come to you?
Then grow as God hath planted, grow
A lordly oak or daisy low,
As he hath set his garden; be
Just what thou art, or grass or tree,
Thy treasures up in heaven laid
Await thy sure ascending soul,
Life after life—be not afraid!"

SONG OF THE NEW FAITH

By E. Nesbit

Whether leading the van of the fighters
In the bitterest stress of the strife,
Or patiently bearing the burden
Of a changelessly commonplace life;
One Hope we have ever before us,
One aim to attain and fulfill,
One watchword we cherish to mark us,
One Kindred and Brotherhood still.

What matter if failure on failure
Crowd closely upon us and press?
When an hundred have bravely been beaten,
The hundred-and-first wins success!
Our watchword is "Freedom"—new soldiers
Flock each day when her flag is unfurled!
Our cry is the cry of the ages!
Our Hope is the Hope of the World!

GIVE THANKS

Give thanks with all thy flaming heart—
Crave but to have in it a part,
Give thanks and clasp thy heritage
To be alive in such an age.

The Conversion of Tom—

By Arthur R. Andre

Characters: Tom, an Industrial Unionist, who doesn't believe in political action. Dick, a Socialist, who does.

Time: The present.

Scene: Dick's study, which is also his dining-room, dormitory, kitchen, etc. Dick is seated at his typewriter, working on a Socialist article, which he has entitled "The Big Union." Tom stands behind him, hands in pockets, reading as the other writes.

Dick, hammering away:

"Many men in many lands comprise the membership of the biggest labor union in the world. Unskilled laborers are members of the big union, and they take equal rank with all the rest. Craft workers are members of the big union, and they take equal rank with all the rest. Small farmers, self-employed city workers, and professional men are members of the big union, and they take equal rank with all the rest. . . ."

Tom, reading with growing uneasiness, then glancing again at the title: "Hold on, old man! Aren't you stealing some of our thunder—Industrialist thunder, I mean?"

Dick, without look around: "Certainly not." Then he finishes the paragraph:

"And there are men of wealth who are members of the big union, and they take equal rank with all the rest. . . . How's that, Tom?" he asks his friend.

Tom, in deep disgust: "What right has a man of wealth to be a member of a labor organization, as you call it?"

Dick: "Oh, there are none too many of them in it to suit me. But tell me, Tom," he asks slyly, in turn: "What right has a workingman to organize one union to 'scab' on another?" He chuckles to himself as his companion tries to think of a sufficiently crushing retort, then types away again:

"Of course, there are wealthy men who join the big union for their own private ends, but they drop out. Anarchists have even been known to join, to advocate the 'propaganda of deed,' but they drop out. Occasionally, Industrialists who don't believe in political action become members of the organization, but they drop out. . . ."

Tom, with conviction: "You bet they do!"

Dick, finishing the paragraph and underscoring the words:

"Or they are kicked out."

He goes on typing:

"Every member of the big union carries a red card in his pocket. It is his patent of class consciousness. And he sticks a dues-stamp on it every month."

Tom, protesting again: "Now, there's no sense to that, Dick. You know that a wealthy man can't be class-conscious. He can't even have the interests of the workingman at heart."

Dick: "Oh, piffle!" And then, mimicking the other: "You know, Tom, that a workingman can't think more of his employer's interests than he does of his own. He can't even vote a capitalist ticket, can he? Well, he can, and he does—millions of him."

Tom, shifting his ground: "Anyway, your professional man can't represent labor faithfully in the legislature. It's against his class interest." This gives Dick an idea for his next paragraph, so he rattles away:

"Sometimes a Briand or a Millerand proves false; but the traitors are repudiated and the ranks close up again. In nearly all cases, however, the 'intellectual' is true to the men who elect him. At any rate the capitalists believe that he will be, for they always 'fuse' to beat him at the polls. They do more: they pass labor legislation—such as it is—to head off the Socialist vote."

Tom, grudgingly, rolling a cigarette: "'Such as it is,' is good."

Dick, typing rapidly:

"But despite all its enemies can do, the big union grows. In Germany, the slums are wiped out in the big cities—to head off the Socialist vote. In England, the workers receive an old-age pension—to head off the Socialist vote. In California, the women get the eight-hour day—to head off the Socialist vote. . . ."

Tom, impatiently, and forgetting to light his cigarette: "But I tell you that you can't get anything by voting. There are four millions of unemployed workers in this country. I'm one of them,"—proudly. "What good is voting going to do them?—or me?"

Dick, apparently engrossed in his typing:

"And the capitalists may yet be driven to provide state work for the unemployed—to head off the Socialist vote."

Tom, appalled at the prospect and quite losing his head: "No, sir, I'll—I'll emigrate first." Then shifting his ground again: "'The Big Union,' indeed! That's OUR idea, Dick. That's what we call OUR organization—the Industrial Workers of the World. We've got it all figured out—" He stops to light his cigarette.

Dick, dryly: "Yes—on paper. Now you want to make it a reality. Explain it to the workers—to the rank and file, I mean—and no doubt in time they'll adopt it. That's how we brought over a lot of pure-and-simple trades unionists to political action, and sooner or later we shall convert the rest."

Tom, choking on a mouthful of tobacco smoke: "Convert nothing! We are going to smash their old unions and expose the rotten grafters that are running them. Then we are going to reorganize the workers into the I. W. W., and when the time is ripe, we are going to call a general strike, and——"

Dick, interrupting: "Not so fast, Tom. We can't marshall all the workers to the ballot-box—"

Tom: "You bet your life you can't."

Dick: "But you can get them to abandon the organizations which are at present their only defense against capitalism. You can get them to desert the

leaders they themselves elect. You can reorganize them into a union which antagonizes them every day. And then, when you hold up your little finger, they will all lay down their tools and——"

Tom, eagerly: "That's the idea. Overturn the capitalist system at a stroke. Sabotage. Revolution. One big union of all the workers to fight the one big union of all the shirkers." His eye gleams; his chest expands; his nostrils emit columns of smoke as he sniffs the battle from afar.

Dick, looking around: "Go on. Flap your ears. Don't mind me."

Tom, nettled but thinking it over. "Well, I'm always open to conviction."

Dick, turning to his machine: "Conviction! I'd make it six months—in a straight jacket." Then he clatters away again:

"Meantime, the big political union of the workers, ten millions strong, marches on to certain victory. In America, the People's Party enters the lists against it, but is quickly left behind. The Union Labor Party, a pseudo-labor organization, has a meteoric career, and end. The Progressives launch a party to save the workers without getting off their backs; but the latter may be safely left to deal with them——"

Tom, growing interested: "That's what."

Dick, continuing to type: "And the Industrial Workers of the World, the organization of unskilled labor in this country, must sooner or later wheel into line for the political fight."

Tom, impressed by the idea: "There's something in that, too, come to think of it. But Vincent St. John says——"

Dick, absently handing an application-blank over his shoulder: "Here, you chump! Take this." Then he goes on:

"War-clouds gather in Europe, but the big union lays down the law, and the clouds disperse. Two Industrialists are headed for the gallows; but the 'labor politicians' take up their fight, and the two are freed. Every year the organization grows bigger, more class-conscious, more certain of its destiny, the abolition of the wage system."

Tom, weakening: "It sounds all right, Dick. But"—anxiously—"don't you think you place too much confidence in your leaders? Bill Haywood says——"

Dick, derisively interrupting: "Oh, of course we do. But you don't, do you?" Then, imitating the other again: "Vincent St. John says . . . Bill Haywood says . . . Honestly, Tom, do you know where you ought to be?"

Tom, grinning: "In a padded cell, I suppose. But what would you advise me to do?"

Dick, typing the answer, which is also the concluding sentence of his article:

"Join the big union of the working class, the International Socialist Party of the World." He swings sharply around and watches his friend, as the latter thoughtfully reads what he has written.

Tom, suddenly making up his mind. "You are right, Dick. I mean about the padded cell." He takes out a pencil and starts to scribble his name on the application blank which he still holds in his hand. Then he pauses.

Dick: "Well?"

Tom, grinning again as he finishes writing his name: "I guess, old man, you'll have to advance me the fifty cents."

The Socialist Party | —A Practical Modern Machine

Composed of men and women who are dreaming the world's greatest dream, the Socialist party is the most practical party in the history of organized politics.

The Socialist party never disbands. It is as ready to fight after election as before. Its status remains the same.

The Socialist party accepts no person to membership who does not give allegiance to its principles. It wants none but the sincere. It seeks not merely numbers, but numbers of people who believe in its principles.

The Socialist party wants to grow no faster than its principles are accepted. And often it makes deep investigation of a prospective member before he is allowed to so much as apply for a place on the rolls of the revolution.

Socialists pay dues. They do this to enable the work of conversion to their principles to be continued tematically. In this they are extremely practical. In an age of organization they adopt the principle in its best form. They do not straggle up to the enemy in ragged, undisciplined disorganization. They march forth, compactly, disciplined, well ordered.

Socialists rule from the bottom. They elect officers for their organization. They watch their officers. They command through the referendum. They make known their desires through the initiative. They express their dissatisfaction through the recall. They practice democracy.

The person who "doesn't like the people in control" has no argument in the Socialist party. His voice is as weighty as the voice of any other.

The Socialist party is always responsible for its acts because it is always tangible; always THERE.

Every person whose views are expressed in the demands of the Socialist party should join the party. It is the only RIGHT thing to do.

THE MORNING COMES

We are tiptoe for the morning, and we catch the radiant beams.
We behold the heavens clearing with the glory of our dreams.
We are pressing to the splendor, we are reaching toward the light.
We shall see the earth in beauty in the ending of the night.

The Ransom

By Heroichiro K. Myderco

I BEGAN writing a novel of a medieval baron who was to marry a daughter of a "water-eating" farmer, against all the customs and traditions of the suzeraineous Japanese history, an out-of-date, rose-washed, opulent romance with lots of duels and abrupt meetings, when my friend, Tanaka, slipped into my library as sneakedly as a Tokyo newspaperman, and tossed the brave baron in the air with a motion of his cigarette-stained finger.

"What's the news, news-man?"

Tanaka was full of humor this morning, which made me suspect either he was dead broke or nursing a desperate prank down in his infernal psychology.

"Have a heaven-climbing scheme! . . . First let me quote my soul-elevating proverb; 'Drink and then fight!' . . . Good stuff, did you get this over Shinbashi's?"

Generally, I do not inspire myself with absinthe like Paul Verlaine before or after I write, but, this morning, by chance, I happened to have two glasses and an imported flask on the shelf.

"Oh, I know now Tanaka! You just discovered the residence of the beautiful girl whom you met at a concert and followed to see her vanish in the air. Am I prophetically right?"

"The girl? . . ." A coy smile curled up behind his mustache, which, however, fritted away as he smacked his lips greedily. " . . . O, I wish I knew where she lives! . . . I really am in love with her. The day before yesterday, too, I saw her in Hongo, on a rikisha. She is worth my life, old friend. Not that romance though today.

"Listen, you, recluse and money-spender, you no doubt heard about the terrible downfall of the Saionji privy council last night. All of them, up from the premier down to the twenty-yen-a-month parasite, resigned for the royal cause of the disagreement between them and the minister of Army, Uehara, who insisted . . . ."

"Enough! . . . I admire your genius; but, if it was the reciting of your own article which the last night's extra printed, I wish you kindly do that at the dusty street corner of Kanda, instead of disturbing a man of letters. Politics and the insurance agents are always in the habit of seeing me shut the door before their faces."

"O, you are so wise! This stale romance of Kamakura will not bring you a holed copper. I have a sieveful of money coming. Yes, coming from this case. If this goes well, we will divide it into two. A million, each! . . . Are you on? The treasure is hidden in the bottom of this sinister downfall of the Saionji cabinet . . . the government of the people.

"Well, novelist, do you really know where the denouement of this sudden political tragedy is hidden? . . . I'll show you later.

"First, the stubborn Uehara, the army minister, as I said; O, he is an iron-headed, steel-boned simpleton, nothing but a mere scare-crow, . . . as I said, this man reported the expansion of the national armament, especially, the army, according to his program; which was utterly against the interest of the Saionji cabinet. But, this bull stuck to his horn, and raved about the sacred hedge of the new Mikado; and, at last, said, self-disgustingly and precariously, that since his opinion, which was based on his insight of the international politics, could not be used by the present government, his existence as the minister of army was only a nominal play. Then, peevishly, he resigned. . . . This is the famous trick of Prince Katsura, Oyama, and many other jealous red devils who work within the black curtain of the stage. Uehara was simply wedged in by these monster exministers, coffin-manufacturing tyrants, whose interests were not in common with those of Japan and Japanese, namely, of the cabinet of Prince Saionji.

"The noble Prince Saionji knew that if we had four more regiments in Japan, the suffering of the poor would be as bad as if they had another Russo-Japanese war.

"So, he fought with all the braveness of his heart. But, no use, Saito and his men were against one of the greatest financiers of the country; . . . the Japanese Rockefeller, Yano, the capitalist of capitalists, the talking mint, the golden demon, who backed the bald-headed politicians, such as Katsura, Oyama, Yamagata, Yenouye."

Tanaka's searching eyes flashed through the glass of the amber liquor, and as he lit his cigarette his round oracle face twitched into a cynical smile.

"You know how I came to discover this? . . . I know no one else has scented this except the mysterious dragon reporter, with a pair of Mephisto-eyes, Kant's brain, and the feet of Svengali, whose celestial name is Reporter No. 3 of 'The Morning Sun,' Mr. S. Tanaka, pseudonym charitably omitted.

"No matter, you shall share my whisper. . . . Last night, as I felt a little tired with the translations of the English cablegrams, I took a long walk through the streets of Aoyama, toward my home. Do you know how many automobiles we have in Tokyo, dreamer? Well, at present there are four hundred and thirty-six. Among these, I can always single out a green Detoroito car manufactured in Detoroito, 'Merica, a fast children killer, too, owned by no other person than Honorable Yano.

"It came self-propelling the twilight street, as I rambled along, with its primitive honk and beasty buzz, and nearly cut my sleeve off my kimono with its speed. Before it vanished in the mansion, however, I saw a piece of paper flying out of it. It did not drop like a yen bill which the rider threw to help a pessimistic news-creator, whose hungry eyes might have struck him with pity. No, it just flew down from the car as the wind caught it from his open pocket book. Thanks to the wind! . . . Lo, a telegram! . . . Addressed to Honorable Yano, from the ex-premier T. Katsura. Here it is."

The object he carefully unfolded was an official

telegram. It was printed in the Japanese alphabet:

"Honorable Yano: Your financial success is near. Saionji fell. We are swimming in the high tide again. We will see you in the celebration. "TARO KATSURA."

"Great heavens! . . ." I cried, dropping my gold rimmed spectacles, pounding my fist upon the romantic description of the local color, which was spreading from the first page to the twenty-second in a gorgeous array on the table.

"See the point?"

"But, who was in the car?"

"Yano, of course! . . . My eyes never mislead me except when I judge the Chinese peddler's silk. . . . O, I can imagine how he got nervous about this piece of paper, after he discovered its loss. He seems to have some sort of celebration, according to this telegram, Being a reporter, I ought be the first one who knows about it. . . . Well, anyhow, here is our ransom. Glory to us two black-mailers!"

"But, my dear friend, I am skeptical. . . ."

"The situation needs our immediate action. This means a great deal for that silk-beggar, rice-vender, coal-peddler, Manchu-gamin; for the exposition would bring him, face to face, against the whole population of Japan."

I took fully ten minutes to consult the matter to the sages and demi-gods, then, made up my mind to spend the rest of the day agreeably with my friend.

"Let us start now, then."

"Let us first study our strategy. Now, as I heard, this man is a great connoisseur of art. He bought lately a real piece of Sesshu from a hungry artist. . . . Say, I have it! What do you think of this? . . . You take off this scroll of Gaho from your library, wrap it in a purple silk, and go as an artist friend of men; then, after we pass into his parlor, you unwrap it and say: 'Would you be kind enough to buy this for me?' . . . then, of course, he tries to price it; when I, coming out of your side and speak: 'Honorable Yano, I have seen you buy many treasures of art; . . . now, if you are generous enough to buy a Gaho, will you please look at what I have for sale?' . . . And, out comes my telegram. Without taking much breath from his mouth I will start a regular auction. . . . Two millions, no less, no more! . . . How is that?"

With a nod of admiration, I took off my sooty landscape of Gaho, and engaged two rikishas. In a few minutes, we were shooting our speculative way as fast as four tawny human shins could carry us.

The spring was dreaming supine on her back along the flying juxtaposition of pink, blue, indigo, saffron, emerald and the broad spring sun. The gnarled pines screening a bashful peach over a bamboo fence, an "old dame" cherry drooping over a green idol of the Buddha, the ghostly willow combing her hair over the mirror of a pond, the slow perambulation of a group of flower-hunting people, . . . everything in the streets promised a good background for my new novel. But, somehow, the distant jingle of one million silver coins changed the entire mechanism of my cranium, and I only felt that we were flying to the great gate of Mammon.

Presently, we drew in a graveled-landing, through a large Yedo-gate, where, hundreds of automobiles and rikishas were parading in the vast garden.

"Surely, something up, old man!"

Tanaka anxiously knitted his brows.

"Tano-mow! Tano-mow!"

A steward, dressed in a black haori and blue silk skirt came out, and watched our faces with the dignity of a bull-dog, a samurai, and an English butler combined.

"We, two, desire an immediate interview with the master of the house, Mr. Yano . . . on a very important private business."

"Honorable cards, please!"

He reappeared some minutes later and, with a graceful bow, we were ushered in.

"Yha, . . . welcome, sirs; though it's my humble habit not to see any newspapermen, I will accept your greetings to day, as you were kind enough to call for my daughter's wedding ceremony. She just got through her formal reception, but, hearing that you were good friends of her, I suppose she will be delighted to see you. Come right in, this way, please."

Yano was a fine looking old fellow, with very little of sympathy for two black-mailers. He neither waited for a word of greeting from us, nor wasted his hundred-yen-worth moment in watching me upwrap the picture. His brusque hands opened the sliding panels, and nodded toward us in his aristocratic "hurry-up" manner. Spell-bound, we crossed three rooms. At the fourth, we sat face to face with the beautiful daughter of Mr. Yano. Knowing Tanaka from his early vagabondage of the brilliant poverty, my estimation of him as a good actor never deceived me. But, I found today that I was gravely mistaken. There was nothing crispy about his manner when he stammered insolent greetings to the bride. Mr. Yano showed us the door with a patronizing jerk of his head. To me, however, the situation weighed as heavily as our losing two million silvers; and I was going to pull the host's sleeve had not Tanaka cautioned me with his cigarette-stained finger.

"Let's go, I feel headache!"

That was all. When we came out of the landing he brushed aside the entreating rikisha-men.

I was disgusted.

I did not notice the motion of his cigarette-stained finger, tearing the pale piece of paper worth two mighty millions until it dropped on the ground like petals of cherry.

"What, in the name of two millions, did you tear our ransom for?"

"Saito, forgive me . . . forgive me! . . .the world is no place for gods! . . . I couldn't threaten the father of the girl I loved. . . . Ah, no use, no use, she is married now! . . .I don't wish a million since she is not going to be mine! . . . You stupid, don't you understand, that is the girl I met in a concert and followed, and followed! . . ."

I took a street-car back home, and immediately resumed my romance of a medieval baron who was to marry a daughter of a "water-eating" farmer, with the scintillating background of Kamakura, also, with a lot of duels and abrupt meetings.

Battling at th

BY CHESTER

WHEN the average wage of the working people of a nation is found to be $250 per year below the cost of the bare necessaries of life it is time that country did something forcible. It is time some fundamental causes were discovered and some fundamental remedies applied.

We no longer need proof of the statement that the lowest stratum of a nation's life is a powerful checkmate to the aspirations of its highest stratum and we need not debate the assertion that a nation will make no permanent advance far ahead of its average intelligence. And, while there have been and will be, cases of individuals shining triumphantly out from the miseries of grinding poverty, the greatness of nations is not built upon the individual, but upon the mass.

Living in a nation which at least makes a pretense at democracy, even though in fact it may not have achieved much of it, we must concern ourselves with the condition of the mass. In such a discussion averages must tell the story.

So, again, the fact that a nation's average wage falls below the actual cost of sustenance is cause for consternation!

The fact that the consternation so far has been mainly confined to the members of the Socialist party and some few others who have seen a faint glimmer of light militates not a whit against the fact that the entire nation ought to have been plunged long ago into a thorough-going, unremitting search for the Way Out.

To be sure, there are a few who have been agitated more or less over individual cases of poverty and there are those who have expressed the deepest consternation that there should be so many poor, but in a good part they have been or are faddists or spot-light seekers who will consternate on the slightest provocation at so much per spasm, payable either in newspaper space or in cold coin of the realm.

Then again, there is dear old Brother Sparks, known to the entire village as the leader in the town temperance movement, who always arises and points to poor Dave Weaker whose wife and five babies are starving because Dave holds too many communions per day with that old, familiar foeman, Demon Rum.

Our only quarrel with the argument of the dear old Brother is this:

Forty-six percent of American wage earners get less than $10 a week, or $520 a year if sickness or accident doesn't "lay them up" for a single day out of the 365. And the Brother himself will hardly contend that forty-six per cent. of the people of this greatest nation on earth are so badly booze-bitten as to be incapable of producing wealth in excess of $10 per week!

And those figures were made public in United States Census bulletin No. 93, page 11, after an official investigation covering 3,297,819 wage workers. Of this number 2,619,053 were men, 588,599 were women and 90,167 were children.

> This is the tragic situation in America today: the minimum living cost is $750; the toiler gets in wages; sixty per cent goes to people who h tal," but which really is the sixty per cent of h factory gates and in interest, rent and profit. line in dead earnest!

The actual average wage, all wage earners considered, so far as can be determined, is $10.06 per week—a bare trifle over $500 per year.

The actual average cost of living at what is taken as standard level by most investigators is $750. In this computation the family contains father, mother and three children.

There are other figures fixed as the minimum living cost, but nearly all of them place the figure above $750. An average of all of them would be about $950. But for present purposes $750, practically the lowest estimate made, will do as well as any of the higher figures, because in accepting the lower figure we are sure we have no margin left—that we are at bedrock. And we know that we have an absolute chasm of $250 between the average wage and the minimum living cost.

Nor does the problem end there. Figures which well may be accepted as reliable tell us that in 1911 prices of all commodities were 44.1 per cent higher than in 1897. The tendency of prices is upward, now, as during that period, and with greater velocity, it appears. All reliable authorities agree that the rise of wages has not kept pace with the rise in the cost of commodities as paid by the ultimate consumer in the last twenty-five years.

Still another angle there is which, to many of those people who ride daily in their limousines to help "uplift the poor" but adds fresh complications to the already baffling problem. But this fresh angle really holds the key to the solution of the problem and explains the very existence of any problem at all. It is this:

The average American wage worker gets, in return for his toil, only about forty per cent. of what he produces!

There, in that brief sentence, is the meat in the cocoanut, the summed-up damnation of the entire economic system under which we live.

he Bread Line

E. M. WRIGHT

oday: The average wage per year is $510; r gets but forty per cent of his product back o hold paper titles to what is called "capi- f labor's product held back from it at the fit. American labor is bucking the bread

Superficial reformers may speculate as much as they please, the tariff tinkers may alleviate or aggravate, the goody-goodies may moralize and philosophize unto the end of time, but until some movement, or some agency is developed to the point where it can give to the creator of wealth that sixty per cent which now is taken from him before he leaves the factory gates there will be no solution to the problem. For it is the theft of that sixty per cent made possible by the profit system, that constitutes the problem. There may be different ways of expressing the idea. There may be different words that mean the same thing, but clothe the thought as you will, in the end it means a bold, hands-up-or-die robbery of American labor of more than half of what it creates.

Let us brief the entire situation:

The average wage is about $510 per year.

The rock-bottom living cost per family is $750.

The average worker gets back in wages about forty per cent of what his toil has produced.

If so many persons of undoubted reliability had not contributed their efforts in the compilations of data from which those figures are drawn, including our own Uncle Samuel himself, they might be disputed. But they stand!

And they stand rooted and buried, trunk and branch, in the profit system, the system of private ownership that enables one man to be master of another and to dictate to him when he shall come and when he shall go and what proportion of his creation he shall have after he has come and gone! There you have it! If you can alter the things that come from such an economic system without crushing and destroying the system, then stand forth and perform your miracle! None other has gone before you to rob you of your laurels.

After you have waved your wand and gone on your way in chagrin and contrition at its entire lack of magic we more prosaic ones come back to the attack. American industry is conducted on the principle that it is right for any man or set of men to get control of as much industry as they can, to jam wages down to the lowest possible ebb, to buy raw material as cheaply as possible, which again has its effect on wages, and to sell the finished product at a figure as high as the traffic will bear. It is just in that process that the sixty per cent is taken from the worker! Right there is the robbery! It is not in the dark! It is right out in open sunlight! There is no need to conceal it because it is all done according to law. The American electorate stands for it all—votes for it. Private ownership of things collectively used by the collectivity for the collectivity is legal—absolutely legal! Profit-taking is legal! It is legal to induce a man to work for wages upon which he cannot live, even though you make 100 per cent from his labor. There is no limit to the game. Only the crudest of modern highwaymen use violence. The legal way is easier—and safe!

If your mind will be cleared by a concrete example, here it is:

The New York Herald found that, with modern machinery such as is turned out by the shoe machinery trust, it costs to make in the Massachusetts factories from 60 to 70 cents for a pair of shoes that sell at retail for from $6 to $7. The owner of a shoe factory doesn't have to jimmy your bedroom window or stick you up on a dark night. He only needs to sell you a pair of shoes—shoes that you have to buy! Simple, safe, sure, legal, respectable!

The profit system presents no way out of the difficulties which have grown up with it and because of it. Nor can it, for the entire situation has come as a growth—an evolution and we cannot turn about and grow down again by the process through which we came. The profit system continues to create the evil. We find the profit system throwing into the great whirl, aside from the great army of under-paid workers another army of workers who are not paid at all because they are allowed to do no work. The United States census for 1890 showed that 15.1 per cent of all workers over 10 years of age were unemployed a part of the time. Then came the 1900 census with a greater arraignment and the last census says that the number found to be unemployed a part of each year is 6,468,964 and that the number idle from four to six months each year is 2,069,546, or thirty-nine per cent of all workers over ten years of age, employed in all industries, including agriculture.

Piled upon the human misery caused by theft at the machine are the great traveling companions of these evils, theft of land and absentee ownership of land, unjust taxation, purchase of the public prints for the purpose of shaping public opinion, distortion of history so that past deeds shall shed as little light as possible on present evils and future events and a vast mass of related and similar phases of life.

All are descended from the profit system and all

rally around and mass their strength to uphold that which bore them!

The profit system is an adept at so shaping its offspring, at so warping the minds of those who live under it that its own life may be prolonged.

So that difference of $250 or more between the average wage and the minimum cost of living does not raise the uproar that would be expected by the casual investigator from Mars.

But that difference is vital. Every day that it continues the race grows weaker. Lack of proper food, proper education, proper pleasure, proper light, proper ventilation, freedom from worry and strain—all of these stunt and devitalize and brutalize the race.

What must be done? Fight!

Fight off the superstition that things must always stay as they are. Fight for a just economic system. Fight to end economic robbery and political jobbery. Lay down this simple demand:

Those things which are socially (or collectively) used, must be socially owned and democratically administered for the benefit of all. Those things which are personally or privately used must be privately owned.

When enough persons of voting age and voting inclinations understand the principle involved in that simple declaration there will be an end to that yawning $250 chasm between Have and Have-not, between you and the bread line. There will be an end to that robbery of 60 per cent of Labor's product. There will be an end to all exploitation through rent, interest and profit, through private ownership of the means of production and distribution.

Each year sees this principle more widely accepted, each year sees the masters of the bread harder pressed for control, even though they seem more arrogant as the day of their doom approaches.

There is but the one way out. It is up and ahead, through the coming of a new order. The present order is not constructed to make justice possible. It must pass, after having prepared the way for the new. We cannot nor do we want to go back. Every law, natural and human, drives toward the future and the new and away from the old and worn-out and out-grown.

And the terribly painful shell of capitalism so galls and chokes and suffocates that it is with that exquisite joy that comes from the prospect of passing pain that humanity is turning itself toward the new order.

The social order within the old shell is reaching the transition period. It is reaching the limit of its growth under the old system. It cramps and turns and heaves and expands against the cracking shell. The birth day comes!

The race must get away from that margin between Need and Cannot-get, between starvation and complete satisfaction of every need, between economic curse and economic justice.

Humanity must win out over Dollars. Humanity must become of first importance. The $750-lowest-possible-living-cost must be left behind. The machine must be accesible to all who would work, the collectivity must rise superior to the individual despot by taking away his legal status.

Capitalism must go. Socialism must come! That is the solution! Only as humanity works in that direction can it work away from that terrifying, deadening $510 average wage and its horde of trailing evils. Humanity must fight its way ahead. The past is useless except as its experience guides the future.

What Happened March Fourth

By Carl Sandburg

ON March 4, Victor Berger said good-by to his seat in the national House of Representatives.

As he watched the minute hand of the clock move slowly toward the fatal hour that would mark the end of his career in Congress, he had two sorrowful thoughts. One was sorrow that he can no longer sit in the storm center of national legislation. And the other thought was sorrow that his seat will be occupied by a small understrapper who will merely wiggle and rattle around in the seat and not really fill it or occupy it at all.

The successor to Victor Berger's seat in Congress is a Milwaukee lawyer by the name of W. H. Stafford. He is pointed to here because he forms such a horrific contrast to Victor Berger and the election of Stafford to succeed Berger is at the cost of placing in the national Congress one more Mr. Nobody, one more Do-Nothing, one more obedient mutt whose political mission is to act as errand boy, bundle carrier, and ready listener to the commands of big fellows whose money and brains put him where he is.

This may not seem pertinent to a discussion of Berger's temporary farewell to the halls of congress. Yet it is pertinent. The retirement of Berger has been here and there hailed as a setback for Socialism. It is a setback for Socialism only in the sense that it is a setback for the whole nation.

In spite of the fact that Berger's vote in his district increased last November, that district again returned Stafford to congress. Stafford had served several terms before. His record is known. For years he was fought not only by the Socialists, but by the LaFollette men. In the bitterness of the campaign last fall, Berger recalled the Washington description of Stafford—that Stafford was known as "Joe Cannon's poodle dog." Stafford, with a record of following at the heels of Joe Cannon and obeying the nod and gesture of Joe Cannon, is what the nation gets in exchange for Victor Berger.

If the United States of America can stand for it, the Socialist party of the United States can.

Berger's Hardest Punches—

Brought about a Congressional investigation of the great Lawrence strike which resulted in a settlement.

Caused the resignation of Judge Cornelius N. Hanford of Seattle shortly before he was eligible to retire on a pension.

Recently he introduced a resolution that undoubtedly had a big effect in causing the fifty-four Eastern railroads to accept arbitration under the Erdman Act for their differences with the Brotherhood of Firemen.

Introduced a bill providing old age pensions.

Introduced a constitutional amendment granting the franchise to women.

Introduced a bill providing for federal ownership and operation of railroads, telegraphs, telephones and express companies.

His bill providing for the employment of all unemployed persons who desired work was considered one of the most radical and far-reaching measures ever introduced in Congress.

Championed the cause of government employes by speaking for an eight-hour day.

One more reference to Stafford and we are through with him. A little about how Stafford nosed in ahead of Berger in the election. Stafford, or rather the money and brains back of Stafford, made the Democratic and Republican machines of Milwaukee county see that they would have to get together and work together or they would be smashed by the Socialist machine. It was done. The cry was started, "We are non-partisans; in the presence of the common menace of Socialism we must unite and wipe out the disgrace of having the fair name of Milwaukee smutched through representation in congress by a red flag follower of Socialism—vote the Democratic ticket." And so they led the blind and the lame and the halt of the working class forth in the name of non-partisanship to vote the Democratic ticket in order to elect a Republican to take the place of a Socialist.

Of the many amazing plays witnessed on the checkerboard of American politics, this is one at least that should be awarded a bun.

Now for a little story, a narrative with human courage around the edges of it and human hope at the inside of it:

One Sunday morning in the Spring of 1902, several thousand people in the city of Milwaukee found on their front porches a curious leaflet. On the front page was printed the question: "What Shall We Do To Be Saved?" The day being the holy day of the week many persons opened the leaflet and began reading in the expectation of finding how their souls might be rescued from the wrath of an avenging God. On reading they found that the only matter discussed was how workingmen and their wives and children might have more of the good things of life to live on before they died and went to meet their God. How the workingman might raise himself out of not-enough-to-live-on into something better was the mutton of discussion. The words were short and pointed, sometimes flashing like the fangs of a mastiff. The workingman is poor because he is robbed and one reason he is robbed is because he is not politically organized. One way to fight those who rob him is for the workingmen to stand together massed solidly in a working class political party—so said this leaflet—and such a party, called the Social-Democratic party was in the field with platform, candidates, and organization.

The leaflet was written by a big German. He and his comrades at that time were struggling to keep their print-shop out of the clutches of the bankruptcy court. The leaflet was distributed from house to house by comrades—fellow-workers. Not one of them had any more hope of ever sliding into a city hall office than a Siberian convict has of becoming czar of Russia. A tow-headed youth at the north end of the town peddled leaflets from house to house little dreaming that one day his comrades would thrust him into the mayor's chair. And the big German went on writing and talking about his principles. Eight years went by and he sat in the national House of Representatives,—as a member with a vote. He knew that he would be expected to talk, to tell the country what he stood for. And to make sure that he would say the right thing, that he had not slipped away from the first principles he spoke eight years before when he asked in the little leaflet, "What Shall We Do To Be Saved?" he wrote back home for a copy of that leaflet. Most of the paragraphs of it went almost word for word into the body of Berger's speech "on the wool schedule."

"Haf you read my vool speech?" is a question that was frequently asked by Berger as he met his comrades overland in the various cities. He is proud of the "vool speech" because he believes it voices international socialism and as such the federal government printing plant in Washington has printed more than a million copies and the post office department has delivered them to more than a million American voters. It seems such a beautiful and superior method of propaganda that Berger feels he is justified in asking American citizens, "Haf you read my vool speech?"

Two million copies of Berger's speeches were run off by government printers and distributed to voters the past two years. The propaganda value of these to the labor movement has been large. This has probably been the most effective result of having a Socialist sit in congress two years.

The Socialist party has been in luck to have in congress a man with two unusual qualifications for the place (1) a wide knowledge of existing economic conditions and (2) ability to express his knowledge in straight English, "language that a bricklayer can understand," to use Berger's own phrase.

The press associations have given considerable attention to Berger's acts in congress and newspapers in large cities have given him an unexpected amount of space. The writer once asked Berger why this was so. His answer was, "They are good to me now because I am only one. I am a curiosity. But wait until we get ten or twenty men in congress, wait till we get dangerous to them—then look out."

EDITORIAL

SUNSHINE AND HEALTH

THE Golden State is a land of health as well as sunshine. The trite saying, "You can't live on climate" is an axiom. But the fact remains that you can live longer in the California climate than in any other.

Government mortality statistics bear witness to the following facts concerning American cities with a population in 1900 of 100,000 or more.

San Francisco's average age at death 43.4 years, Los Angeles 43.1, Denver 38.1, New Haven 38.3, Washington 39.3, Chicago 34, Indianapolis 40.9, Louisville 39.6, New Orleans 38.1, Baltimore 35.5, Boston 37.4, Fall River (a famous factory town) 25.7, Worcester 40.9, Detroit 31.4, Minneapolis 38.4, St. Paul 33.9, Kansas City 37.2, St. Joseph 42, St. Louis 38.2, Omaha 38.5, Jersey City 31.3, Newark 33.7, Paterson 36.6, Buffalo 34.1, New York 32.7, Rochester 41.9, Syracuse 39.5, Cincinnati 41.4, Cleveland 34.2, Columbus 42.4, Toledo 41.1, Philadelphia 37, Pittsburg 32.3, Scranton 29.7, Providence 36.7, Memphis 35.2, Milwaukee 30.5. Los Angeles has long been advertised as a health resort. It has attracted many old people, who died soon after they reached their earthly haven. Their age at death helped to increase the Los Angeles average.

How appropriate then that "The Western Comrade," a magazine of sunshine and health, should have its abiding place in the land, par excellence of health and sunshine.

THE OBLIGATION OF POWER

SAID a recent writer: "That there are in every walk in life so many men and women who recognize and fulfill the obligation of power—do it instantly toward utter strangers because all concerned are human—is the strongest possible proof that our civilization is not a failure."

All of which is undoubtedly true. In matters of mere courtesy, in neighborliness, in individual association, there is little lack in this direction. But is not the principle stated a universal one applicable to all the relationships of life? Is it not applicable as well to great social movements?

Does not the obligation of power rest as truly upon the social as the individual man? The same persons who as individuals fulfill this obligation, in their collective capacity as members of society give little evidence of its recognition.

Startling examples are to be found on every hand. In the treatment accorded the criminal, the outcast, the weak or unfortunate, the under man or woman in every walk in life, the obligation of power receives little if any attention.

Does not our full duty as human beings rest in recognizing and fulfilling in every walk in life, in full measure, whatever obligation of power may be ours?

EXIT CONGRESSMAN BERGER

IF the sense of humor had been omitted in the make-up of Victor L. Berger, the Socialist movement of America would have lost much.

Any Socialist in Congress would have been useful, but to have there for two years a man who knows the party philosophy and history, root and branch; one who knows the minds of the millions and how they must be reached; and above all one who can bait every hook with irresistible humor which penetrates but rarely stings, is good fortune indeed.

Socialists have everything with them, facts, principles, the push of events, and the self-interest of the vast majority. The marvel is that the party's growth is not even far more rapid than it is.

The reason lies too often in the tactlessness of Socialists themselves.

Victor Berger understands the way brains work. He does not try to win converts by sledgehammer cuffs on the ear. Persuasion, he knows, is more effective than antagonism.

It is well that the Ex-Congressman is to lecture now as well as write. May he teach a practical psychology to his fellow workers. Not sneers or bitter wit are needed. A good-natured laugh with, not at, those still clutching at out-worn ideas helps amazingly.

THE RULE OF REASON

A DECADE ago the courts of the land were considered a branch of government above criticism. Mr. Bryan's memorable first campaign was regarded by many citizens as little short of treason to the Republic because his platform citicised the Supreme Court.

We have traveled a long way along the political highway in the years that lie between us and 1896.

It is a far cry from campaign criticism to the judicial recall now adopted in many states. It is still farther to the withdrawal from the courts of the power to declare laws unconstitutional, the thing for which within certain limits Colonel Roosevelt now stands sponsor.

And now comes the Interstate Commerce Committee of the United States Senate in a report to that body in which it openly, brazenly and with malice aforethought makes deliberate attack upon the highest court of the land.

Following is the language used referring to the "rule of reason" as laid down by the United States Supreme Court in the Standard Oil and American Tobacco Company decisions:

"The committee has full confidence in the integrity, intelligence and patriotism of the Supreme Court of the United States, but it is unwilling to repose in that court or any other court the vast and undefined powers which it must exercise in the administration of the statutes under the rule which it has promulgated. It substitutes the court in the place of Congress, for whenever the rule is invoked the court does not administer the law but makes the law. If it continue in force the Federal courts will so far as restraint of trade is concerned, make a common law for the United States, just as the English courts have made a common law for England.

"It is inconceivable that in a country that is governed by a written constitution and statute law, that the courts can be permitted to test each restraint of trade by the economic standard which the individual members of the court may happen to approve.

"If we do not speedily prescribe, insofar as we can, a legislative rule by which to measure the form of contract or combination in restraint of trade we can anticipate, we cease to be a government of law and become a government of men; and, moreover, of a very few men, and they appointed by the President."

All of which is mighty good sense, even though emanating from the American House of Lords.

BACK YARD PHILOSOPHY

JANE ADDAMS, she of Hull House Social Settlement and Progressive party fame, is fond of quoting a question asked by one of the sweatshop children in Chicago:

"Who can be good without any back yard?"

To this question social settlement work has perhaps given a more practical answer than has yet come from other sources.

About the issue raised by this inquiry has raged the battle royal of science during the last quarter century. Broadly stated, it is the relative power of heredity and environment. And while not yet fully settled from the standpoint of science, practically the great seething world of life has answered the child's question affirmatively.

To "be good" is not impossible to the backyardless, but the probabilities greatly favor the possessor of the backyard.

A potato vine in a rich, loamy soil, on a sunny, well-watered slope, differs materially from the pale, sickly, greenish-yellow vine which has its roots in equally good soil at the bottom of a cellar, and struggles to reach the flickering sunlight breaking through the accumulated dust of the cellar window.

The essential life and soil from which it springs is the same in each case. The result in one is life plus good environment and in the other life minus the environment—in the first instance a back yard and in the latter none.

Full of promise for the future is the fact that

humanity is coming to understand and to act on the knowledge that while in rare cases good citizens may come from homes without back yards, yet from the great mass of humanity, the more back yards and the better kept they are, the better will be both individual and social life.

Not until the bread and butter conditions of life are so arranged that back yards are possible to all has humanity the right to expect to reach full fruitage in life and character.

HORSES, HOGS, AND BABIES

CARE and culture of hogs, horses and other animals have long received attention. Seed selection and scientific methods have been employed with great success with fruits, flowers, grain and vegetables.

The Burbanking processes have been productive of results well nigh marvelous. It is said that one experimenter in the State of Iowa, through seed selection alone, was able to increase the average yield of corn for the entire State five bushels per acre.

Little attention, however, has as yet been given to the application of scientific methods and principles in the improvement of the human race.

But there has now come to hand, and from Iowa too, a report of definite results obtained, with babies, through the effort of two women.

These women conceived the idea that Iowa was devoting more attention to the perfection of cows, corn and pigs than to babies. Having reached this conclusion they began a systematic campaign on scientific lines in the direction of giving at least as much attention to babies as to live stock.

They began with the annual baby show held in connection with the State Fair, that temple of perfection in live stock, where farmers discuss the various points in farm animals—but never in babies.

Baby show awards were invariably made on the ground of personal beauty alone; so new standards were adopted. In 1911 doting mothers found their youngsters were being judged along different lines—along the standard of height, weight, circumference of chest, abdomen and head, symmetry, quality of skin and fat, quality of muscles—hand-grasp, rising and sitting poise—bones of skull and frame, dimensions of head, shape and measurement of eyes, shape, size and position of ears, the same of lips, forehead, nose and jaw; number, shape, size and condition of teeth, as well as the psychological tests for disposition, energy, attention, facial and ocular expression.

Well—they drew a long breath and sent for their husbands.

These came mostly from the cattle ring and after looking for a while, expressed a variety of sentiment; said many things and said them emphatically. But when it was over, when evening came and the families were driving slowly to their homes, one vital thought had impressed itself upon their minds: Iowa babies had not shown the same standard of physical perfection that had been found in Iowa cattle, corn and pigs, and each mother made a mental resolve that next year her baby would come nearer taking the blue ribbon.

During the following year the babies were put through a course of scientific training. Diet was watched and regulated along scientific principles, which the mother had carefully studied; babies were exercised at regular times, and movements were used to bring up the deficient points; the teeth were given minute attention and they were encouraged into a better disposition so that the psychological tests would show a keener attention, more facial and ocular expression, more energy, and a better disposition generally.

The fair of 1912 showed that wonders had been accomplished. Iowa is now just as interested in raising the standard of its babies as it has been heretofore in producing fine stock and crops. The idea is, moreover, spreading to other states. North Dakota, Minnesota and Oregon have announced that this new form of judging will be used in baby shows at their state fairs.

Burbanking the human race undoubtedly has its limits, but before these are reached much may be accomplished.

PRUDERY RUN MAD

THE Pasadena public schools have a course in domestic science in their curriculum.

In the seventh and eighth grades a real live baby is sued as a model in teaching the care of children. All went well as long as this model was a girl baby.

There came a time, however, when change to a baby of the sterner sex became necessary and a twelve-month-old boy was substituted.

It was here trouble began for the teachers in the shape of protests from Madam Grundy.

Oh horrors! A real live boy baby for a model! The very idea of teachers showing such utter disregard for the decencies and proprieties of life! It must not be permitted.

This from devotees at the shrine of fashion who yield implicit obedience to all requirements, from the heighth of decollete to the extreme suggestiveness of the most ultra attire of the period!

That the good sense of the community sustained the school principal, in the contention that there is no sex question in infancy, is matter for congratulation on the part of all plain common sense folk.

NATURE'S BANQUET TABLE

WAS it the Indian who gave to nature the name All-Mother? It was given somewhere back in the dim and misty past while human nature was still imaginative.

It must have been given, too, when conditions were such as to permit men to think of other things than bread and butter. It was undoubtedly used before grim necessity had compelled full surrender to the wholly material occupation of providing for physical need. But, whenever given, no better name could have been selected. All on earth are bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. From out her life all come at birth, through life her bounty is spread for all and upon her generous bosom all rest weary heads when the brief span of earthly existence is over.

If any find life not worth while the fault is not Nature's. Thoroughly impartial she makes generous provision for all. If any starve in body or soul the blame is not hers.

And while man has been able to create a monopoly in her resources for supplying his physical need, not yet has he been able to create a trust or even a corner in her food supply for human souls.

In mountain fastnesses and shaded nooks, by brookside or seaside, in song of bird or care-free life of animals, Mother Nature spreads her bounty of life, light and beauty.

If any partake not 'tis because the door is closed to the source of supply.

To this great westland of ours where Nature has been so lavish with her gifts, every year come thousands of tourists. Yet how few of these find the green pastures and virgin meadows where teems her most abundant life.

Most travelers follow routes laid down in guide books and visit resorts well known. Not many leave the beaten paths for the solitude of mountain fastnesses, where such close access to the heart of the All-Mother is permitted that its pulsing may be felt and one's own soul be attuned to its eternal rythm.

In the dark of silent gorges, amid the awful silence of a mountain canyon, alone, afar from the haunts of men on some broad expanse of ocean shore, let him who would wrest Nature's secrets from her, woo her there. Let him pitch his tent and hearken to myriad voices speaking in myriad tongues.

Such communion is for all if all will it. Suicide of the body is bad enough, but suicide of the soul is an unpardonable wrong.

On and on, day by day, and year by year, throughout life man can wander if he will in close companionship with Nature. Communing

with all her forms, entering into her life, he can become ever more and more conscious of the bond that unites his life with hers in an inseparable unity.

A FATEFUL DECISION

PRACTICALLY all the laws to alleviate conditions which might be passed by Congress could be thrown out by the Supreme Court as infringing on the authority of the States.

Child labor laws, eight-hour measures, whiskey transportation, factory regulations would all come under regulation of interstate commerce.

A Supreme Court so disposed could block all measures of this kind on the ground that they interfered with the police power of the states.

The white slave law involving this principle has recently been declared constitutional.

This indicates that the present court does not mean to block reforms on the state-rights quibble and has established a precedent likely to be followed in the future.

This is good news, indeed. While there are many evils which cannot be stopped so long as production for private profit remains, child labor need not be tolerated even as conditions are today.

Other evils could be righted, and as Socialism strengthens many reforms will be attempted.

Let them come back and fast. It is a relief to know that the Supreme Court is not idiotic enough to put a stone wall in the path of even these mild measures of relief.

ANOTHER EXECUTIVE VOYAGE

PRESIDENT WILSON enters office with an honest determination to serve the nation and remedy wrongs. The more effective, then, will be the object lesson when he fails to accomplish anything fundamental.

He means well, but good intentions will avail little. His task, he says, "is a work of restoration."

Strange, is it not, that governments should need to "restore" the old, when everywhere else growth into the new is the purpose of wisdom? The one pregnant statement in the inaugural address is this: "We have reared giant machinery which made it impossible that any but those who stood at the levers of control should have a chance to look out for themselves."

Those "giant machines" can never be "restored" to smaller machines. Only when all the people own these machines and put their servants at the levers can any but the few "have a chance to look out for themselves."

There is no freedom except in going on through the trust evolution to industrial democracy, President Wilson; you can not turn the wheels of progress backward.

It will help in the education of the people, however, to have the executive failures made by a man in whose sincerity of purpose all have faith.

That a President "means well" counts as little as it would in a sea captain who knew nothing of navigation.

For another voyage, however, it may lead the passengers to select one well posted in the use of charts and compass.

Here's to a prompt education in the great art of how not to run the ship of state.

FOR PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION

SOCIALISTS are the only true democrats. Not only do they accept the principle but would also apply it to the fullest extent.

They accept as truth beyond cavil the statement that, "the cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy."

Socialism itself being the democratization of industry, wherever under capitalism opportunity is given for wider application of the principle, Socialists are ready to take advantage of it. Among its immediate political demands the Socialist national platform declares for proportional representation.

For the first time in this country, in any large city, a campaign is now on in Los Angeles in which this form of representation is the main issue. An effort is being made to amend the city charter and one of the amendments provided by

the People's Charter Committee in which Socialists had large representation provides for this plan.

Naturally members of that party are among its staunchest advocates with excellent prospects for its adoption.

Soon or late, the recognition of the principle that minorities are entitled to representation even under majority rule is bound to come. Truth and wisdom are not established by stifling the vote of opposition nor by suppressing the political power of those whose opinions may differ from those held by the majority.

The result of this election will be awaited with interest.

THE PAUPERIZED PROSPEROUS

DID you know that the rich department store owners and their customers take up a collection each week from the fathers in hundreds of thousands of working class homes?

They do.

They pass the hat to the brothers and sisters, fathers or mothers who pay the family grocery bills and ask them kindly to aid in the support of their help.

The customers follow along and say, "yes, please help us out, so that our fine clothes need not cost so much."

This is regarded as such a pretty plan that a new official in department stores—an investigator—is to be appointed whose business it shall be to see that the girls employed live at home in families which can supply room and board.

Just why a family should pay half the salary while the employers take all the time and energy is hard to say, but that is the great solution offered by the Illinois investigation.

It is admitted that 50,000 girls receive less than $5.00 a week in Chicago—a trifle more than half what it costs them to live. Many times that number work for less than a living wage.

Can there be greater irony than to say that the girls who have no homes shall not be employed?

Can there be any more brazen avowal of accepted charity than to say: "Of course, the girls can not live on what we pay, but they live at home?

Charity workers are very fearful of "pauperizing" their beneficiaries. How about pauperizing the rich?

TEACHING SEX HYGIENE

THE NEW YORK CALL recently appeared with two columns on its Woman's Page, headed "What Every Girl Should Know" and underneath, filling the two columns, the words: "Nothing: By Order of the United States Post Office Department."

This, being interpreted, means that the authorities refused to allow a series of articles on sex hygiene for girls to appear.

A girls' ignorance may mean a life or lives cursed with disease, yet she must not be taught the dangers that beset.

The articles had been written by a trained nurse and contained in plain language vitally important facts. Yet Uncle Sam's paternal arm reached out to stop this good work.

In Denver, arrangements had been made to have a special teacher employed to teach the girls of the High School on this subject. The School Board—certain members of it—objected. The mothers could be taught but not the girls direct, and that is now the arrangement. Classes for mothers are held, and only girls without mothers are taught.

This is much better than nothing, but is not so effective and sure as direct lessons to the girls.

What an obscene generation this is, to be sure, when plain physical facts take on the color of indecencies!

Seventy per cent of the operations upon women are made necessary by diseases of which they are ignorant.

Perhaps there are more reasons than modesty why enlightenment is not popular in some quarters.

PLAYS, PLAYERS & PLAYWRIGHTS

By MILA TUPPER MAYNARD

THE NEW DRAMATIC TRIANGLE

ANOTHER dramatic triangle has been discovered! It is not the traditional two men and a woman or two women and a man, but the three factors which make the theater a help or a hindrance in progress: the play writer, the play-actor and the playgoer.

Whether one is interested chiefly in the progress of art, in moral education or in social propaganda, the forces to be counted upon are always threefold: skillful drama from the author, effective art from the actor and intelligent appreciation on the part of the audience.

Each depends upon the other. Neither can advance far beyond the other two. The finest dramatist in the world could not win a hearing unless there were actors skillful enough to make the value of his work apparent; and without a public capable of knowing good work and willing to patronize it, genius in both playwright and players would not save them from starvation.

Whatever there is obtained in and by the dramatic art must come through the triune education of writers, public and players. Demand creates supply; supply creates demand. It is a mutual stimulus and it were profitless to ask which leads, but certainly the audience is not least in importance.

The Western Comrade will try to do its part in making its readers helpful units in the great public which must increase the popularity of good work and weaken the hold of poor work.

Truth Across Footlights

Everyone who has a truth to propagate nowadays looks longingly at the crowds which frequent the theaters. "Woe is me if I get not my gospel across the footlights." This is the cry of the ardent in every department of effort.

The Socialist is well at the front of those laying siege to this great arsenal of power.

It were more exact to say, the Socialist is already in possession of its best guns, is already using its weapons to do effective service at many points in the world-wide battlefield.

The literary drama is deeply tinged with social suggestion if not with direct propaganda.

Henrik Ibsen, now recognized generally as the Father of the Modern Drama, raises every question which startles and baffles the social student, and although he solves no problems, he forces the reader to face conditions from many perplexing paradoxical angles.

No writer of whom so much has been written is so little understood. His work is a great laboratory, in which the student of the world as it is finds his material ready for examination. The labels may be put on to suit the labeller. The sturdy facts are there in unmistakable precision.

ALLA NAZIMOVA

Our Own Bernard Shaw

Then there is the inimitable, delicious Shaw. If Ibsen is unlabelled, not so Bernard Shaw. He not only writes Socialist signboards all through his plays, but, lest a dense public fail to see, he introduces every play with a preface of volume length telling the reader all that the play might mean if interpreted from the soap-box. There is no chance to misinterpret Shaw in his economic gospel.

True, some of us would wish that he might have put our own little red covered tract in his volume instead of the ones he places there, but if the proof of the pudding is in the number who can be got to eat it, Shaw's brand of propaganda is the real stuff.

"I used to have a half dozen of Shaw's plays on my shelves for a year before they were sold," said a Coast

bookstore man, "but now I can scarcely keep stocked up, although I order hundreds at a time."

The secret lies in the man's irresistible wit and the utterly unexpected places in which he pops up with a new mask for his Socialist clown.

The old order will never be laughed off the earth, but by making capitalists, big and little, and intellectual parasites of every brand roar with laughter at themselves and their fool civilization, the crises of the transition time are likely to be met with greater safety.

With surprisingly general consent, this noisily labelled rebel is placed at the head of living dramatists.

Quite a feather in our collective cap, is it not?

What Shaw has done in astounding measure and in his own fashion, hundreds of others may do in some measure and each in his own fashion.

To name the other dramatists whose plays have social import would be to name well nigh every author whose fame has crossed local border lines.

It could not well be otherwise. A man or woman in this age, who is not awake to the vast abomination of things as they are and thrilled with expectation for the advancing new order, would have too little life for good work of any kind.

The Drama Yet to Be

There yet awaits, however, the real drama of the age. Drama that shall not be content to picture evils all too familiar, but which shall embody the living forces surging through the arteries of Labor's valiant body. We are waiting for the comrade artist who shall make known to all the world that Unseen and Somewhat by which the clasping hands of brothers leashed the dogs of war, when Europe's mercenary rivals threatened to make the Balkan horrors spread through a continent.

We wait the heart and vision which will make real to all men that Comrade Kingdom in which the millions are coming to stand upon their feet, heads erect, hearts beating steadfastly, each strong in the strength of all, hand clasped firm in hand, full circle, 'round the globe.

This, the mightiest power the old earth has ever known, waits an embodiment in dramatic art which shall help to spread that Comrade Kingdom to the last remotest corner of the nations.

In the meantime, it will be a pleasure to keep tally as the various aspects of vital truths find their way across the footlights.

* * *

MAKING "KINDLING" SUCCEED

How the public may make a play a success is exemplified in the play "Kindling" "tried out" in Los Angeles more than a year ago. It was a good play from every standpoint, but in picturing the fatal effect of the slums on childhood, the relation of the landlords to these slums and a young mother's rebellion against bringing her child into their death-dealing atmosphere it taught a valuable social lesson.

The play ran in Los Angeles several weeks, largely because it was called to the attention of the Socialists and pushed by the working class papers.

In New York, the play was not a strong success but the Drama League noticed it and when it came to Chicago, issued a bulletin concerning the play to its members. The result was that it had a phenomenal run and is now well established as one of the successes of the year.

Margaret Illington as the rebellious slum mother, was exceedingly strong.

* * *

The Drama League of America is an organization to increase the general intelligence in matters which concern the drama. It has spread with remarkable rapidity all over the country. The aim is to encourage good plays by a prompt notice to members, telling them that a given play is worth while and why. There are flourishing branches in both San Francisco and Los Angeles.

* * *

Bernard Shaw's new play, "Fanny's First Play," has been one of the great successes in New York this winter. It is a play written about a play and has a group of critics trying to decide who wrote the play to which they listen. Many play writers, not omitting Shaw himself, are ridiculed. Shaw's 'egotism" is again in laughing evidence. "He who has a message will not hesitate to beat a drum at the door of his tent."

The self-advertising" of this strenuous propagandist is but the beating of this drum. "If I tell the dull British public often enough what a wonderful person I am, they will believe and listen," he calmly says and results are proving him wise in his method.

MARGARET ILLINGTON

BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

ARTISTS VERSUS CRITICS

THERE is a never-ending war between our critics and artists. The critics bark at our artists. They exaggerate petty faults and overlook real worth—sometimes. This angers our artists. A California author, for instance, recently attacked critics, frankly confessing he hated them. He declared that critics failed as authors, and, therefore, are unable to judge. This is ridiculous. Must I lay an egg to judge whether one is bad or good?

* * *

COMFORT

"No matter what the period is, the chair I sit in must be comfortable," said Henry Irving. He held that when uncomfortable, he could not act artistically. Might it not be added that a writer cannot create if his stomach causes him discomfort, and that an artist cannot paint if he feels that exasperating "aching void"? The Greeks were wonderful philosophers and sculptors, their sense of the beautiful was ideal; they were free from the worries of satisfying physical needs. A comfortable people soon becomes an artistic people.

* * *

When you see a lie in the Atlantic Monthly you feel consoled, for you know, at least, that it is expressed in classic English.

* * *

What is art? Can we not say that it is genius' subtle wand welding a noise into a harmony?

* * *

ATTITUDES

We used to rave over the authors of the past. Ah! the classics! Homer! Virgil! Socrates! A little later we commenced throwing flowers at our living authors. Ah! Dickens! Hugo! Thackeray! Today, ah, today, we don't do so foolish a thing. The past or the present disturbs us no longer. We only consider the future. Will Tweedle-Dee strike a new note if he continue writing for forty-eight years? Will Deedle-Twum's ninety-fourth novel be "The Great American Novel?" Will the next century read Swashbucket's poetry? Will that 16-year-old genius who wrote his first twelve-hundred word story last week create a new school of literature? Tomorrow is the day with us—selah!

* * *

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG

"Take a bucket of water, stir it about with a stick for half an hour; then see what size hole you have made. Such is the effect of advice on a young man's mind," said an American humorist. And is it not good that our young friends are not anxious for advice? Does not experience teach as much as a lecture? Young men do not take things for granted. They want the reason for this and that. As Bernard Shaw says, one should listen to advice and then go ahead and do as he pleases.

* * *

RULES AND ART

Shakespeare speaks of art being tongue-tied by authority. It is undeniable that those whom we treasure as geniuses were the men courageous enough to break rules. Beethoven, Wagner, Whitman, Monet, Cezanne and others have enriched our store of the beautiful because they knew enough to know more than those who preceded them. They learned that art is expression. Which is more desirable—free expression or limited expression? In other words, should an artist permit himself to be enslaved by a code of rules?

But, would it not be well for young writers to learn rules before they smash them?

* * *

It is apparent to the most casual observer that our young poets are striking out for themselves. At this moment I am impressed by the fact that they are aiming body blows at that arch tyrant, Mr. Highfalutin Wurdes. It appears as though he is soon to die the death of the useless. No more Necropolis! No more Ashtoreth! No more Blossomy-excrement! What did you ask? Oh, to be sure, I have John Masefield in mind.

* * *

THE NEW POETRY

When a new thing comes into the world, some persons welcome it, and others regret its appearance; most, however, are quite indifferent. The new poetry—the song of city streets, city people, city life—is here. John Davidson, John Hall Wheelock, and a half dozen others, including a few Americans, are writing poetry that is new—and, as to be expected, they are accepted by a few and rejected by others. They are singing, not of the moss-grown rocks of the hillside but of the heartaches, the hopes, the aspirations of the people—every-day people.

The Forum, as to be expected, welcomes the new poets and their new songs. A writer in The Independent would have them turn back to the fields and the forests. But, the editor of The Forum, in an editorial note, announces in the February issue that "it is hoped that the poets of America will send in their best work, abandoning more and more the conventional and traditional, and giving to the Time-Spirit what it has not yet received—adequate expression. * * * Spring odes and out-moded moralizings are not desired. It is better to fail with an idea that was at least worth while

The Woman's View

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

NOW, of course, the first question that will come to mind in seeing this title "The Woman's View" will be what sort of departmental division is to be made here for the women of the world; whether it is to be a housewife's department, a mother's department, or a department telling women with impecunious or "stingy" husbands how to make pin money; whether it will advocate political freedom for women and taboo the subject of economic freedom or vice versa.

The reader will want to know if in this department there are to be aired the seemingly inconsistent views of the funny old world, which allows women to be strong and economically free in parts of Siberia, allows them to be politically free in Australia and Finland, gives them partial political freedom in some other countries, but nowhere allows them in all respects to live freely, fully, and humanly.

It will be the purpose of this department to present through sketches and articles the efforts women are making to achieve a full share in human activities and to show the economic causes underlying these efforts.

And while national problems and events will receive special attention, the international phases will also be kept in the foreground, for, it is international, this movement of women toward the larger affairs of the world, as international as the working class movement.

Like a great new song, it rises from the hearts of the nations. In the Orient, where the economic and social life is far behind the rest of the world, it is only a faint whisper. In Germany, Holland and France it has grown to a murmur. In England its notes are crescendo. And in America its theme is already stirring the hearts and minds of the people; they are beginning to respond to its message.

It is for us to understand and act on that message.

* * *

PEOPLE OR PROPERTY

It is very seldom that the English militants are connected with any idea except suffrage. It is a rare occurrence when any mention is made of a deeper purpose, of an ultimate aim. But it is there and the manner in which they proceed to win the ballot—their means, their weapon—is the key to that aim.

Their organizations have officially declared that in no instance will they attack human life in their efforts to secure the ballot, but they will attack the idol Property and attempt to destroy its prestige. In the municipal work that the women have done (the women of England have a municipal vote, which, however, leaves them quite helpless when it comes to parliamentary action) they have seen human beings of both sexes and all ages bound to the rack of toil for the sake of Property; they have seen them throttled by dirt and disease and vice because of the worship of Property; they have seen the bloom and promise of little children ground into dollars for the sake of this same idol. Everywhere they have seen animate life counted as nothing in comparison with inanimate wealth.

So with admirable courage they wage their battle that this may be changed.

In the United States this same idol receives more human sacrifices than it does in England. In Illinois we hear of agitation for pure milk—babies lives are considered as naught beside the profits of the Milk Trust. In Oklahoma we hear of a scandal among school book commissioners. Some of the oldest publishers tried through fraud to secure the adoption of antiquated text books—the education of the childhood of Oklahoma is not to be considered when it endangers the standing of mildewed book firms. In Wisconsin very recently factories have twice been destroyed by fire because the buildings were old and badly equipped. As usual, the workers furnished fuel for the holocaust—human lives are but a jot compared with fire insurance.

In a thousand instances this monster destroys helpless victims. It is the Old Man of the Sea riding on our shoulders, driving us to desperation. It is time to concertedly resist its usurpation.

It is not necessary, it would even be inexpedient for the women of the United States to employ the methods of the English suffragettes. In some states they already have the weapon for which the English women are now

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than to succeed unimportantly by following worn—and worn-out—grooves."

Incidentally, The Forum's editor announces "The Factory," a long poem by Harry Kemp.

The new poets are, after all, not so very new. Whitman was a new poet. He was thrilled by the music of life. To him every human being was a song; every crowd was a symphony. He did not hold himself aloof, "above" humans. He abhorred seclusion, and loved to mingle with the people of cities. "One can name poets who would have been greater but for the trammels of their seclusion," said Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Is it not unfair to say that the new poets are not lovers of nature? Is a man a less part of nature than a skylark, a tree, a river, or a mountain? To "get next to nature," is it necessary for the poet to ignore one of nature's noblest products—man?

Is there not as much poetry in the laugh of a child, the sob of a maiden, the aspiration of youth, the ideals of man, or the love of woman as may be found in the murmur of the west wind, the ripple of the brooks, the roar of the ocean or the thunder of the elements?

only striving, and in those states where they are not yet in possession of the ballot, they are sure to get it soon without violent measures.

So, they are already practically equipped to cope with the problem of **People versus Property.** It only remains to decide how and when.

To begin with, in those states where they have the ballot, they should become thoroughly acquainted with the political situation and refuse to support those political parties which are financed by and fight for Property. They should support that party which is fighting against property and is financed by the People—that party which is trying to reverse the valuation upon which our society is now based and make Property serve People instead of People serving Property.

There are also the unions carrying on an organized campaign for the workers. All women who are able to do so should belong to some union. Those who are not eligible to become members of organized labor should join the Women's Trade Union League as allies—even housewives can do this.

Property has intrenched itself so solidly through organization. But when the people organize wholeheartedly their strength will be so great that even the Herculean power of Property will be weak in comparison.

Let **Organization** be the watchword.

* * *

THE DECADENCE OF SELF-SACRIFICE

We are learning in these days that ethical ideas are not adamantine, but that they change with time and circumstance; we are learning a fact that a decade ago we would have scorned to recognize—that virtues are made of necessity. Examination of the ground on which any ethical idea stands will prove that this is so. Whether it be honesty, faithfulness, physical courage, moral courage, patience, it still holds good that the quality has an ethical value because the circumstances of a given time make it advantageous for an individual or a group to develop such qualities.

Today honesty is considered a virtue because it is a necessary asset to our industrial civilization. If one man could not hold another at his word, there would be nothing but chaos in our commercial life. Factories, banks, clearing houses, even state institutions would waver like the mist above the sea, if it were not for the fact that the great majority of humans are thoroughly imbued with a sense termed **honesty.**

However, with the desert tribes of Tripoli and Algiers this is not so. They achieve an existence in the sand wastes by the spoilation of neighboring tribes and passing caravans and regard as their most virtuous man, the cleverest strategist and the most successful thief. On the altars of the tribal gods mothers ask that their newly born babes may become sly marauders.

To cite another example, submission under oppression is virtuous in a slave whose only alternative is squeamishness, but when manifested by an independent being it is weakness. A serf of the Middle Ages was moral when he bended without question to his lord's will. But for that same lord to acquiesce with equal meekness to the encroaching demands of another lord would be deemed sheer cowardice.

Self-sacrifice is one of those virtues which is most surely the product of necessity, but whose real character has been one of the last to be recognized. It is an idea with which three-fourths of humanity has benumbed itself because there was no other course to take. As a bulwark of religion it has served as a drug that made tolerable an almost intolerable condition. And in that capacity it had a great value and served its purpose well.

It may have been well that at one time thousands of slaves bent their backs at ruthless toil in alien Rome and gave up their homes to enable one country and one people to rise to heights in statecraft and architecture. It may have been well that out of the blood of workworn and slaughtered Helots grew the leisure, talent and power of the Greeks, who molded the radiant beauty of a Diana and a Venus of Milo, reared the formidable walls of the Acropolis, and constructed systems of logic, which after the lapse of a thousand years still hold an interest for the world. The psychical suppression and perversion, the bodily spoilation of womankind from the tent days of ancient Judea to the time of our modern industrial maelstrom may have been well. All these immeasurable sacrifices may have served a purpose. We acted thus because we were in our childhood and knew no better. But on this mountain of human lives we have built the possibility of escaping forever from the necessity of self-sacrifice—we have built for ourselves the possibility of a true Democracy, which means MUTUAL AID,

A society in which one person, one class, or one sex must sacrifice itself to the interests of some other is wasteful, oligarchical, undemocratic. As a system it can only be classed with the unsystematic method of nature in bringing to life many more creatures than given conditions can support in order that the species may be in no danger of perishing. It is for us with our much-vaunted intelligence to improve upon this method, to supplant sacrifice with fulfillment.

There is no harm in recognizing that an idea, which we have regarded sacred for many years is no longer serviceable, that its relation to ethics is altered. Time is a crucible through which all things must pass. And the crucible is a rare transformer. Moral traits that glisten and sparkle like opals at one time, come out dark, lusterless at another.

In our actions we already begin to belie our thoughts on the subject. In unions, and clubs and in the Socialist party in particular, we are endeavoring to imprint on the mind of mankind the need of helping each other, of mutual concessions, of mutual aid. We teach that it is the good of all that must be considered and not the good of a few. But we are very timid. We are afraid of being selfish. The old lessons of the ages, "serve your master," "serve your husband," "serve your priest," still make us waver. We have learned to give, but not to take. We are afraid to believe that it is an equal amount of give and take that makes a complete and happy being.

But we are learning. We are now at the parting of the ways. We must decide once for all, whether we want to go forward to a better thing, or whether we want to remain satisfied with our drug until decay begins.

King Rent!

By Sydney Hillyard

IT IS often supposed that the opening up of wild and desolate lands, the populating of rugged mountainous regions, and of places where the sparse settlements have to struggle hourly with nature for subsistence is a good thing and a beneficial one for the nation. In tale and song we continually laud and magnify the name of the homesteader with his sod house and his capacity for enduring about everything that can be endured. It is very generally considered that this process of driving the pioneer to the "margin of cultivation," to the poor lands and the wild lands, to arid wastes and to winters of howling blizzards is all a part of "civilization." Even the dear old squatter, twenty-five miles from the railroad, fighting mosquitoes in the spring, toiling under a hundred and ten degrees of heat all summer, living on blackstrap and beans, stuffing his red handkerchief into his shirt to keep the flying ants from nesting in him, and laying up all through five months of freezing winter with absolutely nothing to do—even he carries his straw halo dutifully as one of those forerunners of progress that we read about.

Anyone who suggests that these frozen prairies should be left alone, at least in winter, and the deserts at least in summer, that these rough gravelly mountain slopes and worthless sand wastes shall be left alone altogether and that people should live in a human country would never get a trace of a hearing. And yet the time is coming when civilized, intelligent people will live where they choose and when they choose, when reasonable men will live in reasonable climates, and not where, like cattle, they happen to be driven.

Almost the entire population of the Dakotas, Minnesota, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and similar places is a dead loss to the world from November to April, and to this loss must be added the loss of the use of all their hundreds of thousands of horses and millions of dollars worth of machinery. A blizzard howling and raging down from Athabasca ties up ten thousand men and fifty thousand horses. It should tie up nothing but rattlesnakes and foxes. The entire population of the California brush hills, the western timber limits, the rough countries in Virginia and Tennessee and other states, is, under the present system, a dead loss to the world all the time. These people never produce anything worth mentioning above a miserable subsistence, while the ridiculous expense of endless road-building, mail-carrying, schools, churches, tax-collecting, and teaming, puts the whole business on the debit side of the national ledger.

The root of the popular superstition that the country is the gainer by the opening up of worthless lands to valuable people lies in the absurd Malthusian theory that there is a glut of population and a paucity of land. As a matter of fact the good land of California could support the population of the United States—leaving all the other states open for homesteading again. If the good lands would support America, why farm the bad lands? Kropotkin showed that England could easily live, and comfortably, in the counties of Devon and Kent. Why then farm the rough, poverty-stricken woods of Yorkshire? There is a slight immigration into Belgium, the most densely populated country in the world; why then should men emigrate away from some American states that have no population at all worth mentioning? The one-time emigration from Germany has stopped and a return flow has set in back to Germany's most well-populated regions. Ireland had once a population of eight million and an abundance of land. Now Ireland has a population of four million and a shortage of land. Has Ireland shrunk in area? Or do we dare to take a peep at the Irish system of rent? Emigration has denuded some of the most fertile regions of Asia of men so that there is no one there now at all; as for instance the valleys of the Tigris. The descendants of these immigrants are now living in rough hills and wastes, while the fertile loam of the valley is occupied by hyenas. Never once has emigration been caused by lack of land or by density of population, but only by rent, and by the accompanying laws which force weak races into servitude and strong ones into the wilderness.

There are areas of the earth's surface whereon it is almost eternal spring. Why should we not live there? Southern California could support a hundred million people. There are a hundred million people on earth who would be glad to go there. What is it that keeps them away? Why is it that scores of families have emigrated from California to Canada, Arizona, Texas, and even to South America? These hundred million who would gladly come to California at least in the winter are now earning a miserable dole in a hundred wretched climates. Southern California could make their lives rich and joyous, but they are met at the gates of California with the ancient chains and welcome them with offers of lifelong servitude. What do we ask of those of our brothers who would come to dwell in a land of warm breezes, of orange groves, of surf-bathing at Christmas, and rose gardens, and roses for the picking? What do we inscribe on our welcome arch? In faith we offer what Egypt and Babylon offered, we offer the terms of Macedonia and Rome, we offer that which is now crushing out the heart of Ireland and India. Rent, one-third of the crop; purchase price, a thousand dollars an acre; monstrous transportation charge; irrigation robberies; low and insecure price for produce, extortionate living cost; mortgage, interest, rent; rent, taxes, and robbery; this is the tale that is told of California, and this it is that bars the way between strong men and fertile lands.

This wasteful dissipation of mankind over wide inhospitable lands when fertile plains are not one-hundredth occupied is the work of a murderous rent. Malthus attributes it to the hand of God, who, says Malthus, having created too many souls and desiring

to kill some of them on this account, proceeds to furnish the too many souls with too little land to the end that the landless souls must perforce die for want of something to eat. The works of Malthus stop short of explaining why this God of his should be so long on souls and so short on land. One could almost wish that the God of Malthus had had fewer men and more acres. Malthus was fine brew for the knights of the nineteenth century, who wanted an apology for their poorhouses. He began to be smaller beer by the time Marx and Henry George were through with him, and now today where Malthus would say God or Nature is the cause of this or that hideous atrocity, of the depeopling of this fair land and the crowding of the other into tenements, we say "True enough, Brother Malthus, but instead of calling it God call it Rent!"

It is not because of God but because of Rent that any farmer is plowing rocks instead of loam. But for him—Rent—every farmer in America should be within reach of town—and such towns as he would be in reach of we do not dream of yet! But for Rent, which whips him away into the solitudes, every farmer should have the telephone, the electric light, the boulevard, the college, the library, the opera, and the great city store. These should be in his hand, for the city should be his just as the country should belong also to the city clerk. It is Rent which puts a million men into a city slum and scatters another million among the tall timbers. Nature and natural method would place the two million in a city which was a farm, or in other words, on a farm which was a city, while the work which needed to be done on the vast wheat fields would be done by those from these centers of humanity and life who went there, to the outlying fields, not to live, to vegetate, to slave, and to die, but to do their work and return. Nature made man gregarious. Malthus would make him so solitary that he becomes a boor, or so crowded that he becomes a beast. Natural law would offer man everything that is contained in life; the ultimate of Malthus denies him everything but death. The hands of God overflow with milk and honey to be taken by whomsoever will, and the whomsoever that takes both the honey and the milk is Rent. Whether it be the tribute of the railroad, the factory, the mine, or the city block, it is all Rent, and it is for whomsoever will. The laborer will not, therefore the owner does. The land flows, the waters burst their banks, but the thirsty laborer refuses to drink. Laws are on our statute books today in this America which command the burning of blasphemous books. Then by all means let us obey them and burn Malthus in the streets of Berkeley. The university defends our arch-enemy, Rent, and blames God for poverty. If the workingman would but take the land he would change the professors of the great Malthusian Nonsense into professors of life and happiness, for he himself would come into his heritage.

IN FUNNYLAND

SO?

Oh, Jim, I saw a drunken cucumber the other day.
Eh?
Yes, a drunken cucumber.
How was that?
Pickled!

TECHNICALLY SPEAKING

They were speaking of the extremes to which trustification might go.

"Moonlight by meter will be the next thing," declared the pessimistic one.

"It'll be meet meet 'er by moonlight instead," retorted the gay one as a bit of white fluff loomed through the haze.

NOT AS OF OLD

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three—
But the First Violin
Stepped merrily in

And declared that the union had decided upon four musicians for the royal entertainment. Hard days for royalty, these!

If the crook dug would the graft probe?

If Morgan refused you credit would the steel trust?

The coffinette will be the next innovation in these days of rising prices and decreasing size of purchases.

OUR LANGUAGE

Oh, the copper on the beat is no coin,
And his star doesn't shine from aloft;
His billy never says a single word,
He doesn't pinch his job, though its soft;
He pounds his beat all day and never hurts,
His round is often square, so they say;
Think these things are funny? Never mind!
Its our way of talking; just our way!

WEIGHING IN

As they passed a street scale one day a wag handed this to his English friend:

"To find out how heavy you are get a weigh!"

The victim couldn't see the joke, though his friend was hugely amused. However, thinking that it must have been a good joke because of his friend's amusement he thought to try it on an acquaintance. He said:

"Say, old top, if you want to find out how much you weigh, all you have to do is to move over."

MODERN EDUCATION

Mother, what's domestic science?

Teachin' your dad to clean his shoes before he comes in the house.

MATTER OF SONGS

A suburban parson was calling on a new resident of his parish.

"And what is your religion, might I ask?"

"Oh, we are Baptists," replied the object of his solicitation.

"Why, how lovely," enthusiastically exclaimed the pastor. "We have a Baptist lady in our choir so you'll be perfectly at home with us."

ALL WELL AT HOME

A young woman recently had a letter from her small brother at home. Here is what the youngster wrote:

"We are all well, except mamma fell and broke a kidney. Tommy is just getting over pneumonia, Sammy has whooping cough and papa has a broken leg."

WHAT SINGLE TAX IS

Sallie—What's this Single Tax idea anyway?

Tillie—Oh, it's that law they're trying to get passed taxing bachelors.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

I hear they have added a gnu to the zoo.

Yes, an old one.

PERFECTLY NATURAL

In these days when so many things are automatic it is not strange that we should also have the auto craze.

IT'S NOT A JOB; IT'S A CINCH!

Strange that they should be called pork packers when their sole occupation seems to be packing vaults!

RANK CONSERVATIVE

"No, I never did believe in this woman suffrage business," he remarked as his wife concluded ten hours over the wash tub.

NOT UP TO HIM

"I should worry," Rockefeller mused as the people cheerfully came through with an extra million for oil.

GREAT DAYS, THESE

Yes, sir, we are progressing these days. You can't win the blacksmith vote any more by talking about Valley Forge.

The Good Old Days

HAVE you ever lived in a log or an adobe house? If not, perhaps you have heard parents or grandparents tell of the time when they lived in one. The good old days of frank, cordial, whole-souled hospitality, when genuine neighborly regard still existed; the days when the old-fashioned fireplace, with its great, roaring, crackling fire flashed out a cheerful welcome, while the guest still stood upon the threshold; good old days they were, of simple, homely joys and pleasures; suited to men and women of simple tastes.

Travel where you may, converse with whom you will and all will say who lived through them, that they were the brightest, happiest days in life.

Life under such conditions necessary to happiness? Oh, no—but insistence upon the real and the genuine in life is necessary to happiness, whether the life be spent in a cabin or a mansion.

It was because the emphasis was placed here in the pioneer days that to those who lived in them they still remain the happiest known. It is all a matter of emphasis. Wherever lived, all life must be happy when the emphasis is placed on reality.

Some day our humanity will again learn true values. For the great mass of humanity present social and industrial conditions force the emphasis so largely upon the bread and butter problem that all proper sense of proportion is lost.

Just out yonder, only a little way ahead in the future, that stage in the evolution of society called Socialism will be reached. When it comes, it will be a day of adjustment. Reality, sincere and genuine, will succeed artificiality, hollow and insincere in all human relations. Then can humanity be truly human, and freed from the struggle for bread, place the emphasis where it rightfully belongs on living realities that make for spiritual enlargement in the life both of the individual and society.

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Editorial Writer

R. A. Maynard

—Socialists of the West, the Business Manager is going to talk to you on this page. After you have gone all through the pages before this—for you see this talk has been tucked away on the very last page, you really ought to be in a mood to listen to this very necessary bit of information.

—This magazine is the result of some mighty hard work. Many people have put the best efforts of their lives into its pages. And each succeeding number will be better than this one. There are some wonderful things in store.

—But, no matter how good this magazine may be made, it must have circulation. Every one who reads this is interested enough in this magazine to want to see it grow and become a great, powerful fighting machine.

—So, because we know this magazine is worth the heartiest support that can be given we ask every Socialist to **AT ONCE** send in at least his own subscription for a full year—and the subscriptions of as many others as can be obtained! What you do will be your answer to our question: "How much do you want The Western Comrade?" There's a coupon at the bottom of this page for your use.

—As a special inducement we are going to add here something about two great working class papers published in Los Angeles. If you send **ONE DOLLAR** for The Western Comrade you may have both of these newspapers for **ANOTHER DOLLAR**—the price being cut exactly in half for you on this occasion. **NOW, DOESN'T THAT ROUSE YOU?**

—These papers are The California Social-Democrat and The Los Angeles Citizen—America's best Socialist and Labor weeklies. This offer **MEANS SOMETHING** to Socialists who know good Socialist literature—literature of the constructive, clean-fighting kind—**THE KIND THAT MAKES SOCIALISTS!** Use this coupon right now!

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(If you want only the magazine, cross out the names of the weeklies.)

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MAY, 1913 TEN CENTS

The Western Comrade

IN THIS NUMBER

MAKING THE DREAMS COME TRUE
By Job Harriman

THE STAR OF DESTINY
By Stanley B. Wilson

A Chat About The June Number

ALL along the Biggest Editor has been consumed with an inordinate passion for pictures, great, big pictures that burn with life and fire. The Biggest Editor brings his fist down hard on the desk and cries for pictures. Meanwhile the Littlest Editor hunches himself up in his chair in the corner and squints an eye and draws one corner of his mouth into a funny smile and lets it be known that in his opinion fiction is about the most ultimate thing that he knows of as a means of getting folks to understand what you want them to understand.

The Next-to-the-Biggest Editor and the Next-to-the-Littlest Editor have ideas about other things that go toward the making of a magazine for Socialists, but those are not concerned in this little account.

The Biggest Editor wasn't to be found anywhere for several days. The Littlest Editor and the Next-to-the-Littlest Editor and the Next-to-the-Biggest Editor couldn't understand it. But all the while they knew that the Biggest Editor would come back with a perfectly good account of himself. And he did!

He came back with a Big Idea! His Big Idea will stare at you from the front cover of The Western Comrade for June and from several numbers after that! Beginning with Anna Maley, the big Socialists of the country will be presented to you IN COLORS on the first cover of The Western Comrade! You will want to save those covers! They will be done by Artist Rob Wagner and that means that they will be done as they should be done—and as only Wagner can do them!

Of course this doesn't mean that the Littlest Editor doesn't win with his argument for fiction—for he does. The June number of The Western Comrade will contain two beautiful fiction stories, delightful, worth-while stories.

And the Next-to-the-Biggest Editor promises you that there will be for you such a propaganda story as you have seldom had the pleasure to read while the Next-to-the-Littlest editor has arranged for two articles of the fact-and-fight-'em kind—a regular bristling pair of them.

But there is little need now to promise more for the June number. You know what it will be—BETTER than anything that has gone before it. And another reason is that all the editors want to say something else. The praise for The Western Comrade, the kindly, heartfelt suggestions for betterment, the deep interest, the rallying around the spirit of the new magazine—all of these sentiments have fairly overwhelmed all of the editors, from the Biggest to the Littlest. And all of the editors want to answer all of these Comrades, not simply with a "thank you," but with what means more than that—the promise to strive harder in the future to give to you each month a magazine that shall have the spirit that was born in The Western Comrade, a magazine that will burn with the living fire of the social revolution—the magazine that YOU WANT!

In your sincerity of praise you exhausted the entire edition of the first number of the magazine within two weeks after it left the press. To prevent that from happening again this edition will be run to twice the number of the first edition. For your well wishes all of the editors thank you and confidently expect to give you each month a better magazine than you had the month before!

You have told us that The Western Comrade has "made good." It will be made better—and merely as a precaution let it be whispered to you that prudence demands that you place your order for YOUR Western Comrade before the supply is again exhausted—that may mean TODAY! BE SAFE!

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THE DUSK AND THE DAWN

BY CHESTER M WRIGHT

I stood on a busy street corner at dusk. From a little niche in a shadowed wall I watched the throng rush by. And as they passed I saw mirrored in their dress and in their faces and in their manner the whole complex civilization of today!

For they went in many ways, these people of the throng. There passed the people of toil. Toward the places where rents are cheap they guided their feet. Toward the places where shop windows are small they turned their faces.

Men shod in heavy, brick-hued brogans, clad in torn and slouchy clothing dragged their weary way by my little niche. I saw, but I was unseen!

Women and girls with faces whited by long hours of work in vitiated air away from the sunlight passed as I stood sentinel. Their clothes helped in the betrayal of their position. Sometimes of faded hue, sometimes torn, sometimes severely neat, yet lacking that note of exultant style, they marked their wearers!

There were little children without stockings and without shoes. Their faces told of subnormal lives—of dark homes and of work beyond their years.

These people streamed on and on and on. To see their faces was to picture the places from whence they came and to whence they went.

And then there were the others! Not so many of them! There were jewels on their hands and on their clothing. Beautiful jewels. Their faces told likewise of the homes to which they would go. Not all were beautiful, not all possessed glow of health and happiness. But all possessed mark of money!

Sometimes these people walked. Sometimes they rode. Their self-driven carriages were beautiful to behold. From my little niche I marveled at their grace and beauty and power!

Everything of life was there! Those who toil and those for whom they toil. Down two widely separated walks of life they went; side by side, but oh, so far apart!

Some owned and some begged. Some toiled and some reaped the fruits of toil, though they toiled not. They typified labor and capital! Two classes! Nothing in common!

There in that moving stream was the life of the world—all of it; its hopes, its ambitions; its agonies, its despairs—the class struggle!

And on the morrow the sun will rise, I thought as I gazed, dim-eyed, thoughtful, from my darkened niche. And it will be the sun of a new day for the world.

In that day the paths will not divide. The line between capital and labor will be gone! All will be labor, happy labor, labor for the love of labor and the fruits of labor in exchange for labor. Just that! And all of that! And as I thought of the sunrise to come the passing throng dissolved and I saw it no longer. Then I smiled!

Blossoms, Birds and Babies

By R. A. MAYNARD

IT is good to be alive these April mornings. The early sunrise hour brings air as sweet as nectar and sunshine more warm and glowing than ever poet or artist conceived. Green and gold—green and gold carpet the earth here in California, in valley, on plain and on hilltop. 'Tis nature's resurrection season.

Orchard and garden, porch, trellis and arbor are a blaze of color, growing and deepening from day to day. Pinks, reds, whites, crimsons and blues run riot everywhere. 'Tis nature's resurrection season.

Then, too, there is the world of animate nature. For dweller in city home as well as in rural abode, nature's chattering songsters exist.

Each morning with the sun's appearance, a robin on a near-by tree fills my ear with stirring music. Under the spell of his song one can almost forget the weight of years and the "silver threads among the gold" and once again feel as when hope were young and life was new.

Then, too, there is the little twittering, chattering, saucy, feathered urchin — the linnet. In turn sinner and saint, there is no more fascinating bird for careful study, nor no more exasperating visitor to garden or grounds.

Another feathery rascal is he of the first gray streaks of the morning dawn and of the afterglow—the mocking bird. Impertinent, mischievous, willful rascal ever with an air of conscious superiority he disdains your presence.

And last but by no means least is that joyous singer of the early morning, the sunset and the cloudy day—

"Sounds of vernal showers on the twinkling grass;
Rain awakened flowers, all that ever was
Joyous, clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass."

Rippling music, gurgling, liquid melody; bubbling, gushing, pouring forth her very life in song, this queen of birds, the meadow lark, singing on highest wing and building on the ground her lowly nest.

'Tis well to open the shutters of the night to the early sunlight and throw wide the windows to the outburst of melody from the morning songsters and unstop the vision to behold the wealth of color spread in blossom and in flower.

For these are but symbolic of that other unclosing of the soul that it too may receive surfeit of these manifestations of the One Life behind all life.

Sunshine, color, blossom, song of bird, what after all are these heralds of the Springtime, divinely fair and beautiful though they be compared with that other richer, completer, diviner expression of the Infinite Life, the joyous, happy children, singing, laughing, tripping everywhere? At the home, on the street, the playground, the common or in the park, go where one may, their presence still persists, those blessed babies, God's best and dearest gift to man. Tiny humans they are, yet through them and the care and love for them was humanity made human.

"For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are the living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

God pity man or woman whose heart does not soften or eye brighten at the mere sight of one of these human flowers. God pity the world when "for the child's sake" shall no longer tug at the heartstrings of the individual and collective man.

And yet—and yet—yes, yes, I know what you would say—those other babies—they of the great city slums and tenements. Babies born to poverty, squalor, wretchedness.

But this—this is of the dawn, of sunrise, sunshine, springtime, color, light, blossoms, joy and song.

Perhaps—another time of the shadow—of those other babies!

The Heart of the City

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

IT was black night.

The man and the woman stood on the edge of the city, hating it.

They were lovers and sought to go where they might keep their love always.

They saw the lights gleaming in the darkness and thought them demons hunting for prey. They heard the mills of the Oppressors grinding in the depths of the city and thought them relentless torturers, making night hideous with their gloating. They heard Vice stealing through the streets, Vice born of the weariness of human bodies and the numbness of human souls, and they cried:

"We cannot work here—there is only slavery. We cannot love here—there is only brutality. We cannot think here, there is such a turmoil. Let us leave the haunts of men. Let us be alone!"

So they fled swiftly and far to that Isle of Happiness which wealth can buy.

It is a truly wondrous Isle: an emerald poised airily between the deep blue of a river and the deeper blue of the sky; a living, vibrating orchestra of tinkling rivulets, warbling songsters, and gentle, murmuring breezes; a wonderland of riotous color; the site of marvelous temples.

Here the lovers clasped hands and exclaimed ecstatically, "Ah, in this place Love will be with us always. The sunshine, the freedom will make him grow stronger each day. We will shut out all strangers, so that none may take him from us."

One thing they found in their fairyland that was more than wonderful; it was strange—even terrifying. From the center of the forest that covered the island there rose a monstrous structure, larger than any their imagination had ever conceived. It was built of a white marble that was dazzling to behold. Above the columns of its entrance, in Roman script, was the word PLENTY. But from the top of the rounded colonnade to the foot of the square base its whiteness was marred by spots of red. These spots were not merely on the surface. They were ground into the marble; they were a part of it, as the woof and warp of a fabric. The red was the life blood of Labor which had reared that monument of PLENTY.

The island was never wholly free from the shadow of this temple. When the sun rose in the morning the dark, sinister finger began its progress toward the northwest, growing longer as the hours advanced; and after the sun had passed the meridian, that finger journeyed slowly and silently toward the southeast. Later came the sunset, transforming the dome of the temple into a mass of red—red blood. And last of all, like a cloak hiding both the good and the evil, the beautiful and the fearful, like the shadow grown all-embracing came the fathomless twilight.

There was something weird about that shadow. The woman and the man always remained beyond its reach, traveling from beach to beach to avoid it. They were afraid of it. They could not understand it.

No one came to the isle. They were entirely alone and, while the sun shone, believed themselves happy. They warbled and laughed and chatted, mimicked the songs of the birds, discovered odd nooks, and revelled in the flowers. But always they remained warily out of the reach of the shadow.

Soon, however, there came a time when the songs of the birds echoed hollowly, when the perfume of the exotic flowers nauseated them, and the winds whispered tales of loneliness. The handclasp lost its spontaneity. Each wandered alone, seeking new things that could no longer be found. The harmony of color and tone was spiritless. The weirdness of the shadow haunted them more and more.

And Love, fearing the shadow, went away.

II.

Again it was black night.

The man and the woman stood on the edge of the city, hesitating, yet longing to enter.

They were seeking their lost love.

Breathlessly they listened to the tumultous beating of the heart of the city and understood that which they had failed to grasp before.

Rising noisily, inexorably as the cloud fog, they saw Brotherhood and Knowledge, and as they rose, Ignorance and Vice became impotent.

Above the mighty whirring of the wheels in the mills they heard a sound that swelled even as the wheels ground faster. "Solidarity, solidarity, solidarity," came the message, louder, sweeter, clearer. "Hear, hear, we hear," was the answer of the toilers. "Freedom, freedom," sang the wheels. "We come," answered the echo.

"Ah, yes, we come," cried the man and the woman. They walked into the city, joyously eager to share in the creation of happiness.

And Love walked in beside them.

ECONOMICS IN THE QUEE-MACKS

By STANLEY B. WILSON

"Oakland ain't ter blame. Ranges can't help what herd's on 'em."

He hailed from Oakland, Cal. How creditable his residence in a community was computed, Facts thus sagely stated.

Facts was not voluble, but his lack of volubility was made up by the virility of his remarks.

Oakey, whose volubility was the chief incitant of Facts' remarks, had another name when he arrived in the Quee-macks—the kind they write on envelopes and legal documents—but the Q boys generally supplied their own names for individuals, and with the usual contradiction of Shakespeares, said names had much meaning in them.

* * *

Along the border the cattle rustlers were busy, with a boldness that was as exasperating as it was expensive.

"To get away with a stunt like that is wuss 'en what they get away with," was Facts' way of putting it, and all agreed.

The rustlers were not as numerous as their success would indicate, for was not Facts there again when he remarked: "A wise coyote does better when he plays it sol'taire."

Montano was a coyote.

He lived on the Mexican side of the line, and so successful were his operations that the aforementioned oracle about exhausted a month's speech to add: "If old Mont. keeps this lick up, we'll have to hire out to him to have any cows to punch."

* * *

Montano, like General Sherman on his famous march, knew his country well. Not a trail or even rabbit-run was strange to him.

And, like others of evil deeds, he loved darkness.

While others were sleeping the sleep of the just, and tired, Montano would mount his mustang, select a secluded trail, and proceed to reduce the tax on the range feed of the Quee-macks, and the number of bovine wards of the Q punchers.

* * *

It was while working this combination in the rustlers' art that Montano chose a trail that led to the little nook up on the side of Peak Three, where Oakey had a mysterious mine, to which he had been directed by spirit hunch volunteered by an Oakland medium.

Oakey was not at home that night. He was down at Campo burdening a respectable soapbox with 180 pounds of under-clean humanity, and the ears of the corner loungers with a medley of ideas that would defy the classification of the most widely-informed student of sociology.

Oakey had run the whole gamut, from the Quaker training of his boyhood to the latest philosophical anomaly, consisting of an acute admixture of I. W. W.-ism and philosophical anarchy. And, like his body, Oakey's mind still carried some of each of the various regions through which he had passed—and was prone to impart liberally to the senses of all who approached.

It was while sauntering by the little knot of listeners on the street corner that Marshal Bill Burke heard a couple of Mexican punchers from over by the Wells using the name "Montano." The alert marshal listened and learned that one of the pair had seen the elusive Montano cross the line and enter the Peak Three trail.

* * *

About midnight Oakey was within a quarter of a mile

of his cabin when he was halted by the command, "Hands up!"

Instantly his theories of rebellion against authority took leave-of-absence, and his hands went up obediently as those of a less pronounced individualist would have done—and silently, too.

"Don't turn or move!"

A figure swung from the saddle on the trail behind Oakey, and the pockets of the mineless mine magnate were speedily explored.

A two-bit piece, a few dimes, several nickels and a dollar watch was the extent of the spook dupe's pile, the money being the collection for the soapbox oration of the evening.

In disgust the explorer flung the lot in the trail, swung back into the saddle, and wheeled his mustang back down the trail.

Montano, for he it was who had so effectively appropriated the pet theory of Oakey that "every man makes his own law," made back to where the Peak Three trail crosses Big Trail, and turned along the graded road that winds toward the upper range lands.

* * *

By that peculiar intuition possessed by men of regions where the dove of peace is an uncertain bird, Montano became conscious of danger. He spurred his mustang into a run, and loosened his rifle from the side of his saddle bow.

Marshal Bill Burke was on his trail.

Burke had the best horse in the hills, and Burke knew how to get the best out of him. His combination rifle and shotgun in the crook of his left arm, the officer gave chase.

Along the winding mountain grade raced the two.

More than once the fleeing rustler was an easy shot for the man of the law, but it was written religiously in Burke's personal code of ethics never to shoot a man in the back, not even a rustler and outlaw.

"I'm an officer of the law—to preserve peace; not a licensed man-killer," was Burke's explanation.

Montano was a coyote.

Rounding one of the turns of the grade, he plunged his mustang down the side into the canyon, halting under shelter of the scrub timber until Burke had gone by, and then back-tracked down the canyon trail, and was soon safe in the maze of hills and canyons.

Half a mile Burke had gone beyond Montano's place of departure from the grade before he became aware of the rustler's ruse. It did not take him long to satisfy himself that he was outwitted. He knew that further pursuit was useless. So he pulled his horse to a walk, rolled a cigarette, and rode slowly back to the Peak Three trail.

Noting from the hoof-marks that Montano had been up Oakey's way, Burke pulled into the narrow trail.

In a few minutes he discovered an object ahead of him, which proved to be Oakey, still with arms aloft, as though addressing in "movie" manner the peak looming into the moonlit sky.

"Talked out, but still willin'," muttered Burke, as he beheld the silent figure.

"What's the matter, Oakey; moonstruck?" inquired the marshal, his usual good humor somewhat returned.

Oakey dropped his arms and crumpled to the ground.

Burke got down, picked up the wilted man, laid him across his saddle and started for the cabin up the side of Peak Three.

* * *

Burke remained at the cabin, rolling himself in a blanket on the floor. At sun-up he awakened, got to his feet, and seeing the all-in appearance of his sleeping host, proceeded to get breakfast.

Oakey's larder was not groaning with the weight of plenty. A few ounces of coffee and a hand-size bit of bacon was all Burke could find.

Not until he had swallowed a couple of cups of coffee did Oakey recover even a noticeable degree of volubility.

He explained his silent posing of the night before, and for one of the few times in his life while in the presence of others, became dumb.

Burke himself had never been known to handle many words that were not called for, but the silence of the wilted Oakey seemed to excite his vocal organs.

"Oakey," he began, "this is the first time I've seen you when you wasn't as full of talk as a lame calf's hide with wood-ticks. An' seein' as how you seem real broke to listenin' I think I'll spiel you a few for a change.

"Right off the reel I want to remark that them spooks what wised you to this here minin' layout is the bummest lot of minin' experts that ever deluded a tenderfoot. There ain't no more gold in that mine of yours than there is in a cow's ear, an' any spook what says there is, is either related to that feller An'nias or plumb ig'nant of th' minin' game.

"Them ideas of yours is just as wrong in minin' as in the big herd they call society. Minin' has laws the same as folks must have laws to keep the herd from millin' an' stampedin'.

"You can't get gold out of the kind of rock you've got out there in that hole of yours any more than you can get peace an' prosperity an' a square deal out of the kind of a mess you're tryin' to make of things generally.

"That there greaser, Montano, is a fine sample of the brand of social stuff you'd bring to the top with the kind of diggin' you're doin' with that tongue of yours. Not that Montano's such a heap sight wuss than some of the critters they've got in the lead of the herd at Washington an' on the Big Business range. But Montano's got no license to em'late the example of them there social pirates you spiel about. Multiplyin' crime don't cure crime nonesoever.

"Last time I was down to San Diego I heard one of them there Soc'list fellers doin' the soapbox turn. He talked a pretty fair brand of hoss sense. He just took the old government machine to pieces, and' showed exactly where the rust an' cracks an' wrong gearin' lay. An' he didn't stop with that. He set up another machine that to my way of thinkin' was what old Abe Lincoln had in mind when he said that folks come ahead of spondulix an' he wanted a government where the big bunch was the whole cheese.

"I don't know much about Soc'lism, ner this here thing you call 'direct action,' but I can make a fair guess whether a feller's talkin' from his think-tank or just through his sombrero.

"That Soc'list chap didn't push the herd down into the desert and leave it for the buzzards to hold a fiesta over. He didn't advise any fool stampedin' to give the cop herders an excuse to shoot 'em up.

"He showed how the other outfit got control of the range by usin' the ballot box an' gettin' the 'B. B.' brand on all the implements an' weapons of government, an' that's the deal the workin' outfit must pull off to clean the other crowd out of the good feedin'.

"Explosions can spoil a lot of property, an' spill a heap of blood an' brains, but they can't get any good

The Conquest of Prudery

By Emanuel Julius

MAN is an animal; but he has been trying to dodge the fact for the last two thousand years, and by so doing has got himself into numerous and sundry difficulties.

The biggest single fact of a man's life is sex. Male and female, so we were created, or evolved, or arrived from somewhere somehow and as male and female we shall live, and grow, and reproduce, and die. We may like it or not, but we are up against it and as individuals and as a race we may just as well face the music.

Human customs and beliefs are not all right—in fact, they are rarely free from the need of reformation—but they are usually based on some past experience of humanity that explains, if it does not excuse them.

We have every reason to believe that the sex relations of early man more closely than now resembled those of wild animals, which, whether monogamous or polygamous, are at least fairly uniform and constant, and suffice for the needs of the species. But when man began, by the force of his mind, to change his life habits, his instincts failed to keep pace, and troubles began to arise. A forest tribe could be almost wholly devoid of what we call morality and survive, but with the growth of the community, promiscuity became race destructive. Not only were diseases so transmitted, but the jealousies, the intrigues, the wars, the neglected child-life made the survival of the species under such conditions difficult, if not impossible.

From such experience, monogamy, or the permanent mating of one man with one woman, came into vogue, and the scheme of sexual morality, as we now know it, was recognized as right and good. These morals, customs and beliefs evolved without anyone particularly understanding why. They developed as did the dicta for honesty and truthfulness because they gave the best results.

But with the establishment of the general precepts in favor of monogamy crept in also many notions that are only incidentally related thereto. Woman as the exclusive property of her spouse was secluded from the sight of other males. And as customs evolve one into another in most fantastic fashion, so the sexes, segregated and clothed in mind and body, came to pride themselves upon their mutual or seeming ignorance of each other, and, for that matter, of themselves.

Because sex functions overdone destroy the balance of life and are an evil, there grew the notion that the whole of sex is evil. Out of this grew sex modesty real and pseudo and the unrighteous belief that celibacy was a sign of virtue.

But sex instinct can break more rules in ten minutes than humanity can evolve in a century. Promiscuity has been checked but not controlled. Civilized man has never been thoroughly monogamous, never free from prostitution, sexual diseases and all those unwelcome facts of perverted instinct that we have hidden under a cloak of moral precept and actual ignorance.

Girls have been honored for "innocence" which was only ignorance; and a constant percentage, together with a larger percentage of males, have ever fallen into errors and excesses that wreck lives and leave the race unclean.

And now comes the Twentieth Century with its scientific analysis of everything—and science simply means definite, classified knowledge. We want to know the best way to do things—we will listen to old teachings, but we must reprove them by modern knowledge before reaccepting them.

We take nothing for granted. We ask **why.** We look ahead. We see the hopelessness of each man striving for his own immediate wants and killing the chance of the other man, and of the future.

By such an age and such a spirit the established notions and customs of things sexual must be retested. Is it good for a girl to reach womanhood ignorant of the way babies are born? Is it wise and right for a boy to get his information concerning sex from the livery stable man? Is it wicked and wrong for a woman to wear short skirts or an artist to paint the human form? And if a bunch of maiden ladies happen to see some healthy urchins in swimming, does it increase the total of human happiness for them to put their hands in front of their eyes and scream while they look between their fingers?. If so, why? Prove it!

There has been, within the writer's memory, a great change of conservative sentiment on the subject of sex. Not long ago Edward Bok of the Ladies' Home Journal began his work in this field. In his campaign there has been little tendency to kid-glovedness in handling the subject, but considering the general conservatism of the paper and its subscribers, the stand taken must have done untold good in arousing the minds of unthinking dames who had always supported the doctrine of prudery because they had closed their eyes and ears to any fair consideration of the subject.

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pasture for the hungry bunch to call their own, an' they can't blow convictions into folks' cran'ums.

"Oakey, I sure admire the way you've stuck to this spook hole, but I feel delegated to make it plain that the chap that digs for gold in the kind of rock you've been wastin' powder on, is just as wise as the feller what's tryin' to rectify things social by buttin' their heads agin the cop's clubs and the cold cement of the drunks' corral.

"I don't hold nothin' agin you for all the skunk cabbage bouquets you've been throwin' at yours truly down on the street corner; but just the same, you want to try to remember that even an officer of the several kinds of a law you talk about is only human. An' besides, he's got the drop on you.

"You're welcome to keep on spielin' your dippy dope hereabouts if you want to, an' you can keep on shootin' powder into the bowels of old Peak Three. But my advice is—don't!"

* * *

Marshal Bill Burke saddled his horse and headed homeward.

* * *

Oakey took his advice to the extent of removing one social unit from the Quee-macks.

Pearson's Magazine has handled the subject in direct and vigorous style. The editor says:

"No concatenation of circumstances brings more misery to humanity than that caused by certain diseases which thrive solely because of prudery and false reticence. It does not meet the question to say that these ailments cannot be discussed by polite people. Public discussion is the only process by which public conscience can be awakened. An awakened public conscience is the only means by which conditions may be bettered."

Dr. William Lee Howard, in his "The Havoc of Prudery," which appeared in Pearson's, charges the nation with being "prudery drunk" and the daily press with cowardly silence on such matters. He cites specifically the fact that there are given each winter in Boston public lectures upon health and medical matters. These lectures are attended by crowds of interested people, and information given is of great practical value and fully appreciated. The daily papers print the program days ahead, and after each lecture give a summary of its most important facts. That is, they do so in all but that of the most important lecture—the one on venereal diseases, the inference being that they fear to offend the quacks who depend upon newspaper advertising to keep them in their nefarous business.

Hundreds and thousands of youths and men, Dr. Howard maintains, are having their spiritual growth distorted and disturbed through fear—"a terrible fear of self"—because they are left the prey of quacks. And the truth is not taught at schools and in homes.

Dr. Howard tells us that the continental countries are far ahead of America in their attitude toward sexual hygiene and morals. Courses of instruction on all important sexual matters are already given in schools and universities in Germany, France, and other countries. In Finland, Switzerland, and Hungary such instruction is even made compulsory, so that now, Dr. Howard assures us, no youth leaves the high school or university without a solid working foundation for keeping morally and physically clean.

The editor of Current Opinion deserves special mention for his treatment of sex questions. He advocates open and wholesome minded instruction as a substitute for mystery and blind prohibition. He tells us that "the sense of duty creates a stiff and formal morality, but to do good and avoid injury out of pure sympathy is the ideal morality."

Other magazines, among which are Harper's, McClure's, and the Woman's World, have taken up various aspects of the sex question and added their influence in breaking up the sheath of Puritanical ignorance under which rottenness has so long thrived unmolested.

But the periodicals are not alone in indications of the decadence of prudery. Numerous societies and organizations that are interested in social welfare have by means of lectures and literature helped along the change. Among these is the American Association for Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis, which is simply a Latin student's way of naming a society for the promotion of sex hygiene.

The above society, of which President Emeritus Eliot is honorary head, has distributed much useful literature and organized numerous lecture campaigns. A wholesome sign is that these lectures have been given to mixed audiences. I recently attended such a lecture by a woman in one of the most prominent churches in New York City. The scheme of "for men only lectures" certainly has not altogether freed us from the evil of mystery that has befogged the subject. Surely it is inconsistent to expect a young man and the girl he is about to marry to talk personally upon subjects when we segregate them for personal lectures.

Because I believe it may be of help to young people who are sound at heart, but timid by nature, the writer will say that for several years he has tried to make it a rule to speak with equal frankness to both sexes concerning sexual matters, not excluding things of a humorous nature. After all, sex is the biggest thing in life, and to admit that a joke based on sex is for that reason wicked, is but another way of encouraging the old trouble-breeding secrecy which has made evil of much that is good. But let it be clearly understood that there is a great difference between the funny story that involves sex and the story absolutely devoid of real humor that is only told and thought to be funny because it is forbidden.

Because of the policy here referred to, I believe that I have suffered some limitations in the number of my young women friends, but I am sure the loss of quantity has been more than offset by the increase of quality, for I have yet to meet a young woman of mental capacity and clean morals that failed to appreciate and admire this attitude.

* * *

As a whole, in my observation, books on sex subjects are becoming more sane and wholesome. They are substituting an open explanation and a reasonable appeal for the unexplained prohibitions backed up by definite horrors which did as much harm by arousing curiosity as they deterred with their threatened punishment. I recall one book in particular that was given to me when I was about fifteen. The book had been written by a preacher, and I remember distinctly that even for a youth of my age it possessed little positive information and a great deal of harum-scarum stuff, the sole effect of which was to make me afraid of things that I have since learned to be comparatively harmless. There was something about these old preachments that smacked of the inclandestine and made one feel ashamed of himself for being an animal.

Of course, the various workers are yet far from perfection in the method of approaching these subjects, and the errors are not all on the same side, though, perhaps the most common one is in over-shooting the heads of the readers. In a pamphlet written for young men by an earnest worker I note such words as "obsession—sematic—ethicizing—semniferous."

The same authority in an interview with the writer deplored the sensationalism which he considered was being elsewhere given to the subject. If a man who is not too old to remember his own boyhood may express an opinion, I would like to say that I believe a little of the sensational referred to would do less harm than the dulling, discouraging effect of the "sematic-semniferousness" of a super-learned vocabulary. But this difference of approach that comes of the diversified training will not destroy the movement. Prudery and sex ignorance are being attacked from many sides and the work will not be in vain.

The world has tried the method of the prude these two thousand years and found it a failure. We are now going to have an end with this mystifying, magnifying foolishness and let sex knowledge and sex acts, sex joys and sex miseries take their natural place in life's affairs.

Prejudices die hard. Prudery, which makes a virtue of the mental laziness of ignorance, will be anything but an exception. But the change has begun. Prudery has damned young humanity long enough—and must surely follow cannibalism, witchcraft and slavery into oblivion.

Time was when if little Marcel Maxwell, who was just sixteen, pretty as a rose, with an eye to the sort of clothes that make a girl look neat and winning, having found her income of five dollars a week insufficient by about three dollars to enable her to live, had stumbled one blue and murky day and gone tumbling down the white lighted but terribly life-wrecking path—time was not so long ago when Marcel would have been pointed out as a horrible example by the perfectly good old ladies of the village and that would have been the end of it. Marcel would have been just a horrible example and there would have been no thought of any other phase of the question.

But, the world moves! And we who inhabit the world and now and then give a reason for inhabiting it by showing a glimmer of intelligence, we move with it!

And we have moved to the point that leads us to ask, when Marcel stubs her poorly shod little toe in an effort to dig the price of better footgear out of the grime of disgrace, just how many Marcels there are doing that same thing and just why they do it and just whose fault it is.

The whole truth is that we have moved to the point where thirty-two states are either actively engaged in uncovering those very important facts about all the woe-begone Marcels, or they have signified their willingness to do it.

Furthermore we have moved to the point where there is a surprisingly general knowledge as to what wages are and how many girls there are who work for less than a recognized living wage and what the result is when girls are forced to work for less money per week than it requires to live per week.

When the state commission now investigating the relation between low wages and white slavery in Illinois was told that in Chicago there are more than 50,000 girls working for less than five dollars a week there was no general outburst of surprise on the part of the American public The fact is, they knew that the figures ran somewhere in that neighborhood.

The American public has a rather general knowledge of the fact that six millions of American women

are bread winners. Every little village in the country has its little Marcels who work for five dollars a week—or less. Thousands of perfectly good people—our best people, in fact—have first-hand knowledge of that fact, because they pay the wages. Other thousands, yes millions, have equally reliable knowledge, because they or their relatives get the wages!

And now, just by way of refreshing the memory let us get at a few of the co-related facts with as much definiteness as is possible. These figures, like the others, will cause no great surprise, because they have all been given before, but it may do us good to have them all set up in a row. When we, as a nation, have moved to the point where we can take these figures, and others like them, line them up in a row, analyze them, get back of them down to what they represent and straighten out that tangle, ah, then we will surely have reached a point worth getting at. Now for the row of figures:

Dun's Review, as quoted by Professor Rauschenbusch in his book, "Christianity and the Social Crisis," declares that in 1901 it took $1013 to buy what $724 would have bought in 1897.

John Spargo in his wonderful little volume, "Common Sense of Socialism," declares that there are ten millions of people in poverty in the United States. The same author declares in another of his books, "The Bitter Cry of the Children," that there are at least 1,750,000 children at work and that not less than 1,248,000 are suffering from malnutrition "to such an extent that they need medical attention." Vastly more than that are victims of poverty to a lesser degree! Dr. Thomas Wood of Columbia University puts the figure at 5,000,000.

There are approximately 5,000,000 illiterate persons in the United States as you read this—and many of them are among the little Marcels whose labor returns them a wage too scant to live upon.

Kate Richards O'Hare estimated a few years ago that there were 600,000 women in the United States who lived professional lives of shame, and possibly as many more who sacrificed their virtue to augment a livelihood gained in some other occupation!

The famous Chicago vice commission asserted at the close of an exhaustive investigation that the gross returns from professional vice in that city were $20,000,000 per year.

The United States census for 1904 tells us that 45.5 per cent of all crimes are crimes against property. And it may be added here that it is not difficult to ascertain that crimes against property are crimes caused by economic need to secure economic security in times of desperation!

And that will be quite enough. Many more facts of just such nature as those above might be set down here, but if we have too many figures of large dimension to handle at one time we may not be able to keep them under control. It might be said, however, that if you desire to rank as one of the fifty-one rich men of the country you will have to present credentials to show that you have succeeded in piling up not less than twenty millions of dollars. That will enable you to size up the question roundly.

And now let us go back to the question of little Marcel, with her worn shoes and her toe that is just about to be stubbed in the mire for the sake of new shoes.

The whole question of low wages and fallen womanhood may be figured out on the basis of new shoes. Squire Blue, who has always lived in Cross Corners and taken up the collection regularly every Sunday for the last forty years and never missed a Sunday and who spends three nights a week down at the corner grocery expounding the virtues of Grover Cleveland and helping himself out of the cracker box when Peter Pouter, the wizened little grocer isn't looking, may not agree with that statement—and he might find an ardent aid in Peter himself, the pair of them never having read a daily newspaper from any other town and neither of them having ever had the faintest conception of the longing of a girl heart for a new pair of shoes like Bertha has—or even for a new set of combs, or perchance a skirt or a pair of silk hose.

But notwithstanding the dire frownings of such worthy folk as these two good old people upon such revolutionary doctrine, the fact remains that every honest investigator who has ever studied the subject of white slavery—and there have been many—agree that the rock bottom of the question is economic—and that means bread!

When a man has no food and no job he commits a crime against property. When he has a little bread, but not enough, he commits a lesser crime—excepting, of course, those who beg, but there you are again. That also is crime.

When the female of the species has not enough bread she commits a crime also. She sells her one salable commodity—her body!

I want to digress a moment to cast a sidelight upon this question. A Chicago newspaper wanted to get at the facts about girls in the big State street stores and it wanted to print them. An expert woman investigator and writer was commissioned to go among the girls who worked, to get their stories and to write them. She did her work well. The editors were well satisfied. The woman was paid for her work. Then the editors planned a campaign, using the stories as a basis for an appeal for legislative action to prohibit starvation wages. To get the appropriation necessary for the campaign the man who held the money bag had to be consulted. And he promptly vetoed the whole scheme. "It would drive every advertiser out of the paper and ruin us," he said. "No, we can't print those stories." And they have not been printed to this day—and probably never will be.

But the facts that they brought out are the facts that are now being laid before the legislative investigators in Springfield, Ill. They told of pay envelopes that contained three and four and five dollars at the end of the week, they told of deductions for petty infractions of rules, they told of brutal floorwalkers, of tired feet and aching heads and broken hearts. They told the whole, complete tragedy of exploited girlhood in the trade palaces of the great metropolis of the mid-west. They pointed out in burning words and white hot tears the beckoning route down to the great white way of death—a route that always went down through the gnawing want of bread!

Out over the remotest rural mail route of our great nation go the glittering promises of these great merchants, offering to all, the wonderful products of their shops; wrapped in the heart blood of the American girlhood enslaved there.

Yes, time was when people didn't know about these things. Time was when people couldn't talk much about them in public. Time was when people didn't know much about the relation between bread and obedience to the law. But we are going on and we learn as we go. We learn that when the human organism is denied a legitimate road to the satisfaction of its fundamental wants that the human organism with its twentieth century skill and its first century instincts will

Who Pays the Bills?

By Fred C. Wheeler

THE SYSTEM meets us at the beginning of life's journey, pursues some of us to the last day, and then tribute must be paid to the system even when we lay in our caskets.

Like a spectre it meets us in childhood, gives us battle through life, and millions succumb before its vicious onslaughts. It stunts the youth, degrades the adult, and marks the word "Failure" after the names of 96½ per cent of those who engage in mercantile life.

Youth is robbed of its childhood—mature years become a wild scramble for a place of comfort for later days, and premature old age is the heritage of the system of economic waste. We pay the toll of 100 per cent and get nothing in return save the pitying scorn of generations that will come after us, who will say, "What fools those mortals were."

This system of distribution goes through our entire commercial life, and the waste is appalling, as shown by the following figures in but a few of the leading avenues of business: In distribution alone our national waste amounts to six billion dollars annually; insurance, $500,000,000; for crime (its prevention, detection and care of those convicted and awaiting trial), $1,000,000,000; in manufacturing, $1,250,000,000; in agriculture, the enormous sum of five billion dollars. The waste of food is placed at one billion, and at the same time there are millions of people needing the things so wasted.

Bankers and brokers draw $600,000,000; transportation (parallel roads and competing lines), $1,000,000,000; the drink traffic, $1,650,000,000; advertising, $3,000,000,000—or more than the national debt at the close of the Civil War; unnecessary household moving, $45,000,000; militarism (past, present and future), $600,000,000; agents and solicitors, $720,000,000; the unemployed, $600,000,000, and the idle rich, $900,000,000.

The economic waste of militarism is a staggering one. The United States Bureau of Education, in discussing the question, says:

"At the present rate of expenditure the four countries of Germany, France, Great Britain, and the United States will spend in the next forty years, the life of one generation, for the support of armies and navies an amount sufficient to build 2,000,000 country and village houses at an average cost of $2500 each. With father, mother and four children in each of these houses they would furnish homes for 120,000,000 of people, which is more than the total present population of these four countries living in villages and the open country. Thus the fear of war is consuming the home of the rural and village population of these great nations in a single generation.

"It is estimated that the total direct cost of the armies and navies of the world each year in time of peace is $2,500,000,000, which equals the total valuation of the wheat and corn crops of the whole of the United States."

These astounding figures are the yearly cost of economic waste, and under a sane system could be reduced to a minimum. The total of these items alone equals $34,961,600,000, or an amount equal to $388.50 yearly for every man, woman and child in our land, or, in other words, equal to one-half of the entire amount received by the average adult worker in America. To put it still plainer, for every dollar's worth of goods we buy we pay a tribute of 50 cents to economic waste.

To give a few illustrations: A circular from a New York advertising company says that there are 1000 firms in America that spend $1,000,000 each in advertising each year. John Wanamaker recently signed a contract calling for an expenditure of $170,000 a year with a single paper.

According to Printer's Ink, the following firms pay annually to the New York Herald these sums: Bloomingdale Bros., $30,000; Siegel, Cooper & Co., $30,000; and R. H. Macy & Co., $50,000. This is for one paper alone. Printer's Ink gets $10,500 a year for its front page alone.

It is estimated that advertising alone takes the labor of 122,150 men (which is practically all waste) at an expense of $145,720,000.

Drummers, commercial travelers, agents and solicitors work at an expense of $495,000,000. There are 300,000

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find some other way! And in the case of Marcel it is a way that fills us with horror—horror not only for Marcel, for her span of life will be brief, but horror as well for the generation which she will mother—the babes to come!

We know that our machinery of distribution is capable of taking to all the people of the earth all of the bread—and bread means all the things we need to sustain life in full measure—all of the bread they need at all times. We know equally well that our machinery of production is capable of producing all the bread that all the people need at all times. We know that if our machinery of production were allowed to run all of the time it would be capable of producing all that all the people need and to provide a generous surplus. And, with the possible exception of Squire Blue and poor old Peter, we all know that healthy, normal people love to work and will always work at least enough to provide the bread to keep them alive.

We know, again with the possible exception of the squire and Peter, that if there were no profit in sight for the employer of Marcel and her millions of likenesses, they would not be employed, and also that if the profit were eliminated there would be enough and to spare for that sorely tried and tempted little bud of human life.

It is well for wise and profound legislators to go delving into the facts about Marcel. Many of them have been Squire Blues and Grocer Peters up to now and they must needs catch up. And God bless 'em for the desire to catch up. But just as sure as little Marcel finds only five dollars in her purse next Saturday night and has eight dollars chalked up on the debit side of her worn little account book, something that is not sanctioned in a proper code of ethics is going to happen!

When we reach the point when we shall have set our economic house in order our legislators may forget about the problem of Marcel and her wages and her morals. There will be no problem then—but there will be one UNTIL then!

of them, but their number is growing less as the trust reaches perfection.

A startling fact is given concerning the wage loss of our unemployed. It reaches the enormous total of six billion dollars annually. Three hundred thousand idle rich cost us $900,000,000. * * *

Some time ago a farmer sold a barrel of apples for 75 cents. In the barrel he put his name and address and requested the purchaser to tell him what the apples were bought for. Some time later the farmer received word that the purchaser had paid $4.50 for the apples. This is a good example of economic waste.

By way of passing, I will say that the trusts have done away with an enormous amount of waste, and as they develop, more waste will be eliminated.

The trust is a labor-saving device and deserves recognition as such. Let us enlarge the trusts until every person in our land is a member of a co-operative trust, to be operated for the interests of all the people.

Another phase of our economic waste is evidenced by the fact that every year 900,000 people are needlessly killed in the United States by preventable diseases, or by unnecessary accidents. These might have added $18,000,000,000 a year to the national income.

Thomas W. Lawson tells us in Everybody's that "there are sixty billion dollars in stocks and bonds on this nation's industries, forty billions of which is fictitious, and on which the people pay 2000 millions annual tribute to 10,000 individuals."

Who pays the bill of these enormous expenses?

Labor—and labor alone. A corporation desires certain privileges by which it can control valuable rights of way, or valuable concessions, which when obtained force the people to pay tribute far in excess of a reasonable amount; or through unlawful influence have high rates maintained in order that it may pay dividends not only upon the actual investment, but on stock watered to an enormous extent.

In order to do this, corporation agents throng our city councils, state legislatures and national congress. Whenever our national rights are bartered away, the burden falls on the workers, because they must finally pay the bills. But what do you propose to do? First, call attention of the people to the facts. Educate them to a better understanding; second, show them that a co-operative system is SAVING, while the competitive system is SLAVING.

A non-producer is a parasite. He must live from what others produce. So the workers must not only support themselves, but the idler and non-producer as well.

The Republican and Democratic and Progressive parties are in favor of continuing this system of economic waste. Socialism would substitute in its place a co-operative system in which the toiler would receive much better returns for his labor and yet pay much less for the necessities and comforts of life. Competition is anarchy; co-operation will bring order from chaos.

THINGS ARE COMING DOWN

The high cost of living has come down considerably. A good aeroplane can be bought for about half of what it cost a while ago, and automobiles are somewhat cheaper. Good news to the horny-handed and flat-pursed sons of toil.

HOW HE TRAINS NOW

"The 'white hope' has closed his fight camp."

"Given up training?"

"Nope. Taking his work-outs delivering parcels post."

In Funnyland

"Thank goodness there won't be any strap-hanging in heaven," exploded the lady in a crowded street car.

"Don't see what difference that will make to anyone in this bunch," retorted the abused conductor.

* * *

BLUE SKY LAW

"Billy," said a street gamin the other day, "what's this 'ere blue sky law the papers talk about?"

"Oh, that! Don't you know what that is? It's a law that keeps folks from gettin' soaked with watered stocks."

* * *

WHY HE WAS DOCKED

The engineer who had been blown up in the air by an explosion during the week had just drawn his weekly pay. He found himself docked for thirty minutes.

"What's that for?" he asked.

"For the time you were up in the air."

* * *

PUNCHING PUNCH

The British suffragettes are threatening to wreck the office of Punch. Go to it, sisters.

Don't care how much you punch this Punch;
Yes, punch him with a mallet
Until he cuts his nasty stuff
To keep you from the ballot.

* * *

ECONOMIC DEFINITIONS

The young preacher was asking the old preacher how to present the ten commandments to his flock.

Said the old and experienced preacher:

"To the poor people present them as commandments. When you're preaching to the middle class present them as recommendations. But when you're preaching to the wealthy give them out merely as suggestions."

* * *

A GHASTLY JOKE

Recently near Omaha the body of an aged man was found in a snowdrift.

In a little notebook in one of the pockets was the following:

"My name is 'Guess Who'."

"My home is—nowhere."

"In case of death or serious accident notify—the floating population."

* * *

SOME TEMPER

An old Scotch farmer in Iowa was one of the best loved men in the community where he resided. He had one bad failing, however—a violent temper.

On one occasion a neighbor, one of the slack, easy-going type of men without sufficient vitality to lose his temper, remonstrated with the Scotchman, who had flown into a passion with a balky horse.

Said he: "Oh, Deacon Jones, you ought not to give 'way to your temper like that; you should control your temper."

"Control my temper," replied the old man, "control my temper! Why, God bless you man, I control more temper in a week than you do in a year."

IN THE CALCIUM GLOW

There are as many kinds of men as there are men—almost. Sometimes they are funny, sometimes sad, sometimes hail-fellow, sometimes taciturn and not a bit chummy. And, sometimes they are sensible and sometimes they are not.

But when you've found a man who is funny, who is sensible, who is hail-fellow and who has the body-build to fit his brain-build—well, when you have found such a man you have found a man with a personality worth looking into.

You can take a man like that and roll him around in the mill—yes, even stick him right in between the upper and nether stones, so to speak, and he'll come out wherever it is that things come out of a mill just as chipper as he went in and his bodily circumference will be just about like it was when he started on the journey. Moreover his smile will be just as broad and his mental vision just as keen and all-grasping as it was before.

He's Always Happy

And that's why Oscar is as happy and roly-poly as he is today. Oscar—I don't know how ever the parents of Oscar happened to have the foresight to give him that most admirable name—but if every man was so admirably adapted to his name as is Oscar Ameringer, what a world this would be. Ameringer would be woefully out of place in the company of a name like Clarence or Montmorency. It wouldn't do at all.

Just take this single sentence from the Ameringer line of discussion: "Sabotage? What does it mean? Why, Sabotage is putting soap in the beer." Just as soon as you'd heard him say that, with his little touch of accent, you'd know that his first name was Oscar.

And it is just the Ameringer way of expressing things, the Ameringer sunshine, the Ameringer personality that makes him one of the best propagandists in the Socialist Party.

They call him "The Flying Dutchman from Oklahoma." That also fits Ameringer. And the reason they say "from" Oklahoma is that in recent years he has been "from" that commonwealth rather more than in it. For instance there was the time he was down in New Orleans helping win a half dozen strikes. Then there have been several years during which Oscar has been seen rather freely around Milwaukee. He is tolerably at home in that bailiwick, it being a city of strong, not to say pronounced, German proclivities—proclivities being hardly adequate at that, if you have seen Milwaukee. For while Milwaukee has those pronounced German proclivities Oscar is Dutch. And if all Dutchmen are built like Oscar, the Lord be praised for the Dutch.

Oscar has a home circle that is a circle. There are enough people in it to go 'round. There is Mrs. Ameringer—with a pause long enough to say that Mr. and Mrs. Oscar are about as near the perfect team as one would jolly well find in many a day's tramp. But that doesn't make the circle. Not until you are introduced to the seven Ameringer children do you realize that here you have a real family circle. Further than that, it is a music circle, for every member of the family, from Daddy Ameringer to the littlest Ameringer of them all, plays some instrument.

In the days when Oscar used to rove the west country, propaganding from the rudder end of a covered wagon, he would drive up to a village, cut the horses loose from the front end, stake them out in the grass, stick a gasoline torch up over a rear wheel, gather his family circle around him and get the good will of the inhabitants by giving them the Marseillaise from nine good, strong, healthy Ameringer brass blowers and string manipulators. Then he would find the coast clear for a verbal demonstration of his mental powers. "Friends, I ain't got nothin' against the capitalists, no more than I got against the bedbug," he would say to them. "Only I object to the way they get their living." After that Ameringer has them.

Ameringer has written a whole bunch of little books—one might almost say a flock of them—they have that "Flying Dutchman" twang and that Oscar Humoringer way of lambasting the capitalist system to a fare-ye-well and a merry good night!

Being as you now have a very clear conception of what Ameringer looks like and is like—I admit this description is accurate—you are now at liberty to wonder what would happen if Oklahoma Oscar should ever crash—he couldn't merely amble—into Congress and sally up to Hon. Root and say to that bland old codger, "Elihu, old chap, you are about as socially useful as a bedbug. You get yours in the same way—only you get more."

WHEN RALPH IS KING

Ralph Korngold, who recently delivered a number of Socialist speeches in California, had occasion to visit the barber's chair while in Los Angeles. And, as to be expected, the barber slashed poor Ralph's face.

"It's all right, sir," said the barber, "here's a little court plaster I'll put on it."

"Do it well," said Ralph, "and when I become king I'll make you court plasterer."

DIOGENES IN A BIG CITY

The modern Diogenes hangs his lantern on the back of his vehicle to keep honest folks from runing into him in the dark.

The Painted Pigeon

—An amazing tale of a sentimental bird that crowed out of turn

By Rob Wagner

TWO beautiful Belgian guards carried Andrew Carnegie into his private boudoir and laid him on a blue velour ostermoor, where he dissolved in tears. Congressman Berthold threw his hat so high in the air that it went through the skylight and never came down. The Kaiser kissed the President of the French Republic and Teddy clinched with Taft. The great Temple of Peace shook with the hurrahs, banzais, and hochs of the assembled multitude. Bands played, whistles blew and newsboys shouted the glad tidings that universal peace had come.

It was a picture no artist can paint, but I've done my best to post-impress you with its symbolism. Peace!! Real peace! After all those red years of struggle! But it all goes to show what money can do when intelligently directed. For it was all the fruit of Andrew's endowments of temples and peace propaganda. At last the world had been educated to the horrific effects of war. And now his patient years of waiting were to see the culmination of his hopes and aspirations. Do you wonder that Andrew dissolved in tears? It was some triumph, I tell you. From the profits of the armor plate he had made he had so ordained events that now there should be no more use for armor plate. Such self-abnegation was bound to result in dissolution.

The day of this great event opened auspiciously. The sun shone, the bands played and the streets were alive with the picturesque presence of international diplomats, attaches and newspaper men. The Hague had had many peace conferences, but this one was pregnant with a great meaning, for everybody believed that a notable event in the epic of human progress was about to be enacted. The great war started in the Balkans had left Europe prostrate and the world was sick of war. Yes, the time had arrived for lasting peace. So Nicholas, William, George and Andrew had called this parliament together.

Because of his unique position and his noble peace medals, T. R. was elected president. He presided with a large stick that made the rafters rattle. His dental personality immediately dominated the great assembly. They were all given evidence that the best way to obtain peace was to be prepared for war, and T. R. was prepared. He told them all where to head in.

He began by forbidding England to build more Dreadnaughts; Germany, Zeppelins; France, submarines, and America, aeroplanes. He told Germany she must get out of Alsace, Japan out of Manchuria, England out of Egypt and America out of the Philippines. He promised Greece the return of the Elgin marbles; Paris the return of the bronze horses from the Arc de Triumph and said that France must send back the Venus de Milo and Madam Toussand return Napoleon's hat and coat. He promised Venezuela that America would return her asphalt, though it meant tearing up half the streets in that country. The Morgan group was given sixty days in which to re-distribute among the rightful owners the plunderings of its naughty trusts. (The good trusts were to be left undisturbed.) Each nation arose in turn and amid great applause agreed to return its thefts.

And though, he said, he preached the soft heart, he did not preach the soft head. He told them that now that they had squared off the causes of most of their quarrels and jealousies they would go forth and do battle with the instruments of civilization. From now on it was to be a war of wits instead of Winchesters. He forced them to settle boundaries, pay old debts and clear the slate generally—so that the world would begin all over again and go forth in peace and concord. It was all accomplished very quickly amid stupendous applause, and as the last nation signed the compact a vast roar of approval went up from the assemblage. Strong men with beards wept like women.

They sang and cried and whooped and yelled very much as I described in the first paragraph.

But in the midst of their pandemonium and before the signature of the last delegate was dry a curious thing happened.

Directly over the head of the speaker was a large allegorical mural painting by Wilhelm II representing the nations of the world with arms uplifted to a white dove of peace, and to the amazement of the crowd the dove began to move.

It had come to life and was trying to free itself from the canvas. Finally, with a triumphant coo it burst forth—flew three times about the great hall, and with noisy flapping alighted right on the end of the Speaker's stick.

The Congress, awed by such a phenomenon, sat spellbound, and in the great silence that fell the bird spoke.

"Gentlemen," it said (it spoke a sort of pigeon English), "I thank you for what you have done. For years I have been aborning. Up to today I have been nothing but a painted pigeon decorating the halls and letter-heads of peace societies, appearing stuffed at weddings or lowly reliefed on tomb-stones. But now I live!

"My mother was a wish, and you, gentlemen, have from that wish brought forth my living presence. Therefore, you are my father. I shall do my utmost to honor you—for it is not every bird that has such a large and distinguished father. You shall never regret your fatherhood and now let's give three cheers for me!"

The noise was deafening and for a moment the poor bird was frightened, but her attention was arrested by the Swedish delegate who was asking the Speaker if he did not think the Carnegie Temple in which they had met and brought forth their child would be a fitting abode for the dove.

But the bird interrupted him and holding up her claw for silence thus delivered herself:

"I thank you, father, but I ask you not to confine me to this or any other temple. I've been here long enough in that old picture. Besides, I have a mission to fulfill. Through you, fathers, I have the blood of messenger-boys in my veins. I must carry this message of peace to all the world. I feel that I am a natural-born carrier. Call me Carrie—Carrie Pax!"

In the confusion that followed the wonderful pun that this opportunity afforded the British delegate the bird up and flew out of the high window and was soon lost to view.

After their amazement had subsided a permanent organization was effected with Teddy as its president. The Hague was neutralized and Teddy was to make it

his permanent home. A palace was ordered built for him and his large family to be surrounded by an immense park in which he could keep pogsnoggles, cheetahs, dik diks and other of his jungle favorites.

* * *

The world basked in the Pax Carnegieism—

But:

One day a huge steamer called the Biggerenania was thirty hours out of Cherbourg when the heat at noon became most uncomfortable—an unusual thing at this time of the year.

Aft, under a large awning, sat a group of delegates returning from The Hague. They were exulting in the triumphs of international peace one moment and cursing the uniced drinks of the British bartender the next.

With the setting of the sun came no respite, for at 7 p. m. the thermometer stood at 89. At midnight it had risen to 93. No one could sleep and everyone's nerves were on edge. A great storm seemed impending—except that the barometer showed no such indication.

Toward morning the vessel ran into a hot fog—almost like steam. Thermometric readings of the water ran nearly to the boiling point.

The condition of the passengers had become alarming, but it was difficult to know in what direction to turn as there was no way of telling where the disturbance was.

Fortunately at sunset a red glow was observed far to the south. Though it was uncomfortably hot everyone was immensely relieved that danger had been averted.

There was now no doubt that a submarine eruption had occurred. Because of such an unusual phenomenon the captain felt warranted in "laying to" for the night and taking observations. The next day was spent in circling the disturbance and its volcanic origin was clearly indicated by the dead fish, seaweed and cinders.

No other vessels were reported and at 5 p. m. the big leviathan proceeded on her course. The greatest excitement and interest prevailed and the wireless was busy reporting to both shores.

A New York newspaper correspondent returning from the peace conference had been aloft all day with a pair of powerful glasses. After the boat was well on its course he descended and sent twenty-two words in cipher to his paper. He had seen something no one else had noticed and he would scoop the world on the biggest story yet.

The next morning there appeared on the streets of New York a most sensational newspaper splash of a great submarine earthquake that had thrown up an island in mid-Atlantic.

As soon as other vessels reported the truth the boats were dispatched from all directions to make scientific reports on the seismic phenomenon.

While most of the world was interested only in the scientific aspect of this amazing occurrence, a few hard-headed old anarchs sitting around the mahogany in a directors' room on lower Wall street, turned loose their splendid brains on how to make even an earthquake profitable. Now, when brains like these are scrambled the omelet is liable to pay twenty per cent—and, of course, that's worth cherishing. So they come to a magnificent conclusion and it was this: When that island cooled off, standing as it did midway between four continents, it would dominate the trade of the world. And the first nation to get a flag on it would be its possessor. They immediately got the Admiralty on long distance and had a real little heart-to-heart talk with the High Boys there. Their argument was an economic one and it convinced the department that its usefulness would no doubt be discontinued if it had nothing to do and the ranks of the unemployed would be largely augmented by former admirals. The argument rang the bell and pretty soon there were great stirrings in the navy yards.

Now you may think that these industrial captains were amazingly shrewd, but bless your heart, they were not so stupenduously original, for all over the world twenty per centers think in the same terms. Thus it happened that similar schemes hatched around many foreign mahoganies.

* * *

"When the Bunkton, Captain Spevans commanding, arrived several days after the above-mentioned conference he found that he could not approach within six miles of the island, so he decided to circumnavigate the whole disturbed area, but was very much chagrined to find an English and a German cruiser doing the same thing. It now became a waiting game—waiting for the island to sufficiently cool to get a flag over it.

Spevans, however, was resourceful and had no intention of waiting. He wired the situation to Washington and immediately they dispatched the June Bug 32—carrying two men besides Lieutenant Glenwright. Their mission was to fly over the island and drop an anchor with an asbestos flag attached right on the highest point of the molten mass. Then would the place belong to America by right of discovery. The June Bug arrived early the next morning and to the amazement of the intrepid pilot he discovered high to the east the approach of two huge dirigibles, one flying the English and the other the German flag. He suspected this motive and hurried straight for the island, but the hot air rising from the lava caused the air currents to whirl in all kinds of eccentric circles and, to the horror of all, the biplane turned trutle and shot straight for the water and he was soon lost to view. The captains of the big airships witnessed this with their binoculars and were chuckling over the fiasco of their aeroplatonic friend when two fearful explosions rent the air and both the huge dirigibles succumbed to the strange gases.

At almost the same instant a shot was heard and an immense projectile flew over the ship. It seemed to come from the direction of the German cruiser and landed too accurately close to be accidental.

In a few minutes the Bunkton was under full steam, headed for an explanation. As the vessel turned toward the south it passed between the British ship Inevitable and the island. With the glass could be seen much agitation aboard the English vessel, and no wonder, for with a loud report a great hole was torn in the bow of the Bunkton by a British torpedo.

Explanations were not needed now. It was too obvious. Spevans let go both batteries, one at the Germans and the other at the English. The Germans returned their fire to the English ship—which was puzzling.

Pretty soon there was the prettiest three-cornered fight you ever saw. Toward evening the three vessels were still afloat but badly used up. They were all glad of a chance to eat and rest and send news back home.

This incident shows how easy it is to start trouble, for had Captain Spevans known the truth a terrible catastrophe would have been averted.

Like M. & M.'s, captains usually think in the same terms. Each had determined to outwit the others and get his flag up first.

Captain Schmitsberger of the armored cruiser Whosahollerin had rigged up a flag fastened to a pro-

jectile that he fired at the top of the hot mountain. Unfortunately it went high, just missed the U. S. S. Bunkton, and was most uncharitably interpreted.

Aboard H. M. S. Inevitable, Captain Johns Stoke-Pogis, V. C., was equally alert and had had made an asbestos Union Jack that he determined to send ashore in a slow-going torpedo.

The only trouble was that in the excitement of dispatching it they forgot to pull the war-plug from the cap in its nose and the American ship accidentally intercepted it on its triumphant trip to the hot shore.

When the facts were known many hoped that each nation would see the futility of the brawl and call off the dogs of war, but the Percenters called in their newspaper publishers and told them to whoop it up for patriotism and play up the flag stuff strong. National honor! the Stars and Stripes! and all that. Of course, they obeyed. One great publisher admitted that he had made fortunes off of wars and earthquakes. And so the conflict waxed.

As the news of the terrible losses to the three countries became known, nations that had suffered for centuries in silence became bold, and pretty soon in Europe and Asia the lesser ones began to assert themselves. Small irritations grew to great ones; old scores were remembered, and as they were all armed to the teeth it was easy to guess the answer. And, sure enough, trouble broke out in all directions. Red war was ablaze all over the world in less than two weeks. The sight was sublime. The English at the time had a greater fleet of Dreadnaughts than the Germans and utterly annihilated the latter, and the great fleet of Zepplins was torn to pieces in a storm while trying to invade the British Isles.

The Agrarians of Mexico took advantage of the withdrawal of foreign money from their military despotism and easily won back their lands, which they were about to divide, when some planted Mexicans on the border raided an American town, and of course the government had to send troops into that country to show the rebels their place.

By the end of December every country in the world was prostrate from exhaustion except Great Britain and America. Their wealth alone prolonged the struggle.

Beside which. their naval supremacy was still unsettled. England staked everything on her great Dreadnaughts, while America put all her eggs into a new type called the Fearnit class. It was exactly opposite to the British Dreadnaughts. Though quite as large, it had thousands of small guns of tremendous energy. Everything vital to the ship was submerged—even the guns being worked from below. The superstructure was built of pipes, like their military masts. Thus they could run close to the cumbersome big vessels and pour in a fire as from a thousand hoses—at the same time presenting a skeleton battle-front to the enemy. They claimed that even though the big guns should strike them, the projectile would pass right through, and at its worst carry away only twenty or thirty small guns.

These fleets did not meet until January tenth. The battle was fought off the New Atlantis and lasted two days. The din and roar was awful. Ship after ship on both sides sank with all on board. The end of the first day found the Union Jack floating over the island—now cool enough to land on.

However, the victory was temporary, for the next morning the Americans, in a splendid exhibition of seaman and markmanship, managed to send the last of the British vessels to its doom.

At the end of the battle only one American ship remained afloat, and it immediately raised the Stars and Stripes over the conquered island.

No sooner had the small boat returned from its patriotic labor and the news flashed to American than the great ship began to settle—and almost before they knew what was happening the huge creature pitched forward and with one tremendous plunk sank to the bottom of the sea.

This battle was the closing scene of the war. America was acknowledged the victor in the greatest war of all time, and though the sacrifice had been great the prize was worth it.

A new peace conference was called at The Hague to negotiate a treaty. It was a very different gathering than the one held only six short months ago. Bent and broken in spirit, the delegates filed up to the Speaker's desk and signed the covenant for their respective countries that gave to America the prize. They knew now that the Great Republic was supreme and would arrogantly dominate the trade of the world.

But as the last name was signed to the treaty a wonderful commotion arose, for it was noticed that Carrie Pax was flapping violently against a large stained glass window of Andrew Carnegie. In his excitement an Irish member hurled a book right through the Tiffany features of the great Peace Maker, and Carrie staggered into the hallowed temple.

Bewildered and weak, she flapped aimlessly about, trying to find a mural painting with a hole in it. Finally she flopped fainting onto the Speaker's desk. Her features were burned and one leg was broken. Occasionally she would raise her head as though to speak.

A great silence fell over the august gathering. No one dared to move.

At last, with a supreme effort, Carrie raised herself up on one leg, and clearing her throat began:

"Father," she gasped, "something has gone wrong. When I left here I was full of your wonderful message. I started out to deliver it, but I seemed to be speaking out of turn, for I found few who cared to listen. And then came the great struggle for that fool island—it was awful, though even I, a sentimental woman, could understand the importance of it; but now that it's all over I've hurried back to you with a sad tale—**the island has disappeared!!!**"

"Gone!!!" shrieked the American delegate. "My God! Carrie, what do you mean?"

But Carrie had begun to giggle hysterically and she found it difficult to go on.

However, between laughs she managed to tell them that when she was hurrying back to the Conference and was about half way across the Atlantic she heard a terrible noise below her. Looking down she saw Atlantis disappearing again into the Atlantic.

"As I passed over the spot," she said, "where once the proud flag of America floated from the top of the battle-scarred mountain, I saw rising to the surface, bubbles; some red, some white and some blue. I'd never seen any bubbles before—oh, they were beautiful! But when I began to think about that island I began to laugh, and say, I thought I'd die before I got here. I couldn't hold my sides and fly, too. To think——"

But she went off into peals of laughter she couldn't control.

Finally she just rolled over and died.

Did they bury her?

They did not. They just put her back in the pictures, on the tombstones, and the letterheads of the Peace Societies.

Making Dream

By Job

AN aeroplane flight from Red Bluff to San Diego, Cal., would unfold an indescribable vista of mountains and valleys and boundless sea.

Sailing south from Red Bluff to the Tehachapi range, a distance of 400 miles, one would pass over only two valleys, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin.

On the east extends an unbroken mountain range, lifting its peaks into great beds of perpetual snow—veritable inverted reservoirs, that supply myriads of lakes in the beautiful mountain valleys from which streams rush down the canyons into the valleys below.

Seventy-five miles away on the other side of these level beds of rich alluvial soil, there lays another range of valleyed mountains beyond which is heard the roar of the ceaseless tide of the sea of seas. Passing over the Tehachapi range southward the mountains open again and the eye sweeps over the great Mojave desert. This valley extends far to the east and down below sea level into Death Valley. Here many a wanderer has lost both his way and his life and left his body on the hot desert sands.

Still farther to the south lays that little paradise,

Falling Waters to Propel Our Trains

the San Fernando, the San Gabriel, the Santa Ana, the Los Angeles and the Cajunga valleys like a great five-cornered star, in the heart of which is the city of Los Angeles.

For yet another hundred miles southward extends the coast mountains and little valleys to the beautiful city of San Diego. Here there is a deep harbor capable of accommodating the navies of the world, there is another to the north at San Pedro, and at Monterey and Santa Cruz and at San Francisco the world's best, surrounded with wonderful valleys, and still farther north at Humboldt, this coast line of 800 miles, equipped by

Strewn With Orchards and

nature with unsurpassed harbors, invites the commerce of the world.

In the north the mountains are covered with forests, the bowels of the earth are filled with precious metals, and the valleys fairly burst with fruits and grains and flowers; while the irrigable deserts of the south are rapidly developing into veritable valleys of the Nile.

Still prodigal with her blessings, nature refreshes this land of promise with a gentle and cooling breeze from the Japan current, and thus makes of the valleys a perpetual summer land.

In this wonderful country dwells a population of three million people which could be increased to fifty millions and under normal conditions they could dwell in comparative leisure and luxury.

But early in the history of this great commonwealth an octopus of seemingly infinite power settled down upon this favored land. Around every man it threw its terrible arms and over his heart it thrust its still more terrible mouth. "All the traffic will bear," in a fearful metallic roar, is ever heard belching from the iron throat of this unconscionable, heartless monster. In every valley and town, from the mountains to the sea, its relentless greed and power has grown until all the means of transportation and most of the industries and commercial institutions have been encircled in its serpentine arms.

The cry of despair and the call for help is heard in every city, town, village and hamlet, but their hearts and hopes are palsied by the ever increasing roar of fruitless promises mingled with demands for more traffic and higher rates. Each worker struggled alone in the battle until he was overpowered by the very monster he fed.

How natural it is for those in despair to rush to

ns Come True

arriman

each other for help, and what visions open before them to which they were totally blind before they clasped each other's hands.

It is the power to do a thing that makes one think of the thing to do.

A minor power cannot even dream of harnessing and

ards and Fields of Grain.

appropriating an infinitely superior power. Possibilities to do, must be inherent in the facts before a conception of the idea of doing is possible.

Before the development of great social power one could not have seriously thought of harnessing Niagara, hence all the possibilities springing from the comforts, luxuries and leisure, made possible by its proper application and appropriation were visions beyond our ken.

Standing alone on the plains of the San Joaquin, looking at the snowy peaks of the distant mountain or listening to the roar of the waters rushing over the cataracts, one could not have even dreamed of turbine wheels and endless wires and powerful dynamos. Much less could he have had a vision of transporting the infinite power of the falling waters through endless wires and unknown devices to bless cities then unbuilt and peoples unknown.

But now that cities and towns and villages are built, now that the plains are strewn with orchards and vineyards and fields of grain, now that the cities are filled with various industries and those who have worked hardest have hungered and thirsted and bowed most under the power of over-production and under-consumption—how natural it is, when they clasp hands and begin to feel the power of their united might, that they should not only conceive of and construct great irrigation systems, but that they should also harness that water power and thus shift the burdens from the shoulders of man to power generated by falling waters.

Having the power to do it, what visions unfold before us!

Our homes could be warmer, our pathways lighted, our factory wheels could hum, while the dangers of the coal mine would be forgotten. Great cold storage plants, elastic reservoirs for perishable foods would spring up in every industrial and commercial center. The cost of maintenance would be infinitely less to the state than the value of the fruit that now decays. From these sources would flow a constant supply of fresh food to the market places of all our large cities.

With the mutual desire on the part of all the people in this state to shift the burdens from humanity to gravity the vision would enlarge and the concept would take practical form commensurate with its scope.

From Red Bluff to San Diego, railroads would be built with lateral lines to all industrial and commercial centers. The falling waters would propel our trains and products would be transported to our cold storage houses, to our markets and to tide water at cost.

Here on the shores of the sea, with our product in hand, new ideas would be suggested. Steamships to ply between the Pacific and the Atlantic would become a necessity. With this gap closed the cost per ton of transporting from the field in the West to the factory in the East and from the factory in the East to the field in the West would be a mere bagatelle. Millions and millions of dollars would be saved anually to the people of this state by the change.

Along the lines of these proposed railroads throughout the state the policy of excess condemnation would surely follow. The increase in the value of the lands condemned would accrue to all the people instead of to certain individuals. This would put an end to the usual railroad townsite speculation and lend great impetus to the movement.

With Our Product in Hand New Ideas Would Be Suggested

All the people being beneficiaries, they would be bound more closely together. The rent accruing to the state from a strip of land a mile wide on each side of a state wide railroad in a comparatively short time would liquidate the entire cost for the general good.

The state ownership of that portion of the transcon-

tinental railroad beds which lay within this state would probably be forced by this policy. Nor would such ownership either interfere with interstate traffic or in any way become a burden to the state. The roadbeds could be used by their former owners at a rental sufficient to cover the purchase price within a reasonable time, however reasonable or unreasonable that purchase price might be. This rent charge would not be met by an increase in traffic rates but would accrue from profits arising from lower rates than now prevail, inasmuch as the transcontinental lines would be compelled to meet the rates on its line of steamers. The only advantage in rates accruing to the railroads over the state line

That Little Paradise

of steamers would be one of time and to this extent only would the railroad rates be higher than the state water line rates. In addition to the vastly lower rates which would be forced by the state there would be freedom of access for the people to all harbor and water frontage.

State ownership of all water power within the limits of the state, properly applied and furnished at actual cost for municipal and domestic heating and lighting, for all industrial and commercial purposes, also for all the state railroad and storage plants, would call into being not only such industrials under state ownership as are necessary to build, equip and maintain the power plant, the state railroad, the storage and municipal distributing plant, and the great steamers of the state line, but such cheap power would lay the foundation for industrial development throughout the state, and the low rates established by the state line would prevent further discrimination in rates between localities or industries. Under our present railroad management, the companies have it within their power to make or break or seriously injure cities as well as industries. By the clever manipulations of terminals, the companies force enormously increased rates, equivalent to the rates charged for vastly greater hauls.

For a long period, the rate on freight from Chicago to Spokane was the same as from Chicago to Seattle and back to Spokane. For forty years the Southern Pacific has warred with Bakersfield because that city refused to be held up for an enormous sum incident to the road entering the city. For similar reasons a railroad magnate said some thirty years ago, "I will make the grass grow in the streets of San Diego," and the threat was practically executed for years. Similar instances of railroad tyranny are too numerous to mention and too vicious to endure.

All this will some day pass away and will be remembered by future generations as the barbarous and savage acts of capitalism.

These are only incidents in the criminal history of railroads from which humanity has borne a grevious burden at a horrible cost. Combined with and made possible in many instances by them are also other combinations, each fastened upon the jugular of our industrious classes.

It is from these combinations that the people are fleeing. It is by the tyranny of this fearful power that we are being forced into new social relations. The people are literally being forced into each other's arms. They are learning that along the way of mutual help and not strife lies the greatest economic, moral and intellectual development. How differently we feel toward our fellows when we find them actually helping us to the things we need. With what tenacity does this fact make us cling to them. We have all been struggling each against the other with hearts of stone and tongues of steel, only to learn that our hearts and tongues are made of flesh to feel and to tell the story of life.

Whatever destroys life the heart will hate and the tongue will curse. If, perchance, one benefits by destroying or absorbing another's life, even then he will hide it, will close his eyes to it, will deny that his conduct causes it, but will never face and confess it. All of which means that the conservation of life is the premise from which we must start and not the conservation of extraneous power by which human life is absorbed and wasted.

What a splendid step toward the conservation of the lives of the people in this great state would we take by loosening the grip of the octopus from the throat of our industries and by opening the way thereby the entire population through the machinery of the state could unite in mutual service.

Such a step would bring the people closer together and would make them feel and better understand their mutual interdependence.

What feeling would accompany the state ownership of railroad and steamship lines and cold storage plants and markets in our cities, so that our products could be preserved and freely moved at cost by one great system with the propelling power as far as possible shifted from the shoulders of man to the falling waters?

I think I can see men of every calling looking into each other's faces with a welcoming smile and more brotherly recognition. Can we not see their minds opening to an understanding and comprehension of possibilities infinitely beyond this step? Can we not see in this bill which has been presented to the present legislature of California the elements of most vital issues leading to the growth of great social institutions? Indeed are not such measures necessary to their making and preservation? Has not the time arrived when the masses of the people must establish an economic foundation upon which all may stand with equal opportunity?

How differently we would then feel toward the other! What a groundwork upon which to build an abiding civilization! Our brotherhood and brotherly spirit will be as permanent as the institutions out of which these relations grow and are sustained.

(Editorial Note—Illustrations in this article are used by courtesy of the Salt Lake Route.)

HEROES OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION

By R. A. MAYNARD

COMRADE BEN HANFORD, in his great Socialist classic, "Jimmie Higgins," has immortalized one type of hero of the rank and file in the Socialist revolution. He who is janitor, billposter, literature agent, soap-boxer if occasion require, and general all-round hustler is drawn so true to life that thousands of comrades have imagined that some particular "Jimmie Higgins" of their acquaintance had been taken as the type.

The history of the more conspicuous members of the movement is too well known to need discussion. But there remains still another type of whose triumphs no poet has sung, and whose virtues have never been extolled save by personal friends and comrades with whom these have been associated.

These are the moral and intellectual heroes of the movement. Men and women who have triumphed over moral infirmity or weakness or the lack of intellectual opportunity in early life, and who, through the inspiration that has come into their lives from our great world cause, have been brought into newness of life moral, intellectual or both.

I have met them and so have you: comrades who have undergone a veritable spiritual and intellectual regeneration through the experience of becoming class-conscious.

Only a week or two ago a new convert, a well-to-do business man of middle age, who had just taken out his red card, was congratulated upon the fact. "Yes," he replied, "but I don't know yet whether mine is a real case. It seems to me that to be all right, you have to get it like you get religion, and I haven't yet reached that stage."

To many this remark is couched in language not comprehensible; to others it will suggest meanings very real and vital.

At the close of a summer day in the presidential campaign of 1908 I reached one of the smaller cities of Illinois, where I was billed to speak in the evening.

My instructions gave the name and address of one comrade. On inquiry the information was obtained that a lockout was on in the paper mills of the city, and this comrade, who was a paper-maker, being out of work, had sought it on a farm ten miles out into the country.

I asked if word had been left for me, and receiving a negative reply, expressed my surprise. "Oh," said my informant upon being told my business, "Never fear, he will be here in time for the meeting. You can rely upon that."

Sure enough, before the hour arrived he was on hand, having walked ten miles in from the country after quitting work for the day.

After the meeting, in a visit before he took his departure for the return trip, also on foot, I casually inquired: "Comrade, have you a family?" "No," he replied; "that privilege has been denied me. You see, Comrade Maynard," he continued, "it's like this: When I became a Socialist I took a vow that so long as I lived every dollar that I earned more than sufficient for my personal expense should go into Socialist propaganda. I have kept that vow, and I shall keep it to the end."

Soon I parted from him as he set out on his long tramp back to the farm. I have never seen him since, but because of the steady light in his eye and the indefinable quality in his tone as his hand gripped mine, I am as certain he has kept the faith as I am of any fact within my knowledge.

In the adjoining State of Iowa there is a city with a Socialist local which once had a secretary whose front name we will call John, since that was not his name. He was a blacksmith by trade, and was chairman at the meeting at which I was speaker. His personality, coupled with an unusual grasp of Socialist principles and rare dignity and ability as a presiding officer, attracted me. On inquiry I found that before becoming a Socialist he had been a drunkard and gambler, but at that time neither drank nor gambled.

In conversation I asked, "Have you always been a blacksmith, Comrade?" He glanced at me quizzically and said, "The comrades have been talking, haven't they? Well—never mind; I don't care! No, I have learned my trade since I became a Socialist. Before that I was the town drunkard and gambler in this very town. I became converted to Socialism, however, and whisky, cards and I fell out. I have never touched either since. Now I work at my trade, support my family, pay my debts, and fight for Socialism. My wife and children love me, my comrades respect me, so does the community, and, what is best of all, I respect myself."

He added earnestly, "I sometimes dream of what Socialism will do for the world when it comes, but I have positive knowledge here and now as a living, actual reality of what it has already done and still is doing for me and mine."

In one of the thriving cities of Indiana I once met a comrade, perhaps fifty years old. He went with me to my hotel after the lecture and remained for a visit. In the course of the conversation I learned that his schooling had been limited, for he had been compelled to leave school at an early age and before having finished the grammar grades. He had been a Socialist for perhaps a half dozen years, and previous to becoming one his reading had been almost wholly confined to the newspapers.

To my surprise, at the beginning of our talk, he launched into a discussion of Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," then on to Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, John Fiske, Dietzgen and Feurbach.

We sat until two o'clock in the morning, when he apologized for remaining and was about to take his departure.

I said, "Pardon me, Comrade, but of what college or university are you a graduate?" In reply he gave me the personal information already stated and said: "You cannot understand what these few hours with you have meant to me, it's so seldom that I have opportunity for such discussion. I am a working man—a driver of a city sprinkling wagon, and in an hour or two must go to my daily work. In this whole city there is but one person, a young woman in the public library, who will take the trouble to direct me in my reading. Like most workers, I have known hunger of the body, but, oh, this hunger of the mind! This insistent demand for intellectual food without the requisite knowledge or means to satisfy it! Today I live in a universe of the existence of which I had never known save for Socialism. It will never be mine to live in the Cooperative Com-

monwealth—I am too old—but I dream sometimes of what the world will be when all men and women have freedom and opportunity to develop their latent powers and possibilities."

In a small village in California I met a young girl sixteen years of age whose ill-health had prevented attendance at school. She had, however, done what she could at home, aided by the tutoring of her parents, and her reasoning faculties and power of analysis had developed much beyond most girls of her age and opportunity. As I was leaving her father's house, where I had been the guest of a night, she said with an intensity of emotion before unnoticed: "Do you know, the ambition and aspiration of my life is to give myself to the Socialist movement." I replied: "Well, that is not at all impossible." Do you mean it?" she eagerly inquired. "How shall I go about it?"

After directing her to take a thorough course of reading and study in Socialist literature, I informed her of a school for girls in one of the cities of California. During the next two years nothing was heard from her directly or indirectly until a few months ago, when, accompanied by her mother, she greeted me at the close of a lecture in the city containing the school.

Arrangements were made to attend some of the lectures at the school and she became a member of a class in public speaking, one of the educational features of a Young People's Socialist League. Today her ambition is on the way to realization. At the age of eighteen she has developed remarkable power as a speaker, and, health permitting, Socialist propaganda, state and national, will know her and her work in the near future.

During the Night Rider war in Kentucky I made a trip through the State, and in many towns was the first Socialist speaker. In one of the small cities in the southern portion of the State the lecture was given from the public square, with the consent of the mayor. Indeed, nowhere in all the States it has been my privilege to visit have the public officials shown the same degree of courtesy to Socialists as in Kentucky during this fierce industrial war.

At the close of this lecture, which was the first given in that city, an appeal was made for members, and thirty-five signed application cards were returned. Satisfied that the message given was not responsible for this unusual number, I took the trouble to investigate and was directed to a farmer's wife there present.

"They tell me," I said to her, "that you are responsible for the beginning of the Socialist movement in this town; tell me about it."

"Well," she replied, "I have never been to school a day in my life. I had learned to read, however, and the postmaster would occasionally give me an unclaimed newspaper or periodical." She went on eagerly: "One day he gave me a torn copy of an Appeal to Reason. I read what there was of it, wrote to Girard and ordered the paper sent to my address, and soon was a Socialist. Then I went after 'my old man," she smilingly asserted, "but I couldn't get him. I had some boys and captured two of them. They and I together finally got 'the old man,' and then two of my brothers in the neighborhood; then we left the farm and set out to capture the town." I knew the result of the work thus set in motion. It had been shown in the harvest that day. "I am the happiest woman in Kaintuck tonight," she added. "Think what has come from that torn copy of the 'little old Appeal' that found its way to my hands!"

It was Saturday night. Finally I accepted the pressing invitation of this sister comrade and her "old man" and went home with them to the farm. A tasty, clean, well-kept home and farm was found. On leaving, I thanked them for their hospitality and complimented them upon the condition of home and farm. My hostess remarked: "It didn't used to be this way. So many, many things have changed since I read that torn copy of the Appeal."

Away up in North Dakota I once met a comrade, by profession a lawyer. In traveling over one of the transcontinental lines I fell in with, as the traveling companion of a day, an official of the railroad. In some way, I have forgotten how, the name of my lawyer comrade, whom I had not yet met but expected to meet on that trip, was mentioned. Said the railroad official, to my astonishment and surprise: "There is a man I would like to see elected as a member of the Supreme Court of the State—an absolutely honest lawyer."

When I met the comrade I repeated this conversation. "Yes," he replied, "I suppose I could be a Supreme Court judge if I desired. But—do you know what I am going to do instead?" Upon receiving a negative answer, he continued: "I think I have accumulated sufficient estate to provide for the maintenance of myself and wife for the remaining years of our lives. During the ensuing year I shall convert this into safe securities and then, in my automobile, give my time and services to Socialist propaganda. 'Tis the only thing in the world worth doing."

I met him again the next year and he had kept his word.

In the winter of 1911-12, while on the National Lyceum Circuit away up on the Mesaba range in Minnesota and in the same latitude in North Dakota, there was some weather floating about; mercury from twenty-four to fifty-three degrees below zero. Yet night after night sleighs loaded with comrades came from fifteen to thirty miles and returned the same night, while other earnest comrades walked five, ten and fifteen miles for the lectures. Glorious comrades in a glorious cause! One worth dying for and, better yet, one worth living for—living in the truest, fullest, completest sense.

Mark Twain, in "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven," makes the Captain say: "In the matter of honors in the New Jerusalem, the prophets take precedence over the patriarchs." Shakespeare was numbered among the prophets and walked in the procession ahead of Adam, a patriarch. But even Shakespeare had to fall behind a common tailor from Tennessee by the name of Billings. The Captain was asked: "Why did they throw off on Shakespeare like that and put him away down behind shoemakers, horseshoers, knife-grinders and tailors?"

"That," he replied, "is the heavenly justice of it—they warn't rewarded according to their deserts on earth, but here they get their rightful rank.

"That tailor Billings from Tennessee wrote poetry that Shakespeare and Homer couldn't begin to come up to; but nobody wanted to print it; nobody read it but his neighbors, an ignorant lot, and they laughed at it.

"Whenever the village had a drunken frolic and a dance they would drag him in and crown him with cabbage leaves and pretend to bow down to him, and one night, when he was sick and nearly starved to death, they had him out and crowned him, and then rode him on a rail about the village.

"Well, he died before morning. He wasn't even expecting to go to heaven, much less that there was going to be a fuss made over him. So I reckon he was a little surprised when the reception he was given broke over him."

What a world ours will be when justice reigns and merit is the only test in individual living!

EDITORIAL

JOE CANNON ON POVERTY

IT will be recalled that ex-President Taft, who was once asked a question, gained immortality through his answer.

Joe Cannon recently sang his swan song, in the course of which he took occasion to answer the same question.

Inasmuch as both he and Mr. Taft are of the same political faith and entertain views in common upon tariff and other questions, the radical difference in their answers to this important question is as significant as unexpected.

Said Mr. Cannon:

"The human animal is uncomfortable when there is extreme poverty. If I were a young man and had a wife and five or six children, and there was no employment and they were hungry and starving, as primeval man did, I would take with a strong hand and dare the law, because that would be the only way to get it. Since I could not get it by labor, I would get it otherwise rather than starve and see my children starve."

It would be interesting to know whether he would have given this answer before his constituents decided to end his official career. The man with a job lives in quite another world from the fellow who is jobless.

Uncle Joe is now in the latter class without a union card.

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THE INDIVIDUAL AND SOCIETY

PHILOSOPHY discovers that mankind is one, and civilization confirms the revelation.

"First comes the self-consciousness of the individual, then of the family, and afterward successively of the nation and the race. Humanity, begotten an unself-conscious unit, was splintered into fractions by self-consciousness; and history shows us how it voluntarily recombines until it becomes a unit once more, every atom conscious of the whole and the whole feeling through all its component parts."

This fine summary is one of the many notes to be heard at present, showing that a new symphony is growing, ready for the harmony of universal chorus.

The breaking of the primitive unity into separate units through self-preservation and self-consciousness, and the combining of all again into a vital whole, are the two continuous processes in the past and will continue to be in future history.

But these two are supplementary, not antagonistic.

If we look at evolution in human society in one way, we seem to see means ceaselessly at work to separate men and bring out their distinctive qualities or individualities..

Looked at from another viewpoint, unity of interests and enlargement of interdependence appear the chief motif at work. As a matter of fact, the threads of each tendency are found in every nation at all times.

Unity and individuality are the two desirable products in human development and both must increase as time goes on.

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A BIT OF GROUND

IT would be difficult to account for the origin of the desire to dig in the ground in the springtime which comes to every normal man.

When the grass begins to take on an added shade of green, with advent of robin and meadow lark, there comes a longing to seize spade or hoe and dig in the ground.

There is something in the abounding life of the springtime, that awakens a desire in the heart of man to aid nature in her effort to express herself in leaf, and blossom and fruit. The desire is undoubtedly a survival from the period when agriculture was man's chief occupation.

Jack London in his famous classic, "The Call of the Wild," shows the influence of environment

over the nature of a dog and its power to cause reversion to primitive type. So with civilized man, his savage instincts are not obliterated, only controlled in their exercise, and environment is the controlling factor.

Return man to his primitive environment and there is reversion.

Man and environment—it is these that have created civilization. Through the action and reaction of the two man has been lifted higher and ever higher in the scale of manhood.

But, whatever the origin of the desire to dig in the ground in the springtime, it is not an evidence of reversion to indulge it. A bit of ground where one can get close to the soil, where day by day the unfathomable processes through which nature expresses the secret at her heart may be watched and noted, and through which he is made to feel his oneness with her and with her life, is a most beneficent factor in the life of any man.

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

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THE PRICE OF FREEDOM

THOREAU once said: "To please our friends and relatives we turn out our silver ore in cartloads, while we neglect to work our mines of gold—known only to ourselves, far up in the Sierras, where we pulled up a bush in our mountain walk and saw the glittering treasure. Let us return thither; let it be the price of our freedom to make that known."

Men are prone to think when remembering the service rendered by a few heroic souls that they were of different clay than the average, or had some special call for their work. Of course, the world has had its geniuses, but great reforms have for the most part not come through these. They have usually come through persons of ordinary ability, whose only peculiar traits have been steadfastness of purpose in following all the truth which their own hearts had revealed to them.

These have been men who could not be intimidated by popular clamor nor cowed into submission by the good-natured content of friends.

No special genius is claimed for the early anti-slavery leaders; they simply recognized an evil that thousands of others also saw, and differed from these others in that they gave their hearts and lives to the effort to right the wrong.

Columbus' claims to the original discovery of America may be undermined. It may be proven that he possessed a knowledge of previous discoveries. But the world can never overvalue the moral grandeur which lay in the persistence and unyielding determination with which he acted upon the theories and rumors which others passed lightly by.

Fidelity to the truth of one's own heart, loyalty to the highest voice which speaks, is the price of freedom. Nothing short of the rich gold ore away up in the Sierras of our hearts will satisfy the demand made upon us. We must give of our best; the cartloads of silver ore will not suffice. He gets most from life who gives most of himself.

Said Herbert Spencer: "Not as adventitious will the wise man regard the faith which is in him. The highest truth he sees he will fearlessly utter; knowing that, let what may come of it, he is thus playing his right part in the world—knowing that if he can effect the change he aims at, well; if not, well also, though not so well."

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TOUCHING THE BEDROCK

DISPATCH from Dayton during the flood: "Money can't buy anything, a man with $1,000,000 could not buy a loaf of bread, but he could get at the relief stations as many loaves as he needed for his family. In every section of the city there are long bread lines composed of the well-to-do and the poor, the well dressed and the

ragged, waiting for supplies of food. There is no food on sale."

Rather wholesome once in a while to find out the difference between a piece of gold and a loaf of bread, is it not?

The big problems of the world will be settled finally only as we learn the difference between what satisfies real need and the things which have no genuine value.

The workers must be the fulcrum for the moving of the world, because they are the necessary, bread-giving, shelter-supplying factor in social life.

"Money cannot buy anything." It never can buy anything worth having unless labor has produced the something.

Let us think this through to the end!

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DEMOCRACY'S NEXT NEW TOOL

THE New York Sun pertinently asks:

"Does government by the people, Republican-Democratic self-government, mean in municipal affairs this foolishness, this waste, this rule of savages, this constant and inevitable intestine war of departments and heads of departments, this lingering death of civic pride, activity and hopefulness to which the Roman municipia of the empire show the only parallel? Are the kindliest, sympathetic foreigners right in believing that here is where government by the people has "broken down?" Can Americans rule soberly and sanely a little town by town meetings, a county, a state, a federal government, but not a city?"

If this were simply the opinion of one editorial writer it might not be worthy of attention. But there is scarcely a thoughtful student of municipal government who would not agree with the writer. Many would not confine their opinion to municipal government alone. They would declare it equally true of all representative government as at present administered.

It is emphatically not true that democracy is a failure. For democracy, save in town meetings, has never been tried in this country. It probably never will be for the reason that beyond the boundaries of a township it is not practicable.

There is, however, a form of representation very near democracy that is practicable to city, state and nation. This is proportional representation. During the past month the voters of Los Angeles came very near adopting it in their city government. Had the plain people who had most at stake in its adoption really understood, it would now be a part of Los Angeles' charter.

Through its use most if not all of the evils of which the writer quoted complains would be eliminated. Every official would be made personally responsible to some group or organization of voters. Elections would cease to be games of chance as now. The best uses of parties would be secured without their abuses. Minority representation gives full publicity before action and makes wiser action certain.

Justice and civic righteousness will not prevail until industry is socialized, but every step by which Labor can make itself felt will improve conditions.

Proportional representation is the next new tool democracy will use to prove that it is not a failure.

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FREEDOM AND A JOB

THE Santa Fe Railroad Company, it is claimed, compels its flagmen in Los Angeles to work long hours—often fifteen hours a day.

One of the men thus employed was a Socialist. When agitation was begun for the passage of Socialist Assemblyman Kingsley's eight-hour bill, this man, exercising what he conceived to be the right of every freeman, circulated a petition for signatures.

But, he neglected to consult his master in the matter. As a result, to use his own language, "I was canned quicker than I ever knew a man could be canned."

Jobless at sixty-three! Because he did what any true man would do to retain his self-respect. And this in our great free republic! This in a

state where the high-water mark has been reached in political democracy!

Yet how free was this man? Failing to consult the interest of his former master; choosing the rather to serve his own interests and those of his class; he is now free to look for another job and not finding it, to starve or steal.

This the system and this the freedom which all save the Socialists would perpetuate. And this is not an isolated case—'tis one of many.

Is it not apparent then that every form of freedom will be but mockery to the workers until industrial freedom has been won?

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THE HERO IN DEMOCRACY

THE prizewinner in democracy is ever the man in the ranks. Democracy means this or nothing. Indeed, history writ large is the story of the downmost man coming into his own. The populace may have shouted its ac claims for the epaulets, for the leaders, but the real prize has ever belonged to the common man.

Throughout the ages in the evolution of society and the growth of the state, wider and ever wider has the door been opened for the entrance of the common man into all life's affairs. From out the mists of the ages larger and larger has his figure loomed on the world's horizon.

He has been compelled to struggle for the possession of his birthright, but the necessary struggle for each successive gain has but prepared him for storming the next citadel that opposed his progress.

What though much in immediate gain has gone to rulers in power or to power behind rulers, his has ever been the real victory.

The laws of the universe are so framed that it must needs be so. The triumphs of justice and democracy are all for him.

The common man has not yet come into his own. In the future, however, there will come a day when he shall stand an uncrowned king on the earth. In that day, he shall set forth with a manhood greater than any the earth has yet known as his goal.

When all earth's battles for freedom have been won then shall he enter into his full heritage.

In that day he will be king.

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THROUGH OTHERS' EYES

THE color of passing events is determined largely by the eye which observes. They shine by reflected light. The sense of vision and the mechanism of the eye does not differ materially in different persons. Yet the thing seen takes on as many different forms as the number of observing eyes. General characteristics may, and often do, remain the same; but there is a wide divergence in details.

It causes a feeling of lonesomeness often, when, as at this season of the year, one has given himself completely to the enjoyment of the spring morning to realize that there is no other eye on earth seeing exactly the same morning.

The loneliness of a crowded city street, where the eye greets no face other than a strange one, is the superlative of loneliness. Yet there is a sense in which he who has most of human association still lives a life of isolation. The sense of isolation which the true artist or poet is compelled to feel in the average community is of this character. The knowledge that we know and can know little of the real inner life or self of those nearest and dearest sometimes comes home with a terribly depressing effect.

We may number our friends by the score or by the thousand, and yet there are none who know us or can know us as we know ourselves. Some can enter more appreciatively into our lives than others, but the difference is one of degree only.

In the very nature of things much of the life of every individual must be of this isolated character. There is no escape from it. In large measure each is compelled to use his own sense of vision and to see with his own eyes. Yet there is such a thing as seeing through others' eyes. Much

of the wrong and injustice in the world arises from the fact that few people possess the ability or the disposition to see through others' eyes. More than this, the vast majority of human beings seem content to see only through their own eyes. They have no desire to see otherwise.

The men and women who have aided most in the world's progress, however, have not been of this class. They have been of those who were able to enter appreciatively into the lives, not only of friends and associates, but of all kinds and conditions of men and women. To anticipate their needs and in some measure comprehend their lives. This they could do because possessing the ability to see through their eyes.

This power, either temperamental or acquired, determines perhaps more than the possession of any other, the degree of usefulness of every citizen to his day and generation. Whether nature has or has not been generous in this regard, it is worth cultivating. There is no better evidence of culture, no possession which can bring to one's own life greater satisfaction and contentment than the ability to see through others' eyes.

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A BANKER'S FAUX PAS

A MOST amusing incident was that which occurred in Los Angeles where the opponents of Socialism recently met in conference to arrange for a political union in the coming city election.

The chairman of the meeting was a prominent bank president who is as afraid of a Socialist as is a mouse of a cat. In assuming the post of chairman to preside over the heterogeneous mess, this financial magnate let the cat out of the bag when he declared that the necessity for the get-together conference was due to the fact that the good-name and fair-fame of the city was seriously menaced by the danger of Socialist success.

The standpat Republicans, Democrats, Progressives, Liquor and Temperance men all must come to the rescue of the "chosen of the Lord" from the awful menace of Socialism. This was solemnly announced as the chief reason for the unnatural union.

Now while every intelligent citizen knew this as the sole reason for the attempt to scramble the incongruous elements, they had supposed that the leaders would have sufficient sense to attempt to disguise the real motive.

Whatever admiration one may have for the honesty and sincerity of the banker chairman, it must be conceded that he scarcely possesses the requisite qualifications for a successful politician.

Like the Irishman's parrot, he talks too blamed much.

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POLITICAL ACTION ACTS!

IF anyone ever doubted the power of votes, the flutter in the Los Angeles chicken coop the first week in April should have taught its lesson.

What a hurly burly of cackles, crows and flapping wings!

What, oh what would happen if oil and water did not get promptly together and mix in a beautiful emulsion.

"The red peril"—how it blurred all issues between black and white, fish or fowl, the benighted and the elect!

It has been a beautiful exhibit of brethren dwelling together in unity.

Incidentally, all the near Socialism that could be burnished up for the occasion has been put up in exhibit. Every candidate who could claim any "original Socialist" traditions has been more available because thereof.

O, it has been a merry circus!

If it were not that there is real work to be done, it would be rather interesting to let these children dance awhile to the Socialist fiddle.

As it is, if the imitation makes a pretty show, the real thing would actually get results and make Los Angeles a city to lead the world.

Success to the Socialist ticket!

PLAYS, PLAYERS & PLAYWRIGHTS

By MILA TUPPER MAYNARD

WHO ARE THE MODERNS IN DRAMA?

ALL who write at the present time are not necessarily modern. Their work might often have been done from two generations to two centuries ago.

It is not easy to define the qualities which make a work distinctively of today and for today.

Ashley Duke thus defines this subtle difference: The moderns are distinguished from the mob of authors in their own period, he affirms most clearly. "It is simply that they are in touch with or in advance of the thought of their own time; that their work breaks new paths, offers new forms and modes of expression; that the men and women they create do not merely reflect the conditions under which they live and the spirit of their age, but are dynamic, developing, continually offering a criticism of those conditions, and so projecting themselves into the future and making history. * * * Above all, the persons of the drama must be engaged not only in being but becoming. The final curtain must see them changed. Both they and the audience must have learned something. They are the transition men of a transition period, the bridge between yesterday and tomorrow."

This all has meaning, it will be noted, only as one sees society as a growing, branching, blossoming life—a great whole growing by the upward-pushing energy of all its parts.

So possessed of the idea is Bernard Shaw that it is the essence of his religion, which to him is not at all a joke. In deadly earnest he says that a man is in the world to co-operate with the onward urge of social growth, and that the spirit which prompts such effort is the Divine Reality—which gives all things meaning. This is the one "real game" worth the playing in a universe which is on the side of the "good game," as he puts it in "Blanco Posnet."

The method by which this push from today toward tomorrow is secured is not essential. In the drama it is often connected with the naturalist technique. Any method, new or old, which holds with dramatic power is modern, provided it is rooted in the vital life of today and reaches out to an approaching future. Usually this will mean a life struggle of some kind, and the more closely this is knit with essential factors in progress, the more truly modern the play.

To the Socialist, the most essential forces are those which make for Labor's growth in solidarity. Hence the plays we await are those revealing this mighty force in its mighty potency.

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THE EASIEST WAY

The play which was the sensation of the New York season two years ago has been among us—Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way."

This is a bit of deliberate propaganda. Its author was a "soap-boxer" in the New York campaign of a decade ago. He found a means for reaching a wider audience. Incidentally, he found a way to fill his empty purse.

It is hard to trace the origin of the present phenomenal agitation regarding the white slave trade. But not least of the countless agencies by which society has been forced to face its industrial cause is this play.

With the precision of a surgeon probing a festering sore, Walter shows the ease with which the wrong path is entered, the horrible difficulty of keeping in the right path. With such skill is the work done that few plays of the generation offer such opportunity to the actors.

Unfortunately, the play ends just where "the easiest way" becomes the most horribly hard way the universe contains. While this is implied, the average imagination cannot picture in its grewsome horror the hell at the bottom of the abyss to which the "easy" way leads.

The play is a straight economic gospel, but it is also very strong dramatic art. A young woman who has been supported in luxury for some time by "a friend," meets a young Western man willing to overlook the past while both start anew. The girl attempts the task of self-support in New York City, knowing nothing but the stage and debarred from that by the machinations of the discarded lover. After a hard struggle she gives up.

A few weeks later her Western lover, whom she has not enlightened, appears with a fortune and a marriage license, only to find that the girl who welcomes him devotedly has lied to as well as betrayed him and he leaves her to a fate all too apparent.

The work is well done. You see the girl's struggles in all their sordid bitterness—the strenuous landlady demanding overdue rent, the diet of milk and crackers, the surreptitious eating in a room against rules, the ebbing pennies from the last valuable pawned, the final surrender to what seemed the inevitable.

It is all easy to understand, easy to pity in sympathetic heart-break—but cause and effect are not pitiful.

The girl pays the price none the less. She weakens in character, coarsens in spirit until she is utterly unable to tell her lover the truth. The toboggan slide to complete inferno is easy to predict after the fall of the curtain.

The lesson is taught plainly enough and the play avoids throwing any glamour over the path of least resistance. In this it differed from "The Escape," a play recently "tried out" in the West and now playing in Chicago. Here an ignorant girl escaped the slums and after years of support in a luxurious flat emerges a fine, intelligent, strong character, full of ideas and high purpose, and marries a broad-minded physician.

It is a miracle play since by no law of rhyme or reason could the results be obtained. Almost as fearful and wonderful is the play's chief presumption—that the people of the slums should not be allowed to marry.

Truth to character and the natural development of real people is the essential element in the drama, and Eugene Walter has not missed the mark. He has "counted it crime to let a truth slip." A great work is the result.

—Photo by Moffitt.

Florence Reed
Starring in "The Easiest Way."

A Man or a System?

"Rutherford and Son," by Githa Sowerby is a drama which has attracted much attention in book form. In England it has been a pronounced success and adds a woman to the list of notable current dramatists. Moreover she is a young woman in her early twenties and writes with a sure grip and stern maturity, which the critics are pleased to term "masculine" to the point of genius.

The play pictures John Rutherford as head of a manufacturing concern for which he has worked with a devotion and narrow fixity of purpose which crowds everything else out of his life. In one way or another he ruins the life of each of his children until his autocratic brutality has driven every one from his home except a daughter-in-law and her child, a baby boy.

This mother of the babe makes a bargain that she and the child shall be supported for ten years and then the boy will belong to his grandfather, "For," she says, "in ten years you will be an old man and not able to make people afraid of you any more."

The offer is accepted and the old fanatic seems quite content since there is to be but one to inherit the business and keep intact its greatness.

This old ogre of parental tyranny seems almost too abominable for human shape. The play is written in such prosaic, naturalistic fashion that symbolism seems out of the question. Yet what could better express the effect of commercialism upon all humanity than this picture of a father whose very breath is a curse?

One son is despised because he is a preacher and he feels that through his father's influence all the community regard his work with secret contempt.

Another son makes a discovery important in the business but is robbed of it by his father.

A daughter is driven from home into white slave paths.

All in all, in America at least, this Rutherford resembles much more the "System" than he does any domestic autocrat ever seen on land or sea.

Remember the name of this girl—Githa Sowerby—you are likely to hear it again.

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OLIVER HERFORD SINGS THE PRAISES OF G. B. SHAW

In the American Magazine Oliver Herford contributes the following verses on George Bernard Shaw under the captain, "Celebrities I Have Not Met." Following are his lines:

"GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

"The very name of Bernard Shaw
Fills me with mingled mirth and awe.
Mixture of Mephistopheles,
Don Quixote, and Diogenes,
The Devil's wit, the Don's romance
Joined to the cynic's arrogance.
Framed on the Pythagorean plan,
A Vegetable Souperman.
Here you may see him crowned with bay
The greatest playwright of his day;
Observe the look of self-distrust
And diffidence—upon the bust."

♣ ♣ ♣

SPRING

"For it's spring! the willow tells us; and it's spring the blossoms say,
And it's spring! the warm sun carols as it wakes the early day.
But you'd know if all were silent, by your new heart's glad refrain."

BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

ROBERT MINOR AND HIS BLUNT CRAYON

THE cartoon has "center stage" these days. In fact, it has the entire stage, including all available spotlights and an extra row of footlights. It is the whole show, and, from all appearances, threatens to hold its position for many and many a day—oh, for a long, long time—at least a year.

The cartoon is a popular form of Art. Many newspaper editors are little concerned over "star" reporters, snappy "feature" writers, profound editorialists, "sob sisters" and overworked "funny fellows." Give them a good cartoonist and their joy is unlimited. A cartoonist is a better editorialist than a dozen Brisbanes. One person in a hundred may read an editorial; everybody "reads" cartoons. There's the difference—cartoons "get across." Please remember, I am speaking of good cartoons.

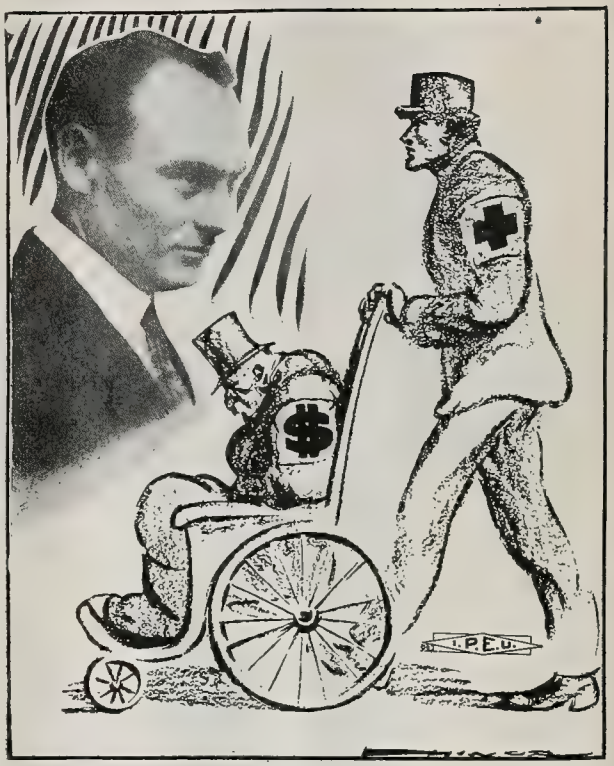
And, having spoken of good cartoons, I feel that this is the psychological moment to ring in the name of Robert Minor, Jr., the St. Louis Post-Dispatch's matinee idol. It has taken him but a few years to become world-famous. Everybody knows Minor and his rough, blunt crayon.

In the March issue of "Cartoons" appears a brief article by Minor on "Cartoons, the Slang of Art." Slang, says Minor, is the most successful mode of expression. "The cartoon is fascinatingly simple and its appeal persuasively direct," Minor remarks.

The cartoonist and short-story writer have one thing in common: they strive heroically to use only such material as will enable them to emphasize the theme. Anything unnecessary—even a single crayon-stroke or a single word—dare not be used by a good cartoonist or an artistic short-story writer. "Leave out everything you can!" exclaims the cartoonist. "Don't say too much!" cries the writer. All of which means that the modern writer must not be a slave to detail. So, instead of becoming complex, modern art is striving for simplicity—and attaining it. What you don't say is even more important than what you do say. To leave out, to eliminate embarrassing detail is more difficult than to put in an overdose of non-essentials.

William Hazlitt, in his interesting "Table Talk," tells of Denner finishing his unmeaning portraits with a microscope, and without being ever weary of his fruitless task. Denner was not an artist in the true sense of the word. To magnify an object to reproduce each wrinkle, hair and speck is a sign of patience, care and industry, but no indication of genius. It is not enough to merely place the mirror up to nature.

Emerson, in his wonderful essay on art, says the painter should give the suggestion of a fairer creation than we know. In other words, Emerson tells us to value the expression of nature, and not nature herself. In a portrait, says our seer, he must inscribe the character, and not the features.



Robert Minor, Jr.

Mere realism is not art. To say otherwise would lead one to the conclusion that the photographer's camera is one of the highest mediums of art, for it does, in truth, mirror nature's most minute details.

And now we come to Minor's blunt crayon. Says Minor:

"When I use a large, blunt crayon it is not for the sake of the appearance of the lines, but because it forces simplicity—for you cannot draw tedious details with a big crayon."

* * *

The reader may, at first thought, conclude that it is an impertinence to talk of a cartoonist in a "Books and Reading" department. I believe a person may discuss cartoons and still have in mind a philosophy of literature. A cartoon is expression. Literature is expression. The difference is not in expression but in form; that is all. Each has its bearing on the other.

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POOR DAVIDSON

In speaking of "The New Poetry," last month, I said: "John Davidson, John Hall Wheelock, and a half dozen others, including a few Americans, are writing poetry that is new——" Of course, I meant to say John Masefield instead of John Davidson. My typewriter de-

The Woman's View

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

THE COMING MOTHERHOOD

It takes great strength to train
To modern service your ancestral brain,
To lift the weight of the unnumbered years
Of dead men's habits, methods, and ideas;
To hold that back with one hand and support
With the other the weak steps of the new thought
—*Gilman.*

THIS very well expresses the predicament of modern motherhood. Behind it lie "the weight of the unnumbered years, dead men's habits, methods, and ideas," the idealization of the individual mother, of duty limited to family. And these confuse and retard the development of the newly awakened social sense. Before it, equally confusing because of their newness and immensity, lie the conditions that tend toward a social motherhood—a motherhood richer and stronger than the old as the oak is stronger than the acorn from which it sprang.

It has so long been the accepted view that a mother fulfilled her obligations to a "T" if she knew how to cook, washed the babies' faces thoroughly, kept father's socks darned well, and always wore a cheerful smile, that it is veritable heresy to suggest a change or an improvement. This in spite of the fact that our daily life reveals the fact that the old conception no longer fully serves its purpose.

The idea still clings that the mother is needed nowhere except in the family, though the family occasionally suffers from ptomaine poisoning, the result of eating canned goods, which mother didn't cook; though stockings are made of such shoddy material that darning them is a thankless task; though the streets, where the babies must now play, are so dirty that to wash their faces is a mere matter of form.

But this old idea is by no means complete master of the field. The thought, which pictures THE mother as meeting the problems of the world with other mothers and with fathers, is growing, if slowly.

Like all the ideals that have won their way onto the forum of human achievements, the ideal of social motherhood comes through many years of painful experience. And though it calls but faintly as yet to a few women, to a great many it comes as a clarion call, bidding them face grim facts that will not go unheeded.

It calls to the wives of strikers as the pangs of hunger grip their little ones and they are powerless to relieve them; to the women who see their little sisters driven into the streets because of starvation wages; to the mothers who see the free young spirit they have given their children crushed by hopeless drudgery for the sake of profit; to the mothers who see sons and husbands and fathers slain in mines and lumber camps and battle fields. To all these it calls and to millions more.

Through the blindness of many tears they see the vision. But pain drives them swiftly toward it. Each mother is beginning to say, "Alone I am nothing. I cannot protect my own children unless I protect the children of the world. The strength of one is but a single stone to be washed away by the torrent of exploitation. But the strength of many is a dam that will turn the torrent from its course."

And when the torrent with all its swirling load of logs and gravel and underbrush is turned aside, then will it be time to make of the earth, which it has covered, a garden spot beyond comparison.

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ceived me. That doesn't mean Davidson's poetry is bad—by no means. But Davidson is not among those who "are writing poetry," because, poor fellow, he did something drastic four or five years ago—he died.

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UTILITARIANISM

There are many intelligent persons who are proud of their utilitarianism. A thing should justify its existence by "doing something concrete, useful and necessary." Such persons look on Niagara Falls and sigh:

"Ah, see the good horsepower going to waste! Let's harness the power and make it work for us."

That, in a word, is the philosophy of the utilitarian. I cannot agree. I believe a thing of beauty is worthy of existence and admiration even though it may not operate a sewing machine or bake a loaf of bread. A thing of beauty is a joy forever, exclaimed Keats. A thing of beauty is useful because it is beautiful.

The utilitarian philosophy is as bread to the stomach. But we cannot live by bread alone. We must have something for the soul—music, poems, pictures.

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ECHOES FROM PASSERSBY

(What I heard one day when I tried to fill up the gap of lonesomeness by entering into the spirit of other people's troubles.)

In my city it is an accident when one gets a seat in a street car. (I suppose in your city there are no straphangers.)

Well, anyhow, on this lonesome morning the accident of getting a seat happened to me. Someone carelessly pushed me into one. And immediately I began to cheer up. The world didn't seem such a bad place after all. The weather was fine. And the people—but what was the matter with the people!

Here are some of the comments that floated around:

"Say, look at that two hundred-pounder go through the crowd." "Gee, ain't that conductor the fresh guy!" "Pardon me, you're standing on my foot." "That motorman isn't fit to run a car. He ought to be driving a plow with a bell on it." "If the rails were laid straight it wouldn't be so hard to stand up." "It looks as though some people have just got to give you a shove that

The Star of Destiny

By Stanley B. Wilson

THE uncle of the first Napoleon once sought to dissuade him from further attempts at conquest, urging the dangers that beset such a course. Napoleon caught his uncle by the arm, and drawing him to a window, pointing upward, impulsively inquired: "Do you see that star?" "No," replied the astonished pleader. "Well, I do!" exclaimed the ambitious soldier.

The purpose of this article is to direct the mental vision, through the gloom of greed, and selfishness, and injustice, and wrong that is too much with us, to the star of hope, the star of enlightenment, the star of human ascendancy, the star that signals the birth of a new era for America and mankind—the ever-rising, ever-brightening star of Socialism.

Look up into the sky on a clear night and you behold two thousand or more sparkling orbs that look like jewels set in the grand overarching canopy.

Most of these are suns similar to our own. Many of them are inconceivably vast in size—probably a thousand times larger than our sun. They look very small only because of their distance from us.

The nearest one that has been measured is twenty-five trillions of miles from us in the measureless depths of space, and some have been measured that are nearly forty times as far away.

These stars are not mere separate twinkling dots in space to decorate the sky. Each has a system of worlds of its own, and like our own supplies light, heat, attraction and cohesion to its individual system. The heavens are one immense organized system with intimate relationships and laws for their government.

Man is by nature a civic creature. He is a creature of organization. By virtue of this, "all action by individuals toward incorporating their views in laws and public policy must be through associations or groupings of individuals." Organization implies order. Order implies government.

The highest social triumph is that which puts government in the hands of all associations, or groups, or parties affected by it. The best government is that which best serves the best interests of the human family.

Astronomy is the most ancient of all the sciences. The Chinese have astronomical annals claiming to go back 2857 years B. C. All down the ages the study of the heavenly bodies has been prosecuted as of chief importance among the sciences—the basis and illumination of all the sciences.

The science of social astronomy is the basis and illumination of all that is vital to social man.. Let us cast our eyes to the great widespread social firmament and conjure for a time with this star of destiny.

It is not a freak.

In astronomy there is a vast difference in the heavenly bodies. The planets have fixed orbits in which they make regular revolutions that do not vary from century to century. Comets, on the other hand, are very different in their nature. A comet will suddenly burst into view, dash around the sun, and fly away into the unknown realms of space. They have been called the tramps of the solar system.

For many thousands of years, in an orbit over three and one-half billion miles in length, a great

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sends your hat over one ear." "Wish I had a pin to stick that fellow to make him move."

"How I would hate to be the car company if this crowd went after it," thought I.

But have you noticed, for some reason, the crowd never goes after the car company.

For lunch I went to the usual cafeteria. Near one of the windows sat two women who attracted me by the striking contrast they formed. So I put my tray on a table near them.

One of them was heavily built. Her clothes were in every respect "the latest thing out." Her voice was affected. The other was a pert little wren, whose clothes were not noticeable at all. At least, I didn't notice them. I noticed only her bright brown eyes, which were soft and meet one moment, and the next sparkled with the most surprising mischeviousness.

"What is the meaning of that sign—Metropolitan Cooks' Association?" she asked her large friend.

"Oh, that is an elaborated title meaning Cooks' Union," was the reply.

"A woman's union?" The brown eyes were mildly innocent.

"Of course not, Rheta. What a question! How could women belong to a cooks' union? A union is a fighting organization. It fights the people its members work for. Women cook for their families. They have nothing to fight about."

"The poor ones cook for their families," responded the little lady. "And they don't like it any too well. It's no wonder they don't, either. This having a cookery in every house is about the most wasteful thing imaginable. How much would the owners of this cafeteria make, do you think, if they cooked up a little plateful of stuff in the home of each customer instead of handling it all together as they do here?"

"But the cooking by women for their families has nothing to do with economy," was the indignant rejoiner. "They do it for love."

The brown eyes took on that surprising sparkle.

"It's a pity, then, that love should muddle up even such a prosaic problem as that of cooking."

In the evening I went to the Women's Trade Union League headquarters. I had no special business there. In fact, I had important business elsewhere. But you know what a contrary creature lonesomeness is.

A group of women, among them several of the marchers in the recent pageant at Washington, were discussing the treatment accorded the suffragists there. Most of the conversation expressed high indignation.

"You don't seem to take it to heart as much as the rest of us, Miss ————," said one of the group to an elderly woman who, judging from the conversation, was among the standard-bearers of the procession.

"Don't I?" she questioned. "I wonder is it really true that I don't?" She paused to think a moment, taking the charge quite seriously.

comet coursed through the sky at a speed fifty times greater than the speed of a rifle bullet. A few years ago this stupendous solar tramp took a brief stroll, brushed by our earth, and every eye was watchful for a glimpse of the wonderful vagrant of the sky.

Socialism is not a tramp or a vag. It is not a social freak. It is not a new-fangled scheme of social salvation. It is the simple, sane, stable, free, forceful principle that has actuated prophets, and statesmen, and humanitarians since systems of government began.

I see the lone Israelite—his heart throbbing with indignation against the oppressions of Pharoah—face the tyrant with flashing eyes and voice vibrant with the courage of commanding conviction, and I hear his demand: "Let my people go!" I hear his cry to his Lord: "Save my people; if not, let me be blotted out of the Book of Life!"

I tell you he was under the spell of the same star of destiny, the same social impulse that is sending the workers to the polls today to smite with the silent, yet invincible weapon of the ballot, the modern Pharaoh of capitalism.

Centuries later I see a scholar probing the social strata of his day. I see the same look of indignation and courage. I hear the same vibrant tone: "Ye have eaten up the vineyard; the spoils of the poor is in your houses. What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor?"

Many centuries later I see a company of men, with the same look and the same tone. They are facing a crisis involving the destinies of nations—yes, of mankind. What are they saying? "All men are created equal"; "all just powers under God are derived from the consent of the governed!"

When Garrison said: "The great fundamental fact of anti-slavery is that man cannot hold property in man"; and Wendell Phillips penned that splendid resolution more than a half century ago, "Resolved, That we declare war with the system, which demoralizes alike the hirer and the hired, cheats both, and enslaves the working man; war with the present system of finance, which robs labor and gorges capital, makes the rich richer and the poor poorer, and turns a republic into an aristocracy of wealth"; and Abraham Lincoln declared that "to secure to each laborer the full product of his labor is a worthy object of any government," they were fired by the same spirit, inspired by the same stellar social influences that warms the lips and impels the pens of our Debs, and Seidels, and Bergers, and Stitt Wilsons, and Harrimans, and Maynards and Warrens, and their many colleagues today.

Joseph Cook used to say: "The nineteenth century has made the whole world one neighborhood. The twentieth century ought to endeavor to make this one neighborhood into one brotherhood.

"The world was once a block of marble. Struck on one side, the other side did not quiver. But it is now like a mass of nerve fibre. Wound the modern world anywhere and it winces everywhere. There are no foreign lands. There can be no more hermit nations."

Over the cradle of this new century shines today this star of destiny, heralding a new era of social relationship among men and shedding a sensitizing and energizing influence of ever-increasing intensity and expansion.

This star of destiny is the star of hope to the whole world of humanity.

I have chosen the figure of a star because a star is a creature of nature, and as such expresses something that is integral, something that conforms with the great universal plan.

The Socialist is often looked upon as a dreamer, a theorist, a fanatic. His doctrines are pronounced visionary, impractical, unreliable, even dangerous. But measured by the fundamental—the deepest and purest principles of Americanism—he is the most normal kind of a citizen.

It is argued against Socialism that it promises an unnatural and impossible equality—a resolving to a dead level of the whole mass of humanity.

Socialism asks and offers nothing that is not promised by the Constitution of our country and the common rights of mankind.

Socialism does not mean to reduce all men to a dead level, but to lift up all men to the limit of their abilities.

It does not mean dividing up the wealth of the world. It means putting the sources of wealth in the hands of the wealth-producers.

It does not level down. It levels up.

It does not discourage initiative and enterprise, but indolence and exploitation.

It guarantees nothing to nobody, except the full product of labor expended.

It is only the scientific application of the principle of the square deal.

Emerson advised: "Hitch your wagon to a star." But when we point to our star of destiny with the same advice we are pronounced Utopians.

Well, let's seek Utopia. It's better to seek much and get less than seek little and be satisfied.

Socialism has access to the stars. It is the star of destiny.

"Rather than Utopian," says George Dole, "it is the wisest possible application of practical common sense to human relationships in the place of individual prejudice and privilege, with their countless train of barbarities."

"The spirit of Socialism," says Rev. Charles H. Vail, "is fraternal, and its aim is to realize the brotherhood of man in all the relations of life. It recognizes the solidarity of the human race, and would surround men with an economic and social environment that would minister to that ideal."

Is this Utopian? Then there is nothing worth while practical. It is to this the best minds of the ages have aspired. It is to this the best souls of the present are applying themselves.

Is it Utopian? Then we are hitched to our star and it will take us to our desired destiny.

"Today," says Edward Bellamy, "it matters little how weak the voice of the preacher may be, for the current of affairs, the logic of events, is doing his work and preaching his sermon for him.

"This is why there is ground today for a higher-hearted hope, that a greater deliverance for humanity is at hand than was ever before justified.

"When sun and moon together pull the sea, a mighty tide is sure to come. So today, when the spiritual and economic tendencies of the times are for once working together; when the spirit of this age, and the Divine Spirit of all ages, for once are on the same side, hope becomes reason and confidence is but common sense."

AS YOU LOOK AT IT

Wealthy Tourist—"They tell me that only a few years ago men actually killed each other on the slightest provocation right here in this place."

Western Booster of His Home Town—"They tell me they're still workin' women an' children an' killin' folks in the shops an' factories back East there. Takin' them a long time to catch up with us out here, ain't it?"

Message of the New Revolution

By Harold Story

Harold Story, of Whittier College, delivered the subjoined at the twenty-fourth Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, March 27, winning first prize. This is the second time within a year that Harold Story has come away with flying colors, each time choosing radical subjects. He is a member of the County General Committee of the Socialist Party of Los Angeles.

CENTURY upon century, age after age, the workers of the world have toiled upward toward the light. The story of their bitter struggle to rise out of bondage and barbarism is the true history of the human race. The fundamental force behind this struggle, the energy behind man's evolution has always been human toil. But only in recent years have the world's manual and mental laborers begun to realize that they are the indispensable agents of social and economic advance.

When the masses emerged from the gloomy gulf of prehistoric savagery they had to gain a foothold before they could continue their climb. Slowly, with infinite pain, they carved out one after another the empires of the ancient world. Egypt and Greece, Carthage and Rome were successive steps of their progress. But though slaves and plebians made the conquests, patricians and emperors reaped the reward. At last, driven to desperation, the workers rebelled against the Caesars. Swiftly the empires crumbled. Rome fell, imperialism was overthrown, feudalism was ushered in.

Through the next thousand years, the "dark ages," humanity still plodded on. In these centuries of reaction and conflict the culture of the south and the vigor of the north were gradually welded together. Now serfs and servants fought the battles of progress; knights and kings stole the profit and prize. Again the wretched workers rebelled against their despotic masters. Terrific revolutions swept over America, France, England, and Germany. In a mighty upheaval feudalism was banished and a third social system, capitalism, was placed on the throne.

Thus far had humanity climbed unknowing, unconscious, unseeing. But with the advent of the new period, the modern capitalistic age, a few of the workers commenced to realize that man was on an upward journey. Through the shifting mists they caught occasional glimpses of bright upper slopes, rising in the golden glow of the warm sunlight. They dreamed of a fair future day when freedom should smite the shackles of slaves, when pure democracy should reign supreme, when the toilers at last should come to their own. They founded a new philosophy of political and economic progress.

This philosophy is an instrument by which the workers may behold in themselves the only creative force of human society. From its fundamental viewpoint, by means of history, economic facts and scientific laws, it interprets and analyzes the faults of society. It formulates its doctrines from rules of social growth and evolutionary advance. Recognizing that all permanent change and substantial reorganization must be brought about by the essential force of the masses, it appeals to the workers alone, shows them their trouble, its cause, and its remedy. Now that the capitalistic system has fulfilled its purpose, now that humanity is at last ready to rise into the light, this philosophy brings an urgent message to the workers of the world. Through the voices of its earnest prophets it is sending forth this mighty manifesto:

Workers, by your toil all material value is produced. You till the soil, you work the metals, you write the books, you burrow in the bowels of the earth, you travel the trails of the land, you sail the ships of the seas. By your skilled hands and active minds the gilded palaces are builded, the mighty engines are constructed, the wealth of the world is amassed. And yet you live in huts and hovels, you do not own the tools you make, you are scorned and called "the poor." Idlers live in your palaces, plutocrats own your machines, social parasites control your wealth. Kings and capitalists, princes and priests live in luxury while you sweat in drudgery. A thousand standing armies live on what you earn. You make the loaves that nourish the world, but you give them all to your masters. You eat only the meagre crumbs, the wages they toss back to you. Workers, you are being robbed.

Toilers, most of you have ceased to live; you only miserably exist. You must struggle to earn the necessities of life; its comforts and its luxuries you cannot win. Books and poetry, music and art, all the finer things of life, all the glories of civilization, they are not for you, though you alone can produce them. Insanity and crime, disease and prostitution, with these your lot is cast. You are haunted by gaunt famine, you are victims of false charity. Your children are the child slaves; your sons and daughters taste the world's bitterest dregs. You are governed by a rule of gold, rather than the golden rule. Your bodies, your minds, your very souls are being crushed by the merciless grind of a despotic industrial system. Toilers, you are being degraded.

Laborers, without a reason of your own, without a hope of gain for yourselves, you bear arms against each other. You blindly fight the wars of the world at the command of your industrial lords. From your ranks come those who writhe and groan and bleed out their lives on the red battle fields. Nowhere among those lifeless bodies, nowhere among Mars' bloody victims can you find the mangled corpse of a single great landlord. You pay the price in blood; they reap the profit in gold. Laborers, you are robbed and degraded, and, in addition to your misery, you are murdering each other.

You may say these words are rash and bold, but, friends, are they not the truth? Where is there any material wealth that labor did not produce? And is not the world's wealth controlled by those who produce little or nothing? Are there not in this country alone ten million actual paupers? And do not the wolves ever howl about the doors of fifty million more of our citizens? Who fill the slums of the cities and the "hell-holes" of the earth? Who fill the awful sweatshops and the child labor mills? What wars are ever declared by vote of the laboring class? And whoever sees a merchant prince in the ranks of a fighting army? If these words are rash it is because the truth is rash. If these assertions are bold it is because the truth is bold.

But, workers, it is in your power to change your

unjust conditions. Nothing holds you back but a worn-out industrial system that has long since fulfilled its historical function. The fault is not greatly with your economic masters, for they are bound by gold chains as you are held by iron. You, workers, you alone can break humanity's bonds. Bright hope persuades you, progressive evolution commands you to free yourselves and the world.

Such, friends, are the primary teachings of this working-class philosophy. Standing on these teachings and believing in these doctrines there is a powerful, ever-growing working-class movement. Already a great company of your fellows is striving toward the goal. Fifty millions of them there are, from every corner of the earth, every nation of the globe. Fifty million men, women, and children, all bound together in a forward movement by a noble common cause and by humanity's brotherhood. From this great host of my comrades I bring this final appeal to you who toil.

Workers, you are the vast majority; the world is yours; take it! Socially take and socially own the instruments of production. As you socially produce, socially control the production of your toil.

"Ye sons of toil, awake to glory.
Hark! Hark! What myriads bid you rise,
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries."

Let democracy be a reality and justice rule the world. Let kindness, mercy, and love have a chance to grow and be pure. Clasp hands with your fellow man; put race and creed aside. Welcome with open hearts and helping hands that new revolution "which marks the transition * * *from wage slavery to free co-operation, from capitalist oligarchy to industrial democracy." Join that great array of your fellows and follow their conquering banner, ever onward even upward.

"Workers of the world, unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains; you have a world to win."

In Black and White

Tom and Bill—

Tom lived down in the valley, where he only saw the sun a few hours during the day. He never saw it rise, he never knew the glory of its setting. He was too far down—the walls around him were too high!

Bill lived up on top of the mountain. He saw the sun all day. He saw it burst up in the splendor of its regal glow; he saw it sink to rest amid wonderful shadings at night!

Tom just worked all day, without wondering about WHY anything was. He just took his orders and carried them out, dully, without reason. He saw people rise; he saw people fall. He saw money come and go. He saw evolution, but he didn't recognize it. He went to work; he worked; he went home.

Bill went to work; he worked; he went home. But while he worked he thought. He asked questions. When he went home he talked and he read. He heard what others had to say, and he reasoned with himself and with others about what others had to say. He saw people rise; he saw people fall. He found out why. He saw evolution and he came to recognize it.

Tom lived in the valley. Bill lived on the mountain!

♥ ♥ ♥

Move—

Move! Everything moves! The world revolves, the meteor flies through space, the river flows, the ocean roars and surges—even the lily of the field grows in beauty. Everything moves. Nature intended everything to move. Are you where you were yesterday? Are your ideas those of yesterday? Is your brain moving forward? If not you are not in accord with the universe. Be open to the new. Move! Everything moves!

Two Books that Appeal to the Best in Everyone

THE GOSPEL OF SOCIALISM

By Stanley B. Wilson

A book that makes you look into your real being and find yourself—one of those books that are filled with thoughts worth thinking and reading. Here's a little sentence from the book: "To the Socialist the test of righteousness is not personal piety, but social harmony."

THE Religion of a Socialist

By R. A. Maynard

"The great message of modern evolutionary science to humanity is that man is a part of nature," declares the author in this remarkable little book. It is a stirring, inspiring message that is told between the covers of this messenger of intellectual helpfulness and satisfaction.

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JUNE, 1913 TEN CENTS

The Western Comrade

IN THIS NUMBER

A Woman in the Race

By Anna A. Maley

Cover Design Sketched From Photo of MISS MALEY by Rob Wagner

The Vindication of Woman Suffrage

By Cameron H. King

The Pessimism of Jack London - - - - By Emanuel Julius

California Today and Tomorrow - - - - By R. A. Maynard

A Rare Treat in the July Number

There was a good joke in a recent number of Everybody's Magazine. It was this:

"You know Bill Jones' neck?"

"Yes."

"Well, he fell in the river up to it."

So now we query:

"You know Rob Wagner's face?

"Well, he's going to get into the next number of The Western Comrade up to it—and including it!"

A painter who has carved for himself a great big corner in the western hall of fame, an author whose work is called for the best publications in the whole country, he is a man who breathes life and energy and originality and comradeship. For he is a comrade, real and true and earnest. Red of the red, is Wagner—Socialist to the roots of his hair.

So Wagner's portrait, sketched by himself, will adorn the cover of The Western Comrade for July. You have seen Wagner's sketches of other faces on the front cover for the past three months and now he himself is to stand revealed—revealed by his own hand!

And that will be a treat for you to think about! Nor is that all, by any means. For you'll want to know about this artist, this wizard of crayon and oil and pencil. You'll want to know the dreams he dreams, what he sees in the future, what inspires him in his work! That will be told in a delightful conversation-story by Emanuel Julius. It will do you good, cheer you up, brighten the whole month for you—this picture and this story of Wagner and about Wagner. There isn't a more interesting person to be found anywhere than Wagner! And when you know him as you will know him after seeing the picture and reading the story you'll have something new and cheering and thought provoking to think about. You'll see some new sparkles from life's prism!

There will be a lot of new names in the July number, as well. It will be the best number yet. There will be some powerful stories, fact and fiction and propaganda. Every comrade should make sure of getting the July number by at once sending in his subscription.

For, to use one of Rob Wagner's favorite sayings, "It will be a splash! It will ring the bell!"

A Miracle of Civilization

By Stanley B. Wilson

The century plant grows in forbidden surroundings, a thorny, grisly, homely thing, but holding in its hand a secret. Assimilating sustenance from the earth and drinking in the rain and dew; it stands nodding to the breeze for a hundred years, and then springs into bloom of surpassing beauty.

Socialism, thorny, grisly, homely, forbidding to the senses of those who are unfamiliar with its spirit and purpose—is not a chance growth. It is not the creation of some modern Burbank of economics. It is not the product of some new horticultural laboratory.

Long has it stood, devoid of popular recognition, shunned even by those to whom it offered its blessings, struggling amid the woeful wastes of chaotic society; but always there; always drinking in sustenance; always assimilating the elements of growth and strength; always struggling for expansion and expression, until today it stands forth a miracle of development and power—the most interesting and influential factor in modern civilization.

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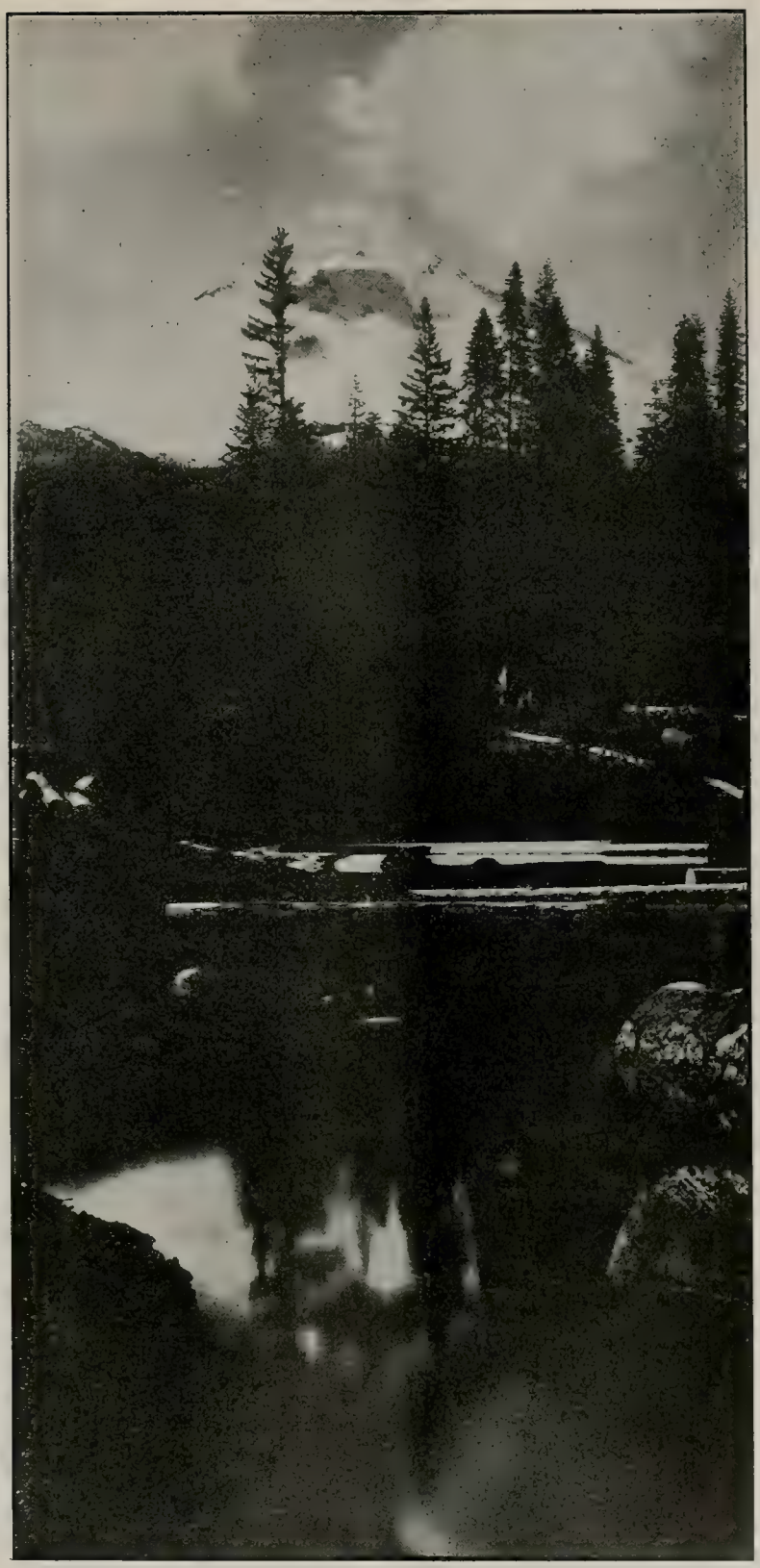


Mount Shasta

"Like a hoary sentinel o'ertops surrounding country at an altitude of 14,350 feet. See page 79.

This World of Ours

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

TODDLING on in childish innocence, the baby lisp scarce off its lips, the little one reached out a wee soft hand to touch the world—to feel its pulse and sense its texture. The world but crunched a massive jaw; the little mite went back to join the great White Throng from whence it came!

The world is Beast. It leaps and lurks and lunges. It slinks in the shadow and prowls in the dark. It peers through the night with a trillion eyes of flame, seeking flesh and blood of human kind, savage, brutal, reckless, in the wild abandon of a drunken chase, keen in the wonder ways that have come of countless centuries of cunning, fierce in the close-pressed pack of the hunt for life.

The world of the inanimate seems to be a Thing of life; a Thing of life and torture. It seems to be a Thing of vengeance, and fight and hate. It seems to turn and grasp and bite and strike. It seems to be openly violent and frantic at times; at times soft and purring and all mellow-lighted and delicate, glinting and shimmering and beckoning in devilish treachery. It rises up in awful majesty and coolly raises one great arm to crush in calculated measure; it comes by stealth and sneakery to slowly poison and entice to death all unawares.

This Thing, the world, delights to taunt with dangling joys the little mites that straggle o'er its face; delights to raise them into ecstasies of joy and wondrous heights of passion; screams in ghoulish mirth the while they build of straw and steel their play-huts of a passing hour. And then, just for the seeming pleasure of a passing whim the Thing but closes just one eye and by the flicker of the lash are countless hordes of pigmy folks swept back into that wondrous mire where lie the dinosaurs, where flit the souls of all those countless ages that have gone.

Wild and wonderful is this world we boastingly call ours. Wild and stern, forbidding while it beckons on with honeyed bait and subtly changing charm. At times it almost seems to take the human form as shadows fall and misty dreamings blind the daylight eye. Its features seem of massive steel and stone and brick. Great flashing bulbs of man made light in white and red and blue seem as the eyes that shine from under brows of mighty buildings made of all the things the earth yields up to decorate her face. Great engines, factories, repulsive yet compelling, are woven in with countless other things of varied use to form the cheeks and features of this monstrous Thing, our world. And in the animation of its ponderous movings there seems to be a little bit of all there is involved in daily life—the straining cranes, the heaving, swinging ropes and guys of ships, the trains, the gaping mines, the piles of stone that crowd and push within the city streets. All this there seems to be in this great Thing that bids us come and lose ourselves in its great maw.

And the misty, hazy dream of dusk time tells no lie. The Thing has life. It wants to crush and kill and lure and trap and spend its lust on tender flesh. It shouts for joy as man goes blindly on and on and gives no heed to what has gone before. Its fist of steel delights to grasp where down the ages it has been its wont to grasp. Its velvet paw derives rare joy from stealing through the night to creep in muffled stealth upon the little things that scamper for a day through what we know as life.

Yet, as we struggle on and strive to use that marvel brain with which this giant foeman never was endowed, we seem to know that we were made to master and to use where now we furnish game and food for what should be our slave. The piled up struggle of the past has left with us the key with which to lock the chains around the throat of this great Thing. And even now as little souls are sent in anguish from their shells of flesh we gain what hope we have by knowing that we lose to win; that as we flicker on the things we know shall be piled unto the things that those to come shall know and that the things thus known will turn the key upon the Thing and hold it fast a slave and fount of joy and life for all mankind to have. Its white hot breath may beat upon us yet a little while; its eyes may glare in mockery and damning glee upon our pain yet for a time; its fingers twitch and twine about our throats; its massive feet tread down upon our heads long bowed in fear, for just a little span.

And then—and then—and then we win, we rise, we take from out the dimness of the past the brain that, gathering there, has lain in wait for us and, proud, we rise to conquer and to have and hold! The dull, roan clay of all the sodden past has left its heritage to us and now we win! Oh, men and all the sons of men! We win, by God, we win! We win to dwell in peace and common mastery! The terror of the past is slain! The world is ours! We win! In very truth we gain the victory! We see the rising sun and if in these last hours of mist the Thing should flick us off in some mean dying lurch we mourn not as we go, for the coming light has told us of the victory, the victory that little souls like ours have come through all the agony of time to gain. At last we win! The giant Thing is doomed to serve and all its myriad eyes and tensing, flexing limbs shall do for us our will! It seems as though all Time were made for naught but this!

MY BOY

By LILLIAN PELEE

My boy, tall and fine and strong;
Ever ready to right a wrong.
Straight as an arrow in action and deed;
Dares voice his opinion, when there is need.
Courteous to all, be it beggar or king;
A feeling inborn that from the heart must spring.
Voice low. Each word falls tinkling clear,
Pure and limpid as a crystal tear.
Gracious, affable, always gay;
Adds a bit to life each day;
Mind as broad as the Heavens above.
No room for meanness in the boy I love.
His pride and honor he holds most dear.
Knows not what it is to fear.
Strength of body and strength of mind,
Combined qualities, hard to find.
Beauty and talent blended in one;
A love for the serious, a love for fun.
Nothing that is sordid or low
Finds a place in his heart to grow.
Always extending a helping hand
To aid the weaker in the land.
No fanatical creed holds its sway
Over this boy of mine, open as day.
Some would call him "Hero," "Ideal!"
Or other words so true and real;
But though I know he deserves them all,
I think it better just to call
This one who gives me so much joy
Two simple words—they are, "My boy!"

California of Today

THE imagination of a Jules Verne never conceived romance to equal the fact in California's early history.

The state's name is said to have had its origin in a Spanish romance, first published in 1510. Cortes, who discovered the territory in 1535, christened it.

For the period between that date and the founding of the missions in 1769 there is little authentic history.

It was under Spanish and Mexican rule from 1769 to 1846 and was admitted to the union of states and became part of the republic in 1849.

Its name having had its origin in a romance, it is peculiarly fitting that the chronicles of its early history should read like a tale of the Middle Ages.

The story of the work of the Jesuit priests and founding of Franciscan missions with the history of the presidio period is as weirdly fascinating as any tale of Grecian or Norse mythology.

California's land area is 155,652 square miles or 101,350,400 acres. It is the second state in gross area in the United States and had a population in 1910 of 2,377,549.

What these figures mean can be best shown by comparison. The six New England states have a combined land area of but 61,976 square miles and an aggregate population of 6,552,681. The land area of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and New Jersey is 156,043 square miles, yet these states contain a population of 24,954,483. The United Kingdom—England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland has an area of 121,391 square miles and a population of 45,216,665.

In other words the United Kingdom with far smaller area has nearly fifteen times as many people as California.

The census of 1910 reported the improved land in farms as 11,389,894 acres, an area greater than that of the states of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware and Rhode Island combined.

A statement from the United States general land office gave the public lands vacant and subject to entry and settlement on June 30, 1911, as 18,012,903 acres surveyed, and 5,350,061 unsurveyed, or a total of 23,362,964 acres, an area greater than New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut, Delaware and Rhode Island combined.

But of this large acreage the greater portion consists of mountain and desert land not yet available for irrigation.

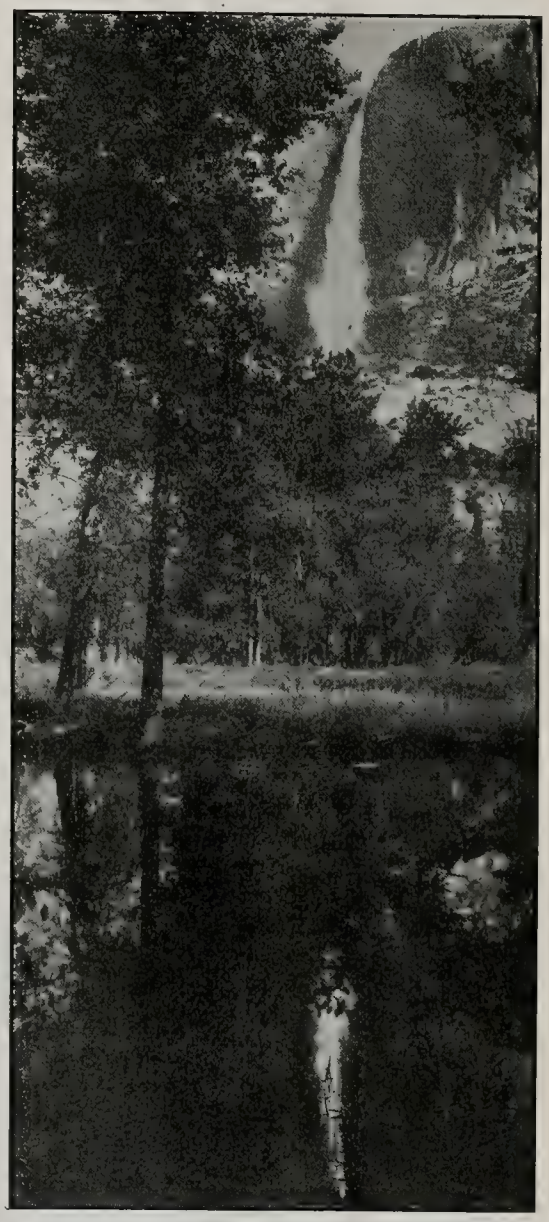
Of the 88,197 farms, 9712 contain more than 500 acres each, while the total acreage of the state under irrigation in 1910 was 5,490,361 acres.

California has been rightfully called an empire in extent and is only exceeded by the state of Texas.

Within its borders are the extremes of climate of the temperate and semi-tropic zones, although the greater portion has an exceptionally genial and equable climate.

With a fertility of soil unexcelled anywhere in the world, all the products of the temperate and semi-tropic zones, including fruits and vegetables, are grown in profusion. It contains nearly every known mineral and the mineral production for 1910 was in value $88,419,079.

The state has a coast line 1200 miles in length, with three of the world's best harbors and is traversed by three extensive mountain ranges: the Sierra Nevada, Sierra Madre and Coast ranges. Mountain, mesa, plain,



Yosemite Falls
"Volume of white water plunges 2,600 feet—half a mile."

valley, lakes, rivers and seashore—these comprise its general topography.

So much for the cyclopedic facts, each one of which will be pregnant with significance for human kind when the sun of the new day has risen.

The story, however, is not complete without reference to a wealth not to be put in figures—marvels of beauty and glory for the eye in mountain peaks, cascades of

nd Tomorrow

By R. A. MAYNARD

waters, broad expanse of ocean and limitless horizon.

Guarding the northern entrance of the state in Shasta County is Mount Lassen, which rears its head 10,577 feet above the level of the sea, while Shasta, a veritable king of mountain peaks, like a hoary sentinel o'ertops the surrounding country at an altitude of 14,350 feet.

I once entered the state from Oregon on a January day. Great flakes of fleecy snow filled the air as the train neared the vicinity of Shasta. All eyes were watching for a first glimpse of the mighty mountain when suddenly the sun broke through the closed banks and a wondrous picture stood revealed.

Like a great ship on a clear morning, looming suddenly from out a heavy fog bank, so stood the great snow-capped peak towering nearly three miles above sharply outlined in the bright sunlight, gleaming in rainbow colors—a sight to be long remembered. The entire length of the Sierra Nevada range from Mount Lassen south is a continuous panorama of natural beauty—lakes, rivers, and waterfalls, peaks, canyons and evergreen forests.

One of the most interesting regions in the entire state is that on the border line between California and Nevada, known as the lake region, where are twenty or more lakes at an elevation of from 8000 to 10,000 feet. Here is Lake Tahoe, the largest body of fresh water on earth at the 10,000 feet level. Ten miles in length, with an average width of six miles, it lies at the very summit of the Sierras and is the center of a region of scenic beauty certainly not surpassed anywhere in the United States, perhaps not in the world.

This is the angler's paradise. The lakes, rivers and brooks of the region abound with trout of all kinds, from the salmon trout native of the waters of Tahoe to the Eastern brook trout found in the fascinating mountain brooks which thread the mountain sides.

Once, accompanied by friends, I left my home late on a summer afternoon on a fishing trip to this region. After an enjoyable drive of a score of miles on a typical moonlit evening we reached a beautiful canyon at the foot of one of the snow-capped peaks—a charming spot to a lover of natural beauty.

Rushing down the steep descent, forming the center of the picture, was one of the most beautiful of mountain brooks. The waters were clear as crystal and so sharp was their descent that wherever they met with an obstruction, there was a miniature cataract, from which they rushed madly forward only to fall perhaps a few feet farther on into the quiet and rush of some secluded pool.

The canyon was narrow with banks sloping on either side to the very water's edge, and covered with a luxuriant second growth of pine extending up, up and up to what seemed the very summit of the mountain—a solid mass of green foliage.

Amid such surroundings, out in the open air, under the thick foliage of the pines, making the air heavy with its fragrance, we lay down to rest.

Lying there one could gaze upward through the foliage to the twinkling stars overhead, while ever ringing in the ears, was the incessant music of the brook, occasionally broken in upon by the call of a night bird, while covering all with its mellow radiance was the soft light of the rapidly descending August moon.

I had often been alone with nature in many of her myriad moods, but I had never before passed a night amid such surroundings: had never before been where I could imagine that I felt the beating and throbbing of her great, tender heart.

Never again on earth do I expect to come consciously nearer to the Heart of the Universe than amid these surroundings on this August night, beside this mountain brook.

Scarcely less beautiful was the scene in the morning sunlight. Although with the dawn, the weirdness had departed from the landscape, yet the little brook sang on as merrily as in the silence of the night, while now its waters glinted and sparkled in the sunlight. Inexpressible but very real I found was the inspiration and added trust which had come to my soul direct from Nature's heart.

Down the range in Inyo County, the greatest altitude of the Sierra Nevadas is reached. Mount Whitney, one of the highest peaks in the United States, is 14,502 feet above sea level, while numerous others, within easy range, pierce the clouds at a height of over 10,000 feet. Here the "American Alps" can be seen in all their magnificence and grandeur; here lofty, snow-capped peaks and pine forests sentinel radiant meadows.

Were it possible for all the over-worked desk and counter slaves, all the workers in kitchen and factory, in shop and mill, to escape from their multiform drudgery at least once in each year and spend a few weeks or months up here with these massive peaks for neighbors, every atom and cranny of their being would become brimful of life and every breath drawn cause such tingling of the nerves and quickening of the pulse that the whole being would echo the refrain of life, life—life.

To stand on a mountain peak at sunset—such a sunset as only comes in the mountains—a sunset glowing as if the Creator's fires were just dying out; and in the afterglow with its orange, amber, pearl and smoky opalescence to feel one's soul expand to its utmost tension, until the sense of personal identity is almost lost in the overpowering influence of the mighty expression of Nature's life—this it is to live.

Life, life in its fullness can never be known to any save as every atom of one's being is made to respond to its utmost limit by nature's master hand.

Farther up the range is Yosemite, one of the nation's playgrounds. A misnomer today as only comparatively few people have ever seen it.

Yosemite National Park is in the heart of the Sierras and in extent is thirty-six by forty-eight miles. "The valley itself is a cul de sac about seven miles long by three-quarters of a mile wide. Its center is a level parklike meadow through which a tuneful river runs; a peaceful place, where over the streams bend alder, willow, flowering dogwood, balm of Gilead, and other water-loving trees; where groves of tall pines and groups of black oaks are interspersed with carpets of emerald verdure made colorful by many varieties of wild flowers, such as lupines, daisies, goldenrods, mints, with green ferns of all varieties in secluded dells. Altogether a quaint, flowered landscape of trees and plain and stream with stretches of shrubs.

Above this level of tranquil loveliness, rise mile-high, cloud supporting walls grim and gray, here and there marvelously colored. Sculptured giant-fashion into domes and half domes, spires and pinnacles and frowning precipices, recessed for drooping rivers, these Sierra walls encompass the meadow and make of it the flowerful floor of a great chasm.

Yet brook and meadow green and flowering color of wild blossom own the sunshine and are not overborne by the carved mountains above; the daisy is as much at home in Yosemite as is the cloudlike Half Dome at the head of the valley.

In waterfalls and sheer cliffs the Yosemite is supreme.

Seen from the valley center, Yosemite Falls seem insignificant. They are in fact about thirty-five feet wide and when the stream is full their roar can be heard all over the valley. Half way across the valley it is hard to realize that this volume of white water plunges 2600 feet—half a mile.

But no more space must be given to this wondrous beauty spot, now the nation's playground in name alone. Let those who can never hope to see the reality read John Muir's book: "Our National Parks."

Just a word on the remarkable forests of the state.

There are ten groups of the Sequoias or "Big Trees" as they are commonly called within the state, of which three, the Mariposa, Merced and Tuolumne are within the confines of Yosemite Park.

The average height of these trees is about 275 feet, although some have been found to exceed 325 feet. The average diameter is about 20 feet, although some exceed 30 feet; and their age has been estimated at from 5000 to 8000 years.

In addition to these forest giants there is still standing great forests of redwood and pine. Humboldt County alone originally had 538,000 acres of redwood timber. Of this 77,000 acres have been cut, leaving 461,000 acres still standing, or what has been estimated at 46,000,000,000 feet of redwood lumber. At the present rate of manufacture about 350,000,000 feet annually, this supply, it is claimed, would last nearly a century.

Add to this other forests of redwood, sugar pine and other woods and California still has remaining a forest supply scarcely to be termed inconsiderable.

In this description of natural beauty no mention has yet been made of beauty of ocean and seashore, of islands off the coast, of bays and inlets or seaside resort. These are well-nigh innumerable. Combinations of mountain, ocean, plain and canyon are not at all rare and the scenic beauty of this character is unsurpassed.

Then there are farms and farm homes, the like of which are not to be found in any other state. Great stretches of valleys in citrus fruits, apple, prune, apricot, peach, olive, almond and walnut orchards; great vineyards, palm drives and eucalyptus groves dot the landscape. Roses, flowers of all varieties, plants, shrubs and ornamental trees are possible to every home whether country or urban; while all agricultural products, grown in any state are here produced.

A vast oil territory yields oil in enormous quantity and of excellent quality. A single county in 1910 had a daily output of 44,000 barrels, while its annual product exceeded $10,000,000 in value. And this but a single county while the entire oil-producing territory extends to many counties.

* * *

And yet this enormous wealth of material resource and material beauty exists today for but a small minority of the state's two million and a half of people. This great empire has been appropriated and is owned and controlled by a small fraction of its inhabitants.

The product of its farms and orchards, its forests,

Sequoia Giant of Mariposa Group

mines and oil wells, its mills and factories and the dividends from its transportation systems and power plants are all for the few.

The many are exploited and live lives of self-denial and want—that the few may possess enormous wealth and power.

The beauty of mountain and seashore, of nation's playgrounds, of mountain and ocean sunsets, of waterfalls, cataracts and great forests do not exist for the mass, only for those who have wealth and leisure.

There are two landed proprietors in California—one a corporation, the other an individual—who each own three-quarters of a million acres of the best timber land in the world. The combined area of these two holdings is 2342 square miles.

There is in the state falling water enough to produce 5,000,000 horsepower of electrical energy. We now use for all purposes about 350,000 horsepower, worth $200 each or $70,000,000 in the aggregate; at the same rate 5,000,000 horsepower are worth $1,000,000,000.

All of this water belongs now and always will belong to the people as a part of their patrimony. But they have already given away forever the right to use that $70,000,000 worth of energy.

Says former Governor Pardee:

"At 6 per cent, therefore, we are compelled to pay, to one company, a present but constantly increasing tribute of $840,000 for the privilege of using electricity generated by falling water belonging, from the beginning and forever, to us.

"If we should continue to be prodigal sons with our water right patrimony until the entire 5,000,000 horsepower have been given away, future generations of Californians will be compelled to pay, as we are paying, a constantly-increasing tribute for the privilege of using the products of their water patrimony. The value of that patrimony is easily $1,000,000,000. Our children will be compelled to pay at least $120,000,000 of annual tribute to those to whom we give it."

In a state capable of supporting twenty times its present population with its resources fully developed and its products properly distributed the great bulk of its people lead a hand to mouth existence.

* * *

What of the years to come? Is there any promise

of future change; any hope that the magnificent heritage nature has bequeathed for the pleasure and enjoyment of all can be so administered that all may enter into their inheritance?

Can the empire appropriated by the few be reclaimed for all?

It not only can but will be. Moreover the process of expropriation has already begun. Already the machinery of government is in the hands of the people. The laws they see to be good they have power to enact. The successive steps by which the goal is to be reached cannot be determined save as the issues arise. But surely, steadily the dispossessed masses are uniting and increasing their strength for final victory.

It requires no prophet's vision to foretell the general character of the approaching era. It is already apparent that social need, not private greed, will dominate every phase of life.

In that day social ownership of all that is socially necessary will have succeeded the private ownership and appropriation that now obtains and the reign of capitalism will have ceased.

What a veritable paradise this great state will be when its boundless resources are at the disposal of those to whom nature gave them for their fullest use and enjoyment.

How generously and bountifully these stretches of desert soil will yield when the great volume of water provided by nature for their irrigation is distributed as the best skill dictates, with regard only to the wisest possible use.

When all this great storage power of energy in falling waters shall be liberated and owned and controlled by the people of the state and every tested method in agricultural science can be used at once in greatest economy; when tests of soil and temperature mean prompt and fullest use of each locality for what it best can yield; when the heavy gains now found in large farming are multiplied many times by social administration, the resulting yield in grain and fruit cannot be conceived, so enormous will be the harvest.

In that day, too, the harvest will be for the sower and the reaper and Labor will be free.

Free labor—think what that will mean! No longer the cringing before the private boss. No longer the menacing sword of the lost job over every worker's head!

There will be dependence still, but the self-respecting dependence of each upon all and all upon each.

Not only freedom and plenty, but beauty will reign in degree before unknown.

The entire state developed as landscape architects will plan with regard only to the perfecting of it all.

"Great stretches of valley in citrus fruits"

What joy and pride we will then take in this great garden park of the world, when all of us can enjoy it!

When vacations, travel and money in the purse is the lot of all, how we shall revel in the glory of mountain scene and ocean wave!

How gladly we will make accessible these delights to workers from other climes in their well-earned resting seasons!

Too good to be true?

Just good enough to be true. For humanity's faith that Love has meaning in this old earth must soon find its fulfillment. Brotherhood is a great omnipresent fact of the Universe and will not forever be a creed upon the lips to be denied in daily life.

Just good enough to be true in a world which belongs to Truth and Life and Love.

And when shall these things be?

In a glad tomorrow—a tomorrow fast opening upon today.

MOTHERING THE MOTHERLESS

THE happiness of the mother comes not alone to those to whom nature grants a child. It comes in equal measure to an army of women who know as their own children those whom the world has left motherless. It blesses many whom nature has left childless, that all children might call them mother.

Is it generally known that our orphans' homes and state institutions cannot supply the demand for new-born and very young children? Indeed, comparatively few children of any age whose health allows them to be placed in homes remain permanently unclaimed. There would be fewer still if opportunities were generally known, and if authorities were not so wisely cautious that only the best homes in every respect be given the state's children. If they only knew, too, how the older children long for a "truly home." They are happy in the institutions, but are hungry for the small home atmosphere.

One boy who was placed from a State Home for Dependent Children was taken back again because he was unquestionably ill-used and overworked. In spite of this the child was broken-hearted to leave even this makeshift of a home, it was so much better than to belong nowhere. How many hungry hearts would have been glad to hold him close had they but known or thought!

The problem, after all, is easier for the children and the parentless than for the misfit in existing homes.

The Vindication of Woman Suffrage

By CAMERON H. KING

THE women of San Francisco have vindicated woman suffrage.

The women of San Francisco have vindicated the judicial recall.

That is the result of the municipal election held in the metropolis of the Pacific Coast on April 22 of this year.

Wherever putrid government raises its hideous head, there the police courts are seen to be a festering sore on the body politic. San Francisco is no exception to the rule. It has been known to the male voters for many years that the police court and the "system" there was rotten. But the male voters accepted a rotten police court as inevitable. The protection of crooks, the defiance of decency, the defeat of justice that was part of the police court system seemed to the male voters as ineradicable as a cancer.

But the aroused womanhood of San Francisco thought otherwise. Womanhood had been wronged in the police court. By the negligence and complaisance of a judge a man charged with assault on a young girl had been allowed to escape, and the mothers of the city determined that a wholesome lesson in morality and justice should be taught that judge and the whole of the "honorable court."

The lesson has been taught. It will be some time before the honorable court will forget.

The case of People vs. Hendricks precipitated the trouble. Hendricks used that favorite method of seducers, an automobile ride, to lure two young girls to a roadhouse. He attempted to assault one of them, but both escaped and he was arrested. One judge fixed his bail at $3000. A police court attorney, one of the "system" lawyers, went before Judge C. L. Weller with $1000 bail furnished by a notorious saloonman who conducts the "system's" bail bond business, and got an order releasing Hendricks from jail. Hendricks decamped. And the case, of course, was ended in fact if not in the eye of the law.

Rather that would have been the end of it, if there had been no woman suffrage. It would have been the end of it if there had been no judicial recall.

Men would never have gotten excited about the escape of a white man charged with assault. Of course, if he had been a black man, he would have been recaptured and lynched. But a white man trying to seduce or assault a white girl—the average man shrugs his shoulders; it isn't his girl; and it's none of his concern; besides the girl must have been partly to blame. That is the male point of view. There is a sort of sex solidarity that numbs t he morality that has been preached into them.

Women have a similar sex solidarity, and a different attitude. And the women of San Francisco, armed with the ballot, decided to use that power to protect their daughters. As the story of the Hendricks case was told to the different women's clubs a responsive chord was struck. Woman's indignation at police court methods was aroused and they took counsel as to remedies.

Impeachment was impossible. The judge was within his legal right when he reduced the bail of the prisoner. Moreover, it was certain that no remedy could be obtained from the fraternity of lawyers and politicians who would conduct the trial of a police judge. There is a clique solidarity, a consciousness of similar interests, among them that would be invincible by the forces at the women's command.

But the final source of power and the new court of last resort is the people. And by virtue of the recall an appeal will lie to them at any time upon a just cause. It was to this court the women appealed.

Petitions were drafted. But even here the slick, slippery, trickery of the police court system began to work. Spies and traitors were introduced into the councils of the women and wormed themselves into places of responsibility. Petitions disappeared. Dissensions and quarrels were stirred up. Finally the disturbers were forced out and the women in earnest went to work getting names. In two weeks they got over 10,000 signatures of persons who desired the recall of Weller.

Then began a search for a candidate to succeed Weller. Lawyers were very reluctant—except those who were undesirable. At last a progressive young attorney named Wiley F. Crist was impressed into a candidacy and the campaign was on in earnest. Behind Police Judge Weller were all the saloon element and professional politicians, many of the fraternal orders and most of the "highly respectables" who viewed with alarm the revolutionary procedure of recalling that bulwark of property rights, a judge of the law. As is usually the case, Pacific Avenue allied itself with Pacific Street—Big Business with the Barbary Coast.

Behind Crist were the women—not the women of Pacific Street, not the women of Pacific Avenue—but the respectable, decent women of the community, who still believe in chastity as a virtue. The campaign of the recallers went into mothers' clubs, and women's organizations, neighborhood meetings and the churches.

Weller went the rounds of the saloons and concluded that it was all his own way and there was no need to spend much money. The saloon men were all for him. At the clubs where spicy stories are told to the clink of the glasses of good fellowship all the rounders were going to vote for Weller. The politicians assured him there was nothing to this "old hens fluttering" because a hawk had swooped down on a "chicken." The lawyers begged to assure his honor that they held the court in too great esteem and regarded its independence too highly to lend themselves to an attempt to make it accountable to the passing hysteria of a female mob. With these assurances why should Weller worry?

But the recallers began to dig up more facts. Other cases where Weller had permitted enemies of girls to go unpunished were brought to light. Weller began to get uneasy. He published falsified endorsements from the officials of the juvenile court. These were promptly repudiated and the trickery of Weller exposed.

The newspapers were mostly passive supporters of Weller. The Bulletin at first gave hearty support to the recall and then became lukewarm. The Scripps paper, The Daily News, bore the brunt of the fight for decency when the campaign warmed up. And at the very last The Examiner let go an editorial broadside against Weller. And so we came to the day of decision.

Over 60,000 voters went to the polls. Weller got 29,927 and was recalled. Crist got 30,751. Of Crist's vote probably 16,000 were cast by the women. Weller

got approximately 1000 female supporters. This is shown by the variant vote in districts where women voted heavily and where they voted lightly.

In all the districts populated by working class homes, Crist won by a good margin. In all the precincts where there were practically no women Weller won hands down. Weller led by a substantial majority in the Barbary Coast and in those districts where stand the mansions of the rich. The dregs and the scum of society voted together.

An unanswerable accusation against the women of "high society" stands out in this one fact.

In the wealthy district bounded by Van Ness and Presidio avenues, Washington and Vallejo streets, Crist was badly beaten and received less votes than the number of women voting in that district. And that is the only district where that occurred. Everywhere else the women not only voted for decency themselves but had enough influence to bring their men folks to the polls in the same good cause. Seemingly the women of Pacific Heights neither care to protect chastity themselves nor do they inspire their men folks with any regard for it.

However, decent womanhood triumphed. Weller is off the bench he helped disgrace. The police court "system" has lost a good portion of its effectiveness. The seduction of girls is a little less popular. Justice is more potent.

And this never would have happened if the women did not have the ballot.

This never could have happened did the voters not have the weapon of the judicial recall.

♣ ♣ ♣

SONG OF THE OPEN LAND

By Richard Burton

We of the open country,
Men of the ranch and range,
Bronzed of skin and out to win.
Men of the landscape strange.

Hail you, and bid you hither,
Brothers so far away.
City-beguiled and greed-defiled,
Into the air of day!

All of it splendid, all of it ours!
Brother by brother stand!
Ho, for the West, where to breathe is best
Hail, for the open land!

♣ ♣ ♣

THE ESSENTIAL

By Robert Loneman

What care I for caste or creed?
It is the deed, it is the deed!
What for class or what for clan?
It is the man, it is the man!
Heirs of love, and joy, and woe,
Who is high, and who is low?
Mountain, valley, sky and sea
Are for all humanity.

What care I for robe of State?
It is the soul, it is the soul;
What for crown or what for crest?
It is the heart within the breast;
It is the faith, it is the hope,
It is the struggle up the slope.
It is the brain and eye to see
One God and one humanity.

Aim of Proportional Representation

By FRED C. WHEELER

THE coming movement in the political world will be for proportional representation. For fifty years it has been discussed, and is now in practical operation in several countries.

The need of it is apparent to anyone who has carefully studied the evil effects of the present system of electing members to legislative bodies. We loudly acclaim our belief in the rule of the majority, yet it is a notorious fact that most of our legislators are elected by minorities.

If is frequently the case that a minority elects a complete set of councilmen, and the majority is absolutely without representation.

Proportional representation proposes: First, to reproduce the opinions of the electors in legislative bodies, in their true proportions. Second, to make certain that the majority of electors shall rule, and all considerable minorities shall be heard. Third, to give electors a wider freedom in the choice of representatives. Fourth, to insure to parties representation by their ablest and most trusted members.

The British House of Commons when discussing the Home Rule bill, provided by a unanimous vote to secure the election of members to the Irish senate by proportional representation. The Chamber of Deputies in France, by a large majority passed this measure, but it was defeated in the Senate by a small majority. The latest advices from Paris state that in the forty-five bye-elections held during the past two years, of the twenty-three anti-proportionalists, only thirteen remain.

Japan has had minority representation for thirteen years, and the new House of Representatives in China was elected in the same manner. In the Transvaal, the capitalist parties are bitterly fighting it on account of the large number of labor candidates elected. Tasmania has just passed through its third election under the new law, with general satisfaction. The latest advices from England state that rapid progress is being made there. In continental Europe the movement is gaining ground among all political parties.

An international demonstration was recently held in France, and Conservatives, Radicals, Liberals and Socialists joined to make it a success. The delegates from Belgium stated that after years of trial, they wished no change, except to make it more complete.

The first city in America to vote on proportional representation was Los Angeles. With 40,000 votes cast it was defeated by a bare 1200. The next time it will probably win.

♣ ♣ ♣

TO A BULB

By R. K. Munkittrick

Misshaped, black, unlovely to the sight,
O mute companion of the murky mole,
You must feel overjoyed to have a white
Imperious, dainty lily for a soul.

The Prod

By
EILEEN SALYER HITCHCOCK

THERE was an alley among the network of eyesores that scarred the city which was better lighted than others. Yet even this was dingy. One could discern very dimly a human form now and then shuffling along, for the hour was late. The shouting of boys had died out for they had long abandoned their nocturnal haunts and quiet prevailed in the gloomy houses.

A young man, well dressed and seemingly a stranger to his present environment, walked briskly along and turned into the nearest street. With his hands in his pockets, and his eyes glued to his patent leathers, he was exercising sweet oblivion to all the surrounding sordidness. Where he came from this particular night or where he was going does not matter. He was accustomed to engage in a number of philanthropic pursuits and it may be that he was returning from the Japanese Christian Mission.

Upon leaving the alley, he raised his eyes and, either out of force of an old habit or by way of establishing a new one, he entered the postoffice and went to his box. A delicate, dainty handwriting peeped through the window causing his eyes to brighten and his nostrils to dilate as he thought he caught the ambrosial fragrance of the scented paper. Nervously he fumbled for his keys and not finding them, became very agitated and perplexed. Along with the keys were valuable papers and reports of committees on civic and philanthropic work. Evidently he was an important person in the community and a very useful citizen.

He rushed back to the alley and retraced his steps cautiously.

"If you're looking for something, I guess I'm the one who found it," called out an abrupt and coarse woman's voice that caused him to shudder a bit. He could faintly see the blurred outline of a human form against a jagged fence but could clearly see the shining keys in her hand. She relaxed her clutch and extended the coveted articles to him.

"Thank you very much," he courteously and suavely said as he handed her some silver pieces. Then he turned to go.

"Wait a minute," she drawled, staying him by the sleeve. "Is that all you're going to give me? Say, you're in no great hurry, are you?"

She drew closer. He could feel her quickened breath and clearly see her features. The tilt of her young wanton face, the leer of her jaded eye, the faint and forced smile upon her hardened lips repelled him.

Jerking from her, he flashed out angrily, "Do you know that it is just such women as you who send men to the devil? You're to blame. You pollute society. You're vipers and adders infesting the community. You prey upon the ignorance and weakness of men—snakes who—"

"Stop!" she shrieked, at the same time recoiling from him, for the word "snake" had waked her from a dazed apathy.

"Stop," she hissed, and her eyes, like molten coals, suddenly scorched forth at him from a livid face, while her hand gripped at her throat.

He, in turn, recoiled and then found himself pitying her—yes, pitying her from the bottom of his heart;

"Stop!" she shrieked.

and plunging his hand into his pocket, he brought up with it a gold coin and held it forth to her. She glanced at it, grabbed it and hissed again.

"It's only your money I wanted all the time—just your money most of us 'snakes' want," and the words vibrated in his ears as he hurried out of the alley and rebeat upon them long after he had reached the brilliantly lighted street beyond.

* * * * * * * *

The next morning found our good masculine friend in the office of the largest department store in the city. From the way he was greeted by some and furtively watched or timidly approached by others, it was apparent that he was its owner and manager. Wandering from his private sanctum to the main offices and visiting the heads of departments, he took evident pride in his own supervision of details.

Strolling pompously down one of the aisles, he observed that an unusual crowd was collecting in the basement.

"Here, cash! cash! cash-girl! Didn't you hear me call you a dozen times?" he addressed a little slip of a girl who tripped up the stairs. "A little impudent this morning, aren't you? What's wrong in the basement? Hair pulling over bargain waists?"

"There ain't nothing the matter," and she adjusted her gum in her cheek, "Only Clerk Number 28 fainted. I'm after water." She stalked slowly away as though having the whole day before her to perform her errand.

The head of the establishment descended to the basement and worked his way through the crowd. Few, if any, noticed the sudden flush in his face as he bent over the unconscious form of Number 28 lying on the cold, concrete floor. He arose with no audible comment and skulked back to his private office, sat there on his swivel-chair, shifted his position, and paced restlessly down the room.

"Her name—I wonder?" he muttered as he opened the door to the main office, seized the pay-roll and stood gazing at the entry of Number 28 and of secondary importance her name and of least significance of all her weekly wage of $5—a pitiful stipend for drudgery in a basement. Closing the book with a thud, he returned to his office, took out a cigar and puffed away. There he sat for some time, letting his thoughts float away with each whiff of downy smoke and glancing listlessly around the room.

"Well, little girl," he responded to the smiling and beckoning of a dimpled face in a picture on his desk. "You certainly are the one to keep the blues away." He picked up the gold frame and studied the bright and happy face nestling in folds of pink plush. At the same time he reached into his vest pocket to see if the scented letter had moved more than its allotted inch.

"What a wonderful girl to give a fellow inspiration to square his shoulders firmly against the world and to accomplish big things," he mused as he thought of his coming happiness.

He turned to the window and out beyond to the somber gloomy buildings lowering through the gray mist and smoke. The city's fumes and clouds were slowly collecting around the sill and almost stifled him. Silently and unobtrusively arose the wan, gaunt, bedraggled figure of Number 28 and stood against the dull background of the city's towers. Her moistened, passionless eyes were turned toward him sadly and searchingly.

He shuddered at this one jarring note in the melody of love he had been enjoying, turned shrinkingly from the window, bit the end of his cigar stub and threw it on the floor.

"My God! That certainly leaves a bitter taste in a fellow's mouth. I was wrong, 28. You're not a viper—nor adder—snake? No, you're Number 28—only Number 28."

♣ ♣ ♣

THE PIONEERS

By Horatio Winslow

We're the men that always march a bit before
  Though we cannot tell the reason for the same;
We're the fools that pick the lock that holds the door—
  Play and lose and pay the candle for the game.
There's no blaze nor trail nor roadway where we go;
  There's no painted post to point the right-of-way,
But we swing our sweat-grained helves and we chop a path ourselves
  To Tomorrow from the land of Yesterday.

MAKE SURE OF THE BEST

IN the busy round whatever else gets crowded out time must surely be found to enjoy family and friends. Mothers are often so absorbed in the duties they owe their children that they rarely take time to realize their joy in them. Wives, who would not neglect aught of the prescribed routine for their husband's comfort, sometimes let these lesser things crowd out the subtle, intangible unity of sympathy and feeling which cannot thrive in preoccupation. The dream of love may last—does last in perennial beauty, but only for those who, in the daily round, never forget the supreme value of the heart's treasure.

The man or woman who can face a sunset, hear birds sing and leaves rustle with no delight in the beauty of it all is to be pitied.

The woman who can let days slip by with no glance or word to show the child what he means to her, to show the husband that her innermost nature reaches out to meet the living self of him—is letting the hubbub of happenings crowd out real life.

"Naughty from want of kisses" was the title of a little rhyme published years ago, and the suggestion of the title is a key to many situations. If mothers, teachers and friends could only keep near the child in close and conscious affection, there would be less "naughtiness" than now disturbs.

No one outgrows the craving to feel that close ties unite him to other human souls, and any woman who imagines that her husband cares no more for the romance of life than "the faithful kitchen clock" is making a mistake fraught with heartache. The days should never become too full of cares or activities to displace the sweeter possibilities of life and love. The sacredness of friendship is left too largely to the appreciation of school girls.

Life holds so many pleasant acquaintances that sometimes we awake to wonder if there be any close friends among the multitude.

There always are!

Friends here and there whom we know to be true as steel, always to be found, though years intervene between the meetings, right where we left them in sympathy, understanding and faith. Always the same joy in the comradeship, the same stimulus for our highest and best when we see or think of them. Busy lives should never let slip the luxury of meetings with old friends and opportunity for making new ones.

How foolish in the machinery of existence to crowd out life.

A Woman in the Race

By Anna A. Maley

AN aftermath of the Washington state campaign was heard last winter in the Minnesota Senate when the woman's suffrage amendment was under consideration. "Where will the women stop?" stormed one doughty opponent. "They already want to be mayors of cities and governors of states."

Well, what if they do? Women will not stop while yet one inch of the highway to human freedom remains untraversed. That is, the human race will not stop. Great nations have had queens—and queens are exactly like kings in this, that they are guaranteed to be harmless only after they are dead. But no reasons have developed for wishing them sooner dead or more dead than their brothers.

Every Socialist campaign follows the broad avenue of human issues. First and foremost stands human need for the bread of life. Out of the heart of life comes the universal cry for bread. And while a woman stood on the state platform of the Socialist party of Washington, that platform was Socialist to the core—taking cognizance first of the colossal fact that during a part of the year just passed, six million unemployed men and women had seethed through the streets of American cities, forcibly divorced from their right to get bread on the face of the earth.

Our party stood distinctive in its solid insistence that bread is the issue.

Six million idle, breadless men might well arrest the attention of even a stupid world; but one of the less stupid of the wayfarers, a minister, addressing a union church service in Walla Walla, gravely assured his seven hundred auditors that the dance halls and districts of every city are the great pest and cancer breeders. I was glad to have my innings with that audience when the minister had concluded. They listened for forty-five minutes, with earnest if somewhat curious attention, to the Socialist interpretation of vice and kindred evils.

Several hundred normal summer school students at Cheney heard as much Socialism as I could pack tight into their twenty-minute chapel period. Their director was a Socialist.

Five hundred club women in convention at Tacoma were betrayed by the astute engineering of a Socialist woman on their program committee into devoting forty minutes to a hearing for Socialism. I was the speaker. "The Moral Significance of the Machine" was my subject. The speech was Socialism from start to finish, but not until toward the close was Socialism mentioned. "A very good speech," quoth a Seattle teacher, "until she dragged Socialism into it." Bravo, teacher! Don't permit yourself to be diverted from your task of making defenseless children into perambulating multiplication tables.

Frances E. Sylvester, our party's candidate for state superintendent of public instruction, arranged an audience for me before the county teachers' institute which was assembled in her city, Olympia. The superintendent was "agin' it." Under pressure, however, he set 2:30 of one afternoon for my discussion. I was on hand. The superintendent coolly gave my time to a learned professor from the University of Washington, who expiated for much time and twenty dollars, and with great animation —upon Indian basketry and the financial astuteness of Benjamin Franklin. Then followed a musical number and a gymnastic exhibition. At 3:45 the director solemnly announced that there would be one further exercise—he did not say what it would be—but he would call a brief recess before it was put on. Naturally most of the fagged out teachers went home at the intermission. That night the Socialists played Wellington at the superintendent's Waterloo when seven hundred people, including several of the visiting teachers, came out to our meeting. Olympia is a conservative government town and rumor had it that the leading banker was stricken with apoplexy when he learned of the attendance at that meeting.

Every night between the middle of June and the eve of election day, I was on the platform. In schoolhouses, halls, and on street corners the listeners assembled. Dreamland Rink in Seattle was filled to overflowing for every Socialist campaign meeting. At our closing meeting in Everett three thousand were in the Coliseum.

Socialism was the issue. The papers made very little adverse comment upon the fact that a woman was the standard-bearer of the Socialists. True, Editor Albert Johnson of "The Home Defender," referred to me as "The fiery Ann." He said my platform was an automobile for every lazy tramp. Johnson is ever the champion of the many lazy tramps who now own the world's automobiles. He is the particular defender of the homes of Hoquiam where striking blanket men who asked for the right to earn homes were horse-whipped by the very best citizens.

M. E. Hay, the Republican governor of the state, gave some fearful and wonderful reasons why he should be returned to office. He published these reasons in a campaign book. He said he was economical in feeding the wards of the state. Glance at this table giving daily per capita costs of inmates in Washington state institutions:

Insane Asylums	.43
Penitentiary	.391
Institute for Feeble Minded	.501
Soldiers' Homes	.575

Let it be understood that these costs cover all maintenance expenses, including the hire for the automobile in which the governor visits a commission and the warden's sung little graft. It is not strange, is it—that prisoners sometimes throw their plates at attendants in the mess rooms? The plates are superogatory. There is nothing to put on them.

A young woman who had nursed in the Medical Lake Insane Hospital told me that she had given up her work there because of the way that strong patients cried for food. She went into Spokane and stirred up an investigation. An obliging press telephoned the authorities the date of the committee's prospective visit. In the words of an attendant, "it was Christmas at the asylum when the committee arrived."

Old soldiers feasted on thin soup and the party of their love and loyalty asked for votes because of the splendid incentive offered by it for patriotism. Soldiers old and young might devour a piece of the American flag when they grow hungry. Surely the flag is theirs to be used as they see fit—it has been dearly bought in the blood of their class. But the flag is not the issue—bread is the issue. Over the heads of the working class ex-Governor Hay called to his masters, the large tax payers—"I stand for your right to close the industries and to send twenty-five thousand men despairing and hungry into the streets of Seattle. I stand for your right

Padre Blanco and the Outlaw

By STANLEY B. WILSON

PADRE BLANCO was not a priest. He was a cattleman, owner of the Rattlesnake Valley ranch and many thousand head of the best nourished cattle in the Cuyamacas and the territory over which they stood sentinel. There were many Mexicans and Indians who passed over the trails of the Rattlesnake region, and many were the kindnesses shown them by the owner, both verbally and substantially. The love of the early padres and the benefactions of the priests who yearly visited the rancherias on holy mission were the most sacred recollections of the descendants of the first inhabitants of Southern California, and Padre Blanco—White Priest—was the type of men most reverenced by the dark-skinned children of the hills.

Tall—almost six and a half feet—straight, with the uprightness unmarred by excessive toil, and sustained by clean living and a spirit proof against the petty things that weigh men down; his hair and beard silvered by the suns of more than seventy years; of cultured mind and quiet speech, Padre Blanco was a man to inspire respect in the breast of all with sensibilities not entirely atrophied.

While his two sons, Dave and Bill, both now of giant stature like their father, were lads of 6 and 9, Padre Blanco had settled with his wife in the valley nestling in the bosom of the Cuyamacas. His wife, a cultured lady of one of the best known families of early California, died from an injury only a few years later, and the care of the two boys became the passion of the bereaved father. To this he gave his personal attention, fulfilling as best he could the dual duties of father and mother.

On the summit of one of the peaks that towered in the western hill-border of the valley was a small white-fence enclosure, and inside a mound, with a simple marble slab inscribed with two words, each in the middle of a separate line, "Martha," "Mother." That was all, but enough, for those words were the dearest to father and sons, and that shrine was theirs alone. Here they worshipped, and every Sunday the three repaired to the sanctuary of wifehood and motherhood. Even when the peak was white with its glistening blanket of snow, no Sunday found its shrine unvisited. They would bring flowers—in the summer the wild ones of the valley and in the winter those carefully grown in pots and sheltered in the house.

The peak was known to the family as Mother, and Mother looked down upon the little home and shed the mother spirit.

Once while Dave was a lad of 16 he was breaking a horse he had selected as his favorite. The beautiful little sorrel demon, as soon as the saddle cinch was fastened, and before the boy had a chance to mount, began to buck, and in its nimble gyrations got its left hind foot through the stirrup. The result was a broken leg.

The boy was disconsolate over the injury to his pet. Cutting the stirrup-strap with his pocket-knift, he released the injured leg, and seeing the helplessness of his pet's condition, sat down and wept.

The father, happening along, consoled Dave, gently saying, "Those tears, Dave, are noble ones; but they cannot heal that broken leg. Let us see what we can do for the poor beast."

"But we'll have to kill him, father," sobbed the boy, hopelessly.

"Kill him? No, my lad. We will do our best to mend the broken leg." And the father gently led the injured horse into the barn, where he called some of the men to help him put it in a sling that raised its feet off the ground. Then he secured bandages and some pieces of thin board and put the injured leg in splints. The suffering animal, seeming grateful for the ministrations and subdued by the gentleness of them, submitting quietly.

Then the Padre stepped out of the barn, and looked up to Mother's brow, bathed in the softening light of the late afternoon sun.

When that scourge of the cattle country adjacent to the Mexican boundary, Texas fever, swept the Rattlesnake range, and the cattle by thousands drooped and died, necessitating their cremation to purge the range from spreading contagion, the boys, Dave and Bill, complained bitterly of the ill fate that threatened to bankrupt the ranch. But the father watched the dying cattle with pity and chided his sons for worrying over threatened financial ruin.

"It is sad, my lads, to watch the poor beasts suffer and die," he said, "but it is better that we should lose our last foot of ground and go out of these hills penniless than that we should compute our losses rather than the suffering of these helpless creatures."

The cloud that had settled over Mother's brow lifted, and a splendid serenity pervaded the valley.

* * * * * * * *

Jim Henry, the outlaw, driven from his former rendezvous in the Chihuahuas, just south of Warner Ranch, had changed his camp to a deep ravine on the east side of the main peak of the Cuyamacas.

Henry had committed many crimes and had about him a dozen or more of the worst characters of the hills.

His last deed of crime before being driven out of the Chihuahuas was one of the most brutal in the annals of desperadodom.

A couple of members of the Henry gang were in the little store at Warner Ranch, kept by two young men named Keim and Graves, and overheard the proprietors plan a trip to Los Angeles, to purchase a supply of goods and proposing to make it a pleasure trip as well, taking their families with them.

In a camp wagon the two families left the ranch at early daylight.

A lookout on the ridge west of the Chihuahuas saw the wagon start and rode rapidly to the Henry rendezvous.

That night the storekeepers' party camped by a spring near San Luis Rey.

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to drive these men to crime, to force them into the prisons which first they must build for themselves—and I will save your taxes by starving them in these prisons." The governor thought the working class would not notice. But forty thousand of them did notice. And I am personally willing to guarantee that if the governor ever rallies political energy enough to "come back," there are some costs of state housekeeping that he will never again itemize in a campaign book.

In the morning, the happy travelers, refreshed by the night's sleep in the open air and free from the cares of business, were jubilant and heedless of danger. The women were preparing breakfast. Graves was rustling fuel for the fire. Keim sat on the edge of a camp cot fondling his infant son.

A shot rang out. Graves dropped his armful of fuel and fell dead.

Henry with three of his gang rode to within fifty yards of the camp, sat for a moment viewing with fiendish amusement the effect of their appearance following the sound of the shot, then Henry raised his rifle and taking deliberate aim fired over the body of the infant and shot Keim through the heart. The father's life-blood drenched the clothing of the helpless babe.

Ignoring the frantic women and children, Henry personally searched the bodies of his victims, and securing their money and valuables, mounted his horse and with his trio of accomplices rode leisurely away.

The desperadoes were not long in the Cuyamacas before their presence was made known by the boldness and frequency of their depredations.

The stage, carrying bullion to San Diego from the Stonewall Mine, was robbed after the driver had been seriously wounded.

A prospector was found with a bullet through his head where he had stooped to drink out of the little creek near Buckman Springs.

These, and other crimes of equal and less degree, at length aroused the sheriff at San Diego, who appealed to the commander of the federal troops at the barracks for help in exterminating the lawless band.

A squad under the command of a young captain was detailed to assist the sheriff.

Henry and his gang learned of the coming of the troopers.

When the captain with his men rode cautiously up the ravine toward Henry's camp he found the desperado with some of his men playing poker on a blanket spread on the ground.

"Hands up!" commanded the captain, his rifle leveled at the leader of the gang, while the rifles of his men covered the others.

The outlaws did not attempt to rise from their blanket or raise their hands, but continued playing, while Henry replied carelessly, "Get down, captain, and take a hand."

"Up with your hands, at once, every one of you, or we'll blow you to bits," demanded the angry officer.

"Don't get excited, captain," advised the reckless Henry. "I was lookin' for you, an' opened this little game for your amusement. Wouldn't advise you—"

"If your hands are not up when I count three, you'll never lift them again," snapped the man in blue. "One! Two!—"

From the bushes on each side of the ravine the click of rifles began with the counting, and the captain knew he had been trapped, and did not finish.

"As I was going to remark, Captain, I wouldn't advise you to disturb the peaceful calm of this quiet ravine by discharging them Uncle Samuels of yourn! Get down an' join us in this little friendly game. Just drop your lines over the brush, an' leave your artillery on the ground."

The troopers swung from their saddles, laid down their guns and approached the players on the blanket, while the captain was dealt a hand.

As they played Henry chatted gaily with the captain, who smothered his resentment and resolved to make the most of his humiliating predicament.

After a time Henry remarked: "Guess it's about time for you gentlemen to be goin'. You'll just about make Julian before sundown. You are at liberty to vamoose when you please. Enjoyed the visit a heap, but hope you won't be in a hurry to repeat."

Before returning the rifles the desperadoes removed t he cartridges and relieved the troopers of extra missles.

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Padre Blanco was alone at the Rattlesnake ranch. Bill and Dave, with a crew of cowboys, were up at the Lagunas, visiting Chub, the foreman.

The tall form of the venerable cattleman had just emerged from the outside cellar door. He had gone to the cellar for a dish of apples, for the Padre had substituted "apples" for "strawberries" in Henry Ward Beecher's saying that the Lord might have made a better fruit, but he didn't, when a horseman came galloping up, swaying in his saddle, his mount in a lather.

Placing the dish of apples on the doorstep, the Padre assisted the rider to the ground and helped him into the house.

The stranger was weak from loss of blood and in much pain. The ranchman supported him to a bed, removed his shirt and found a bullet wound in his right side below the armpit.

"Got me at last," gritted the wounded man, while the Padre was washing the wound and staunching the flow of blood. "How does it look, pardner—like a finish?"

"Yes," responded the Padre. "You are, I think, fatally wounded."

"Thanks. I want it straight," was the reply.

Both men remained silent. The Padre tore a bedsheet in strips, laid a heavy cloth soaked with witch hazel on the wound, and wrapped the strips about the man's body.

The stranger seemed much eased by the ministrations of his host, and lay quietly, looking intently at the erect figure on the chair beside his bed.

"Was just wondering, pardner, if you'd been so kind to me if you knew who you were helpin'." and there was a grim smile on the stranger's face.

The old man laid a hand upon the breast of the speaker, and said gently: "Do not try to speak, my friend."

"Guess it won't make things much worse," continued the stranger. "I'm done for, anyhow, an' I don't care how soon the game closes. You've been right good, pardner, but I reckon if you knew who you were fixin' up, you'd a been on your way to Julian for the marshal instead of sittin' there hatin' to see me cash in."

The stranger paused, watching closely the face of his host, who sought by gentle hand-pats to silence the dying man.

"I'm Jim Henry." The stranger paused again.

"So I believed you to be."

"There's enough money on my head, put all together, to start a mint. It won't make no difference to me how soon the law gets its hands on me, an' I don't know anyone I'd as soon see get the reward as you."

Padre Blanco arose from his chair. "Mr. Henry," he said with sadness and reproach, "I will be compelled to leave you alone if you persist. If you had come here uninjured, I would have sought to capture you, not for the reward, but because you are a dangerous man to be abroad. You came here injured and helpless, overtaken by the hand of the higher law, whose decrees are absolutely just and from whose decisions there is no appeal.

"It is too late now for advice, and I have no right or desire to censure. You cannot retrace your life-steps. You cannot restore the lives you have taken, recall the sufferings and sorrows you have caused, or undo the

"There is but one eye capable of scanning your past."

crimes you have committed. They are now beyond you and me.

"I have neither the ability nor inclination to judge you. There is but one eye capable of scanning your past and computing the influences and provocations that impelled your deeds. And His justice is more tender than her's who gave you birth and were she here would be mother still."

Padre Blanco walked to the window and looked up the velvety side of Mother and saw her summit clear and bright, the mid-day sun directly above.

"Pardner," faintly called the dying desperado, "come an' sit down so I can have my little say before I have to throw down my hand."

When the Padre was seated, Henry spoke again, his voice almost a whisper: "I didn't mean no offense, pardner. I sure made a bum bluff at your hand. I ain't used to sittin' in with your kind.

"I guess I ain't got no kick comin', an' got what was comin' to me. The mother talk sounds good, but I ain't bankin' none on no easy deal if I've got to sit in in a new game. I'm willin' to take what comes my way.'

His voice became almost inaudible. Padre Blanco leaned over and caught the faint gasps: "Tell—cap—he—turned—trick."

Peace Everlasting a Dream

Louis Viereck, a former member of the German Reichstag, in the International Magazine for February, closes a discussion on "Shall We Have Peace in 1913?" in the following language: "When we scan the political situation of the Old World we can hardly conclude that the year 1913 will end the era of great wars. I fear on the contrary that our century will be productive of such mighty crises in the lives of nations that, despite the obvious necessity for peace on the part of all civilized peoples, such a thing as peace everlasting may not be thought of except in dreams."

This conclusion is a reasonable one, no doubt, in view of political conditions as they now exist. But 'tis neither politics nor sentiment that rules the world. There is a power more fundamental than either.

Said Albion W. Small, in beginning one of his books: "In the beginning there were interests."

These interests were and in every age have been economic interests. Both politics and sentiment are the offspring of which they are the parent.

Economic power rules the world today, has always ruled, will always rule.

The complete international solidarity of capitalism would prevent immediate war. But the triumph of international Socialism would bring peace everlasting.

The Pessimism of Jack

TEN minutes after meeting Jack London, one is impressed by his grim pessimism. He is, confessedly, a pessimist. But, before viewing this phase of London, let us have some small talk about things that may prove interesting even though they may not be of great national importance. To begin with, he looks much handsomer than his pictures, for the camera never gets his soft, gray eyes. Though thirty-seven years old, he doesn't appear to be more than thirty. He has a magnificent body—a fine form, with nothing pugilistic except his shoulders. He has a chin that doesn't appear to be of the sort to invite dispute. When he laughs, his mouth looks like a jewelry store window. Dressed simply, he wears a plain, ready-made suit of clothes;

a soft-collared, white shirt and a black, silk tie produce a striking effect. His hat is one of those abominable sombreros.

His conversation is decidedly colloquial, having neither the refinement of an over-cultured scholar nor the roughness of a stage Westerner. It is just ordinary English, the kind one hears on city street-cars and office-building elevators. He is quite approachable, always willing to talk streaks just for the asking. His speech is interspersed with mild, harmless oaths. And, here let us give thanks, he doesn't carry himself with an air of dignity. In brief, he is an open, frank fellow, in appearance more of a good fellow than our common conception of a famous author.

When I saw him, he was in the hands of a Los Angeles moving picture man, who was using him to pose before the camera. A company has contracted to have London appear in a number of films that will depict many of his famous stories. These films will begin with London sitting at a desk, pen in hand, cigarette at his elbow, writing one of his tales. Of course, if the moving picture man wanted to be realistic, he would have London seated before a typewriter, but that, it is generally agreed, would be lacking in romance. Authors, in pictures, should pen their stories, not typewrite them. He will scratch away for about 200 feet of film, when the scene will fade, soon to open with the action of the story. So says the manager.

After proper intervals, London will reappear on the screen. Then, it will close with a hundred or more feet of film showing the writer in the act of closing the story and inserting the manuscript in an envelope, intending doubtlessly to send it to the harsh, hard-hearted editor. A photoplay of "John Barleycorn," a serial that appeared in a popular weekly magazine, will be one instance, it is announced by the film managers, where London will actually take part in the action. As this story is autobiographical, it will add much to have London himself in the cast. His famous trip in the Snark will be included. London's wife, Charmian, will also appear in this play, it is said.

Enjoying the be

"Of course," says London, "I never pretend to be an actor. I don't know a thing about the profession. I'll do whatever I'm told, for I am in the hands of my friends."

The plays will be produced at Balboa, Cal., where the Balboa Amusement Company has erected a studio for the special purpose of staging the London stories. The managers predict that these stories, with London himself in the films, will attract much interest and possibly be the greatest series of films ever produced.

"As I must stay here for considerable time," said Mr. London, "I am going to wire to the ranch and ask my wife to join me. Do you know, this is the first time in eight years that I have been away from her." The telegram was sent immediately and Mrs. London joined her husband within twenty-four hours. Mrs. London appeared concerned over the impression that her husband's "John Barleycorn" had created in the minds of many persons. They have concluded that because Jack London speaks of his friendship with John Barleycorn since his boyhood days that he surely must be a drunkard. "He has never been a heavy drinker," said Mrs. London, "and though he isn't an abstainer, still he has never taken enough of the fiery fluid to cause the slightest alarm."

Bailey Millard, writing in the May number of The Bookman, has an interesting paragraph on London, saying that "Jack has never survived the effect of his vagrant habits, acquired during his youthful tramping days, and he owns that since that time he has never lost his terror for a 'cop'."

"While I was in college," London says, "I went to a circus in Oakland one night. I lingered after the show and by a bonfire I came upon a bunch of small

London By Emanuel Julius

boys who had determined to run away with the circus, which was about to leave town. The showmen, learning of their intention, sent a message to the police. When I saw the sudden eruption of brass-buttoned, helmeted bulls, each of them reaching with both hands, I ran. I was not a hobo. I was a citizen of that community, a college man. And yet I ran, blindly, madly for blocks. And when I came to myself I was still running.

his own ranch

"No, I'll never get over it, I can't help it. When a bull reaches I run."

London views his art pessimistically —in fact, he objects to being called an artist. "I am nothing more than a fairly good artisan," said London, when the conversation turned to art. "You may think I am not telling the truth, but I hate my profession. I detest the profession I have chosen. I hate it, I tell you, I hate it!

"I assure you that I do not write because I love the game. I loathe it. I cannot find words to express my disgust. The only reason I write is because I am well paid for my labor —that's what I call it—labor. I get lots of money for my books and stories. I tell you I would be glad to dig ditches for twice as many hours as I devote to writing if only I would get as much money. To me, writing is an easy way to make a fine living. Unless I meant it, I wouldn't think of saying a thing like this, for I am sepaking for publication. I am sincere when I say that my profession sickens me. Every story I write is for the money that will come to me. I always write what the editors want, not what I'd like to write. I grind out what the capitalist editors want, and the editors buy only what the business and editorial departments permit."

"What, in your opinion, is the effect of the capitalist system on art?" London was asked.

"Awful! Absolutely killing! The editors are not interested in the truth; they don't want writers to tell the truth. A writer can't sell a story when it tells the truth, so why should he batter his head against a stone wall? He gives the editors what they want, for he knows that the stuff he believes in and loves to write will never be purchased."

"What a pleasant view you take!" I said.

"I give things little thought these days," London responded. "I am weary of everything; I no longer think of the world or the movement or of writing as an art. I am a great dreamer, but I dream of my ranch, of my wife. I dream of beautiful horses and fine soil. I dream of the beautiful things I own up in Sonoma county. And I write for no other purpose than to add to the beauty that now belongs to me. I write a book for no other reason than to add three or four hundred acres to my magnificent estate. I write a story with no other purpose than to buy a stallion. To me, my cattle are far more interesting than my profession. My

Jack London

friends don't believe me when I say this, but I am absolutely sincere.

"You may wonder why I am a pessimist," said Mr. London; "I often wonder myself. Here I have the most precious thing in the world—the love of a woman; I have beautiful children; I have lots and lots of money; I have fame as a writer; I have many men working for me; I have a beautiful ranch—and still, I am a pessimist. I look at things dispassionately, scientifically, and everything appears almost hopeless; after long years of labor and development, the people are as bad off as ever. There is a mighty ruling class that intends to hold fast to its possessions. I see years and years of bloodshed. I see the master class hiring armies of murderers to keep the workers in subjection, to beat them back should they attempt to dispossess the capitalists. That's why I am a pessimist. I see things in the light of history and the laws of nature.

"I became a Socialist when I was seventeen years old. I am still a Socialist, but not of the refined,

The Socialist Spirit in the City

By
CHESTER M. WRIGHT

WHEN you pick up the Socialist platform in your local city campaign and read over the general demand for better homes, better food, better clothing and more leisure for the working class you probably pass over it quickly without much thought. It is the usual thing and seems to be put there out of habit, you gather.

But you have made a fundamental error. Your idea that the short, snappy statements that come under the head of "Immediate Demands" are the real meat of the platform is all a mistake.

The real meat of the Socialist municipal platform is contained in that general demand for better homes, better food, better clothing and more leisure. And if it should so happen that the campaign should end in a victory for the candidates who stand upon that platform you would find that the spirit of the entire administration would be based upon that broad, general demand. It is the essence of what the Socialist municipal administration is striving for.

That statement in the Socialist municipal platform does not mean that the administration is pledged to secure a palace for every family; it does not mean that the administration is pledged to declare a holiday twice each week; it does not mean that there shall be lobster salad on every table every day; it does not mean that every woman in the community shall be decked out in the garb of snobbery or that every man shall be enabled to go to his daily toil in full dress. Nothing like that; nothing foolish.

Putting it in another way, that platform statement is just the Socialist expression of the need of those who toil for a fairer chance in life, a chance for enough rest, enough play, enough education; a chance to get back a little more of the product of labor, until in the end all that labor creates shall remain with those who perform the labor. It is the Socialist way of saying, "We know where we are going and we are on the way."

It has been a rather commonplace saying in American politics that platforms are made to get into office on and not to be performed upon after office is secured.

That saying is rather going out of style nowadays. None has been more active in putting it out of style than the Socialist. For it has been discovered by American politicians that the Socialist means what he says. It has been discovered that when the Socialist party puts forth a platform it puts forth a platform upon which it is eager to perform IN office. And it has been discovered that the Socialists DO perform upon their platforms IN office as well as run on them FOR office.

There are many people who have not yet learned why it is that the Socialist party always performs according to promise—why it is that one who understands the Socialists can almost always tell just in which direction the Socialist energy will be expended; just where the Socialists will attack.

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quietistic school of Socialism. The Socialists, the ghetto Socialists of the East, no longer believe in the strong, firm Socialism of the early days. Mention 'confiscation' in the ghetto of New York and the leaders will throw up their hands in holy horror. I still believe that Socialists should strive to eliminate the capitalist class and wipe away the private ownership of mines, mills, factories, railroads and other social needs.

"I do not believe that Socialists should soften and yield, eventually becoming mere reformers whose greatest desire is economy in government and low taxes, and the like. They should take upon themselves the task of doing away with the robbing capitalist system, do away with the profit system and place the workers in possession of the industries."

"Are you opposed to political action?" Mr. London was asked.

"I believe there is much to be gained by entering political campaigns," he answered. "The real advantage, in my opinion, is the great opportunity to educate the workers to an understanding of the wrongs of the present system and the meaning of class consciousness."

"Do you believe in sabotage and syndicalism?"

"Hopelessly so. I have believed in them for twenty years. I look upon myself as a veteran in the Socialist movement. I joined when it was disgraceful to be known as a Socialist. I believe that any means will justify the end. I believe in any method to bring about the Socialist commonwealth."

"You think that a peaceful and legal change is impossible?"

"History shows that no master class is ever willing to let go without a quarrel. The capitalists own the governments, the armies and the militia. Don't you think the capitalists will use these institutions to keep themselves in power? I do."

"What do you intend to do, Mr. London?"

"I feel that I have done my part. Socialism has cost me hundreds of thousands of dollars. When the time comes I'm going to stay right on my ranch at Glen Ellen and let the revolution go to blazes. I've done my part."

After a pause, he added:

"That's the way I feel now. I suppose when the time comes I'll let my emotions get the best of my intellect and I'll come down from the mountain top and join the fray."

"What a grim, pessimistic view you have, Mr. London!"

"Well, I'm a pessimist; I admit it."

As I rose to leave, I shook his hand and said:

"Yes, and I think I know the cause of your pessimism."

"Tell me."

"I feel positive that your liver is out of order."

This is the reason: The Socialist party holds certain beliefs regarding society, its past, its present and its future. Because of these beliefs the Socialist party must take a certain course. No man or woman enters the party without belief in what the party stands for; without understanding its diagnosis of conditions and its prescription of remedies. Whatever differences there are among Socialists are largely—almost solely—differences of opinion regarding tactics. But the Socialist party stands adamant upon the proposition that the present social system is absolutely wrong and that the remedy lies in the co-operative commonwealth. The co-operative commonwealth cannot come, except through the overthrow of the present profit system. For that reason every energy is bent toward the overthrow of the profit system.

Every bit of added security to labor is a blow at the profit system. Every strong, healthy, clean, normal child is an asset to the cause of Socialism. Every unnecessary hour clipped from the drudge of labor is a mile stone passed in the march toward complete emancipation. Every woman placed in a normal sphere, every man who is given a straight back and a clear brain, are stepping stones to freedom. Every tenement abolished, every home made beautiful and clean, every street made serviceable honestly, every park and school and playground—these are things that have a different value to the Socialist than to most other people.

Your strong, healthy child may be the son of a Democrat; your workingman whose conditions are improved may still be a Republican—still the Socialist organization works for the improvement of the conditions of all. For the Socialist party recognizes and teaches the idea that a people whose brains are free to think and whose bodies are clean enough to back up and provide food for good brains will not remain long in any sort of bondage!

Your Republican or Democratic neighbor who is bringing up a bright young family with leeway to think and understand and exercise the natural faculty to inquire and reason and acquire information without fear is menace a-plenty to the next generation of capitalism. So the Socialist persists in demanding for ALL the things that he demands at all!

Out of these things comes the spirit of Socialist municipal administrations, a spirit manifestly and necessarily different from the spirit that actuates any other sort of administration.

To set up the contention that a Socialist administration will differ in spirit in different municipalities is to set up the impossible, since the Socialist party is international and actuated in all nations by the same motives and for the same reasons. A Socialist administration in Chicago will have the same spirit as a Socialist administration in Kankakee. It will be found the same in Schenectady as in Berkeley, the same in Butte as in Milwaukee—and when the time comes, the same in New York as in Los Angeles and San Francisco.

The Socialists in different cities may DO different things, but they will do them for IDENTICAL REASONS, working toward ONE end!

One of the first things the Socialists did in Milwaukee was to compel the installation of air brakes on street cars and to compel sanitation in street cars. Two of the greatest things it accomplished were a phenomenal reform in street paving and a wholesome revision of the manner of levying taxes, the latter being now in process for the reason that the Socialist tax commissioner did not take office until a few weeks before the term of Mayor Seidel expired. On the other hand, the Socialists in Schenectady found their opportunity greatest in furnishing ice and coal to the people at cost through municipal enterprise.

So, you will find the Socialist administrations of different cities DOING different things. But always these things that they are doing are done IN THE SAME DIRECTION, so to speak. They may use different guns but they all SHOOT THE SAME WAY!

The Socialists of Milwaukee were able to install a complete municipal factory inspection system, owing to legislation that the party had been able to force through the state legislature and through this inspection system factory conditions were wonderfully improved for Milwaukee workers. On one occasion I went with a deputy inspector to a factory where the filling for cheap quilts was made. The product of that factory was sold exclusively to the working class. The place was indescribably filthy. It was a menace to the workers who toiled there and to the workers who purchased the product. Rags from the tenements were taken, uncleaned, ground and prepared for use in quilts, a substitute for fresh, new cotton. The deputy went direct to the commissioner, omitting all red tape and delaying formality. He detailed the conditions that he had found and he showed samples of what he had found. Bang! The door of that factory was shut and sealed under orders that it be not opened again until it was made sanitary and until some method of sterilizing the materials used had been found.

Profits? Who said anything about profits? This time it was LIVES!

I saw Mayor J. Stitt Wilson look out of a window in the Berkeley city hall where workmen were putting the finishing touches upon a municipal playground where the children might come to play without fear of trespass or warning to be careful not to spoil the lawn. He was proud of that little bit of work; he knew what it meant, not in magnitude, but in DIRECTION!

None of these things is very big in itself. Not one of them, nor all of them constitute the Socialist goal. No effort has been made to sum up what Socialists have accomplished in any city that has or has had a Socialist administration. The sole object has been to bring out the spirit that animates Socialist administrations—to set out the line that separates Socialist from capitalist in the administration of municipal affairs. The Spirit of the Socialist is always the spirit of revolution and that is the spirit that animates every Socialist administration in the world. If Socialist administrations DO different things it is for the very good reason that they find themselves confronted by different manifestations of the capitalist system, as well as by different limitations in the way of statutes and other blocking agencies.

But whatever Socialists do, whatever they undertake, it always is done according to one measure, and that measure, applied, will always determine the action of the Socialist party: WHAT DOES THE WORKING CLASS NEED AND WANT?

Under the capitalist system the capitalist is engaged in keeping from the working class as much as possible. The object of the Socialist is to stop that proceeding. Therein comes the class line, the class interest and the class conflict. When you have found the class interests of the workers you have found what the Socialists are fighting for and the spirit of their fight is the spirit of the people who are fighting for justice, who know their road and who know they will win. It is an irresistible spirit and there is not likely to come up out of capitalism any immovable object to halt its progress.

EDITORIAL

PROTEST AND PROPHECY

HUGH O. PENTECOST once said in a Memorial day address:

"Not because war is glorious, but because men who live and die for their fellowmen are glorious, even though their devotion finds expression in so shameful a thing as war, do we observe Memorial day.

"By and by we shall learn to decorate the graves of factory children who are worked to death, of trainmen who are killed in service, of consumptives who die in sweatshops—victims of the struggle humanity is making for better conditions.

"And by and by we shall decorate the graves of poets, prophets and peace-bringers, when war shall have ceased."

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THE ONE AND THE MANY

CARL BARNES, formerly of Stanford University, once used the following illustration of how strengthening the independence and power of the individual finally secures a higher form of unity:

The first printing was done without separable types. A new construction was required for each piece of printing. When the types were perfected they were capable of wide individual use, and yet could be combined into a more perfect unity than under the old method.

The modern growth into a personal sense of being one with all mankind is quite consistent with the desire to arouse in each the fullest personal development. There are many persons who are as yet scarcely distinct individuals. They absorb the ideas of those about them, accept the approved routine for their lives; their actions and their emotions are governed by the strongest suggestion of their associates.

Such passive, negative people are largely back in the primal mass unity.

The great need is that education and the pressure of conditions break up this mass and bring out each human unit into the power it possesses. It is only when there is such individuality that true social consciousness is possible. The riper and fuller the individual life the more capable is it of that enlargement of sympathies and wider consciousness required of one who knows himself part of a great human whole.

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TRYING TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE

WHEN Los Angeles cast the huge vote of 1911, it seemed that this could never be reduced. True, it was not earned in the slow, steady fashion Socialists expect, but the pressure of class feeling was so intense, it seemed that no one who had weathered that storm could ever fail the cause thereafter. Since then, one election after another has shown that less than half the vote then cast can be depended upon when only the ordinary conditions prevail.

There is only one way to account for this. The friends of that day are with us still in spirit, but they do not realize that a vote has power even if it does not elect.

"When my vote can count to put the Socialists in, it is theirs, but until then I will not bother to vote or will help choose between evils." This is what many feel and a few say. It is a woefully wrong position. THE SIZE OF THE SOCIALIST VOTE IS THE BIG POWER IN THE WORLD TODAY IN CITY AND IN NATION AND IN EVERY PART OF THE WORLD.

Los Angeles will need to bestir itself and put in a Socialist Council or reaction will show itself more openly than it has dared to do since the primaries of 1911 made it known that that city was on the red map in emphatic fashion.

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CONSTRUCTION NOT DESTRUCTION

MUCH of man's work goes for nothing. Much energy is wasted through methods employed. Well-meaning people with the best motives accomplish little of the good they seek because working through wrong methods.

Nature is constructive, not destructive. Man is beginning to learn from her. He is also coming to understand that only insofar as he cooperates with her and her laws can he be certain

of accomplishment. Have you not noticed how persistently the dry, brown leaves of the oak remain clinging to their stems throughout the cold blasts of winter, never yielding to the fiercest storms. But in the spring, after the stout blasts cease their angry shakings, some warm, bright day they gently loosen their hold and fall quietly to the ground. What has dislodged them? The new, living sap from the roots of the tree working up and out with promise of new and fresher foliage.

He who would attempt with a flourish of brooms and dusters or more substantial weapons to dispel darkness from a room would injure his reputation for sanity. Every child understands that no power save light can banish darkness.

When mankind understands that this principle is equally applicable to all life's problems, there will have dawned a day filled with hope and promise.

It is a lesson many Socialists should take to heart.

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LET US FORGET IT

FORGET it! There is no creed of greater value to humanity than that comprised in these two words. Forget what? Forget all the real or fancied injuries done you. Forget the slights, the injustices, the misunderstanding of your motives. Forget all in the past that to you seemed bad and remember only the good. Every real or fancied wrong remembered, every desire to repay the same in kind harbored works an injury not only to the individual who harbors it, but to society as well. No man or woman can be true to themselves while they harbor in their natures a sense of wrongs done them or a desire to revenge themselves for real or fancied injuries, slights or indignities. The most unhappy person in existence is he who remembers all his own mistakes and the mistakes of friends; all the little unpleasantnesses that are bound to creep into every life. The lesson taught from these is the only thing worth remembering. Every human life might be happier than it is if each would adopt this simple creed: Forget as far as possible every unpleasant thing in the past. Forget the ills of the present. It doesn't make them or you any better to think about them and dwell upon them in thought or conversation. Drive them out of mind by turning attention to something else. Let the mind dwell upon the pleasant, positive things in life to the exclusion of the negative, unpleasant things, and the result will be an increase in the sum total of human happiness. Forget it! In the practical application of this creed there is health, joy and happiness for whomsoever will make it his own.

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PRESIDENT WILSON'S PLATITUDES

"LET us be good, but not too good. Let us be honest, but not too honest. Let us reform abuses, but be careful that we hurt nobody. This, with becoming reference to our greatness and grandeur as a nation and plenteous allusions to the Deity, was the substance of President Wilson's Inaugural." Thus begins an editorial in Pearson's for May.

Truly, not since the reign of Theodore has there emanated such high-sounding platitudes as continue to fall from the lips of the present incumbent.

As an arraignment of existing conditions the President's "new freedom" has no doubt educational value of a kind. But a long-suffering public, having had its curiosity whetted, now anxiously awaits some intimation of the nature of the President's constructive policy. Just how he proposes to make the strong weaker and the weak stronger is what the people would now like to be told. The man on the "make" who has been assured that he is to be the especial beneficiary of the present Administration is becoming anxious for the "melon cutting" to begin.

He is quite familiar with the good old Democratic tariff antidote for economic ills and is beginning to fear that after all the loud talk this is the only "joker" up the President's sleeve.

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FINDING FEET OF CLAY

THE fairy stories masquerading as American History will have to be rewritten soon if the Marxian view of things continues to open the eyes of the writers of books. A. M. Simons' "Social Forces in American History" hewed out a path which has been followed vigorously by Prof. Charles A. Beard of Columbia University.

Professor Beard has dug deep into musty boxes, some of them covered with dust which had to be removed with a vacuum cleaner, and has found (ah, woe is we!) proof incontestable that the venerable and infallible men of the convention which formed the American Constitution were dyed-in-the-wool class-conscious capitalists.

Socialists only needed to read that document to know this long ago, but a lot of folks will not believe until a Columbia professor tells them. "An Economic Interpretation of the American Constitution" is the title of this book and, of course, Macmillan publishes it.

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BETTER FRUITS, FAIRER FLOWERS

IT IS said of Luther Burbank, the miracle-worker in the vegetable kingdom, that he declared: "I shall be content if, because of me, there shall be better fruits and fairer flowers." A great ideal, is it not? An ideal of service open to all. It is true all cannot contribute in the same degree with this wonder-worker, but there is no man, no woman, who cannot contribute toward making this earth the fairer for their living. All can come into vital touch with the universe at some point; can become in some measure a creator of beauty; can co-operate with nature in bringing into manifestation that fullest, more abundant life for which she ever strives.

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SUPREME COURT DEADLOCKED

AN interesting situation rapidly becoming acute has arisen in the United States Supreme Court.

Three cases of utmost importance to the people are tied up in the hands of the judges. These cases are the Minnesota rate, the Omaha bridge and the Spokane-Reno cases.

More than twenty cases involving state authority to make two-cent fare laws or to cut freight and passenger rates within a state, are awaiting decision of the Minnesota case. If the circuit court be upheld it will mean that no state can regulate its state traffic on roads also used for interstate traffic. As the constitution of the United States gives the federal government control only over interstate traffic, it would mean that no authority exists to control purely state traffic.

The Spokane-Reno intermountain cases involve the right of a road to charge more for a shorter than for a longer haul. The railroads imposed a rate which made it more costly to ship freight to Spokane and Reno than to ship the same freight all the way to the Pacific Coast. General equalization was asked by the commerce commission. The roads went to court.

The Omaha bridge case simply involves the question of whether the Interstate Commerce Commission has and can enforce authority over municipal transit service which crosses a state line.

Common sense would indicate but one possible decision in these cases and that for the people and against the railroads. But unfortunately common sense is one thing and the law as construed by courts when the interests of the corporations and the people are involved is far too often quite another.

Of course, neither king nor court can do wrong, yet in the event that such a thing were possible, the next best way to serve the railroads in case a decision in their favor were too bare-faced would be to create a deadlock.

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IN MINER'S MIRAGE LAND

A CALIFORNIA woman writer once wrote a book which she called "In Miner's Mirage Land."

In one of its chapters she said:

"If you love the desert, and live in it, and lie awake at night under its low-hanging stars, you know you are a part of the plusebeat of the universe, and you feel the swing of the spheres through space, and you hear through the silence the voice of God speaking.

"Then you will come to know that no better thing is in the world for man than just this—the close-touching of great things; the undesire of the small, such as the man-crowded places give, and just enough food and clothing and shelter to support life, and enough work to fill one's days."

There are few persons who have ever been able to comprehend the old prospector in his lonely, isolated life or the hold which that life gains in his affections.

In the mountain regions today, wandering over

the hills and through the canyons with a prospector's outfit can be found men to whom that life has become second nature; men who would die of suffocation in haunts where their kind most do congregate. They will continue living where they are and die as they are.

If asked what the charm of that life upon them, they could not tell. They know the fact but are unable to interpret it.

Search for gold—do you say? Not at all! They have long since abandoned hope in that direction. It is a nameless something that chains and holds them where they are. They may at times delude themselves with false hopes. They may throw out ahead false promises to lure them on. Yet all the time they are cognizant of the delusion. They know themselves as irrevocably committed to their manner and mode of living as though bound with chains of steel.

None may voice the emotion of their souls. But as this writer says:

"Some time your destiny may lead you there, and lying in your blankets some night under a purple-black sky that is crowded with palpitating stars, while the warm desert wind blows softly over you—caressing your face and smoothing your hair as no human hands could—and bringing with it the hushed night-sounds that only the desert knows; then—all alone with only God and the desert—you will come at last to understand the old prospector and his ways."

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DECADENCE OF PIE

A NEW YORK medical authority says the American pie has reached the period of its decadence and is fast disappearing from aristocratic menus.

Commenting upon the fact, a writer says:

"It is now we realize for the first time that the framers of the constitution of the United States did their work in a slovenly manner.

"Nothing was said in the constitution about the perpetuation of the American pie. It now dawns upon us all too late, that the preamble to the constitution should have read as follows:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity and, above all, to foster and encourage the home manufacture of the American pie, do ordain and establish this constitution for the United States."

This is an era of decadence. Many American institutions heretofore deemed impregnable and eternal are threatened. Even the Declaration of Independence has been characterized by the president of an American college as a bundle of consecrated fallacies. Free speech and a free press are frowned upon in certain quarters and even the fundamentals of democracy are called in question.

Americans are a long-suffering people. But there is a limit to their forbearance—a limit beyond which the iconoclast goes at his peril. Is it not probable that he who attacks the great American dainty—pie—is standing very near the dividing line separating good-natured indulgence from righteous indignation?

There are few American men to whom pie is not the piece de resistance. It has been asserted that the road to a man's heart is through his stomach—an assertion most men would dispute, whatever most men's wives might say. Yet the fact remains that these same men would regard as a serious infringement upon their liberty any organized attempt to deprive them of the consecrated pie of their fathers.

The American pie is, in a peculiar sense a national delicacy. It was used in large quantities by the Pilgrims to fill them with hope and vigor as they blazed the way for those who were to come after. Rocked by the stormy breezes of the Atlantic as the Mayflower drifted almost helplessly over its briny depths, developed by contact with the rude winds and sterile soil of New England, matured in the fiery crucible of the Revolution, the love of liberty has become the heritage of every true American. And amid all the struggles, through each successive step in this evolution of liberty, each succeeding generation has been fed on pie. It is indissolubly linked with the development of the American spirit, and as long as that spirit survives so long will the American pie find defenders worthy to defend it.

IN LOVE WITH LIFE

TO be joyously alive—this it is to be in love with life; this it is to love.

Wouldst know the secret of this manner of life? It is to love supremely; to become attuned to the key to which the music of the spheres is writ; to understand that at the center of nature there beats a heart of infinite life and love.

Down in the great state of Texas there sings an humble poet, whose song is ever a song of joy. He is that modern creation—a newspaper poet, singing once, twice and sometimes thrice a day. Each note struck rings with joy. There are no minor strains. He is a father, and many of his poems ring the changes upon his love for his baby girl. And it is this supreme affection of his heart which is the key that has unlocked for him the reservoir from whence flows the stream of a perennial joy. Thus, without intending it, does he disclose his secret:

"My baby is playing next door tonight,
And her mother is with her there,
And I know that her eyes are all alight
And the night breeze lifts her hair;
And to me the old world seems all right,
Out here in my easy chair—
Out here in my chair in the perfumed night,
With her laugh in my ears, the world's all right!

"The jasmine is white 'gainst the dark green gloom
Of the shrub, and its perfume drifts
And catches the scent of each other bloom
And blends with them all, and lifts
Like an unseen scarf from a fairy loom,
Bulged big with some wondrous gifts,
And my baby's laughter comes through the night
To my easy chair, and the world's all right!

"Aye, she's just over there, is my baby wee,
And here's me in my easy chair,
And, oh, but the world has been good to me,
And, oh, but the world is fair!
For my baby is where I can hear her glee,
And her mother is with her there,
And the blooms are bending 'round where I sit,
And the world's all right! I'm in love with it! !"

INCOME TAX—FIRST BRAIN FRUITS

EDUCATION of the kind that is inserted in the cranium with a hammer is sure to be one of the best results of the income tax. Already some facts shining with a great and mighty light have been brought out in that connection. Two statisticians in the Treasury Department have made estimates as to the number that will be eligible to pay a tax, namely, those who have incomes of $5000 per year. They differ largely on the question of how many have incomes of $5000 and less than $7500, one saying 100,000, the other 200,000. On one point they are agreed, that less than 3000 persons have incomes of $100,000 or over.

In the tables given as to wealth distribution the figures are usually from the census of 1890 or 1900. For some wise reason the figures for 1910 census are not easily available. Yet the piling up of wealth in a few hands has gone on far more rapidly in the last ten years than before that time. The income tax is likely to make some of the facts evident.

According to the tables mentioned about 35,000 persons receive $20,000 a year or over. This is the least that can be accounted wealth, the least that provides real leisure and luxury.

There are, then, 35,000 out of 51,500,000 (the population over 21 years of age) who are reaping the chief harvest of America's vast "prosperity." That is six-hundredths of one per cent or three out of 5000.

That the 4997 like the situation would seem clear on election days. Perhaps not next time. Let us watch and see.

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So many men confound prejudice and bigotry with intellectual integrity and moral stamina.

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To sell one's friends for financial gain is but another form of selling one's soul to the devil.

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Character assets are of much greater importance to the true man or woman than financial possessions.

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No man can leave greater legacy to his children than he whose death is sincerely mourned by all who knew him in life.

IN THE CALCIUM GLOW

Whose life in this generation has been most nearly what you would want your daughter's to be?

Have you ever asked yourself this question?

In this age of changing ideals and enlarging opportunities for women, it is interesting to ask what opportunities and what goals are after all truly worth while.

Education? Just as much as the age allows—provided always that it has in it a purpose large enough, unselfish enough to repay society for what it costs and to reward the one who works for it in soul growth and the consciousness of vital service in a great cause.

Marriage? Yes, provided that a right one be found strong in body, mind and character, and if like training and devotion to a common cause be added, so much the greater fortune.

Judged in this way, May Wood Simons is a favored daughter of her time. She has had the best the country affords in educational lines, having graduated from North Western University and later doing the work for a Doctor of Philosophy degree in Chicago University. In 1910, she competed for the Harrison prize for the best thesis in Economics and won when her competitors were all men and the judges the professors in Economics in five of the great universities.

While engaged in the preparation of this work, Mrs. Simons was busy each day as Assistant Editor of the Chicago Daily Socialist, of which her husband was the Editor-in-Chief. He is now the editor of The Coming Nation.

Mr. and Mrs. Simons are almost the only "red card Socialists" who are doing scholarly, original investigation. Much of their work has been to dig out the facts of history from the documents of given periods. They are demonstrating the Marxian theory of history (that economic forces control the trend of events) in many ways.

May Wood Simons

This all sounds as though musty libraries had crowded out all homey comfort and romance. Not by any means. No couple could better suit the school girl's imagining. Here is the dark-eyed stalwart hero and the golden-haired, dainty lady, as mutually devoted as heart could wish.

The moving of The Coming Nation to Chicago meant the return of this family to their artistic, carefully planned little home in Evanston, with a garden in which the farmer editor raises miraculous vegetable harvests. One thing about this house is significant. There is no kitchen in it. In a corner of a beautiful dining room is a buffet gas range and a dainty sink. A screen can hide it all easily when desired.

Perhaps you think there is no difference between eating in the kitchen and cooking in the dining room, but that is where you greatly mistake. There is all the difference between our grandmother's time and our own; all the difference between living to eat and eating to live. Think it through and see.

The important part of this establishment, however, is the winsome, dimpled little beauty of twelve years, who plays like a child of six in mischievous gaiety and devours grown-up histories with as much pleasure as her fairy stories.

If one is searching, too, for an old-fashioned mother or rather for a devoted mother, a supreme example may be found in this most modern of women. Miriam has never spent a night away from her mother and the brooding care she has received has been the marvel of all observers.

Mrs. Simons is much in demand as a lecturer. Much experience as a "soap-boxer" in the earlier stages of the work, has given her great power as a practical propagandist. With a fine voice, tremendous earnestness and effective skill, she is equipped as are few scholarly persons to give others the benefit of her grip on principles.

Mr. and Mrs. Simons have both been delegates to every convention held by the Socialist Party and to Socialist Labor party conventions prior to that. She was delegate to the last International Congress. In all phases of the organization work, her efforts have been persistent and most helpful.

Such realization even today of well-rounded, many-sided life is a prophecy of rich, more beautiful fulfillment in the life of all the race.

Do you remember in Ibsen's "Doll's House," the husband says to Nora, "First of all you are a wife and mother." Nora answered, "First of all I am a human being." Even with this woman's unique devotion as a wife and mother, she has never lost sight of the fact that she is, first of all, a human being, a human being with full responsibility to serve her generation. May the future have even more in store for her and for hers of effective service in the grat movment which forms the larger life of all of us.

Smile awhile,
And while you smile another smiles,
And soon there's miles and miles of smiles
And life's worth while,
Because you smile.

PLAYS, PLAYERS & PLAYWRIGHTS

By MILA TUPPER MAYNARD

A WORKING GIRL IN NOTABLE PLAY

"Hindle Wakes," the most discussed play of the year, has as central figure a novel kind of "new woman." It is not a doctor or lawyer, a suffragette or a doctor of philosophy, but a factory girl. Moreover, the factory girl is not the kind to pass laws for and sob over, but a young woman proud of her skill, well paid as wages run, sure that as long as cloth is woven in England that she is sure of a job and can support herself. Incidentally she can decide her own fate without dictation from parents or need to marry until it entirely suits her so to do.

All this is pleasant to note, but the play also makes it apparent that this self-dependent young woman thinks she can sow wild oats after the fashion of her brothers if so it pleases her, without being forced into either marriage or prostitution as the result. This can not be contemplated with the same degree of complacency.

It is painful to think that because women are not dependent for bread, that they are to be no longer shielded from the dangerous follies and life-wrecking mistakes which have been heretofore difficult for women but horribly easy for men.

Let us hope it is not true nor will be true. Forced marriages, no doubt, will grow fewer. Ostracism will be less used but protecting care will become greater for girls than it is today, and will extend to boys as well as girls. Freedom and the possibility of going wrong cannot be prevented and it is probably well that they cannot be, but a brooding care in the training of both boys and girls, the utmost effort to make their interests and associations helpful and wholesome will become, not alone the problem of parents, but of all society.

Mankind has not passed so far beyond animalism that the race can afford to weaken the safeguards that have grown up in customs and conventions. We must, however, turn on the fullest light. The standards of a "man-made world" must give way to a free world, but a freedom controlled by a reverent regard for what the experience of the race has found to be best adapted to the general welfare.

PINERO'S PITIFUL WOMEN

To appreciate Hindle Wakes, in spite of the dread it stirs, one should read or see some of Pinero's plays. "The Second Mrs. Tanquary" had a past and the past cursed all her future until putting herself off the earth seemed the only thing to do.

The last important play by this author, "Mid-Channel," pictured a husband and wife meeting a rough place in their life voyage and separating. After a few months, they discovered that they had made a mistake, for their mutual love was very real. They met. The husband had serious confessions to make and was duly forgiven.

When, however, it was found that the wife also had something to confess, the husband took it for granted that there was nothing to do but make the other man marry her. Forgiveness on his part was not to be even imagined. Since the other man had returned to a confiding girl and was about to marry her, the woman cut the knot by dropping from a balcony ten stories high. Pinero evidently sympathizes with the

Emilie Polini, skillful Factory Girl in "Hindle Wakes," Who Scorns Marriage Without Love

woman, but he draws the picture as it is, and in the world he has observed the woman always pay the penalty.

The spirit of the factory girl who refuses to let one mistake blast her life, is far preferable to that of the woman of wealth who finds nothing to live for when the men of her world regard her as altogether lost. But

The Woman's View

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

ILLINOIS WOMEN ON THE DIVORCE QUESTION

Two bills for the regulation of marriage and divorce, pending in the Illinois legislature, one of which is directed against the securing of divorce by "collusion" and "fraud," while the other aims to make both marriage and divorce more difficult, have caused quite a turmoil among the women of that state.

On the one hand, these bills have resulted in a petition for a National Divorce Commission, composed entirely of women, to investigate the causes of divorce in all states of the union. On the other hand, they have resulted in a scorching open letter to the legislature, which places the framers of the bills in a ludicrous position, and will surely make them laugh at themselves, if they are humorous enough to face the situation. The petition for a National Divorce Commission was initiated by Mrs. Charles Henrotin, and is not at all improbable that the commission will soon materialize. It is to report two years from the date of its appointment. The open letter to the legislature was framed by Mrs. Lida Parce and was endorsed by the Woman's Party of which she is chairman. The letter reads in part, as follows:

"We call your attention to the fact that the parties to a marriage contract are not guarded by being provided by the state with the text of the contract—before signing the document. We submit to you that the state ought to safeguard the signing of the marriage contract at least as well as it does the signing of a business contract; and that failure to do so is in the nature of 'collusion' and 'fraud' against the woman, who incurs such heavy duties and penalties under it. So long as people are not guarded in the signing of the marriage contract by being furnished with the text of the instrument, the great concern now being manifested regarding 'collusion' and 'fraud' seems somewhat misplaced and is not altogether convincing. The procuring of divorces by such means ought to be stopped when the procuring of marriages by such means is stopped, and not until then.

"Further; three fourths of all divorce cases are brought by women, and two thirds of all divorces are granted to women. . . . . Lawyers unanimously testify that many women try to secure divorces for causes which they cannot talk about to lawyers and judges, and for which the law does not grant divorce. Without 'collusion' and 'fraud,' therefore, these women cannot procure the release they crave. Should such petitions be denied? By doing so the state places itself in the position of conspiring to force women to perform, against their will, functions which it is a criminal indecency to force upon any one.

"The bills now before you were prepared by a group of persons, nearly all of whom are priests or judges. They have publicly declared that their purpose is not to investigate the causes of divorce, but to make both marriage and divorce 'more difficult;' like the quack doctor, who insists that the ulcer must be healed, but cares nothing about the condition of the blood. Such a course is frivolous and childish to the last degree and a confession of hopeless incompetency.

"The commission has addressed a letter to preachers, requesting them to demand the 'enforcement' of the

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the girl's story is not all told. Deserted by friends, among strangers, economic independence will not save her from new and subtle temptations. Poor girlie! There are many chances that she will wish she had taken the Pinero path out of the difficult situation before she has weathered the storms awaiting a young woman with "advanced" ideas.

THE DRAMA'S SPRINGTIME IS EXCITING

This play "Hindle Wakes" is by a new author, Stephen Houghton. It is remarkable in being so dramatic with almost no action. It is wholly a drama of ideas and character revelation.

A friend attending the annual meeting of "The Drama League," held in Chicago last week, has sent me a report of an important lecture delivered there by Mr. Clayton Hamilton, of Columbia University.

The last thirty years have seen, he said, greater strides in the drama than for two hundred years before. Alfred Noyes pictures in a poem Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Spencer and others meeting together and bemoaning the fact that there were no more poets. So today there are people who sigh for the greatness of the past, while they ignore the truly fine work going on around them. Hindle Wakes was used as an illustration frequently in this lecture as one of the best of the new type.

NEW SOCIAL INSPIRATION

The reason why the drama is awakening to new life is because the industrial revolution is bringing new ideas, new problems and a generation of young thinkers full of a social ardor which they wish to express in the most effective way. The evolutionary belief in the power of environment, too, has a large part in the new play. Each character is set in a background of just this world as it is today. Iago and Hamlet could be found in any period. They need no special setting in time or place. The modern plays, except Maeterlinck's are all part and parcel of today's capitalistic society.

Few of these authors draw the moral direct, but a searching diagnosis of the disease will usually give some thought of a cure to the thoughtful. So the drama is a powerful agency for the social uplift by making the essential facts stand out clearly. Browning says that we are made so that we see first when it is painted things we have seen a thousand times nor cared to note. A few lines drawn by the artist will bring out points in a face or landscape we will never again forget.

So the dramatist is drawing society and making clear conditions which will never be forgotten and which must be faced.

'sanctity' of marriage. We submit that 'sanctity' is not of a nature which admits of 'enforcement.'

"Under the regime of 'sanctity' the race has become infected to the extent of 85 or 90 per cent with deadly

Lida Parce

diseases, and the white slave traffic has grown to giant proportions; while insanity, feeble-mindedness, defectiveness, delinquency and crime are increasing much more rapidly than the population. We believe that the time has arrived when the laws governing marriage, and hence controlling the reproduction of the race, should no longer rest on 'sanctity' alone, but should be framed to secure the preservation of society, both as to its physical and mental well-being, and its social efficiency and happiness. Laws to be so framed must rest on the evidence of all the related facts, both biological and social. These judges and priests see marriage only as a theological or legal question, to be settled according to their respective theories; whereas, it is a practical question, which is at the bottom, directly or indirectly, of every human activity and relationship."

This last sentence proves that the women who sent this letter to the legislature have gotten down to fundamentals. It suggests an explanation for the great difficulty with which perfectly apparent economic facts are impressed upon the average mind. It does seem inexplicable that a man, who must dispose of his most vital energy—his labor power—at the behest of another, who produces $5.00 and receives $1.00, who builds mansions and lives in a hovel, or starves while plenty is within arm's reach, should still live under the illusion that he is an independent being.

But when it is remembered that his mother probably accepts sex slavery with hopeless submission, it is not so surprising that he should accept economic slavery with hopeless indifference.

When a man is not a product of forced motherhood, or dependent motherhood, when he is not born under compulsion, it may be that he will resent with greater energy the fact that he lives under compulsion.

But as long as he is conceived of slavery, nurtured in slavery, and reared in slavery, it can only be expected that at maturity he will think slavishly.

GRANDMOTHER'S SECRET

"What were your dreams about the world when you were my age, Grandmother?" I asked.

It was the first of May and my sixteenth birthday. In view of this fact Grandmother and I had gone to the garden on the slope of the hill for a heart to heart talk and I had impetuously told her of my ideals and rose-hued dreams of the future. Now that I had given vent to my exuberant, youthful spirits, I hoped that she would be responsive.

Receiving no immediate answer, I again put my question and looked at her from my position amidst the grass and dandelions at her feet. Her expression was so set that I exclaimed in alarm, "Why, dear, what have I said to hurt you? Tell me. You know, surely, that I meant no harm."

"Don't worry, childie," she murmered softly. "What you said did not hurt me. It was just memories. Come, give me your hand and I'll tell you what you ask."

She smiled her wonderful, enigmatic smile and I crept closer with a queer feeling of suspense, imagining that all the life in the garden paused in its activities with the same feeling. The breeze halted its rustling game of tag between the rose petals and the leaves of the oaks. The robins stopped their twitter and stood by at attention. Even the flimsy white clouds, which had been casting cool, fleeting shadows over the gravel paths, seemed motionless for the moment. And the sunlight fell on Grandmother's face, throwing a halo about her soft, white hair that made her look like the priestess of an oracle.

"At your age, Ruth, I dreamed of many of the things of which you have just spoken to me; of a peaceful, beautiful world, peopled with happy, vigorous beings; dreamed of helping to bring this world; and dreamed of love.

"It was my pet ambition to paint pictures of the beautiful world we want to create, and as I had done quite successful work, many of my friends encouraged me to continue my efforts. But I dreamed also of love, and love came first. In the minds of my parents and in the mind of my sweetheart, love and ambition exclude each other in a woman's life. Even my friends, who encouraged me before I thought of marrying, considered it perfectly natural that I should give up my work on becoming a wife. I was very young and afraid to act without a precedent. So I gave it up."

"But how could you!" I exclaimed in surprise. "Did you forget the pictures, really? Or is it because you couldn't forget them, Grandmother, that your smile is often sadder than tears? I've often wondered about that."

"Being in love made it easier at first," she replied. "And for a number of years the babies took up so much time that it was possible, with a little effort, to imagine that I did not miss my work at all. But as they grew older and I had more leisure, I found there was a vacancy in my life which nothing could fill."

"Didn't you ever work at it again?" I questioned.

"Yes." She looked at me with strange intensity. "I'll tell you of one picture I tried to paint, after neglecting the work for five years.

"It was an autumn sunset. When I saw it, I was standing in a little hollow. The fir-covered hills all around were the frame and the sky was the picture. To me it was symbolic of the struggle for that beautiful world of which we dream.

"On the very edge of the horizon hung black, sinister clouds that looked like factories and strikes, hunger and hate. Above the black clouds were crimson ones, tumultous and fiery, like the flames of a social furnace, purifying and moulding the old order into the form of the new. Beyond the mass of red clouds were tiny, broken up, many-tinted groups that gradually grew paler until they melted into the great blue infinite,

Mrs. Charles M. Henrotin

stretching far, far beyond the compass of human vision, symbolic of peaceful labor and love.

"But I could not paint that picture—could not even make a caricature of it. My fingers had learned to pat butter and knead bread. The art of wielding a brush was no longer known to them. Instead of becoming master of a profession, I had become the servant of a medley of chores."

I held my breath, wondering if Grandmother would say any more. She was looking out into the distance and did not seem aware of my presence. But just as I thought I must say something—anything, to break the silence, she came back from the Far-a-Way and spoke to me.

"I'm sure you'll understand," she said. 'I'll tell you the real reason why I've often been sad. It's your due. You must not make the same mistake. For, love will come to you too, and you must know which of its claims are true and which are false.

"My greatest pain did not come from giving up something which I loved very much. I could have endured that pain if giving up my work had been for the best of all concerned. It is because I have found that it was for the worst that I am sad; because I know that my sacrifice was made in vain.

"You remember the time that Grandfather had such difficulty in keeping his little magazine running, and how it finally failed because he was unable to secure a good artist for the salary he could afford to pay. If I had continued my work, I could have helped him then. As it was, I could only assist with the wrapping of the papers. I might also have remedied the situation at the time he was so seriously ill and we had no money. But without my profession I could only offer sympathy in lieu of money. There are numberless instances in which I might have helped if I had kept my profession. But I had dropped it—stopped doing a big work for many people to do petty work for a few people and ended by being unable to do efficient work for anyone."

Grandmother took both my hands in hers and said gaily, yet with unwonted seriousness, "And so in dreaming, girlie, promise me you won't forget to dream of these two things: Self expression and social service. If you miss the one, you miss your happiness. If you miss the other, you miss your function. I have missed them both."

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TRAINING THE CHILD

THERE is a good old Bible passage which reads: "Be not conformed to the world, but ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, so that ye may prove what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God."

The soul that is poured into some mold of petty self-importance or of other people's opinions or unwise habit is conformed and needs to be transformed into the self of truth where, unwarped, the mind may by insight see what is the good and find that its own will is the will of the Highest.

What a blessed thing it is when there is no need of that transforming, but when the soul is kept from babyhood simple and loving and hence truly spontaneous in its activity. Much of the best thought of the past century has been given to the problem of securing for childhood this balance of harmony. The old ideal was one of repression, an obedience in which conformity to innumerable prohibitions was the chief virtue.

A later ideal—especially in America—was of freedom and has resulted too generally in a lawless autocracy of childhood which was not freedom at all, but the saddest sort of tyranny in which the child became slave to his own petty willfulness.

The true aim should be freedom, but freedom held sacredly for the activities of the true self—the activities which proceed from and make for life and love.

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"The nations of the world are vieing with each other in the conquest of the air, not for the advancement of civilization, not for the acquiring of knowledge, not to lessen the load of the worker, not for the betterment of mankind; but for the sake of war. Invention pays best, today, if there is in the new idea a possibility for slaughter. In the meantime, hundreds are killed while searching for the means that will make killing easier."

BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

THE ART OF UNDERSTANDING

To misunderstand one another is tragic comedy; it is often the basis of our humor and pathos. A person speaks, striving to express his feelings. To him, a word means a certain thing. To his hearer, the word shades off into another meaning. A misunderstanding follows, and two persons are hopelessly estranged.

One phase of life misunderstands another, failing to comprehend the significance, the meaning, the place of things. Friction sets in, unity is lost and chaos reigns. One trade misunderstands the other, just as one mind fails to comprehend the other.

Yes, and even one art often thinks itself the whole, forgetting that it is but a part. It derides, scorns and sneers at what it thinks is a lesser or a useless art.

A machine performs its full function only when all its parts work as parts. Were one cog to misunderstand the importance of its neighbor there follows great loss to the whole machine. Is it not the same in the machine of life?

The poet does not understand the naturalist. He cannot understand why a person should desire to measure a sunrise, time an eclipse, or study the structure of a beautiful rose. He sees the beauty of things, and is indifferent to their mechanism. To him, nature is a beautiful vision, not a smelly laboratory. So, William Wordsworth writes of the natural philosopher, calling him

"a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave."

And the natural philosopher gazes on the dreamy-eyed poet and wonders what it is all about. He often thinks that man should study nature and never bother about rhapsodizing over it. Nature to him is a concrete, definite thing. So, he says the poet is

"A man of trifling breath,
One that would flute and sonneteer
About his sweetheart's death."

And so, we forget that each is good, each necessary, each a part of the whole. If they were to understand each other, would they sneer? Would the poet sing the praises of his patient brother? Would they be comrades? Would there be unity if they but possessed the art of understanding?

SHAW AGAIN

The best way to begin this paragraph is by referring to George Bernard Shaw as the "inimitable Shaw," for that appears to be the custom. Well, Mr.—or rather, the inimitable—Shaw has delivered himself of another Shavianism, addressing a letter to those who attended his "John Bull's Other Island" at London and asking them to smile instead of laugh. Handclapping should be reserved until the close of the play, says the Irish Socialist. Mr. Shaw asks: "Would you dream of stopping the performance of any piece of music to applaud every bar that happened to please you? And do you know that an act of a play is intended, just like a piece of music, to be heard without interruption from beginning to end?" All of which gives the newspaper paragrapher an opportunity to talk about Shaw's sparkling, charming originality, and repeat the time-worn statement that "Shaw is a paradox," or accuse him of striving for publicity. I don't think Shaw is so very original in his request that laughter be eliminated. Baudelaire, a half century ago, said he despised laughter, branding it as infernal and sinister.

George Bernard Shaw

THE RENAISSANCE

In the April number of The Atlantic Monthly, Robert Shafer's article on the two newest poets, John Masefield and Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, opens with the observation that decadence in poetry is once more dead and buried. This means that the spirit of Socialism has rescued poetry and given it a new lease on life. Socialism is entering every phase of life and its influence is for the best—for a better world, a more beautiful life and a fuller appreciation of the human family. Socialism has brought a renaissance.

Mr. Shafer quotes a haunting poem by Mr. Gibson, adding that this working-class poet possesses a sensitive social conscience and perceives that if his art is "ever to be real it must concern itself directly with life." The poem:

Snug in my easy chair,
I stirred the fire to flame.
Fantastically fair,
The flickering fancies came,
Born of heart's desire:
Amber woodland streaming;
Topaz islands dreaming,
Sunset cities gleaming,
Spire on burning spire;
Ruddy-windowed taverns;
Sunshine-spilling wines;
Crystal-lighted caverns
Of Golconda's mines;
Summers, unreturning;
Passion's crater yearning;
Troy, the ever-burning;
Shelley's lustral pyre;
Dragon-eyes, unsleeping;

Old Repley's Kid

By
CLAUD ELLIS SHECKLES

"WELL, as near as I can reckon," said Repley, "it was in the fall of '89 that we all finished up the troublesome Apaches, and put an end to their devilment. If I'm mistaken in the date I'll warrant it won't be far off."

Repley sat in his accustomed seat in front of the barroom, in the cool of a summer evening, his chair tilted back and Nig, his favorite dog, quietly dosing near. The old Arizonian was at peace and contentment with all the world. Repley was reminiscent that evening and had been recalling stirring times on the border.

He was a native of the South, an ardent lover of all its traditions and romances. He referred to it on all occasions when comparisons were made with other portions of the country; but he had followed the frontier until he had lost the characteristic twang of that sunny clime, and now called himself a Westerner, with all the name implied.

He squared himself for a long story and with a long pull at his pipe began:

"If I recollect in particular, it was Lute Davis who first brought the word that the Apaches, from the reservation at San Carlos, about twenty miles below, had broke loose and were on a big raid, and had killed an old man and his daughter, at a point on the old Indian trail near Guthrie, quite a ways up the river from here.

"You know a few years before we always had a bunch of them soldiers hereabouts, but Uncle Samuel thought that because the redskins had been quiet and orderly-like for a long spell past, there was no particular danger in them a-wanderin' off of the reservation; so he took the army boys over to Fort Grant across the Graham Mountains. For this reason we couldn't get no soldiers at this time.

"Well, in less time than I can tell you, me and Lute Davis, John and Jim Parks, Ed Livingston, Crook-neck Thompson, Bill Perry, Judge Hyatt and Archie Brookmiller, old man Solomon, Jake Thorne, Sid Green and a gang of cowpunchers from the Double Circle got our hosses and shootin' irons ready and was after them redskins to a fare-u-well. Our bronchos was a-feelin' fine and we certainly did cut the dust some.

"We rode all that night, and early next morning took up with the Indians' trail near Coronado, where it struck straight into the mountains. We got a little feed and drink for ourselves and got fresh hosses in the corral at old Sam's place. He told us to be keerful as there was about fifty savages in the raid.

"The news of the Indian uprisin' traveled powerful fast, I tell you, and by the time we left Coronado there was some twenty-five of we cowpunchers in the party, a few having joined us from Clifton. Most everybody on the Upper Gila knowed that the savages were out on the warpath.

"We headed due south right into the heart of them mountains over yonder. If the Indians had searched all over Arizona they couldn't have found a wilder place to make their get-away.

"Their trail led up past an old abandoned mine that was supposed to have been worked a couple of hundred of years ago by the early Spaniards, who came to this country to look for gold. It is likely them Spaniards was run out or killed by the murderous Apaches who infested the country at that time. At least that is what has been handed down to us.

"May be some of the forefathers of the savage gang that we were after had a hand in massacreing the early Spanish miners at these old ruins, and now as these Apaches, the ones we were after, were passing by, probably the spirits of some of those old red devils, who were killed in this ancient battle, and are now wandering around in the happy hunting grounds, kept egging this younger generation on to keep up their devilish work.

"Judging from the old tumbled-down 'dobes, scattered around, the deserted camp must have been a powerful busy diggin's in them days. It's almost all worked out now. Once in a while, during the rainy season, a few Mexicans go up there and pan out enough gold dust for a small grub stake.

"From this place the trail led up the canyon past the Cliff-dwellers' long-deserted homes. These Cliff-dwellers' caves are certainly interesting. How them natives dug their homes in the face of them perpendicular cliffs will always remain a mystery. The Cliff-dwellers must have been considerably like monkeys, and could climb mighty well. The only way they could have possibly reached their homes must have been by rope. You couldn't make a ladder long enough these days to get into one of them.

"Me and Ed Livingston, a few years ago, explored one of the Cliff-dwellers' caves. It took us nigh onto two whole days to make it. By good luck we managed to get into one of the largest of the caves. It looked just as it had been left ages ago, only the floor of the cave was covered with the dust of centuries. In one corner we found the ashes of the fire the cliff dwellers had used. The ends of the mesquite sticks looked as though they had been put there but yesterday. Near the ashes broken pottery and cooking utensils were scattered about, showing that the natives had made their escape in a hurry. In a room adjoining we found a skeleton, a portion of which crumbled away at our touch. By the shape of the skull one could plainly see that them Cliff-dwellers were not of a high order of intellect. At the feet of one of the skeletons was a pair of bear-grass sandals that showed plenty of wear; but the weaving of the bear-grass was certainly a fine job. Scattered about the room were pieces of bear-grass ornaments showing that the women folks of the tribe were handy at weaving. From what little that was left in the cave it was hard to get much of an idea of the every-day life of the Cliff-dwellers.

"One of the things that struck us most was the painting on the pottery and on the walls of the cave. There

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Witches' caldrons leaping;
Golden galleys sweeping
Out from sea-walled Tyre:
Fancies, fugitive and fair,
Flashed with singing through the air;
Till, dazzled by the drowsy glare,
I shut my eyes to heat and light,
And saw, in sudden night,
Crouched in the dripping dark,
With steaming shoulders stark,
The man who hews the coal to feed my fire.

it had stood the wear of the elements for a couple of thousand years, I guess, and was just as fresh as the day it was put there. We found corn cobs, but where they came from no one can tell. They couldn't raise an ear of corn in forty miles of the Cliff-dwellers' habitations.

"Just what killed off these Cliff-dwellers will never be found out, I'll warrant. Whoever it was that exterminated them didn't mean to leave anything behind that was valuable. Their pottery was broken into fragments and scattered about. At the foot of the cliff we found many pieces of beautiful handiwork.

"I have often asked the Indians living around here if they knowed anything about the history of the vanquished race, but they know nothing. As far back as the redskins' traditions go, and that's a tolerable long ways back, the Cliff-dwellers' homes have been as we see them now. But I am wandering—I was telling about that Indian uprisin'.

"About four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day we caught up to the last camp of the Indians, where they had left their camp-fires burning, and we knowed that we were near them. We then picketed our bronchos, knowing that we could do nothing more that evening, and cooked our supper, meanin' to start before daybreak the next morning. We were out in our saddles just as the first gray streaks began to show over the distant hills. Riding was hard in the foothills and the path, an old cattle trail, was bad to follow. You know them mountains out there are covered with mesquite and cactus, and it's really worth one's life to ride fast over that kind of a country.

"Lute Davis and me and the two Parks boys rode a little in the lead of the bunch, and it was near onto five o'clock in the afternoon when, lo and behold, in a little flat down the canyon we spied the redskins eatin' their supper!

"They had no idea that they was bein' followed, as they had picked out a mighty hard place to get into. For that reason they felt perfectly secure. But you know we fellows out here get mighty handy at following trails ourselves.

"No sooner had they seen us than the fun began. You ought to have seen them Indians throwing their blankets and other traps away and make for their bronchos! They had no time to save anything. We never did get nearer than a half mile of them savages, but we pumped lead into them faster than I can say it. The short range guns of them days didn't do much good and I don't think we hit any of them very bad, but we scared them a-plenty. On some of the horses there were two of the Indians, as some of them didn't take time to get their own ponies. The way they made them bronchos fly was fierce.

"I was more than making good headway in the running fight and was about to overtake a young squaw who had a little papoose fastened to her back. In order to lighten her load, so her pony could run faster, she deliberately throwed the papoose, together with the basket, away from her and away she went as fast as the broncho could carry her, never looking back to see what had become of the kid.

"I had little time to think, but as I dashed along as fast as the wind, I reached over, grabbed the papoose basket and throwed it over the horn of my saddle, never stopping for a second, and more than kept them redskins on the hump. They wasn't loaded down like we were and could go faster. The squaws have a way of fastening their kids in them baskets so that you couldn't loosen them with dynamite, so I wasn't afraid of the kid a-fallin' out, while I was on the run.

"We never did catch up with them redskins. Nigh coming on, they got lost from us in the chapparal an mesquite brush and we had to give up the chase, as w were near the border of Mexico, and the Indians wer sure to cross into the land of the manana in the morn ing, where we could not follow.

"That's the last we ever seen of them Indians, an they have never left the reservation since them days That scare we cowpunchers gave them was enough They are tame Indians now—because they've got to be Of course, every once in a while one of them gets loade up on stolen whiskey and raises some fun, but he i immediately called in, and he certainly knows what' best for him.

"We rode into Lordsburg the next morning and ha breakfast and fed our live stock. I turned the kid ove to an old Mexican woman to take care of while we al had a sleep. The kid was a-cryin' right smart. He wa hungry. The old women gave him something to ea and cleaned him up a bit and in a little while he wa O K. The old women begged mighty hard for the kid but I had made up my mind to take him home with me

"After a day or two of rest we all left Lordsburg for home. The kid soon forgot how his mother ha throwed him away—he was little more than a year old I reckon—and by giving him a little milk now and the from a bottle the Mexican woman had given me, he didn't make much complaint. Indian kids don't cry much. He stood the ride, nearly fifty miles, in his little papoose basket, attached to the horn of my saddle, al right, and when we got home he seemed as happy as any of us.

"Of course the news got quickly around about my Indian kid and the women folks and men folks joshed me considerable. I hired a Mexican gal to take care of the kid and I resolved to raise him and send him to school and make a man out of him.

"I have kept my promise. He is a man now, but don't amount to much. I have some consolation in the fact, however, that I tried to do my best by him, and maybe he will always retain a kindly feelin' for me for picking him up that afternoon long years ago, after his strange mother had throwed him away to starve and become food for the coyotes."

Old Bill Repley was thoughtful a moment, but the heavy tramp of feet in the barroom recalled him from his reverie and his reminiscence of Repley's kid was soon forgotten in the convivial round of firewater.

The last time I saw Repley's kid he was living in San Simon, where he had lived nearly all his life. Standing to the rear of him was his squaw, a papoose basket strung across her back, containing a pair of black little eyes gazing out in wonderment—a miniature of Repley's kid, when he was picked up on the plains many years before. Repley's kid was indifferent. The Indian characteristic was strong within him. That element is seldom eradicated by contact for one generation with the whites. Repley's Kid, as he has always been called, is content with life. His learning in the white man's school has changed him but little and he remains an Indian—nothing more.

TODAY

"Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to the fight are gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play:
The Past and the Future are nothing,
In the face of stern Today."

IN FUNNYLAND

THE ACQUISITION

He had read Socialism because the Social Circle had taken it up. The wealthy Mrs. Got-My-Rocks had become a sort of second aunt to the cause, so he took out a Red Card.

He was at once featured in the local. The wealthy young Mr. S. Cranium was a valuable addition to the party—indeed the whole multiplication table. They couldn't roast the Socialists as a bunch of ignorant hobos any more.

He was placed on all the important committees. His opinion was the Golden Text of the meetings. The members hesitated to call him "comrade." It was too presumptious familiarity for ordinary Socialists to thus address one of his standing.

Old Comrade Fightingrebel became a bore. His speeches were so rough, his tactics so extremely radical.

The Jimmy Higginses were a reproach to the party. Their collars weren't tall or stiff enough, their clothes creased by over-wear instead of a tailor, their finger-nails unmanicured.

The Sister Comrades were a common lot. They couldn't talk bridge and lingerie. Their economics smacked of the kitchen and shop. Their costumes did violence to the fashion books.

The wealthy Mr. S. Cranium was IT. He was of the set Kipling wrote of in "The Pioneer":

"Well I know who'll take the credit,
All the clever chaps that followed;
Came a dozen men together,
Never knew my desert fears;
Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted,
Used the water holes I'd followed.
They'll go back and do the talking;
They'll be called the pioneers."

* * *

AT THE MINSTRELS

"Mr. Interlocutor, if a baby swallowed a key, what would you call it?"

"I don't know, Mr. Bones. What would you call it?"

"A key in A minor."

"Mr. Baker will now oblige with a recitation entitled 'Ragtime'."

Rags make more paper.
Paper makes money.
Money makes banks.
Banks make loans.
Loans make poverty.
Poverty makes rags.

* * *

"Don't you think it would be a good thing if our legislators were limited to one term?"

"It would depend on where the term was to be served."

* * *

"What are your views on the great public problems?" "I haven't any views on public problems," replied the man whose interests are under investigation. "I'm one of them myself."

LEGAL MATTERS

"How does it happen," said the Lean Workman, "that though I obey the laws I go about most of the time half-clothed and half-fed?"

"That," said the Puffy-Faced Person, "is because of the Inevitable Law of Supply and Demand."

"But the Supply which I produce is greater than the Demand which I make on the Supply."

"Alas," said the Puffy Face, "you know nothing of the Laws of Economics."

"Perhaps some of the Laws of Economics will be repealed," said the Lean Workman softly, "for if you have observed, you will notice that I am beginning to understand the Laws of Stomach and Fist."—The Masses.

* * *

FAVORITE FICTION

"Old Chap, You Haven't Changed a Bit in Thirty Years!"

"Dear Maria: I Eagerly Seize the First Opportunity to Write to You."

"Universally Pronounced by Press and Public to Be the Greatest Play of Modern Times."

"Mr. Chairman, I Rise with the Greatest Reluctance, but—"

"I Don't Know Whether You Owe Us Anything or Not, Mr. Smith, but I'll See."

"George, I Wouldn't Say a Word to Hurt Your Feelings for the World."

"I Admire Your Nerve!"

* * *

MODERNIZING SOLOMON

Editor—This stuff won't do for a filler."

New Assistant—It's good dope; some of Solomon's proverbs.

Editor—Bah! Nobody ever heard of him. Tell you what we can do, though. Head it "Business Epigrams of Rockefeller," and we'll run it on the front page.

* * *

Kind Wife—John, dear, what are you weeping about?

Husband—I—I just looked through this auto supplies catalogue and find there are 2500 accessories our car hasn't got.—Boston Transcript.

* * *

O'Rourke—There, you've gone an' sat down on your new hat an' smashed ut.

O'Flaherty—Faith, an' Oi'm glad my head wasn't inside ut at the toime.

* * *

"What did the teacher preach about Sunday?"

"Thou shalt not steal."

"I'm getting tired of that kind of talk. What business has a preacher got mixing in politics?"

* * *

"My friends," declared an orator during the convention—"My friends, I say to you that this great republic of ours is standing on the brink of an abscess!"

* * *

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JULY, 1913 TEN CENTS

The Western Comrade

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ROB WAGNER
By Himself

A Message From the Editors

The Western Comrade that you now have in your hands is the fourth issue and it is with a feeling of pride that the editors have watched it go from the press.

No effort has been spared to make The Western Comrade a magazine superior to all Socialist magazines. This has been done, not with a spirit of grasping competition, but with a spirit of loyalty to Socialist principles and a desire to give to the party and its members the very best possible propaganda and educational medium.

The subscription list of The Western Comrade has grown from month to month and the indications are that it will grow faster in the future than it has in the past.

And that is the point. Just what are you doing to help this splendid magazine in its efforts to help build the party? Have you secured just one new subscription? It may be that you have, and it may be that you haven't. If you haven't, the big thing to do is to take this copy and go straight to the best prospect you know of and get his or her subscription.

You never have had a magazine in your hands for which it was easier to get subscriptions. So let us see how many subscriptions can be rolled in before the next issue comes from the press. The best magazine in the world would be no good at all if it had no subscribers to read it!

The next number of The Western Comrade will be just like all of the other numbers—the very best that can be made. The editors are after some great features right now. The Western Comrade always will be a magazine to be proud of—a magazine of the west for the whole country.

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A Word to the West from the New National Executive Secretary

By WALTER LANFERSIEK

THE Socialist Party is entering upon a period of unexampled growth. Certain untoward circumstances at the present moment may becloud that fact. There is a deficit on hand, not at all dangerous, but the Socialist Party has the honest psychology of the working class, in that it dislikes to face the world in debt. But although important, this is of passing importance. An avalanche cannot move backward, nor can we.

The old National Committee felt the rising spirit of the times. They felt that the old bottles could no longer hold the new wine, and graciously handed over the reins to a new National Executive Committee. All honor to them for their past great work. They kept us from the rocks of destruction and will be remembered with love and gratitude by all who know their real work.

The new National Executive Committee is composed of J. Stitt Wilson from the far West, George H. Goebel from the far East, Victor L. Berger, Adolph Germer and James H. Maurer from the middle section of the country. The three last named stand high in their respective unions. The other two need no introduction to Californians. They will work harmoniously and will make good.

For the present all big plans must be held in abeyance. We must look after the commissary before entering into the campaign. As soon as the new regime has found itself there will be some large plans inaugurated. We must look at things in a large way. One hundred thousand men and women with one idea as a fulcrum can move the world. We are moving it, comrades! The evidences are many and significant. Our literature is penetrating every home. Our spirit is reaching and influencing minds and hearts wherever justice and peace are loved.

Uphold the hands of your new Executive Committee. Work harmoniously for the great goal, and we shall then have such cause for rejoicing that we will grasp and hold the world for the workers and the cruel class war shall cease.

YOUNG LIFE'S REALIZATION

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

ONE November the strong Fall Wind passed through the Woods and on his wide-spread wings carried away a little seed, depositing it at length among the debris of an alley in the Great City. There it lay all during the winter. While the wind whistled between the rows of houses and roared through the alley, causing the tin cans to rattle, it crouched down far beneath the snow and longed dreamily for the Summer.

"Come soon, dear Summer," it sang. I am growing, growing; something within me is pushing outward. I hunger for your sweet sunshine and soft rains. Come soon, dear Summer—I want to BE."

When the snow began to melt the seed pushed roots downward and leaves upward, thinking "Surely the Summer will come now. I must begin my work."

The days advanced and Summer came. But to the alley it brought no sweet sunshine or soft rains. It brought only rumbling, crushing wagons, ruthless childish feet, and a dry heat that made the soil impenetrable.

The little seed struggled bravely, calling to the beloved Summer, but it received no response. So it crumpled up hopelessly and withered away.

The Spirit of Love breathed over a home and reared on a mother's breast a tender young life. He pulsated with that heritage of the well-born, the desire to grow. During his early youth his mother protected him against the misery of his environment, so he grew healthy and rosy and beheld large visions of the future.

"I'll be strong, Mother," he said, "and wise and brave. I'll go out into the big world and bring beautiful things back to you. I'll give my strength wherever it is needed; fight for the right, though it means danger, and stand by my fellows, though it means death."

She answered him with a strangely intonated "Yes?"

But long before he reached maturity, Poverty beckoned him and led him into the factory. There hard labor robbed him of his strength; weariness stupefied his idealism; uncertainty destroyed his courage; and incessant competition killed his sense of fairness to his fellows.

Before many years the clutch of the octopus had made of him dry chaff.

And from the world he brought to his mother the knowledge that her love's labor was lost.

Human Hands

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

* * *

Wonderful, beautiful human hands! Hands as delicate as the finest fabric, with tint of skin that blends into shadow over fleeting curves. Hands that breathe of the divinity of humanity. Slender, soft-hued fingers, tapering to tiny rose buds. Fingers that flex and fly like scampering sunbeams in the labors of love! Marvelous human hands!

Human hands, torn and knotted and broken! Great hands with muscles that are hard and bones that are big and strong! Hands that strive and strain at great burdens! Hands that grasp shovels and levers that control powerful machines. Hands that plunge down into danger! Hands that grapple with death! Hands with hard palms and thick, tough fingers! Hands! Human hands that do hard work!

Hands that are indolent. Hands that reach and grasp. Hands that tear away from other hands. Hands strong in the strength of trickery and treachery! Human hands that never create. Fingers that are never bent except to grasp!

Human hands. All alike in the dawn of babyhood!

Rob Wagner, the Artistic Red

By EMANUEL JULIUS

YOU have your little lists of world problems—so have I—so has the valedictorian in the Pomona high school. Some of our inclusions will differ widely, but there are other things in the world about us so rankly grown that man's instinctive sense of fairness takes the pen and writes the lists alike.

Man now produces thirty, sixty and a hundred fold more wealth than did the toiling grandsire; yet there are among us those who want what our grandfathers had. A woman driven in a luxurious car and adorned in a gown that cost a thousand months of painful toil plays at charity where ten thousand unwashed childish faces gaze upward from a garbage-laden gutter. We, who twice daily are packed in cars as no ranchman would pack his cattle, appoint committees to find a remedy for rural isolation. With education universal and enforced, with the science of preventive medicine progressing with marvelous rapidity, insanity, suicide and crime steadily increase, while in some of New York's human abattoirs only one child of ten born reaches the age of five.

These conditions cry out for change; and no shutting of our eyes to the facts, no comparison with worse conditions in the past, and no shifting of responsibility upon Divine Providence, can still the cry. We voice our cry in ten thousand different ways. We write of our heart-sores in forms that are countless. We aspire to utopias that mirror the dreams of our souls. And this vast chaos sums itself into the desire for a beautiful world. We want a better world, and that means a more beautiful world. Child toil, poverty, disease, crime—all these are ugly, and that is why we don't want them.

In Los Angeles, Rob Wagner is preaching the Gospel of Beauty. He despises Capitalism because it is crude and ugly. He loves the philosophy of Mutualism because it is beautiful. He is a Socialist, an Artistic Red. He believes that ecstasy over beauty is something that is actually inherent; the thrill that comes from viewing a majestic mountain moves man to the depths of his soul. His emotions throb and pulsate, craving for expression; if he is an artist, he will write a poem that breathes beautiful words and thoughts, chisel a bit of statuary that takes on the haunting loveliness of harmonious form, paint a picture that glories in the color and shade of nature, or compose a song that contrasts sound with silence, tempers volume with tone.

PAINTING STEWART WHITE'S PORTRAIT

Rob Wagner believes that nothing in the world is better than beauty. The goal of all things is beauty, which means perfection. He believes, with Keats, that what is beautiful cannot be bad. Only the ugly is immoral. True beauty to the soul is as ozone to the flower. Were we to surround ourselves with beautiful things our lives and thoughts, in time, would become beautiful, for beauty absorbs the ugly just as light drives off the blackness of night. This is Rob Wagner's philosophy. And it is red; it is revolutionary; it is dangerous; it demands vast changes in our economic system—or rather, lack of system.

"All artists are individualists, but many of them see no hope of achieving their individuality except through the Socialist movement," says Rob Wagner. "Jack London was right when he said that capitalism is absolutely crushing art. The artist occupies a curious position in the social cosmos; neither a capitalist nor a proletarian, he forms with the other intellectuals a group that lies between. However, no matter how much he would like to express himself or socially serve his fellow men under the competitive system, he must of necessity become a servant of those who can pay him his wage. Thus, we find most of the artists and intellectuals in the service of the capitalists.

"Jack London has to write directly at the heads of his editors, and they are either capitalists or represent capitalists. The artists have to paint what the buying public want—and the only ones who now can buy their wares are the capitalists. We edit their newspapers, build their homes, write their plays and books, paint their pictures and in every other way glorify their lives. It is natural that the intellectuals should be rebels. What self-respecting man wants to be subjected to this kind of tyranny?"

Rob Wagner and his comrade artists would infinitely prefer to beautify the lives of all mankind than to bury their works in the private homes of moneyed mediocrity. It was for this reason that Mr. Wagner sought expression in the public service by entering the public schools as a teacher. He feels that there is a real exhilaration in helping to esthetically mould the lives of the coming generation. The receptive minds of eighteen hundred boys and girls at the Manual Arts High School is a larger and more splendid canvas than he ever painted upon before.

For Mr. Wagner to strive to show them how they can beautify their homes, their persons, their manners and tastes is to lead them to beauties they know not of and to make them sensitive to artistic horrors that confront us on all sides—this will help develop a race of young people who will know and demand beauty as a personal and social necessity to their lives.

As the schools are the most highly socialized institutions we have, they are the most successful. No greater demonstration of the social triumph could be shown than in the Manual Arts High School—where Mr. Wagner teaches. Here is a faculty of eighty teachers—fine, intelligent, high-purposed men and women who dearly love their work and who all work tirelessly for the interest and joy they take in it.

"It is a pleasure to associate socially and intellectually with such fine spirits," says Mr. Wagner. "As for the students, they are fairly bursting with the joy of life. It would be hard to tell when school is out for the students linger around, some still working in the shops and many rehearsing for all sorts of musical and athletic stunts.

"One reason why they love the place is because the physical equipment of the school is so beautiful, which goes to show the importance of beauty in making work joyous. The shops, so full of fresh air and sunshine, looking out upon the field, are an inspiration to work and stand as a symbol of what our industrial life ought to be. When the industries are public institutions, like the schools, then perhaps there will be some dignity to labor, for one can work with dignity only in beautiful surroundings."

A PAIR OF RED WAGNERS

Of course, the public schools have not attained the perfection of Socialism—whose fruitage is individualism. Mr. Wagner avers there is still too much authority to develop splendid individuals. The authority is not the state nor the church, but public opinion. The state, as represented in the superintendent and board of education, has been amazingly liberal and broad-minded and has helped to encourage individuality in the teachers and students, says Mr. Wagner.

"The one blighting influence is what I call public opinion," Mr. Wagner says. "The reason is that public opinion on educational, intellectual and artistic affairs has almost invariably been wrong. Educators have been the world's greatest martyrs. They blaze the way while the mediocre shout themselves hoarse in their smug virtue. Most of the loudest and most blatant criticism comes from professional purists or over-zealous killjoys of puritan standards. These are the people who see shame in dancing and degradation in the drama, and who object to the introduction of anything really joyous or happy in the schools. They are mostly vinegar-hearted old holdovers from the days of witchcraft or else are sentimentalists who can only attract a crowd by ringing a bell and crying shame.

"To free the schools of the tyranny of this smug public opinion, this attitude of mind which says: 'think as we think or you are toads,' I feel is one of the great missions of the Socialist movement. If Socialism means anything at all, it means liberty of expression."

Rob Wagner has had an interesting career. His forty years have been spent in living an active, thorough life. Upon leaving college, he went on The Detroit Free Press, illustrating those old-time humorists—M. Quad, Robert Barr and Luke Sharp. Two years later, he yearned for larger fields, going to New York, where he joined the staff of The Criterion—a brilliant, rebellious literary weekly. He fell right in with that group of the younger intellectuals who have done so much for art, music and drama. He worked with such men as Charles Henry Meltzer, Vance Thompson, Percival Pollard, Charles Klein, Oliver Herford, Carlo de Fornaro, Gellett Burgess, Charles Niedlinger, John Corbin, Joseph I. C. Clark and Rupert Hughes. This group fathered The Criterion Theater—the forerunner of The New Theater—putting on Ibsen, Sudermann and other radicals. These free spirits were howled at for being "long hairs," but they have lived to see the plays produced even by road companies over the entire country.

Rob Wagner developed a new kind of decorative cartoon while associated with the Criterion group. His covers became a notable thing in New York, leading Dr. Shaw, of The Review of Reviews, to say that Wagner was the only cartoonist who had a big punch that never grew vulgar. He did many theatrical posters for Augustin Daly and comics for Life.

He then went to London as head illustrator for the Encyclopedia Brittanica Company, worked two years and made over 2000 illustrations. While in London, he met many brilliant men and became part of the artistic life of that city. After Mr. Wagner was married at the age of thirty-two, he went to an art school for the first time. He studied painting in the Academie Julien at Paris under Jean Paul Laurens. Somehow, he didn't care for schools, so he went into the studio of the late Robert MacCameron, where he made remarkable progress. Returning to America, he executed eleven commissions the first year.

Mrs. Wagner died in the Spring of 1906, leaving two sons, Thornton and Leicester. These boys are now with their grandmother at Santa Barbara, where Mr. Wagner has a beautiful home. He came to Los Angeles three years ago, and doesn't purpose leaving, except to visit. He has cast his lot and life in Southern California and intends to grow up and become a part of it. A few years ago, he wrote the story of "The Come On City" in Colliers, stirring up the humor of Los Angeles and the picturesque and ponderous wrath of the dear, old Times.

His most notable portrait is that of Stewart Edward White, the writer, who was a class-mate of Mr. Wagner. He has been on many adventures with him in the high Sierras and appears in several of his books.

Rob Wagner—the red—has always been a creator of beautiful things. The artist in his soul craves for the Great Climax—a Beautiful World. That is why he is a Socialist. He is preaching a doctrine that will remake the world.

Fighting For Labor in State Legislatures

By CARL D. THOMPSON

Carl D. Thompson is in charge of the information bureau maintained by the National Socialist party in Chicago. He has been a member of the Wisconsin state legislature and was city clerk of Milwaukee during the two years of Socialist administration. He is probably the best qualified man in the Socialist movement to tell of the work of Socialists in American state legislatures. This is the first time that such an account has been written. The story as told here by Mr. Thompson is an extremely valuable addition to current Socialist literature.

BACK in 1899 the present Socialist Party elected its first representatives to the state legislature in Massachusetts. From that day to this the Socialist Party has been fighting a steady battle for the cause of labor in the various state legislatures. The story of the legislative enactments won for labor by the Socialis party has been a steady crescendo.

Gathering strength slowly but steadily in every state the party finally breaks through here and there and elects a representative to the state legislature. Generally it is a single representative at first, but it may be two or three.

In Massachusetts Carey and McCartney were elected in 1899, and the party had representatives until 1904. It was then without representatives until 1909, when Comrade Morrill was elected. He still holds office. In New York the first representative, Herbert H. Merrill, was elected in 1911. In Pennsylvania the Socialists won a seat in November, 1910, electing James H. Maurer. One representative had been elected in Florida some years before, while Comrade Nels S. Hillman in Minnesota was elected in 1910 and is now finishing his second term.

Naturally these single representatives could do but little, yet they held up the banner of labor in the legislative halls. By and by a group of Socialists—four or five—later, six, and later still, a dozen were elected in Wisconsin. By this time other states were "breaking through" and we had this winter (1913) a group of two or more in four states—six in Wisconsin, four in Illinois, two in Nevada and three in Kansas. Thus gradually and steadily the power of the Socialist movement is growing, as the numbers elected to the legislatures increase. But it grows in another respect; the program is being developed and made more comprehensive. It also gains in power as the members of the party assemble the facts and information that constitute the arguments in favor of their measures.

Nothing is so mighty as the unanswerable logic of the facts behind our program—the moral appeal of the realities we present. This is being understood and admitted everywhere. And every year these facts pile up. Every year a thousand influences are bringing them to light. Every year the Socialists learn better how to use them.

But most of all the growing numbers of the great mass of Socialist voters back of their representatives in the legislatures multiplies their influence. A few thousand votes in a state attract attention, but give no alarm. Thirty thousand votes are likely to strike fire, elect one or two to the state legislature and start something. Even that "premonitory rumbling" may be disregarded by the smug politicians UNLESS IT GROWS. But if the 30,000 grow to 50,000, and the 50,000 to 75,000 and every year keeps creeping up; and worst of all, if while growing thus in one state it also grows in all the others—then truly the alarm is out. Desperate measures must be resorted to in hopes of stemming the tide.

It is such growth that by and by causes the capitalist and reform politicians to loosen up and throw out a morsel to labor here and there in the shape of concession, some law that improves labor conditions, shortens hours a bit, improves the wages a trifle maybe, or perhaps improves the method of the payment of wages. The gains are slight at first. They are admittedly conceded not to emancipate the workers, but with the hope of perpetuating their slavery. That is the capitalist politician's purpose, of course.

But every gain is an advantage. Every penny of wages wrung from the capitalist masters, every moment of leisure gained, every device to safeguard the workers' life and limb and health is so much of added resource to the worker with which he may fight for more and still further gains. Every penny more means so much better food, and better food means better health, better blood, more strength and vitality to the worker. By so much he is a better fighter. Every moment cut off from the day's labor is so much time gained to study, to read and reflect—time to think, time to whet the worker's wit with which to match the power of the capitalist class who have all their time to plot and scheme and devise new ways of getting the better of labor. By so much again the worker is a better fighter.

And thus the more the worker gains, the more he is able to gain in addition. And this is the way the legislative program of the Socialists has worked in every county where they have elected representatives to the law making body.

It is slow at first, of course. On that account some grow inpatient. But the movement gains not only in volume, but also in momentum. It gathers force. It also gathers speed. Every day adds to both. Every vote adds to both. Time, patience, persistence, are all that are needed.

To take account of what has been gained so far by this movement—and we are only in its very beginnings here in the United States—is to encourage and inspire every worker for the cause of Socialism, and ought to settle at once in the mind of every laboring man and especially every trade unionist where he belongs.

A Glance at the Record

We haven't as yet been able to gather all the data on the work of the early representatives of the Socialist party in Massachusetts, Florida and Pennsylvania. It

is known that some of the measures they advanced were successful and started movements for improved conditions that are going yet. Later on we shall have more complete information.

But the trend and the extent of this work and its influence is shown sufficiently in Wisconsin. There, as is well known, the Socialists have had their group of representatives in the state legislature for nearly ten years. In 1907 the Wisconsin Socialists had six members in the state legislature. They introduced seventy-two different bills during that session. FIFTEEN WERE FINALLY CARRIED.

Among them were the following:

1. A bill which provided for the erection of guards and railings over dangerous machinery in factories.

2. A bill providing that all metal polishing machines shall be equipped with blowers and sufficient draft to remove the metallic dust.

3. A bill requiring railway companies to equip all trains with sufficient men to handle the work without overburdening the train men. This was known as the Full Crew Bill.

4. An eight-hour telegraphers' law.

5. A greatly improved child labor law.

6. Certain measures securing a greater degree of justice to labor through court processes.

General Gains

The above measures indicate the possibilities of political action with reference to the cause of labor specifically. The whole problem, however, involves a much wider range of activity. The Socialist legislative program sweeps the field, and the Socialist legislators have not been without their laurels in these matters. For example, the following measures were successful in the Wisconsin legislature in 1911, bearing upon general problems:

1. Municipal legislation. Fourteen different bills introduced by the Socialists bearing upon this problem were passed during the session of 1911. These provided, among other things, for a greater degree of home rule for the city, secured the right of excess condemnation, enabled the city to embark in the public ownership of certain public utilities, and gave them the right to secure land and property with which to begin the building of workingmen's homes.

2. State ownership. Socialists secured the passage of a joint resolution for a constitutional amendment, providing for the ownership by the state of the lands, mineral rights, water powers and other natural resources. They also secured the passage of a joint resolution, calling for a national constitutional convention.

3. Political measures. Socialists secured the passage of a law providing for a municipal initiative and referendum; another providing for a half holiday on election days; another providing that women may use the voting machine.

4. Public utilities. The Socialists secured the passage of a law repealing the "exclusive" clause in the franchise of the Milwaukee Gas Light Company; another legalizing the bonds issued by the City of Milwaukee for an electric lighting plant and declaring invalid certain injunctions brought against the city to restrain it from erecting the plant; another authorizing cities operating heating plants to install and operate pipes and mains in the same way as for water works.

Many of these measures, as can be readily seen, affect the communities immediately in the direction of better conditions for the people. The working class will profit most by them.

But the principal point with reference to this general legislation is that it is clearing the ground for the complete reconstruction of the social order. While admitting that these measures do not in themselves immediately bring a revolution, it can be readily seen that each one of them contributes something toward a better organization of society.

Actual Gains So Far

In the succeeding sessions of the state legislature in Wisconsin, the Socialists made steady gains. In the session of 1911 they had twelve representatives. In that session they introduced in all 260 measures. Of these, 67 were actually enacted into law.

Sixty-seven measures, state laws, all of them more or less directly affecting for the better the conditions of the workers—actually enacted, written into the laws of the state, to stay there—a permanent lasting achievement in the interests of labor.

All of which was done without breaking heads, without blowing up buildings, without putting any soap in the beer, or sending carloads of our children away from home.

There were 199 bills and 61 joint resolutions. Fifty-two bills were passed in the senate and 63 in the assembly, and 18 joint resolutions. Of these 133 bills, 52 were finally passed and signed by the governor, and 16 joint resolutions enacted, one being later withdrawn, this making the total of 67 enactments secured by the Socialists in this single session of the state legislature.

But it is not so much by a count of actual measures enacted as by consideration of the nature of these measures, the kind of laws enacted, that the value of their political action may be judged. With this in mind, the Wisconsin comrades classified the measures they secured, and we quote from their manual, page 57:

"The 1911 session of the Wisconsin legislature gave more attention to labor legislation than any of its predecessors.

"The persistent demands of the State Federation of Labor through many years, and the active campaigns of the Social-Democratic party, together with the fact that the latter had carried the city of Milwaukee in the spring of 1910, compelled both the Republican and Democratic parties to write into their state platforms in 1910 many progressive measures.

"The Republican party even declared for such labor legislation as shall place Wisconsin on a level with the most progressive states or nations.

"The presence of twelve Social-Democratic assemblymen and two state senators from the same party constituted actual voting power enough in the legislature to compel attention to the demands of this working-class group. As a result there were twenty-two laws enacted which benefit the working-class directly."

Socialists in Nine Legislatures in 1913

In the fall elections of 1912, the Socialist Party of America reached the highest point of its success in this line so far. Twenty-two representatives of the Socialist party were elected to the state legislatures. One of the Socialist senators, Fred W. Stanton, was ousted by the Kansas senate in a most high-handed fashion, in spite of the fact that the courts had previously found and declared him duly elected.

Another representative, H. K. Davis, had been elected in Nevada, but almost immediately upon election he repudiated the authority of the party and voted against its mandates, and was expelled. H. W. Harris, who had been elected to the assembly in Illinois, afterwards lost his seat on a recount, after having served most of the term. Eliminating these three, the Socialist party

had nineteen representatives in nine different state legislatures this year, 1913.

Some of the legislatures are still in session, and it is too early to secure definite data on the work of those that have recently closed. It is impossible, therefore, to give a complete record of the bills that have been enacted. Two or three of the legislatures have closed their sessions, others are still at work and others have so recently closed that it will be some time before we can get the final results.

So far we have been able to only partially tabulate the bills introduced, with occasional reference to those of whose final disposition we have learned. It will be some time before the record will be complete.

One or two characteristic features of the work in the state legislatures this winter are new and worthy of note. For example, we have for the first time elected a group of legislators in the states where the problems of mining are uppermost. As for example, southern Kansas, Nevada and Illinois. This has resulted in a number of measures being introduced into the legislative program of the party, dealing with the problems of labor in the mining sections.

We have also for the first time elected representatives in the states in the semi-arid region, where the problems of irrigation come in for consideration. This again introduces a new feature in the legislative program of the party.

Another special feature worthy of note is the greater care and comprehensiveness with which measures providing for the public ownership and operation of public utilities have been drawn. This is notably the case in the measure prepared by the legislative committee of the Socialist party in California and introduced through their representative, Comrade Kingsley.

Following is the list of measures, arranged by subject, and it includes practically all of the measures introduced by the various state legislators, and constitutes a pretty comprehensive review of the entire Socialist legislative program, as shown by the work of the Socialist legislators in the present sessions of the state legislatures:

Labor

Hours—Eight-hour bill on public works, Minnesota (defeated); one day rest in seven, Illinois, Wisconsin (new); eight-hour day, universal, California (defeated, new); Saturday half-holiday, Illinois.

Wages—Cash payment, California, Washington, Illinois (new); to compensate miners for time lost when mine closed in enforcement of state laws, Illinois, Kansas (defeated, new); assignment of salaries to married men, Nevada, Illinois; semi-monthly payment, Nevada, Illinois (new); weekly payment, Wisconsin (new); wages for public utility employees, Wisconsin (new).

Women—Hours, comfort, etc., California, Nevada.

Child—Abolishing, regulating, etc., California.

Mining—Providing for sale and delivery of black powder, Kansas (passed, new); health and safety of miners, Kansas (passed, new); abolishing compulsory purchase of supplies from company stores, Kansas (defeated, new); providing bath houses for miners, Kansas (passed, new); providing for ventilation in mines, Nevada (new); providing sprinkling devices and drill sprays, with dry ores, Nevada (new); amending state mine inspection bill, Nevada (new); mine examiners, Illinois (new); relating to sale of commodities by employers to employes, Kansas (defeated).

Giving right of action and damages to union employe, Kansas (defeated, new).

Unemployed, furnish employment in development of natural resources, California.

Bureau of labor statistics and factory inspection, California.

Insurance—Employers' liability, California; proof of injury, Nevada.

Submission of labor disputes to board of investigators, Wisconsin.

Canceling of contract by bonded employee, California (new).

Providing for assessment of logs in districts where cut, Minnesota (defeated, new).

Safety in construction of buildings, Minnesota (passed in amended form).

To prevent misrepresentation and false advertisements, Minnesota (passed), Montana (defeated), Illinois.

Employment agencies—To make charging or receiving of a fee a felony, Minnesota (defeated); relating to bonding of employment bureaus, Minnesota.

Providing for peaceful picketing, in labor troubles, Nevada, Illinois.

Prohibiting blacklisting, Nevada, Illinois (two, new).

Private detectives, Nevada, Illinois.

Freedom in choice of physicians, Nevada (new).

Housing, railroads, lumber camps, etc., Washington, Wisconsin.

Advertisements in time of strike to contain notice of strike, Wisconsin.

Influence in discharge of employees, Wisconsin.

Convict labor—Marking of articles, Wisconsin; wages to dependents, Wisconsin, Kansas (defeated).

Direct employment in cities, Wisconsin (two).

Occupational diseases, forbidding use of white lead, Wisconsin.

Licensing of engineers, Wisconsin.

Guaranteeing right to organize, Illinois (new).

Union label on state printing, Illinois.

Right to boycott, Illinois.

Union conditions on public work, Illinois.

Municipal

Home rule in regard to municipal ownership, California, Illinois.

Debt limit, California.

Amendment of city charters by popular vote, Kansas (defeated).

Municipal coal yards, Kansas (defeated).

Tax levy for libraries in cities of second class, Kansas (passed).

Granting use of public buildings for meeting purposes, Kansas (defeated, new).

Tax levy for water works in cities of second class, Kansas (defeated).

Municipal ice plants, Kansas (two bills, defeated), Wisconsin (passed).

Charter convention, Chicago, Illinois.

Municipal banks, Illinois (new).

Municipal ownership, telephones, Wisconsin.

Park subways, Illinois (new).

Street railways, franchises and regulation, Wisconsin.

Public utilities, regulating use of meters, Nevada.

Deep waterway, Chicago, Illinois (new).

Legalizing park elections, Illinois (new).

State

State ownership—Railroads and industries, Wisconsin (new); storage houses, Wisconsin; land, tenure, etc., Wisconsin; land by purchase when sold for taxes, Wisconsin; natural resources, internal improvement, Kansas (defeated).

Debt limit, Wisconsin.

State life insurance, Illinois.

State printing plant, Illinois.

Traffic, street and highway crossings, Kansas (passed).

Constitutional convention, Kansas (defeated).

Redistricting of state and election of legislators, California.

Legislature, election of senators.

Industrial board to investigate cost of electric railways systems, California (new).

Discussion and action on measures affecting interests of people in public meetings (new).

Abolishing state senate, Nevada (new).

Assembly districts, California.

Abolishing governor's veto power, Nevada (new).

Senatorial districts, California.

Regulating cold storage warehouses, Montana (defeated).

Preservation of timber land, memorial to congress, Montana (defeated).

Courts

Legal aid in criminal cases, Nevada, Kansas (defeated).

Legal aid to poor, Nevada.

Suits for wages in county where labor was performed, Washington.

Prohibiting injunctions in labor troubles, California, Wisconsin (passed), Nevada.

Qualification of jurors, California.

Grand jury, California.

Relief to persons erroneously convicted, California (new).

Relating to civil proceedings in district courts, Kansas (defeated).

Election of federal judges by people, Wisconsin.

Prohibiting injunctions against public officers, Wisconsin.

Verdict of jury binding, Wisconsin.

Civil action without prepayment of fees, Wisconsin.

Preventing imprisonment for contempt, Illinois (new).

Licensing court reporters, Illinois.

Preventing courts tying up union funds, Illinois (new).

Attorneys' fees in suits for wages, Illinois.

Increase wage exemptions, Illinois.

Advancing cases of personal injury, Illinois.

Government

Protection of game, Minnesota (passed), Wisconsin.

Elections of U. S. Congressmen, California (new).

Congressional districts, California (new).

Government ownership coal mines, Kansas (defeated), Wisconsin.

Government ownership railroads, Kansas (defeated), Wisconsin.

Elections

Election day a half holiday, Wisconsin, Nevada.

Providing employed electors opportunity to vote, Nevada.

Certificates of registration, Washington.

Qualification and absent voting, California, Kansas.

Election boards, California.

Primary elections, California (new).

Forbidding non-partisan elections, Califorfnia (new).

Election day a legal holiday, Kansas (defeated).

Education

Providing for night schools, Kansas (passed, new).

Bonds for school districts for payment of outstanding warrants, Kansas (defeated).

Compulsory attendance, courses of study, etc., Nevada.

Free text books, Wisconsin, Illinois.

School board salaries, Wisconsin.

Trade schools, Wisconsin.

Railroads

Prohibiting passes, Illinois (new).

Railroads to maintain public office, Illinois (new).

Authorizing Cook County to build a railroad, Minnesota (passed, new).

Amendment for investigation of freight rates, Montana (new).

Railroad Commission, repeal, Nevada.

Promoting safety of travelers and employes by regulating size of cabooses, Kansas (defeated, new).

Taxation

Exemption, California, Wisconsin.

Assessment, California.

Poll tax, repeal of, California, Nevada, Kansas (defeated, new).

Sale of property for taxes, Nevada.

Providing for payment and receipt of taxes on undivided interests in property entered for taxation, Minnesota.

Direct Legislation

Recall of judges, Wisconsin.

Recall of municipal officers, Wisconsin.

Initiative and referendum elections, Nevada.

Amendment to constitutional amendment granting initiative and referendum, California.

Domestic Relations

Distribution of property of parents of illegitimate children, Kansas (defeated, new).

Concerning common law marriages, Kansas (defeated, new).

Divorce shall not affect legitimacy of children, Illinois (new).

Fraternal beneficiary societies, Wisconsin, Illinois (new).

Civil service, Illinois (new).

To change party name from Public Ownership to Socialist Party, Minnesota (passed, new).

Loans to farmers from 30 per cent postal savings deposits, Wisconsin (new).

Public health, defining communicable disease, Montana (passed, new).

Abolishing capital punishment, Nevada (new).

Reducing cost of living by eliminating waste in distribution, Washington (new).

Public service commission, repeal, Nevada (new).

Agriculture, prevention of pests, Nevada (new).

Pensions

Neglected children, Nevada (new).

Mothers' pension, Kansas (defeated, new).

Old age pensions, Kansas (memorial to Congress, passed); to investigate, Wisconsin (passed).

Co-operative enterprises, Kansas (passed with amendments), Illinois (new).

Co-operative marketing of farm products, Wisconsin (new).

Regulating distribution of news, Illinois (new).

Foreclosure of land contracts, Wisconsin (new).

Abolishing standing army of California, California (new).

Prohibiting sale of liquors in parochial schools, Wisconsin (passed) new.

Curtailing powers of Catholic clergy in church affairs, Wisconsin(new).

The General Strike

A WRITER in the current North-American Review says: "All human beings aim at what has been called, self-effectuation. It is the realization of their capacities, aspirations, hopes, wishes, passions. The lower, the less developed the being, the less conscious; the higher, the more conscious is it of this motive to action. The range is from instinct and appetite to clear purpose and ideals."

In the Forum for May another writer has declared: "There is being created for us an ideal of life that shall give full expression to big men, and as complete expression to lesser men as they can unfold. Every single revolt agitating us comes back to this proposition. Every single revolt aims at gaining a right to express that personality now."

Still another Forum contributor has said: "The man who after a hard day's work takes refuge in a novel, or a bit of music, or a wholesome play at the theater, or who, of a Sunday morning goes to church hardly knowing why, witnesses to an imperious demand of his own soul. In every sort of business, men and women are rising from the weariness of daily toil and are trying to fill the vacant spaces of their existence with imaginative visions of a better being for each one.

"Wherever the modern industrial system makes way, there is the same unrest that spoke in Broadway two weeks ago on the banner of the Garment Workers: 'We strike for a better life.' It is getting on the nerves of earnest people everywhere."

Ours is a time when man has attained to phenomenal success in the conquest of nature. He has harnessed nature's forces and made them do his bidding. He has succeeded, to a degree that promises much greater achievement, in making the air and its currents servants of his will. He has well-nigh annihilated time and space by sending his thoughts and words out into the ether to be transmitted by sound or electric waves and received hundreds and thousands of miles distant by his fellows.

But great as is the story of accomplishment the most striking development at present is the growing spirit of revolt—found well-nigh everywhere. Turn where one may in the current magazines, whether the subject discussed be art, literature, religion, drama, politics or industry and protest against the conventional and established is increasingly in evidence from month to month.

Periodicals, heretofore generally regarded as hopelessly conservative, seem at present to vie with each other in giving expression to radical thought.

Many men who loom large in the public eye because of official or other position, from the President of the United States down, are freely expressing radical views.

Scientists and educators are joining the procession and adding the weight of their influence and ideas to swell the growing sentiment of discontent.

Progressivism and radicalism are in the air and conservatism as a directing force in human affairs is fast losing caste and influence.

An editorial in a recent number of Lyman Abbott's Outlook declares: "No thoughtful man or woman can live today and not realize that the old order is changing and giving place to the new with the rapidity of a dissolving view. All is in flux, nothing at rest or permanent. The Nation faces industrial changes;" while in the Atlantic Brooks Adams, grandson of John Quincy Adams and son of Charles Francis Adams, who is a professor of law at Boston University, writes on "The Collapse of Capitalistic Government," and declares that for the most part the activities of the present are carried on outside of and beyond the pale of the law; while still another writer declares that ours is "a political system done to death by an economic growth."

Perhaps fifty years ago, Frederick Engels, colleague of Karl Marx declared, that "the final causes of social changes and political revolutions are to be sought not in men's brains, not in man's better insight into eternal truth and justice but in changes in the economic system. The growing perception that existing social institutions are unreasonable and unjust, that reason has become unreason, and right wrong, is only proof that changes in the economic system have silently taken place, with which the social order, adapted to earlier economic conditions is no longer in keeping."

Sixteenth century law and twentieth century economic development, to use a phrase attributed to an agitator lately much in the public eye among American radicals, is the unworkable problem of the present.

An extreme statement by an extremist most persons would declare. But, says the professor of law before quoted, who is certainly qualified to speak, "Through applied science infinite forces have been domesticated, and the action of these infinite forces upon finite minds has been to create a tension, together with a social acceleration and concentration, not only unparalleled, but, apparently without limit. Meanwhile our laws and institutions have remained, in substance, constant. I doubt if we have developed a single important administrative principle which would be novel to Napoleon, were he to live again, and I am quite sure we have no legal principle younger than Justinian.

As a result, society has been squeezed, as it were, from its rigid eighteenth century legal shell, and has passed into a fourth dimension of space, where it performs its most important functions beyond the cognizance of the law, which remains in a space of but three dimensions."

Thus, it will be seen that the present social problem is to so enlarge the skin or envelope of the social organism, consisting of its laws and institutions, as to give free opportunity for still greater growth and expansion of those limitless forces of production which applied science has brought into its economic life. In other words to make the legal punishment fit the economic crime.

But while the fact of revolt, its nature and the cause of which it is the effect have been indicated, there still remains the goal sought, the end to be attained.

Socialists declare, and rightfully, that there is a class struggle. A struggle on the part of the exploited, the down-trodden and oppressed working-class primarily for bread. A conflict between an economic system which has reached the period of its decadence and a new system that has already taken shape and form within the old and pushes its way onward toward inevitable birth.

A purely material struggle for a purely material

for a Better Life

By R. A. MAYNARD

end, say the unthinking, whether inside or outside the Socialist movement.

Of this there can be no doubt from one aspect. Animal need and the urge for bread comes first. Man is a physical being before he is more. Physical necessities must be satisfied first. But who shall say when or where in his nature the animal becomes human: the physical merges into the intellectual and that into the moral or spiritual? When does the struggle for bread become one for bread and—; at what point does the struggle for existence become the will for a more abundant life; the impulse to live, the desire to live greatly; the strike for life a strike for a better life?

In the animal kingdom below man, warmth, sunshine, shelter and food mean unquestionably only material comfort, but at even the lowest stage in human development these suggest much more than materialism. Physical well-being is the first goal because a condition making possible all farther growth and progress.

Every single revolt then is not only a strike for life but a strike for a better life. Each individual is striving for self-realization. Whatever potential life or power may be his, this it is in his nature that pushes for expression.

As the life inherent in the roots of the rose bush pushes its way upward and outward in bush, branch, twig, leaf, bud and flower revealing itself in beauty of form and color and richness of fragrance, so the potential life in every human being seeks for fullest expression, strives to reveal itself in and through all that pertains to the individual and his activities.

Self-realization, self-effectuation, realization of capacities, aspirations, longings, hopes, in short the completest personality possible of attainment and to reach this goal not in some far off Utopia but here and now. Nothing less will satisfy.

And where economic system, political institution, tradition, creed or poverty restrain or hinder, there is revolt.

'Tis a revolution, a world revolution that is upon us, as yet in its formative period. But all who are in this world strike for a better life are revolutionists. Whoever is working to express his special energies, to attain the completest personality possible to him, in order that he may live supremely, is essentially a part of this constructive revolution.

The inescapable fact in the world today is the class struggle. As Vice President Marshall said the other day, "Karl Marx and hunger are abroad in the land."

The news pages of every newspaper, every day, tell the story of the pitiful struggle for bread. And in so far as this world conflict is a struggle for bread alone it is a class conflict—a struggle between the exploiting and the exploited classes. It is a conflict between those who produce and those who own the world's wealth; between those who own plants and machines they do not use and those who must use but cannot own; between labor and capital; the haves and the have-nots.

But could a line be drawn at the point where the struggle for bread merges into one for bread and—, there would the class struggle merge into a race struggle; the strike of the workers for life become a general strike of all humanity for a better life.

The supreme message of modern science is that ours is a universe in which there is one life and one law. Men differ in race, color, temperament, capacity, development and interests, but at bottom all life is essentially one. Human society is a living organism, working mechanically like any other organism. It has members, a circulation, a nervous system and laws of its being like every other organism.

Each part in this organic whole responds in its own manner and degree to the same influences. No condition can act upon the workers which does not have its effect also in every other social class. There is not one law for one and another for the other, but it is the same law, no matter how widely different the effects may seem to be.

The arrogance of the boss, the servility of the wage-slave, the suicidal folly of the rich man's son, the childish customs of the woman parasite, the desperate need of the ill-paid girl are all fever symptoms in the one great social body.

A harm to one is a harm to all. A good to one is the good of all. That which hinders fullest life for any hinders fullest life for all.

What wonder then that in every economic class ferment is present; taking the form of uneasiness and unrest in the capitalist class; protest in the middle class; and a growing spirit of revolt among the workers.

It is all the product of the one law.

It is, indeed, true that "the old order is changing and giving place to the new with the rapidity of a dissolving view." The world is even now in the throes of revolution.

In point of time, labor's strike for bread must come first, for here is the purely physical need, basis and foundation for all else. But labor is John the Baptist crying in the wilderness and preparing the way for another and a greater.

And that other is here even now. Side by side with the workers strike for bread goes that other strike for bread and—. And here, too, as with the workers, victory can only be won through solidarity—all for each and each for all. For, although not given from Sinai's summit, that is none the less an eternal truth which declares that, "none can be free until all are free, none happy till all are happy."

And in this conflict, too, labor has part. For 'tis a general strike of all humanity, for a better, richer, fuller, more abundant life for all mankind. A strike for an inevitable goal, wherein man at last shall stand

"Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
Equal, unclassed, tribeless and nationless,
The king over himself, but just, gentle, wise."

"We cannot traffic in our principles, we can make no compromise, no agreement with the ruling system. We must break with the ruling system and fight it to a finish."—Liebknecht.

* * *

Problem: If it takes ten to twelve dollars a week for one girl to keep alive and free, how can a man bring up a family on the same sum or less?

* * *

Brazil and Chile lead the United States in government expenditure for aeroplanes. Well, they're generally up in the air down in those countries.

Organizing the "Capacity of Self Control"

By WINFIELD R. GAYLORD

The recent meeting of the National Committee showed a new spirit and purpose developing within the Socialist Party. It is the impulse of the legislative and administrative spirit awaking within the political movement of the workers of the country.

This spirit has shown itself in isolated localities, while in some others it has been sadly lacking. Wisconsin has proven its own development in this respect. Massachusetts has considerable of this new spirit, and it is spreading in other states, such as Minneota, Montana, Pennsylvania and New York.

I mean the spirit and purpose which grasp the reins of political power with a distinct purpose of making certain uses of that power, as opposed to the purely agitational spirit which aims only at unseating the old drivers of the capitalist regime.

In the inner work of the party this was manifested as never before at the meetings of the National Committee last month at Chicago. It came out in the handling of the Bessemer case—in the forbearance, yet firmness, with which the erring comrade was shown the limits of his insolence. It developed a new patience with details in the hours of patient study given to the details of the Lyceum Course, and the eagerness with which the members of the committee drank in all the information which they could extract from Comrade Katterfeld and the various one reporting from the state organizations.

It showed itself in the restraint with which the printing plant proposition was handled—the capacity of self control in the presence of a great idea, presented by an enthusiast who was master of his subject—for that is what Comrade Baker is.

Every one of these problems was fundamentally a problem of party property. Bessemer had been found wrongfully in possession of party property. Katterfeld had been managing party property. Baker showed how to capitalize the party organization, by adding some capital for a printing plant, and create more party property.

The committee understood Bessemer's act, and its implications, and acted—on the basis of the previous experience of society with those who misappropriate property.

The committee understood Katterfeld's difficulties—and the difficulties of the national office—in working out the new problem of a lecture bureau, and condoned the mistakes. They also took time, for the first time, as Katterfeld said, to look the administrative difficulties squarely in the face. Then they backed up the enthusiast and organizer as they never before have done, with the approval—and the specific instructions—of the national organization.

The committee faced the possibilities of modern machinery as expressed in the possibilities of a modern perfecting press—and saw that the proper operation of such machinery calls for a correspondingly perfect machinery of party organization and propaganda method. They realized after Stitt Wilson had finished that the party was not yet "assembled" or adjusted so as to meet the strain which the mere possession of such a plant would put upon it. And so they very properly refused at this time to "hitch up."

Every government that ever lasted more than three weeks has done so because it has been able to "make good" as the governing power. Now, the principal business of every such government has been to make, interpret, execute and enforce laws—ninety-five per cent of the laws being laws about property. Of course they have, in the main, made these laws in the interests of the people who constituted the governing group in society at that time. The fact that they could "make good" on that job was what qualified them to be the government.

When the laws of property are so made, interpreted, executed and enforced that they interfere too much with the proper use of property by those who hold the ultimate control of the powers of government at the time, the government which thus fails to "make good" goes down.

The only hope that the Socialists have of securing power as a political movement is, that the old parties will fail to so make and enforce the laws of property as to meet the needs of the people of our day. The only hope that the Socialists can have of holding political power after they secure possession of the government is, by "making good" on the job of making and enforcing the laws of property for the general welfare of those who may give the Socialist party its power.

The so-called "perils of democracy" have to do mainly with the democratic ownership, control and management of property which must be used in common.

The non-Socialists do not believe in the possibility of democratic administration of property. Their democracy of ownership as represented by the stockholders of the corporations, is always tempered by the absolutism of the board of directors and the "men higher up" in the management of their property. And out of their unfortunate experiences with this combination they have brought a wholesome fear of "the mob."

Democratized management of property is not an easy problem. But it is being solved gradually, in municipal and other forms of public ownership; and also in the great co-operative movements of the working class. Democratic management is possible and is practical. That is being proven and tested more every day. But the discipline of the industrial army must be as effective under a democratic control as under an autocratic control. Otherwise the social-democracy will not "make good," and will go down.

To see this discipline developing within the ranks of the choicest and most representative characters in the American Socialist movement is a sight calculated to give joy and light-hearted confidence to those who have eyes to see it.

Our task will not only be to find individuals with great executive capacity. Our task is now and will always be, to develop also within the working class a **capacity for organized self control** which will enable them to match the perfection of modern machinery built of steel and bronze with an equally perfect social machine for the operation and control of the metal mechanism.

This done, "bureaucracy" and "state Socialism" have no terrors.

The Revolt of Alicia

By LILLIAN E. BISHOP

FROM the tip-top of his eight years seniority, Laurence Gordon gazed across the table at his sister with frank disapproval. The defiance in her brown eyes remained undaunted. She had just announced her her intention of going to work and the determined set of her mouth forbade his laughing at her.

"I tell you, Alicia, it's nothing but spring fever. I had it every May when I was your age," he confessed paternally.

The girl shook her head. "Not this time, Laurie. You don't understand. I want to get out into the world of men and women who are doing things. I must express myself somehow, just as you do. Some women can do it in roast beef or doilies or afternoon teas. I've tried to but I can't." She leaned forward coaxingly and smiled a little. "You are going to give me a job on the paper, like a good boy." Her brother threw up his hands and laughed, but she went on. "If I couldn't write better articles than some of the stuff appearing in your subsidized journal, brother mine, I would go off some place and gently expire." She rose from her seat and stood looking down at him, cheeks flushed and eyes restless. "Remember, my dear, I stood just as good a chance to inherit some of father's ability as you did."

Gordon refused the logic with a stubborn shake of his head.

"The business and commercial world is no place for a woman," he declared emphatically. "It hardens them—"

Alicia interrupted him quickly. "Really? Why, I have read some place that there are about six million women working for a living in the United States alone. If they can stand it I can."

Her brother turned in his chair to get a better look at her. For a moment he was silent, and then he said quietly, "I always thought you so contended, Al."

The girl shrugged her shoulders and strolled over to the window. With her back to him, she answered, "Not lately. This afternoon, I went to Mrs. Saunders'. You know the lady. Well, there were twelve ladies, eight male persons and one man present. It almost stifled me and I'm sick of it. One just grins and grins at idiotic nothings until one's face assumes what Emerson called 'the gentlest asinine expression.' My face actually hurt when I came away and relaxed it."

Gordon grunted and sank back in his chair. "You sound like Edward Carpenter and a suffragette rally," he exclaimed in disgust. "Women are the limit. What on earth do they want these days?"

"YOU sound like Schopenhauer," she returned and then laughed at the expression on his face. "It's no use, Laurie, I'm lost to the haunts of amiable parasites forever." She dropped a kiss on his forehead and started for the door.

"Oh, Al," he called before she had closed it, "who was the lone man at Mrs. Saunders' today?"

She grew serious again. "A lion who refused to roar—Grant Hudson." The door closed too quickly for her to see the slow smile that struggled for supremacy with disapproval on her brother's face.

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Not even to herself did Alicia confess how much she had been piqued by the occurrences of the afternoon. In fact, she scarcely knew what had happened. But, when by herself, she reviewed the whole scene something much like anger rose within her.

Six months before, she had read a new novel by a then comparatively unknown author. Since that time, her outlook on life had changed—had become revolutionized. In the storm of discussion which followed the publication of the book, she took no part, but listened quietly to the pros and cons, read all the reviews and laughed to herself at the lack of understanding on the part of the critics. Often she had felt moved to write to Grant Hudson and tell him how the simple, elemental truths of his book had stirred her—how they had grasped somthing hidden down in the depths of her nature and had filled her with unformed desires; but the courage for this had never come. Fear, too, of being classed with the type of woman who writes gushing notes to successful men, held her back. She contented herself with reading all that the new celebrity had ever written.

And then the opportunity of meeting him had come. Alicia did not know how Mrs. Saunders had captured him for the dilettante gathering of the afternoon but he had been present—a tall, spare, keen-eyed figure, watching the people about him with a look half pitying and half amused. After failing to make him discuss himself, Mrs. Saunders had turned him over to the tender mercies of her fluffy-haired daughter who had assured him in her sweetest tones that she thought it grand to be an author and that his late success was "just adorable."

After awhile, on finding herself near him, Alicia had tried to speak of her appreciation, but he had regarded her with the same look he had given Rita Saunders, as if he expected that she too, had come to gush about his "Story of Joseph Dale." He had persistently piloted the conversation into the shallow waters of social affairs, with an irony and quiet sarcasm that had angered and humiliated her. Never until then had she realized how absurd an able-bodied man appears balancing tea-cups and small talk. She had felt an unwarranted desire for the open air and had taken her leave at an early hour.

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As City Editor of the Morning World, Lawrence Gordon determined not to spare his sister in the work that she wished to do. If it were possible to discourage this new ambition for independence, he would do so. Gordon would certainly have resented being called old-fashioned, but there was in him too much of the southern "chivalry" of his father for him to take kindly to the idea of a lady earning her bread. Unconsciously he resented any encroachment upon his benevolent protectorate in relation to the feminine contingent of his family.

And so Alicia found her lot cast among the most unpleasant details of newspaper life—the chronicling of petty happenings and of sordid mediocrity. Nothing so redeeming as a "human interest story" came within the scope of her journalistic experience. No wild, mad deed or great divine adventure was given her to expound—only the petty tragedies, the commonplace joys and average experiences that make up the four to six line articles of the daily press. At times, it would be the suicide of an aged vagrant, unknown and unmourned; often the little social affairs of various fraternal orders; at times the injuring of a girl in a laundry machine; often the literary program of a Browning Study Club. Always was it something which the great world idly glanced at and forgot. She saw the result of her labor crowded in between long columns on the latest war-scare, the opinions of a new president, the

most recent divorce scandal or a bank embezzlement—all things at which the great world stopped and stared.

Once, after a particularly hard day, her brother asked if she cared to go on. She nodded her head and was silent for a moment. Presently, she said, "I've learned that I can't solve the world's problems or even my own problems by going to work, but perhaps this experience will show me something that will."

After six months had passed she was given charge of the "Personal Queries" column during the vacation of its manager. She found herself in daily demand for everything from freckle lotions to love potions and at the end of the two weeks felt thoroughly at war with that portion of society which takes its advice from the family newspaper.

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On a drizzly November evening, ten months after Alicia's entree into pressdom, her brother made an announcement which set her heart pounding.

They were sitting at a hurried supper in a little restaurant near the World office. A new play was to have its initial performance that night and the World's chief dramatic critic had suddenly and thoughtlessly taken ill.

"Thomas is off to the Colonial, new musical comedy. Davis has already started for the Philharmonic and Miss Keith is getting that Club Convention report ready now. Can you beat it? Everything coming the same night," grumbled Gordon. "This play is going to be the sensation of the season and we simply must have some competent man there."

Alicia's cheeks flushed slightly. "Can't you get Kelly on the phone?" she asked. Kelly was book reviewer of the World staff.

"Out of town," replied Gordon.

Alicia leaned eagerly across the table. "Laurie, don't think that I'm crazy, but please let me go. It's Hudson's play and I understand him. Please," as he raised his hand in protest. "Listen, if I don't make good on this, I'll give up the work, right away."

"My dear Al, no one knows you. What would your name at the head of a review mean to anyone? Besides, they would accuse me of partiality."

"They know you too well," she answered.

"It's no use, Al. If you fell down, I would get in wrong with the chief. I'll have to hustle up someone who is known."

"They all had to start, Laurie," she insisted. "Take a chance. Be a sport," she wheedled. As he showed signs of weakening she reached for her coat and gloves. "It's all settled. I'll have the story in by eleven-thirty. I'm too excited to wait and it's almost eight now. Good-bye." Before he had time to protest Gordon found himself alone with his troubles and his demi-tasse.

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On the following morning, Grant Hudson scanned the papers eagerly for the reviews of his first play. Before opening the pages he knew that it would be misinterpreted.

The "Sun" critic in glowing metaphors proclaimed anew the "great American play." He wrote at length of its richness in artistic imagery and symbolism, although anything akin to symbolism had been far from the playwright's mind.

The "Enquirer" man saw nothing but "a prosaic piece of economic propaganda" without literary or artistic value. He wailed at length over the realism of the modern stage and sighed for the good romantic days of yore.

The "Herald" relegated the production to "high-brow" societies and declared solemnly that such could never satisfy a tired businessman.

Hudson swore softly at the tired business man and threw the papers down in disgust.

"More rot, I suppose," he muttered, picking up the World with a hopeless air.

His eyes paused a moment at the heading and then wandered down the column.

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So someone had understood. Someone had felt with him the slavery of an expressionless life; the tragedy of monotony; the common, unheroic and unbeautiful stoicism of a scented bud that may not open its petals to the sun. It was more than he had hoped for. Into this play of his, Hudson had placed no great shining joy and no deep stirring catastrophe. He had tried simply to picture the unlovely life of a working-class household, its soul-destroying round of petty cares; its over-hanging cloud of fear for the morrow; its isolation from all the beauty and inspiration of the world.

His eyes sought the head of the column again. Alicia Gordon—Gordon? The name was familiar to him, yet he knew he had not seen it in print before. For a moment he tried to recall the names of various women whom he had met in the past year. Suddenly he remembered and his face grew red with embarrassment.

Five minutes later he was on his way toward the World building and the office of the dramatic critic.

GREAT SOLDIERS IN GREAT CAUSE

It is a great thing to conquer difficulties and overcome obstacles when in pursuit of purely selfish ends. But when inspired by zeal for a great cause for human uplift difficulties and obstacles become but stepping stones on the way.

It is undoubtedly true that self-preservation came first in order of development. But it is likewise true that the growth into altruism dates from the time when life first left a unicellular form and set out toward manifesting itself in ever growing complexity of form. This is the essential meaning of civilization and today there are many men and women who would willingly die if thereby they could serve individuals or the race.

It is men and women of this character that a great cause for human uplift creates. Men and women who are neither fanatics nor martyrs but are inspired by such passionate love for humanity as to cause them to place upon its altar time, energy, talent and if need be life itself.

The international Socialist movement contains thousands of comrades who living are wholly committed to its interests and whom neither fear of physical suffering nor death itself can sever from their allegiance.

Great soldiers in a great cause—cause worth all the loyalty and devotion it inspires.

Mr. Dooley gives it as his opinion that "if the improvements keep on there will soon be such facilities for traveling that anyone can go anywhere for nothin' an' come back agin fer half price."

The Movie Revolution

By FRANK E. WOLFE

THOUSANDS of red-cheeked girls, blondes, brunettes, tall and short, natural and "made up," sit in little glass cages with one hand in a pile of nickles and the other on an endless roll of paper tape in thousands of motion picture theaters that cover every city and hamlet of the country, overflowing into every other country on the globe. It is the invasion of the movie. For back of these girls out in front endless reels of pictures flit and flash over the white canvas while millions of people pour out their nickles and dimes for the privilege of seeing. The movies have outclassed baseball in point of popularity. And into this reeling, flashing, nickle-piling amusement the Socialist propaganda is to be thrust. We are to have "red" movies!

The message of the revolution is to be put before the endless throng that passes in and out of the motion picture theaters in every part of the world, day and night. And out in front the cherry lipped blonde or the haughty brunette will tear off tickets and take nickles and dimes for the privilege of seeing the story of labor.

A startling contrast it will be, this jump from the gun-play escapades of Dead Eye Dick and Piute Pete to the man in overalls whose aim is to overthrow an entire social system. But the dramatic possibilities are there and that is the chief reason for labor's break into filmland.

As this story is being read the finishing scenes are being staged in a great six-reel film, entitled "From Dusk to Dawn," in the Essannay studios at Hollywood, Cal., near Los Angeles. The film will tell the story of labor's struggle in this metropolis of Southern California, a story than which there never has been one more dramatic.

Within a few weeks this film will be flashed on the screens of theaters all over the world. It will be seen in New York and London, Montreal and Johannesburg, Paris and Keokuk. Those people who see but never read will be given their first lesson in Socialism as they sit in the half-dark and watch the big picture reeled off. This film will, in itself, constitute almost an evening's amusement.

Fitting it is that this great film should be produced in Los Angeles. The city is a home for moving picture companies. One of these great concerns employs a thousand people. Another has an entire "city" of motion picture people. Thousands of feet of film are manufactured every day by these companies.

In the film, "From Dusk to Dawn," hundreds of people have appeared. Aside from the professional actors and actresses who have taken part, hundreds of Socialists have appeared. Socialists whose faces are known all over the country, and even in other countries, have appeared in scenes already staged. The illustration produced with this article shows one scene in which Socialists appeared almost exclusively. A great convention scene was staged with Socialists. In numbers of other scenes Socialists have posed for the camera. And the wonderful part of the story is that they have invariably had the greatest success in transforming themselves from workaday folk in common pursuits into movie Thespians of the finest type. Among the Socialists that have posed for this series of pictures are Job Harriman, Stanley B. Wilson, Fred C. Wheeler, Esther Yarnell and H. A. Hart. Clarence Darrow and nearly all of the jurymen who sat in the famous McNamara case were especially posed for the great play. Y. P. S. L. girls and boys, too have played for this new movie film, their bright red banners enlivening the scene wonderfully. What a thrill of joy will surge through the blood of the comrades over the world when they witness the stirring scenes thus portrayed.

Socialist propagandists who have seen the maze of people flocking to the nickle picture pantomime shows and who have later gone into sparsely peopled halls to deliver the message of Socialism have asked me for the answer to the situation. I think I have found it. My purpose is to do two things. First I want to take the Socialist propaganda into the motion picture show and second I want to take the motion picture show into Socialist meeting halls. In this latter attempt there is

A SCENE IN "FROM DUSK TO DAWN"

a twofold purpose. It is to amuse and to instruct. The movie as an amusement is established. The movie as an instructor is just coming into its own. And it will be successful as an instructor because it amuses while it instructs. It makes learning a pleasure. The "nons" and the "nears" will watch the message eagerly when they would not listen to it for a moment.

While "From Dusk to Dawn" is the real big production just now, a number of smaller films are being made and will soon be ready for the screen—and the millions. More are to follow and before long there will be "red" mingled with the blacks and whites of the world's movies.

"Will this venture be a success?" I have been asked often since I began the writing and production of "From Dusk to Dawn." My answer is that I know it will be a success. That much is assured already. But to convince yourself you need only look about you and witness the growing radicalism that is pushing itself up through the conservatism on every hand. To begin with there are 5,000,000 people in America who are Socialists. That includes children—but children are great movie "fans." Aside from these there are millions more who are tinged with the flaming color, and beyond these there are other millions who will watch with eager joy the film portrayal of any subject of merit.

We are going to take Socialism before the people of the world on the rising tide of movie popularity. We are going to make the projecting lens a weapon for labor. We are going to paint the movie red.

PADRE BLANCO AND T

THE SECOND OF A DELIGHTFU

CAMPO was astir with vaqueros from the border region, for with the beginning of the next week would open the big roundup on the Laguna ranch, twenty miles away to the north and adjoining the Rattlesnake ranch; and it was Saturday evening.

The saloons were doing their usual roundup business. The bars were lined and gambling tables filled. There was no rowdyism. While there was much drinking, the spirit of good fellowship prevailed. It was a sort of reunion, for these cattle wranglers came from different ranches and only got together on occasions of the big roundup at the Lagunas.

Dutch was the latest arrival, and as he stepped into Fallon's joint he was greeted with a hearty welcome. Dutch was a big, clumsy-looking youngster, with the strength of a full-grown steer and a disposition as smooth as the pink skin that covered his round, fat face.

Dutch did not drink, but was always ready for any of the pranks or contests so prevalent among the grown-up children of the range.

As he entered and shook hands all around, he was seized by Chiquita, a massive Mexican. Chiquita had been the undisputed wrestling champion of the border section until Dutch at the previous roundup laid him on his back five times within an hour. The big Mexican was in a playful mood. He had not been looking away from the wine that is red, and was overflowing with exuberance.

"Coom, Dootch, we mak' de wras'sle," he chuckled, as he seized his husky conqueror of the year before with an under hold.

Dutch leaned forward, clasped his hands around Chiquita's waist, lifted him from the floor, and threw him over his head, landing him on his back on a billiard table.

As the two giants grappled, the saloon door opened and a tall, broad-shouldered, well-dressed stranger entered. He watched the brief contest smilingly and when Chiquita had arisen and swung himself to a seat on the billiard table, said in a pleasant voice, "Pardon my intrusion, gentlemen, I am a minister of the Gospel, and dropped in to invite you all to attend service in the school house tomorrow at eleven o'clock." And looking the massive Dutch over with the eye of an admirer of physical development added, as he stepped toward the successful gladiator, with hand extended: "I wish to congratulate you. I love that sport. Used to wrestle some myself. You are wonderfully strong and clever."

While Dutch stood blushing at the polite compliment and holding the stranger's hand, there were queer glances passing among the onlookers.

It was Fallon, the proprietor, who spoke.

"Say, Mr. Preacher, I tell you what we'll do. If you'll wras'le Dutch there, I'll close up the joint before eleven tomorrow and we'll go and hear you sky-shoot."

"You bet we will; win or lose!" enthusiastically responded the rest, while Chiquita sprang from the billiard table, slapped the preacher on the shoulder and added, "Si, Senor Padre; me too!"

The preacher smiled and looking into Dutch's face said simply: "I'm willing, if this gentleman is. It would be a pleasure to even lose to such a splendid antagonist."

Dutch blushed and nodded his willingness. The preacher removed his long coat, collar and tie, and outer shirt, and there were exclamations of surprise and admiration at the development of arms and body he exhibited.

Dutch lost all of his embarrassment, as the order, "Go to it" was given by Fallon. He sprang toward the preacher with the agility of a light-weight and tried for a body hold, but his arms were skillfully thrown off and his opponent stepped nimbly aside amid the applause of the astonished spectators.

The preacher soon saw that Dutch was unwise to the holds of professionals and resolved to use no hold except those with which Dutch was familiar, which were body-grapples, depending upon speed, strength and endurance.

He was kept busy on the defensive, for Dutch was doing his best for a chance to match strength with him, which the preacher wished to prevent until he could grapple in a manner that would give him an equal chance with the herculean German.

Changing suddenly from the defensive, he closed in and they locked in a body hold. So intense was the struggle that it seemed to strain the very atmosphere.

Chiquita stood with legs apart, bent as if in a grapple, and tugged and panted as though himself a contestant.

For fully five minutes the gladiators strained without seeming advantage to either. Then, summoning his full strength, Dutch hurled his antagonist to the floor. But it was a disastrous move for Dutch. By a supple twist of the body, the preacher turned, and when the two bodies crashed to the floor, it was Dutch's broad shoulders that greeted the hard surface.

The second fall was secured by the preacher, in the identical manner in which Dutch had disposed of Chiquita, with the exception that the preacher forced Dutch to the under hold by pushing his arms downward as he rushed in.

"You win, Dominie," said Fallon, as he slapped that individual on the back. "It was sure worth staying all day in a protracted meetin' to watch you two huskies wras'le. We'll be on hand tomorrow at eleven, and you can go the limit with the heaven-herding lingo."

And sure enough, next morning the little school house was crowded, with all the Fallon delegation present, while the preacher edified them with an instructive and entertaining discourse on "Jacob Wrestling With the Angel."

That evening the punchers left camp for the Lagunas, led by Dutch and Chiquita, with the preacher between them, for the gang had adopted him and insisted it was the first time they had ever got within roping distance of a genuine gospel-herder, and they reckoned it wasn't fair to Chub and the bunch up at

E PREACHER

By STANLEY B. WILSON

ES OF PADRE BLANCO STORIES

the ranch not to enjoy the luxury of knowing a preacher who was plumb wise to the heavenly outfit and could flop Dutch two straight falls.

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Padre Blanco rode up to the Lagunas, where his two sons were helping on the roundup. He was introduced to the dominie, who, decked in blue jeans, was wrestling cows by the branding fire, at which work he had become almost as expert as he was in wrestling humans.

He had become well acquainted with Dave and Bill and learned from others considerable of the fine character of their venerable father. So when the Padre invited him to ride home with him in the evening and he learned that the branding was about finished, he accepted the invitation.

When the two men reached the head of the trail that led down the side of the mountain into Rattlesnake Valley, the sun was sinking toward the surface of the ocean, which was distinctly visible sixty miles to the west.

Below them the peaks of the lower range threw their slanting shadows downward into the valley, like figured carpets of variegated green; beyond the hills and mesas shimmered in the golden evening glow; while the rays of the sinking sun dancing on the water and overspreading the background of clouds produced an effect indescribably beautiful.

So they sat, while the sun sank slowly between the liquid gold of the ocean and the gilded cloud wall, and threw upward a last flood of colors that deluged the battlements of the sky like the spray of a sea of rainbows.

Then silently they urged their horses into the downward trail.

Arriving at the ranch house, Padre Blanco prepared supper, while his guest stood in the doorway and watched the peaks that rimmed the valley darken with the evening shadows, while the sky above seemed to weave a satiny canopy, gemmed with twinkling golden stars—an ampitheater fashioned by the hand of Nature, filled with the spirit of eternal peace.

"We will eat now," summoned the Padre, as he stepped to the preacher's side. A smile overspread his features when he saw the absorption of his guest, indicating that his soul was enchained by the charm of the valley's environment.

Supper over and the dishes cleaned and put away, the two men sat until midnight in conversation.

In Padre Blanco the preacher found a rich mine of experience and knowledge, and the preacher in turn delighted his host with his wide acquaintance with politics, philosophy and science, and his brilliancy of conversation.

When the conversation was finally turned by the preacher into a discussion of religion, the latter was for a moment shocked by the Padre's simple reply to the question: "May I ask as to your religious experience?"

"I have none," answered the patriarch.

The preacher was plainly puzzled. "Are you, then, an unbeliever?" he asked.

"No. When I say I have no religious experience, I fear you misunderstand me. What I mean to convey is that I have never consciously experienced the peculiar phenomena the clergy describe as necessary evidence of personal religious experience. And yet I am conscious of a faculty within me that is responsive to influences without—to the hush of the valley, the silent majesty of the mountains, the beauty of the sunset, the feelings of dumb beasts, the conditions and sensations of my fellow beings. I am also conscious of a Power which I cannot define, but whose existence is nevertheless as real to me as my own."

"Then you don't believe in a personal God?" interrupted the preacher.

"I neither believe in or disbelieve; I simply cannot define. I accept his personality. I am inclined to think, however, that a man's conception of God is mostly the result of environment."

"You believe, then, that one's environment is a dominant factor in one's life?"

"I do."

The preacher was disturbed. "That is a dangerous doctrine," he contended.

The Padre was silent a moment, and replied, kindly: "Please do not misunderstand me. It is not a doctrine with me. I have no doctrines. I only think, as my experience, observation and judgment serve me. I do not seek to convince others."

"I would be pleased if you would tell me why you place such emphasis on environment," urged the preacher.

"Because this valley, the hills, the range land, with all that attaches to them, are as necessary to me as the blood in my veins. Because in other lives I see the effect of environment. The Westerner is more than a geographical term; the cowboy, the rancher, the miner, the clergyman, the lawyer, the gambler, are the incarnation of the elements of their respective realms of existence. Because my study of history and science convinces me that the characteristics and institutions of a people are influenced largely by even the physical formation and location of its country.

"Mountain ranges, desert stretches, large bodies of water, by separating people have been sufficient to develop different characteristics and institutions.

"The difference between Europe and Asia, in civilization, is the result of the difference in environment. The conformation of the former is such as to encourage intercourse between her various nations and the world, while the great mountain ranges of Asia, her vast plains, and her oceans so broad as to discourage the earlier navigators, made intercourse less favorable; hence the lower civilization of Asia.

"Is it not a fact that the civilization of the Greeks was as much the product of their land as of the stock from which they originally sprung?

"Did not the Hebrews themselves prove the influence of environment in their adoption of the idolatrous practices of the heathen peoples with whom they came in contact?

"Society as we know it today is but the sum total

of the conditions and circumstances that have environed the race since civilization began."

"You have been reading Marx and have imbibed his philosophy," interrupted the preacher.

"Yes, I have read Marx. I am still reading him. But I did not arrive at my ideas of environment because of him. I can see no other interpretation of history."

"Do you mean to say," and there was a note of challenge in the younger man's voice, "that the only forces that have controlled the evolution of society are the materialistic?"

"Indeed, no," returned the Padre"; while I can see no rational interpretation of history without the predominance of materialism, I do not deny the influence of ideals, of religion, of patriotism, and yet even these are mainly the products of this materialistic environment."

"Where, then, do you place faith in the development of individual character?" inquired the preacher.

"Faith," replied Padre Blanco, reflectively; "Faith is defined by the Christian writer, Paul, as 'the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' Faith does not refute the influence of environment. It sets up an ideal and proceeds to attain it by intelligent and consistent means. Faith sees distinctly the mountain and the difficulties that must be met to remove it. Then it proceeds to adjust the methods of removal to the difficulties encountered. Faith without such works is dead."

He paused as though expecting a reply, but the preacher remained silent, and the old man continued: "I do not think the church can effectively meet the conditions that are corrupting individuals and society, until she recognizes this fact—until she applies herself to so changing environment that it will be easier for the people to live clean and honest lives."

"But," queried the other, "if environment is such a powerful element in affecting individual and social destiny, how can it be changed by the creatures of its influence?"

"Progress is the struggle of intellect and energy in adjusting environment to the advancement of individual and social man. Intellect enables man to discern his condition and the influences responsible for that condition, and urges him to devise methods for removing or remodeling it.

"This valley is an example of environment. When we first came here there were no roads. Our isolation was increased because of this, and because of our isolation we became intensely domestic in our habits and tastes. But the isolation of our environment did not prevent us from building roads, which our intellect told us we ought to do, and with the roads came a change in our habits. Neighbors began to visit us and travelers to pass this way and stop with us, and we became social beings in a larger sense. With each change of environment came a change in our habits, in our thinking, and to a degree in our characters. All the while we have been changing the valley, the valley has been correspondingly changing us.

"Society is this valley on a larger scale. But let us retire now. I have found that the safest philosophy is that which is most implicitly obedient to the demands of nature—and sleep is one of her most insistent and agreeable demands."

Disarming the Pessimist

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

HENRY was very fond of telling how grandfather did things. He seemed to find relaxation and comfort in recounting the hardships that grandfather had to contend with and nearly every one of Henry's acquaintances was thoroughly familiar with the manner in which Grandfather Brown lived.

"Yes," said Henry one day, "grandfather came west in a prairie schooner. No transcontinental railroads in those days. No cushioned seats to ride across the continent on; no buffet cars, no diners with refrigerated meat all the way; no three and four day trips. When you travelled then you didn't go and buy a long ticket; you went out and packed the wagon and hitched up the horses."

So Henry would go on relating incidents of life in the days of grandfather. Henry was fairly prosperous as prosperity is reckoned. He had a fair business, he dressed well and went to the theater when he cared to. He was a man of the middle class.

One night Henry was telling about the illness from which his grandmother died. Grandfather had gone ten miles on horseback to get a doctor. "In such a case in my home," said Henry, "I would merely reach for the telephone and the doctor would come in his automobile. Grandfather never used a telephone and never saw an automobile. It was not until he was well along in years that he rode on a street car."

One night a storm wrecked a good portion of the electric lighting apparatus in Henry's town and Henry went to the store for some tallow candles. "Grandfather never used anything but tallow dips and kerosene lamps," he said.

Great central power plants and lighting plants and heating plants were but little more than wild speculations. Of course there were packing plants in those days, but they were small in comparison to the establishments of today. Yes, there were flour mills and lumber mills, but grandfather was thrifty and when he built his house he cut and hewed most of his own lumber. When he wanted flour he took his own wheat to the mills and had it ground, paying the miller out of the flour thus produced.

In fact, Henry's grandfather was a good deal of an all-round person. In some things he needed the work of others and the things other made, but it wasn't often. Of course he bought ready made shoes and ready woven cloth and ready made clothes in his later years, but in his boyhood even such things never entered the home in their finished state. They were mostly made in the home. Where the skill of others was needed it was paid for mostly in work—work for work, skill for skill. There was mighty little lost between Henry's grandfather and the men from whom he secured the things he could not make himself.

There weren't many tools used then—that is, not a great variety of tools. The blacksmith who was a neighbor, made many of those that were in use. He

likewise made the wagons and grandfather often helped at this work, or made parts himself in order to save expense on the job.

Of course Henry didn't mean to say that he would care to live as grandfather did. He wouldn't care to work as hard; not as many hours a day and he wouldn't care to live without the conveniences that he had been able to surround himself with. He merely talked of grandfather because grandfather's life, away back there in the past, was somewhat picturesque and because now and then he was able to draw a lesson in thrift and frugality from it. And among some people Henry seemed to create a profound impression.

Henry merely goes to show what a very long way we have come in a very short time. Henry didn't need to go to a historical library to find out about the days of hand looms on which all the family clothes had been made in the home. By word of mouth Henry had been told of those simple machines by a man whose clothes had been made from the cloth so produced. Henry didn't have to take his stories of Indian fights from books. He got them fresh from his grandfather who had fought in them in the east and from his father who had fought in them in the west.

Henry was accustomed to the things that all of us look upon as commonplace; he lived where social production was the rule—where all the big tasks of the world were performed socially. But Henry had been told of the days of individual hand production by a man who had lived in those days. Looking upon Henry and his grandfather we see that in the space of two rather full lives we have come along through a maze of wonderful changes with amazing rapidity. In the space of these two lives the wage system has budded, flowered and fruited—to the point of decay.

Some people there are who, seeing the same things that Henry sees, knowing the same things about the past that he knows, believe that while we have progressed satisfactorily in some things, we have failed woefully in other directions. Putting it in another way, they believe that in our perfection of the machine of production we have progressed admirably, but that in our use of that machine we have bungled amateurishly. Some there are who have become so depressed that they are at the point of being willing to break the machine—at least to rip out a few cogs.

Of course Henry himself has gathered wealth with a fair amount of ease. He feels no great pinch anywhere and has taken no particular pains to inquire about the reason for anything. He will remain satisfied so long as his moderate income is not molested.

But of the others there is a great deal to be said. They see the change in mode of production and they understand it. On the other hand they see that the change in mode of production has benefitted only a few persons to any great extent. True, it has changed the methods of living for almost everyone, but it has greatly improved the living of but a small proportion. The entire present purpose is to point out that, while all who see the vast improvement in conditions that it is possible to have must wish and strive to bring about such conditions as rapidly as possible, and while at times we may bemoan the fact that our progress is not more rapid, yet, looking at the question fairly and squarely, our progress is satisfactory and we have come as rapidly as we have been entitled to come. That means, of course, in relation to labor's progress on the political and economic fields.

The Socialist movement as a whole, of course, knows that the change from capitalism to the co-operative commonwealth is coming steadily and at such a pace as the change in economic conditions may determine aided for the first time in history by the intelligent co-operation of those who use the machinery of production and distribution.

The story of Henry serves merely as an illumination. It is by way of casting light over the road that stretches back into the land of Yesterday from which we have just come. And we find that the road is rather a short one after all. The Old Oaken Bucket is used by some of us even now and my own eyes have seen a wrinkled grandmother tending that treasure of colonial days, the hand loom. It is a short road, after all, that we have come over, and as we think of it we have well nigh exceeded the speed limit in the coming.

But there are those among us upon whom despair has fastened its grip. They declare that the Socialist movement is rankly conservative and they rage at him who will not countenance the destruction of all present institutions in one cataclysmic crash. They want sabotage for breakfast, dinner and supper and "article two, section six" is a constant red rag in their faces. Syndicalism is their miracle worker and a loose bolt in the machinery the height of their ambition. The reason for this is not that they are on the pinnacle of our most extreme enlightenment, ahead of the prodding procession, gifted beyond the rest of us in the philosophies and sciences and filled with the enthusiasm of the ultimate deliverers of the race. No, it is simply that they are discouraged, desperate, befogged.

It avails nothing to ignore the fact of the existence of such people. The ostrich never has been noted as a strategist. The philosophy of despair has fastened upon a great many and we may as well face the fact.

The world has come through many economic changes since man began to walk erect. Man has come up through many changes in his mode of life. The individual chase gave way to the hunt in packs and tribes, and tribes have given way to nations. The hollowed log has been replaced by the turbined leviathan of the seas and the patriarch of the family has been replaced by the elected president of the republic. We have moved.

But not until now have we moved by our own collective direction. Until now each little cycle of progress whirled itself along the highway of the centuries, gathering speed unto itself blindly until it crashed of its own momentum into the next cycle, that in turn was destined to grow and gather speed and burst itself into its successor.

Economic changes have always been at the root of human advance. Always there has been a master class and a subservient class. Always the master class has determined the economic condition of the toiling mass and taken to itself what toll it could from labor. This toll may have been in skins and cocoanuts or in dividends, but always it has been the fruit of productive toil.

Economic changes have come without any intelligent action on the part of labor. Labor has found its condition changed as modes of production changed, but it has been silent, powerless and ignorant while the deep currents of economic change went on to work their way toward the light, carrying the unwitting slave ever nearer to the point where he might awake and have a hand in the making of his own destiny and the shaping of the next change in his conditions.

So we stand today at the point where labor, collective labor, may take the first conscious, intelligent, studied step in the flow of economic change. This time it is natural force directed by intelligent mind!

Into this wonderful situation, this unparalleled opportunity, black despair would rise like a blighted shad-

ow and heave boulders as blindly as did the first savage who refused to divide the fruits of his hunt.

The philosophy of despair, I believe, has its foundation in two sources. One of these is starvation of body and the other is lack of perspective in viewing economic changes. The teacher applies the wrong measure to time and change and the pupil accepts the wrong measure as the right one—on an empty stomach. An empty stomach is short-sighted.

It was to aid in straightening the perspective that the reminiscences of Henry were brought into this article. While the clouds may look dark and forbidding as we toddle along with our head bowed; while the road may seem hard and tortuous as we wend our weary way at nightfall, we shall find if we straighten up and fill our lungs with pure air in the early morning that the sun still shines in the heavens and that it will be simply a matter of time before asphalt will replace the muddy ruts of the road that so hurt our tired feet last night. The person who can stand up and get his perspective right never loses his grip on optimism. A straight perspective is the best tonic a weak philosophy can have.

We must understand this thing: That every change in mental life, yes, every change in religious life; every change that comes up where our heads are, follows some change in the life of toil down where our hands and feet are. And if we get our heads down too close to our feet we cannot see clearly what is going on there and we shall be all at sea as to what is to follow up above.

The doctrine of economic determinism is pretty generally accepted in these days, but not so many have succeeded in keeping straight their idea of what ought to be the relative speed of actual change in the form of machinery and by whom and how that machinery is to be run. The fact is that the master class has always held to the form, (or law), under which a given economic change began until changing economic conditions compelled that condition to again give way before the eternal pressure of change and move.

I am not one to stand back and say, "Hands off and all will come right of its own accord." Not that. I emphasize that we stand for the first time in human history at the point where we are capable of exercising conscious power in the direction of the next step in the evolution of society. The world has never known such a thing; it is marvelous beyond compare. The big thing is, that having this matchless opportunity, we must not sink our heads back in the muck and refuse to see. We must not hiss in the face of the goddess of light.

We must bend every energy to the intelligent direction of the changing social heave. And as we strain and strive to bring things out aright we must keep an eye on history and an ear to the whisperings of eternity.

This is not a world of a day. A lifetime is but a flash. We are but flecks on the foaming sea of eternity. We cannot measure world changes by the clock. We do not say that feudalism expired at ten o'clock eastern time, August 14, 1412. We do not say that the era of capitalism began on March 4th, 1801, nor shall we say that the co-operative commonwealth will be ushered in with fitting ceremonies with the convening of the first Socialist Congress on April first, 1915. Nothing like that ever happened or ever will happen. And this is the reason: Economic changes do not happen over night. They evolve in an age. There is a difference.

And the one who stands up straight and looks with true eye over the road into the past sees this: No age has risen to the time of its decay so rapidly as capitalism. The change has been wonderful in its rapidity. There is nothing depressing in that. There is everything heartening in it. For change is eternal. It is always with us. Life is change. Change will not stop, will not even pause. It must go on. And, going on it must bring new things. Capitalism has reached its perfection. Change now cannot bring more capitalism. It must bring something new. The very thought brings song to the heart and exultance to the intellect. For we stand with hand on the lever this time to direct the change.

And how are we to direct the change? What will be the conscious act of ours that shall bring us into the new order? Here again we prove, by the very nature of what we know of how the change will come that it must be an intelligently guided change. All change before has come without the ken of law. Brooks Adams makes the point in a way in an article in the Atlantic Monthly for April. He says: "I doubt if we have developed a single important administrative principle which would be novel to Napoleon, were he to live again, and I am quite sure we have no legal principle younger than Justinian."

But in the coming of the next change we must develop an entirely new and revolutionary administrative principle and our mesh of musty legal lore must be torn away and replaced by legal bounds built from an entirely opposing angle. We are facing real revolution.

We have come through the age of capitalism perfecting our economic machine by various steps and stages. Labor as a collective body had no intelligent, self-directed part in the building up of the economic machine with which we now work. We stand now with that economic machine well nigh perfect. With the perfection of the economic machine has come the awakening of labor. Labor has become aware of the machine and it has found out what it wants to do with the machine. The newness of that fact has not yet borne in upon all labor, but taken as a collectivity it is fairly familiar with the condition. The next step can be none other than ownership of the machine at hand. That is the purpose of our desire. We have found that the machine has its chief value in its ownership; that the privilege of working with the machine is bereft of its pleasure when ownership lies elsewhere. So we want to own the machine. But those who own it now have hedged themselves behind a bank of law into which no new principle has been instilled since the time of Justinian and we find our battlefield laid for us in the realm of law-making. There is marked the difference between this and all previous change.

We are engaged in changing the law. We bring about a partial change each time we collectively enter into a new line of endeavor—each time a city buys its water works or electric light plant. The complete change will have come when all things collectively used shall be collectively owned and democratically administered. We are moving and WE direct the motion. In the light of history man never moved with such marvelous speed. The pessimist is disarmed. The optimist is justified—if he is a fighting optimist. The doctrine of despair is the doctrine of yesterday and of the man of yesterday. He could not see his future and could have no part in the shaping of it, collectively. But the true optimist does not measure world changes by hours and the evolution of eras by days. He gets the right measure, the right view-point and the right interpretation. And HE sees that the race today is fulfilling its historic mission with sufficient haste and with a swinging stride that well befits the magnificent task at which it works.

EDITORIAL

Judge Gary, main mogul of the Steel Trust at the government hearing for dissolution of that trust, has experienced difficulty in making what he claims as the trust's policy of fostering competition, while it has become the most powerful trust in the world, quite clear to the average mind.

President Wilson, it is said, has perpetrated the following: "The trouble seems to be," he said, "that some men are taking joy rides in their corporations." As a remedy he suggests that the government better stop fining the automobile and begin punishing the joy rider." How would it do for the President to act upon some of his happy inspirations and talk about them afterward.

The June crop report of the Department of Agriculture says: Government experts estimate this year's harvest will be 744,000,000 bushels, of which 492,000,000 bushels will be winter wheat—a record for this crop—and 252,000,000 bushels will be spring wheat. But, alas, it is no longer acreage or yield that interests the hoi polloi but the small matter of the price to be demanded by the flour and bread trust.

Apropos of the anti-Japanese land ownership agitation Dr. Carter, general secretary of the International Peace Forum, declares: "The code of the Samurai, which is the code of all the Japanese today, is expressed in these words: 'First righteousness, next life, then silver and gold.' He then asks: Is that your code? Do you put righteousness first and silver and gold last?" Only in theory, doctor; only in theory.

Some one rises to remark that it is surprising that so little effort has been directed to the elimination of a waste in motive power that, according to the figures of H. M. Wilson, chief engineer of the Pittsburg experiment station of the United States Bureau of Mines, costs this country $600,000,000 a year. And then, too, there is that other waste in employed and unemployed human energy. What engineer can compute this loss?

Senator Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania has presented the names of 175 Big Business men, who have protested to him against the Democratic tariff—and he declares: "The day of the old lobbyist, who infested the corridors of legislative chambers is past. The committees will listen only to the principals now." "Give us the 'higher ups,'" is the cry inside and outside of Congress. While the courts, investigating committees and general public have not been eminently successful in this, yet according to Senator Penrose the United States Senate is getting what it demands.

Now that the government has decided to discontinue the Taylor system for efficiency Secretary of Commerce Redfield has devised a new system. He says: "Many of us are not using to their full the productive powers we control. The men and women in our factories are endowed with reason, interests, judgment, imagination, attention and memory. Has a deliberate effort been made to try what the responsive force of these powers are to patient and inspiring leadership?" In other words, continue exploitation to the utmost limit but try and make the workers feel so good while it is being done that they will themselves render the greatest possible assistance in the process.

Some of the Los Angeles kept press and Big Business generally are greatly exercised over the fact that one of the organs of Capitalism has charged that the new mayor of that city was elected by the underworld. Such publicity will injure, they declare. But there is no word of complaint from these sources concerning the fact that the juvenile court of that city has shown by its records that during the past year under the rule and reign of Big Business over 200 young girls, some of them as young as 14 and most of them under 20 have been ruined. Could a worse blow be struck at a city's life? Yet these galled jades never wince at publicity of this character based on fact.

AMENDING THE ORGANIC LAW

THE proposition to amend the constitution so that amendments will be more easily obtained is one of the most practical measures yet proposed by the progressives in Congress. The plan introduced by Walter M. Chandler, Congressman from New York, provides for three methods of initiating amendments; by Constitutional conventions held every thirty years; by a majority vote of both houses of Congress, by one-fourth of the states. So proposed, these amendments are to be submitted to a popular vote at the first Congressional election, and for adoption, must receive a majority of the full vote cast and also a majority of the vote in a majority of the states. Merely to have a matter of this kind proposed is an education. The way "the free American people" have tied themselves up to prevent themselves from doing what they wish to do is amazing.

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COMMENCEMENT DAY MEANING

IT IS beautiful to watch the young men and women as they pass from one year to another in high school and college.

Experienced teachers will testify that there are, however, very few who give evidence of real maturity until well through the college course.

The "freshness" of the average Sophomore in college is proverbial.

Yet the vast majority of children do not even enter high school, much less college.

The multitude must remain undeveloped or get their mental breadth and strength from hard effort or harder knocks.

"It is like the blossoming of beautiful, wonderful flowers," said a teacher after listening to the work of a graduating class from an advanced school." I am exultant that I have had part in growing them."

Will it not be glorious when we can know when each successive June comes, that all the youth of the land will in turn commence life with the fullest culture and finest training they are capable of taking?

Will it not be even more joyous to know that each will have found the line most to his taste and capacity and can be sure of a place in the industrial army that serves the common need?

Utopian? Not at all.

It is much more practical than the tragic, lawless, disorganized, methodless method we struggle with today.

The economic waste of present day society is bad enough; the human, spiritual waste is far worse.

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LOS ANGELES ELECTION

THE Los Angeles election, with its headless ticket at the finals, was good illustration of certain principles little understood. The party was greatly pleased to elect a Councilman, Fred C. Wheeler; it was even more jubilant, probably, over the fact that more than 5000 votes were cast having no vote for Mayor. In many ways it has been shown that the metropolis of Southern California has from 30,000 to 50,000 who vote the Socialist ticket. Why then should it be a source of gratification that 5000 will not vote for non-Socialists?

That is a long story, but surface reasons are apparent.

The pressure was great. "Are you not going to help keep a clean city?" said one side. "Are you not going to throw out the old gang and blunderers?" said the other side.

"What, not vote for the man pledged to public ownership?" said one side. "Do you not want to see the newspaper crowd downed?" said the other side.

Suppose the party had yielded to the pressure and taken sides? Now there would have been a yawning chasm in the party and discord forever after with no good attained.

Time will prove to those who voted for the successful Mayor that they but played the game of big and little capital. Had the other side won,

the "Socialists" who voted for that side would have found they had but pulled corporation chestnuts out of the fire.

The unbroken solidarity of the party standing for the workers and knowing what it wants and how to get it is the only effective final force. "Crucial issues" and "vital crises" will always be created to divide the ranks. "Save the city from the vicious" and "turn the rascals out" will ever be pet slogans of "Things-as-They-Are." Until Labor realizes that it has no interest in settling capitalistic squabbles and shows that no cries for help can reach its ears from that camp, it will never win that wholesome respect that forces change.

It is a cause for rejoicing whenever 5000 voters in a city see this clearly.

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THE OPEN SEASON

THE man is to be pitied who can read of the catches made by the fishermen these days and not feel a tug at his heartstrings. Cooped up in office, store or workshop during the past months, one day out in the open under the June skies would nerve the arm with fresh vigor, put new light in the eye, and a renewed courage in the heart. It is routine and drudgery that kills. No more can the mind endure the constant, steady strain of business than can the muscles of the body withstand a steady, continuous pull. And the relation between mind and body, although not yet strictly and accurately defined, is beyond question a very intimate one. Action and reaction, whatever may be true in other respects, are continuous between the two. Nothing can happen to one of these two co-ordinate parts of human nature that does not appreciably influence the other. Constant plowing in the same grooves of the brain, like constant dropping of water, wears. A change of interest and of scene, a departure from established routine, a break in the chain of habit, plows new grooves through the fallow or untilled soil of the brain and creeates both the mental and the physical man.

Life is short at its best; we will be a long time dead; the world will wag on just the same whether the dollars we leave behind when we leave this sphere of existence be many or few. Only we are the losers if we refuse to consider the means necessary to prolong our lives and enrich our experience. The secret of securing these is to studiously endeavor to add day by day, week by week and year by year to our interests.

Today, tomorrow, next day, then, although for the first time in life, secure some tackle and go, no matter to what stream, but go to some stream and spend a day or two tramping the banks, whipping the waters, and, if catching a few trout—so much the better. Do this and you will live longer and die happier.

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CAUSES, NOT EFFECTS

IF HUMANITY is to advance individuals must help to that end.

Many things in community life depend upon the active interest and effort of all the people.

Civic responsibility is a very real thing, although so widely distributed.

Development toward industrial justice, political integrity, educational ideals or social virtue must depend upon the earnestness and intelligence of public spirited endeavor.

Perhaps it is worth while to try and analyze the aims and methods by which this effort may be made most effective.

In every cause there are two distinct but relative objects to be sought: one, an ultimate goal, representing the highest ideals; the other, measures looking toward that goal, but adapted to what is feasible and appropriate as an immediate next step.

These two objects are not antagonistic to each other, but are too often sought by separate groups; the one unwilling to accept any partial measures, having eyes turned exclusively to the final goal; the other seeking some available good with no regard to ultimate full rounded results.

In choosing objects of effort it is important

to make sure that one is working on causes and not mere symptoms or effects.

Attempts to secure political reform are largely mistaken because aimed at inevitable branches of some tree whose roots remain untouched.

If the energy spent in anathematizing the evils and spasmodic attempts to right surface wrongs were systematically expended upon a few fundamental changes in the system great results would be attained.

There is a very general tendency to dip out water perpetually in various leaky civic boats without attempting to stop the leaks.

Perhaps most important of all is the spirit in which reforms are undertaken. The negative, destructive, fault-finding attitude is ruinous to success.

Merely carping at existing evils never made the world better.

The person who does not love good more than he hates evil is not a factor which evil has to fear.

The spirit which nothing can embitter, the spirit invincible against antagonism or scorn, is the spirit which can achieve.

The path into the future can only be clearly seen with a vision lighted by whatever rays of brightness there may be in the present.

Only light can dispel darkness.

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MARRIAGE MAKES WEALTH

A FORMER assistant secretary of the treasury, writing on this subject, closes with these words:

"Marry. It is the best business investment that has ever come within my experience."

It was said of Josh Billings that he once gave a young man similar advice: "Marry; marry, by all means. Marry for love. But remember it is as easy to love a girl with $50,000 in her own right as a girl wothout a cent."

In other words, always have an eye to the main chance. Form a matrimonial as you would a business alliance. Certainly there are other considerations entering in, but these will accommodate themselves to the primary one of securing a business partner in your wife. Of course there is a little matter of sentiment which from time immemorial has been associated with marriage, but that will adjust itself. The fundamental need of every young man is a wife who will either bring him money or help to save the money he earns.

Sounds cold-blooded, does it not? Yet it is but the application of the working philosophy of modern life to marriage. There is no room in the life of the present for sentiment. Life is practical, and all things pertaining thereto must be placed on a practical basis and be judged by practical standards. Let very young men and very young women, very old men and very old women, dreamy poets and weak-minded sentimentalists still imagine that the old-fashioned thing called love should be the sole basis for marriage, but practical, up-to-date men and women have outgrown mere sentiment.

Unhappy marriages, divorce and race suicide increasing? True, beyond question! And, alas! so is the tendency to look upon the marriage relation as a business investment.

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DEEDS, NOT SYMPATHY

IN this city there is a heart beat in sympathy for every pang you feel. You may not meet your friend and sympathizer, but he exists. The failure to meet is one of the tragedies of life. But the sympathy is ready when you do meet. Why, not a mongrel cur can pant his last breath in agony on the street but some big-hearted man or sweet-souled woman feels a pang to see it."

"How much more when a brave but defeated human being cries for help?"

There is a note of an all too common lullaby for the conscience in this well-expressed bit of sentiment.

Is the tragedy of friendlessness any the less because there are persons ready to be friendly if some quite conventional chance brings them in contact with the forlorn one?

Are the sufferings of the cat any the less because the men and women passing indulge in an amiable thrill of pity for its sufferings?

Must the brave but defeated human being

cry on the street corner before there is anyone to lend a hand?

If the cry goes up through the notoriety of the public prints must he still wait for practical aid because the thousands who have read the story are content to feel the pang and let that end it?

There is no virtue in an emotion which does not incarnate itself in a deed.

The human heart is sound and true deep down. Kindness and good will are the native prompting of normal humankind, but the difficulties of being kind and giving practical help are so great that the emotions giving birth so often to stillborn deeds weaken the moral fiber.

The tendency is to grow content with pity alone, whether it bears fruitage in help or not. True, the deed is often impossible. These terrible dark chasms made by the crowd and by custom and by ignorance are not always easy to cross. Even when gulfs are bridged and the hand-clasp of friendship is given the baleful conditions cannot always be overcome. Only—and this is the crux of the matter—let the impulse to help be the result of sympathy, and if intelligent effort does not avail let the heartache which follows be a spur to more fundamental service.

Something is wrong when the dwellers in cities must steel their hearts to the knowledge of misery and friendlessness which they cannot aid. defeated human beings." To enjoy a pang of Let the attention be turned to finding what is wrong and why there are so many "brave but pity is not enough. Cease to feel, or let that feeling prompt to action.

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A FRIEND OF WEEDS

IN an interview Joaquin Miller, the poet, was asked why he let the weeds grow beside the roses and why he let the grass grow so long? He replied:

"Because I love it. I should feel like a prisoner hemmed in by a well-kept lawn. I like my grass wild and sun-browned. I have set my house in a wilderness and planted the rose at my door, but not one of the baby-blue eyes have I uprooted to give place to it. Who shall dare to say that the rose is more beautiful than the waxen cup of manzanita? Roses, wild flowers and weeds, I want them all where I live,"

It is James Whitcomb Riley who says in one of his poems:

"To reck'o'nize ' at nothin's made in vain,
That the Good Bein' made the brute's first chice,
And us folks a'terwards."

Is it not a cause for wonder that seeking for one universal in his love for every form of life, he must needs be found among the poets of earth? The cosmic consciousness, as it has been termed, to whom there is no lower or higher, no clean or unclean in all the myriad forms of life, is invariably to be found among those whom the practical world looks upon as impracticable sentimentalists. It was the poet Pope who wrote:

"He who needlessly sets foot upon a worm
is such a wretch," etc.

And said Lucy Larcom, the factory girl poet:
"The grass beneath our feet is His own grass;
The wayside weed is sacred unto Him."

Said another poet a long time ago:
"Poets are all who love—who feel great truths,
And tell them."

It would seem, then, that the fundamental requisite is that a poet should be first of all a lover, and that it is for this reason that poets do not discriminate in nature or among men. To them all life is beautiful and they see deeply enough into the heart of things to detect beauty where the unloving eye does not behold it. For are they not "God's Prophets of the Beautiful?" As Emerson said: "One more royal trait belongs to the poet. I mean his cheerfulness, without which no man can be a poet—for beauty is his aim. He loves virtue, not for its obligation, but for its grace; he delights in the world, in man, in woman, for the lovely light that sparkles from them. Beauty, the spirit of joy and hilarity, he sheds over the universe."

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The lesson most clearly written in the evolution of the race is that of hope and promise for the future. However dark the clouds at any period, men may know if they will that the sun of progress, whose warming rays make for the reign of truth and justice, is simply obscured from vision and that behind the passing cloud it still shines on in full midday splendor. And that—

"Some day Love shall claim his own,
Some day Right ascend his throne,
Some day hidden Truth be known,
Some day—some sweet day."

PLAYS, PLAYERS & PLAYWRIGHTS

By MILLA TUPPER MAYNARD

LADY GREGORY AND THE IRISH MOVEMENT

WHAT will the people do when they cease to work at hard labor for long hours 365 days a year? This question troubles our friends, the enemy, greatly. It is little wonder that they think it a problem. They would not themselves know what to do without the drive of business and they can see how stupidly the majority of the very rich use their over-abundant time. Occasionally, however, one finds persons who have had neither too much nor too little for a generation or two, and who have learned really to live in activities that mean something.

The Irish Drama movement is a good example of what persons of true refinement, some money and considerable cleverness can do to make their own lives worth living, while lifting the life interests of many thousands at the same time.

A group of men and women who had enough of freedom from the eternal grind to think of human values, two decades ago waked up to the fact that Ireland and the Irish of the past were fast passing away. Its language, its folk lore, its peculiar humor, its unique poetic and fanciful viewpoint were all being swept away by the prosaic English education and commercialism.

Among the influences deliberately set in motion to bring appreciation of things Irish, the Irish plays and players have been the most important and far reaching. From very meager beginnings, not ten years ago, the dramas of the movement have become a notable literature and the players have developed an art which is the delight of two continents.

They found they could not use imported English actors, as it was hard to enter into the spirit of the plays or catch the desired atmosphere. Accordingly, they took Irish working girls and young men, and trained them with a success that has been a marvel and given something new and very beautiful to art.

Lady Gregory has been one of the leading spirits in all this work. A new volume of her plays has just been issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It contains six richly amusing playlets, full of originality, human nature and excruciating fun, all in a rhythmic prose more musical than any poetry.

Some time, not very far distant, we are going to find the drama and song which belong to the West and ot the Comradeship.

A TRAGEDY OF GRAFT

"Fne Feathers" is another play by Eugene Walters, the former red card soap boxer. The soap box is more in evidence in this than it was in "The Easiest Way." This dramatist is doing the best work in America in the judgment of many critics not as partial in their judgment as some of us might be. He is strong because he has a definite viewpoint and never fumbles. He may not speak out as clearly as he might like always but "the spine of meaning" is a clear cut understanding of how the profit system puts dry rot into the social life of the time in every part.

In this play, the graft in construction work and the forces which lead thereto are made clear. There is the grafter with his oily sophistry which deceives the wife and makes her think that the husband's scorn of the offered fortune is obstinate fanaticism. Finally the young engineer has to choose between his wife and his principles and so makes the false report asked of him in relation to the cement in a dam. Luxury and an abundance of "fine feathers" follow for a time, but ruin is close upon the man's heels and finally the breaking of the dam with loss of life brings the full logical tragedy.

LADY GREGORY
Author of "New Comedies" and Leading Spirit in the Irish Dramatic Movement

A newspaper man brings brightness into the murk by his wit and "red" philosophy. Altogether this is a greater play than "The Easiest Way" and deals with a feature of capitalism even more common and quite as devastating as that which formed the tragedy in the play which won the author's fame.

The Long Beach tragedy of May 24th was caused by the same "economy" in construction and the failure to report or to find the weak conditions on the part of inspectors was born of the same desire to hold a job if not to actual, conscious connivance.

Such plays make people think, but alas, even this dramatist has not yet found a way to make solutions clear. To point out the problem is something. We must be thankful that this can play to crowded houses.

At this time, the Western Coast folk get the dramatic harvest of the year. When the New York season closes, then the luminaries can pass to the western heavens.

"The Case of Becky" is something new under the

The Woman's View

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS

ORGANIZATION is the basis of all social strength, the propeller of all progress, the instrument of all socialization. The power of Rome was built up through organization. Early Christianity developed into a world movement only because of the thorough organization of its enthusiastic elements. The entire map of Europe was changed by the organizing ability of Napoleon. Organization created the trusts, the power of the unions, the power of the press. It is only persistent efforts at organization that finally secure the franchise, the eight hour law, the minimum wage, and child labor legislation. The Socialist Movement will grow powerful just in proportion as its organization is perfected.

Although women are the original organizers, being largely responsible for the existence of the ancient tribes and having first placed industry on a working basis, this tremendous social power, ORGANIZATION, was beyond their reach during the first eighteen centuries of this era. As a result, any influence exerted by them in the molding of institutions or customs was very indirect at the best.

Men have lent themselves to organization only under great economic pressure; and their organizations have never been truly democratic. They have been class organizations, craft organizations, or sectarian organizations, but never representative of the interests of society as a whole. There have been patriarchs and menial families, kings and slaves, lords and serfs, capitalists and wage slaves—one class always being exploited for the benefit of the other. As a result our society has been individualistic primarily and social only secondarily and indirectly.

The nineteenth century is marked by the rise of two powerful movements, the proletarian movement and the woman's movement. The former is the greatest working people's organization ever known and is far greater in its scope than anything dreamed of by the early Christians in their plans for a universal brotherhood. The latter promises to once more inject into society that social spirit manifest in the patriarchal days, before there was private property in necessities and when class struggles were unknown. This is a spirit which does not take it as natural that some persons should be in the power of other persons, or that inanimate, material things should exploit a living humanity. It recognizes the fact that we all belong together and that only by securing the liberty and happiness of **all** of us, can we secure the liberty and happiness of **any** of us. The proletarian movement took on its present form about 1867 and the women's organizations had their beginning in this country in 1868.

Jennie June Croly, originator and second president of the first woman's club, "Sorosis," wrote as follows of the club movement:

"The woman's club was not an echo; it was not the mere banding together for social and economic purpose like the clubs of men. It became at once, without deliberate intention or concerted action, a light-giving and seed-sowing center of purely democratic activity. **It had no leaders.** It brought together qualities rather than personages; and by a representation of all interests, moral, intellectual, and social, a natural and equal division of work and opportunity, created an ideal basis of organization, where every one has an equal right to whatever comes to the common center; where the center itself becomes a radiating medium for the diffusion of the best of that which is brought to it, and into which, all being freely given, no material considerations enter."

Thinking that this sounded far-fetched she added,

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sun. It dramatizes a case of double personality. The medical case from which it was taken, was even more remarkable, as in the actual young woman, there were three different personalities none of whom were quite normal. In the play, "Becky" is a mischievous, lawless little creature utterly unlike "Dorothy" the normal girl whose body Becky takes possession of occasionally.

The play gives wonderful opportunity to Frances Star (the actress who made her reputation in "The Easiest Way") as the transformation scenes from the demure, gentle, well-bred Dorothy to the reckless, impish, hateful, malignant Becky require remarkable acting.

Perhaps some one thinks: "At least here is one play that has no Socialist preachment in it."

Right you are. There is not an economic line in it from first to last. Nevertheless, not to disappoint any one who thinks that hobbies were made to ride, the moral is hereby added.

Hypnotism is the only thing that can account for the persistence of Capitalism. Would any sane person believe that on the planet Mars one-tenth of one per-cent of the people could own the planet and the ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent allow it? Certainly not. It would be against human nature.

But on this planet, the 999 not only allow it but seem to like it. Moreover, they actually make the laws which give the earth and a fence around it to the thousandth man.

By what magic is it possible?

Hypnosis. That is the only reason. The 999 are caught young and hypnotized by teachers, newspapers, preachers and all the other spokesmen for the one one-thousandth until the whole 999 will dance any tune the masters ask for and pay the fiddler besides.

There is no other way to account for the astounding facts. Now is there?

If we could only break the spell and make people see true for just one hour, emancipation would be right upon us.

Let us have some more plays showing what tricks the human mind can play upon us.

"This is no ideal or imaginary picture. It is the simplest prose of every woman's club and every club woman's experience during the past thirty years." (1868-1898.)

This was written only a few years after the formation of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. A knowledge of the committees which this Federation supports and a survey of the work done by them, together with the suffrage organizations during the past fifteen years removes all doubt as to the social nature of their activities. They have agitated against child labor and against white slavery. They have worked for children's courts; for clean streets; for proper sewerage; for sanitary waiting rooms in railroad stations; for good roads; for children's playgrounds; for industrial education; for conservation; for the employers' liability law; for factory inspection; for better educational facilities; for extensive libraries; for the reduction of the hours of labor; for the minimum wage. They have been on hand to lend aid in times of strikes, especially those in which women were involved. In times of drought or flood, they have not been the last to give relief. Where tuberculosis threatens the nation, they have entered the battle for the removal of its causes. They have accomplished many things in spite of the obstacles in their way.

They have availed themselves of the power given them by their organizations to express themselves directly, through their own numbers, in regard to social matters, instead of indirectly, as heretofore, through the men of their families.

But there is one thing which hampers them very much in their success. They fail to recognize the fact that our androcentric society is a society of classes; the fact that all men's organizations, through which women must as yet express themselves, are formed, as the saying has it, for "the ins to knock the outs." Failure to recognize this fact makes all social effort superficial and unfundamental. It leads to the treating of effects instead of causes.

This, however, does not detract from the value of the spirit manifested by the women's organizations, a spirit which the world has been in dire need of during all the past centuries of class struggles and class hatreds. Neithed does it lessen the value of the fact that the women's clubs have in their ranks all ages and classes of women—maids and matrons, wives of Cripple Creek miners, wives of New York millionaires, and the wives and daughters of middle class men. It simply means that in order to express itself fully this spirit must have conditions under which it can live. The attainment of such conditions necessitates the abolition of the class struggle; necessitates an economic reorganization, which will place the products of the labor of the world into the hands of the makers; necessitates a valuation of human beings on a basis of service rendered to humanity and not on a basis of things taken from humanity.

When the women's clubs come to this realization and proceed to deal with our social problems with it as a basis, they will indeed be a tremendous constructive force. Then we can truly say with Mrs. Croly:

"We are only at the threshold of a future that thrills us with its possibilities—possibilities of fellowship where separation was; of love where hatred was; of unity where division was; of peace where war was; of light physical and mental where darkness was; of agreement and equality where difference and traditions had built up walls of distinction and lines of caste."

THE NATION HONORS ITS MOTHERS

Recently the fact was heralded abroad that the President, the members of his cabinet, the members of the Senate and the members of the House all wore white flowers in honor of Mothers' Day.

Gentle-hearted, chivalrous gentlemen!

How this stirs the hearts of the mothers who send their tots to the cotton mills before the break of dawn.

How this awakens the confidence of the mothers whose daughters work all the day and half the night.

How this gains you the support of the mothers who are denied political expression at the ballot box.

How this secures you the thanks of the mothers of miners, who have grappled with death in the black depths of the mines, and have been vanquished.

How this brings forth ringing plaudits from the mothers whose loved ones have NOT escaped the red-hot, pitiless clutches of the steel mills.

How this arouses the admiration of the mothers whose children lose their eyesight working amidst flowers—artificial flowers.

How this calls out the praises of the mothers who KNOW how they are honored in the eyes of the law.

How this is appreciated by the mothers who feed ever-hunngry machines, condemning their children to weariness before they are born.

How this deceives the mothers WHO VALUE THEIR MOTHERHOOD.

O, gentle-hearted, chivalrous gentlemen!

♣ ♣ ♣

THESE THINGS SHALL BE

By J. A. Symonds

These things shall be! a loftier race
  Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flow'r of freedom in their souls,
  And light of science in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong,
  To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm,
  On earth, and fire and sea and air:

Nation with nation, land with land,
  Unarm'd shall live as comrades free;
In ev'ry heart and brain shall throb
  The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould
  And mightier music thrill the skies,
And ev'ry life shall be a song,
  When all the earth is paradise.

These things—they are no dreams—shall be
  For happier men when we are gone;
These golden days for them shall dawn,
  Transcending ought we gaze upon.

♣ ♣ ♣

Two Scotch friends met one day after a long absence. One of them had a carmine nose. The other looked into his face and said:

"Ah! John, I doot—"

But John said he was not to judge by appearances, as he only drank one glass of beer in a day.

"Oh, weel," said the other, "yer face is maybe like our gas meter—it registers maire than it consumes."

* * *

The foulest blow is the one that hits the worker in the bread-basket.

IN THE CALCIUM GLOW

Up in the northwestern corner of North Dakota is the little city of Minot. Minot is a live little city of perhaps five thousand inhabitants and was one of the first cities of the country to elect a Socialist administration.

One of the active Socialists here is a young lady, a teacher in the public schools. She is a bright, vivacious young woman of artistic temperament. However, a small interior city offers little opportunity for instruction in art, and Miss Emma Gordon, for that is her name, has been obliged to secure her art education in that hard but efficient school of which so many of the world's most efficient men and women have been graduates—the school where teacher and pupil are one and the same person.

EMMA M. GORDON

Her story is a tale of intense application and sheer exercise of willpower in the face of discouragements and difficulties. Her special purpose in her work is to arouse the women of the land to the horrors of the capitalist system, as these affect them and all dear to them both inside and outside the home.

As yet teaching is her main work. Here is where she earns her bread. But the deeper under currents of her life flow along the line of accomplishment in art propaganda. She is every inch a woman and the urge of the feminist and Socialist movement for the sake of a larger and better life for women and children is what she feels most keenly.

Interviewed on the subject of her life work she declared: "Women are today thinking beings, not stolid household drudges. They are today entering fields which for centuries have been occupied mainly by men. In many branches women, yea, children, are taking the places formerly held by men. Look at our factories, our mills!

"Can we not in this field show up by cartoons our present industrial system which takes the lives of men, women and children, and grinds them up into so much profit?

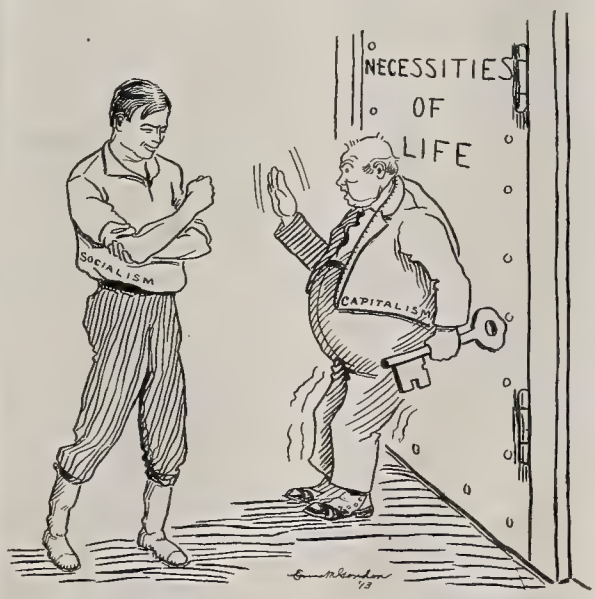
"Cannot the cartoon show the CAUSE of the social evil? When we do away with the cause, won't we do away with the social evil? As a Socialist, I, of course, believe we can't do away with the social evil until you first change the system that is the direct cause of it. Why not show it from a Socialist standpoint? Why not educate women by cartoons how to use their vote properly when they do finally attain their right to vote? When once women understand Socialism capitalism is doomed.

"Women are home-lovers. Capitalistic newspapers have given them the impression that Socialism will destroy the home. That's an old bogey, used by capitalism to frighten men and women away from Socialism. The way to treat 'bogeys' is to walk right up to them and investigate them.

"The pen of the cartoonist is the weapon that should be used in ripping open these shams and a woman cartoonist working for the cause of Socialism could be able to present the woman's point of view in regard to our industrial, social and political questions.

"Of all the women I have ever talked with about Socialism these four objections—free love, against religion, destroying the home, and "dividing up"—seemed to be the only objections women have to Socialism. Can not some cartoonist—a woman—educate them to a knowledge of Socialism by destroying these bogeys? For they are but bogeys continually brought forward by the enemies of Socialism and bogeys that I could make short work of if space permitted.

"We need women cartoonists to depict the woman's point of view as well as the world needs the men cartoonists who look at everything from the man's point of view."



ONE OF HER CARTOONS

Miss Gordon was born in Visnaes, a little town in Norway. When she was still a child her father died and the family removed to Haugesund on the west coast of Norway. There she lived an open air life, learned to love the sea and the mountains and the independent spirit of the natives. She was nine years old when the family left Norway for Minnesota. She lived in Glenville, Minn., until she was eighteen years old, when she accepted a position as teacher in a North Dakota district school.

To Miss Gordon belongs a place in that long line of comrades who through the inspiration brought into their lives by the greatest cause mankind has ever known have been awakened to newness of life.

BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

THE CHARM OF THE KITCHEN

"For God's sake, a pot of small ale."
—Shakespeare.

I picked up the May number of George Sylvester Viereck's "The International," recently and was impressed by the title of Andre Tridon's article advertised on the front cover, viz: "The Shame of Hotel Kitchens." The International is decidedly a literary paper, puttering somewhat with politics. So, I asked, "Would the insurgent editor publish an article on 'The Shame of Pittsburg,' or 'Low Wages in the Textile Mills?" And I concluded he might, provided it were wittily penned. But, (and here I became emphatic), he surely would not boast about it on the cover. Then why should he muckrake the kitchens of New York's hotels? And it all dawned on me.

I immediately recalled Willard Huntington Wright's charming article on "Los Angeles, The Chemically Pure," and how that remarkable writer seemed more concerned over the bad cooking in the City of the Angels than the mediocrity of its orchestras. And, in addition, I remembered how our Nietzschean, Henry L. Mencken, in his article on "Good Old Baltimore," in The Smart Set was more worried over the scarcity of terrapin than the possibility of war between Japan and United States. And then, my mind hopped to the Middle West—St. Louis—and I saw myself in an office on the eighth floor of the Syndicate Trust building—the sanctum sanctorum of good-natured, profound, democratic, humorous William Marion Reedy, editor of The Mirror. And he was pouting because his lager beer hadn't been iced sufficiently to suit his epicurean tastes. I thought of a dozen others—literary fellows—artists to the core—and all spent most of their time worrying over bad cooking or enthusing over splendid victualry. A Bearnaise sauce is far more important than a kiss from Kittie Pearl. Of course, Kittie Pearl need not absent herself, but first must come "seductively prepared truffles," or better still, coupes St. Jaques.

Genius is concerned, first of all, with the stomach. Watch an artist carefully and you will see that I am right. The spirit is all very well, in its place—which is—after dinner. Compote first, poetry afterwards. The esophagus attended to, there is plenty of time for matters of the heart. But, heart is welcome—if cooked properly. Lobster, more than music, hath charms to soothe the artist's breast. Artists do not scorn the ecstacy of creation, but it must follow the delirium of digestion. Alas, Karl Marx was right. His materialistic interpretation of life is again demonstrated.

* * *

THE VALUE OF CRITICISM

Artists paint pictures, write poems and compose symphonies, turning them over to critics who act as—what shall I say?—inspectors, to analyze and explain. Critics are necessary and the artists themselves are growing to a full appreciation of their functions, refusing to believe with Benjamin Disraeli that a critic is one who has failed at literature.

The first duty of the critic is not to find fault, but to explain. It is his task to help the people know the meaning of a work of art. To be perfectly frank, critics are needed only because of the ignorance of the people. Were the people omniscient, a critic would be a bore. But, the people need critics to analyze things for them. This is not a slur but a calm appreciation of fact.

And, I venture to say, the time will never come when critics will not be needed. The older our civilization becomes, the more complex our life grows. Our activities become so specialized, and the "Human Altogether" becomes so tremendous that one person could never even hope to fully understand all the activities, the arts, the thoughts, the systems of busy-bee men and women. Paradoxical as it may seem, the more intelligent we become, the less we know, as individuals. This is democracy. And into this vast democracy come critics who mount rostrums and tell the people of things they would be likely to pass up. They enable us to appreciate something foreign to the routine of our lives. But, as soon as a critic ceases to be a teacher, that moment he ceases to be a critic.

Professor W. R. Kethaby warns critics against frightening timid people off with high-pitched definitions and far fetched metaphors mixed with a flood of (as Morris says) "sham technical twaddle." "It is a pity to make a mystery of what should most easily be understood," says Professor Kethaby. "There is nothing occult about the thought that all things may be made well or made ill. A work of art is a well-made thing, that is all.

"We have been in the habit of writing so lyrically of art and of temperament of the artist that the average man who lives in the street, sometimes a very mean street, is likely to think of it as remote and luxurious, not 'for the likes of him.' There is the danger in the habitual excess of language that the plain man is likely to be frightened by it. It may be feared that much current exposition of the place and purpose of art only widens the gap between it and common lives."

Criticism, in America, is rare. Our self-styled critics do not analyze and explain a work of art; they merely act as "feature writers" and reporters. They confuse criticism with stories about Anna Held taking a milk bath, or Lillian Russell wearing a gown costing ten thousand dollars. They tell us that Archibald Van Roundelay paid three million dollars for Albert D'Vincent's "After Breakfast," but steer clear of an intelligent discussion of the painting itself. Take our literary journals, for instance. Instead of discussing the philosophy of literature, the editors fill their columns with anecdotes of authors, stories on how much money Robert W. Chambers gets for his latest "best seller," articles about the "love affairs of famous men," and editorials on the fact that George Bernard Shaw is not an eater of meat. This is not criticism. This is amateurish namby-pambyism.

Socialism, Moral Substitute for War

By WILLIS CHURCH LaMOTT

Willis Church LaMott won first prize of $50 in an intercollegiate oratorical contest with the following oration. All universities and colleges in Southern California were represented in the contest. Second and third prizes also were taken either by Socialists or by orations on Socialism. The committee awarding the prizes was composed entirely of non-Socialists.

THE organized movement for world peace is well under way. Advocates of peace point with pride to the fact that about half the inhabitants of the civilized world favor their propaganda. This host of sympathizers finds that, on the one hand, the cause of world disarmament strikes home to their reason. They believe that economic evolution points to triumph of peace; they believe that peace is a just cause, an ethically righteous cause, an eminently reasonable cause. On the other hand, the peace movement appeals to their sentiments. They have a pathological horror of war, a horror induced perhaps by morbid, nauseating descriptions of past battlefields; they hope, they sometimes pray for the Federation of the World; they dream the dream of the seer, who paints in roseate hues the blessings of the time when the war-drum shall no longer throb; they fully believe that the only hope for peace lies in a certain charitable instinct, a sentimental feeling, which they possess, and which they are pleased to term "the brotherhood of man."

Even though half the world favors the cause of peace, this allegiance is a confession of passive reasoning and shallow sentiment. The average man is in favor of peace—in times of peace. At the first boom of the cannon, however, his convictions as to peace explode in thin air; at the first blast of a bugle he is straining at the leash like a hound before the chase; at the first echo of the battle cry "My country, right or wrong!" he is up and away, to follow the flag to the ends of the earth,—or to plant it supreme upon Wall Street's interests in Mexico.

It is not surprising that our passive desire for peace thus is impotent before the imperious cry of war. We are the children of War. Our ancestors, waging bestial combats on the mist-soaked plains between the Weser and the Elbe, have transmitted to us a heritage of War. The blessings we enjoy have grown up in the shadow of the wars of antiquity; our National ideals have developed in a long series of moral conflicts, the chief arbiter of which has been the Lord of Hosts, the God of Battles. Our heroes are men of sterling worth, with warriors' hearts and warriors' wills, who lived, who fought, who died for liberty and truth. Ground into our beings, coursing through our veins in every drop of red blood, bred in our marrow and bone, the age-old love of war is, in very truth, life of our life. We let our pulse-beats rule us—not our reasons. To aspire, to dare, to sacrifice, to suffer, to die—perhaps—for the cause that commands us,—this is the spirit of our humanity.

This is the spirit which the advocate of peace must overthrow in hand to hand conflict; in the past he has attempted to do this by waving in its face an olive branch. With a passive, reasoning desire for peace, with a shallow, dove-like sentiment, we have been trying vainly to overthrow one of the most inherent, most vital, and most aggressive forces of human nature. As the late William James has said: "A millenium of peace would not breed this ingrained and vital fighting disposition out of our natures. Unless we can discover a counterforce which will act as a moral substitute for war, world peace will never be attained."

Our hope for peace will never be realized until we find this **moral substitute for war**, until we find a force that will fight the aggressive war spirit on its own terms. Our dreams of peace will never come true until we discover a dynamic force for peace, a force that will appeal to the indigenous heroism of our natures, that will utilize the fighting spirit in our blood; a force that will so command the lives of men, that they will find no appeal in the call of war, no appeal in the call to slaughter their fellow-men.

There is among all mankind today a vital movement, the strongest manifestation of which is to be found among the organized workers of the world. According to Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, "The only visible beginning we can discover for a moral substitute for war, is to be found in the Labor Movement, as it is developing in every land on the face of the earth."

We need not be reminded that the first people to conceive the need of a newer ideal of peace was the old International Association of Workingmen. Since the year 1870, Labor has consistently maintained that whenever war was declared between two countries, the laboring men of the countries should "go out" on a general strike. In 1906, the impending war between Norway and Sweden was stopped by action of the Trades Unions; the disgraceful "Morocco affair" between France and Germany in 1907 did not materialize into a war, simply because the working-men blocked the Kaiser's move. Were England, or Germany, or France, or our own country, to declare war today, the union men of all nations would arise. Closed shops, idle mills, rusting machinery, —the entire paralysis of our industries would register the protest of the workers of the world against this blight of the ages.

Now, this magnificent display of solidarity is the result of a newer ideal of service which inspires the laborer; an ideal which holds that all wealth is the product of labor, which demands nothing less than that the men who create the world's wealth should own the means of producing that wealth.

It is the result of a new feeling of brotherhood that has sprung up in the breast of the common man, an electric thread which connects him by living ties to every other working-class comrade the world over.

It was during the Russo-Japanese war that the Workingmen held one of their International conventions in the old city of Amsterdam. Apart from the confusion, the shouting, the tumult of the world outside, the little gathering was quiet—hushed in expectancy; the delegate from Japan was about to arrive. The door opened; the

little brown man entered the hall. A giant Russian, with a battle-scarred face, advanced to meet him. These two, men, whose countrymen were butchering one another on the corpse-strewn fields of Manchuria, stood face to face. Their eyes flashed with the fire of brotherhood; their lips met in the kiss of fellowship; one word, and only one word, passed their lips—the word "Comrade." Outside, Christian priests were singing masses for the repose of the Russian dead; outside, Christian prayers were ascending to the throne of the Prince of Peace askink for power to be the greatest slaughterer. But the time is coming, when all this will cease—hushed by the one word "Comrade."

This is not the result of shallow, book-learned reasoning. It is the spontaneous expression of the convictions of men who have thrown themselves with all their power into the one great cause, the cause of humanity. The men who toil have striven ceaselessly, have sacrified themselves in sympathetic strikes, have endured lockouts and persecutions, the militia's fire and the prison's cell, all for the sake of brotherhood. As a result, he who labors has ceased to be a brute, and has become a man, glorying in his manhood; we seldom hear today the dolorous "Song of the Shirt," with its monotonous "stitch, stitch, stitch"; the sweat-shop slave has become a woman, glorying in her womanhood. During the long and bitter struggle for a living wage and a decent chance to live, the spirits of the workingmen have been quickened with the old warlike spirit of our Viking fathers. Their capacity, their courage, their endurance, their willingness to sacrifice, to die for that which they know to be true—all the innate heroism, all the elemental fighting qualities of their nature have been called into play.

"The country needs you, my man. To War!" The worker looks up, his back aching, his muscles taut, his pulses beating, his temples throbbing in the intensity of his fight, his heart still singing the song of brotherhood. "To go to war, and KILL?" No, Comrade, I fight that men might LIVE!" And, so, Sweden has tried to teach his unwilling lips her battle-cry, only to hear him shout to his brothers across the trenches the words, "Comrade, comrades, I understand!" Russia has lashed him into battle with her whips, only to see him clasp the mangled hand of a conscripted brother on the other side; at the point of the bayonet, he has been driven into the midst of the artillery's bloody hail, only to mingle his life-blood, in a last embrace, with the life-blood of a fellow-workingman.

The spirit that inspires the laborer thus to take an aggressive stand against war is the dynamic force for peace. The ardent zeal of the worker has enkindled in the hearts of other men the fire of a newer ideal of peace—over all the earth, pulses are beginning to throb with a new comradeship, a new Socialism. This is not a sentimental feeling; it is an elemental force—the striving of our innate humanity for expression. To feel the impelling power of this force, a man must realize the bond of brotherhood between himself and the lowliest stranger within our gates, or the most wretched serf on the Russian steppes; he must realize that in their veins, as well as in his, flow the living streams of fellowship—that we are all children of the one Great Father, brothers of the same White Christ; he must realize that the one purpose of his life is to secure for the laborer his rightful inheritance of economic freedom, to secure for him a newer liberty, a release from the stinking dungeons of blighting capitalism.

This spirit is abroad in our land; the new Socialism, the moral substitute for war is slowly and steadily sweeping on its triumphant journey over the earth. Wherever men are striking the galling shackles from the benumbed wrists of the wage-slaves; wherever men of courage convict a creed-bound generation with the vital, living gospel of "The Least of These"; wherever men of ability fight the one-sided battles of their fellows in the Courts of Justice; wherever hearts are thrilling with the fire of the new comradeship; wherever men have heard the clarion call of labor, "Workers of the World unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains, you have a world to gain"—there de we find the spirit of this moral substitute for war!

This is the one force that is virile enough, aggressive enough, commanding enough, to combat and overthrow the power of the war-lust in our blood. Appealing to the daring, to the courage, to the endurance, of men it utilizes the fighting spirit of our natures and thus strikes directly at the vulnerable heel of war. It fights new battles for humanity, battles which make the greatest conflict of the old regime sing into insignificance. When this force shall command the passive hosts of peace, then shall the phalanxes of war tremble; when this virile, dynamic spirit shall impel the actions of ALL men as it now drives the laborer into an aggressive war against war, then, AND ONLY THEN, shall our dreams of peace come true, our prayers for peace be answered, our hope for peace become a living reality.

Labor has heard the song of the new Socialism. The world has found a hope. The working-man, in his new strength, sends a ringing challenge to all the sons of men:

"I, in my struggleg for existence, have blazed the way toward this newer ideal of peace. Slowly and gropingly, as men who have seen a great light, the peoples of the earth are climbing toward the heights that I have reached. 'Slumber no longer in the tents of your fathers; the World advances; ADVANCE WITH IT!'"

HIRED MAN REX

By SYDNEY HILLYARD

When good King Aoka wrote his legal system on tablets of stone he gave out what he thought to be a pretty good scheme of government, and anyway it was his own. Under Rameses the Egyptian agriculturists lived by a system of government by "wise men." The Greeks were controlled by aristocracies responsible to no one but themselves and the gods. Jolly old Nero has his humorous side if he is anathematised by the church and his government was pure Nero from oxhide whip to warm bath in which patrician opened the vein. Abu Bekir, Omar, and Othman conducted a military seance invented by Mohammed to which you offered either your purse or your head. Ghenghis and Timur had them all skinned when it came to simplicity. It was government by poleax whether you enjoyed it or not. The punishment for not enjoying life under Tamerlane was to lose it—perhaps not such a bad idea after all and certainly not complicated.

Under the popes in what we now call the "Dark Ages," meaning that in those days they did not have plug hats, cocktails and fans, the church ran things as best it could without these appendages of civilization,

LABOR BY THE POUND

By Eunice Evelyn Bright

HELLO, is this Sharp's Muscle agency? This is the purchasing department of the Steel Trust. I want to purchase 2,000 pound units per hour of labor to be delivered tomorrow morning."

"Hello, is this Shiner's Brain agency? This is the purchasing department of the Steel Trust. I want to purchase some brain energy for use on a contract we have. I want this energy for the next two months. I want four thousand thought units per hour from high speed, double tension, brains. See that delivery is made in the morning."

"Hello, is this Grab's General Energy agency? This is the purchasing department of the Steel Trust. We have a big contract for work to be done on the ground at Kewaskum. I want to ship the human energy from here, together with the other materials. I will send you specifications by messenger for the varieties of energy needed, but the total will be 5,000 thought units per hour and 10,000 pound units per hour of muscle power. That is, at the customary rates per unit. Let me know if you can fill the order immediately upon receipt of specifications."

Upon delivery of this energy to the Steel Trust's receiving department it is immediately subjected to the Trust's own testing apparatus to make certain that it is up to specifications.

Impossible? Not a bit of it. Listen:

"What modern industry needs is a chemist of human qualities, who can take a man, look him over, separate him into his constituent parts, and decide whether he meets certain requirements. A few years ago this would have seemed a purely fantastical conception. Today it is becoming a practical possibility. A great western manufacturing plant employs just such an expert in human nature to sift, out of thirty to fifty thousand applicants per year the six thousand workmen that it regularly employs."

That is the editorial introduction to an article in the June McClure's magazine, written by Burton J. Hendrick. The article is written to exploit a new phase of "scientific management" or speeding up and "squeezing out." The title of the article is "Fitting the Man to His Job," which means molding him into the job the employer has for him.

So the master class is to treat labor as it does coal. It buys coal according to thermal units, following scientific tests. The vital difference between coal and labor has not yet been recognized by the master class. Coal cannot fight back; labor can. Coal was meant to be enslaved for man. Labor was meant to be free. Coal has no brains to be aroused and to plan for liberty. Labor has.

It is not that we so much object to doing a job of work in the shortest space of time with the least expenditure of energy; not so much that we object to having people do the work that they are best fitted to do—no, not that. But we mightily and constantly object to training ourselves down to ringside condition to produce to the last notch of "scientifically managed" efficiency while the product is individually appropriated by the master of the bread.

Labor will not forever remain in the same class with good steam coal!

---

until Charlemagne butted in a thousand years before Austerlitz and put one across on Rome. Then came the joyous time when each little hot old baron, Sir Tom, Sir Dick, and Sir Harry, represented himself, to be succeeded in turn by the aristocracies of the ancient regime. The king-killers went out from Paris and presently Napoleon, on his own account, kicked over the pot that Charlemagne set a boiling. Bonaparte was followed by the triumphant if vulgar shopkeepers and cotton spinners who played their innings off their own bat and ran bases on their own middle-class legs. This brings us, of course, to Wall Street and its Rockefeller, and that's as far as we've got.

All these good and kind gentlemen enjoyed governing, had stood in line for the job and when they got it they swung the government dungfork with their own hands. What do we have now?

We have government by hired man. No one in the United States Senate represents himself. Standard Oil has a hired man, Vanderbilts have a hired man, Steel has a man, Tobacco has one, Wool several, the banks half a dozen, Lumber is represented, and the Railroad subsidize them all. Congress is mostly lawyers, and a lawyer is a hired man. All lawyers will go to hell of course, but it will be to a hired man's hell and they won't know they're in it.

Meantime while we have to be governed by hired men only, could we not manage to throw a fresh fit of Armageddon spirituality and have our national flunkies uniformed? Why not Congress uniformed?

Now it would seem that here is a noble opening for the zealots of the great Bull Moose penitent bench. Bull Moose, being a righteous party, recently in sin now forgiven, would it not be the part of morality to insist either that the Senatorial and House flunkies shall wear properly monogrammed livery or that the principals shall come there to represent themselves?

This business of government by hired men is too irresponsible, it is too lax, it is too happy-go-lucky to be safe in the Benevolent Feudalism in which we shall presently be living. Before the Trust Feudalism is entirely consummated the moralists of the American bourgeoisie should determinedly see to it that the heads of the corporations themselves appear in the Senate, if only once a week, and to assume such, all bona fide trust magnates should be given a compulsory seat in the Senate. Talk about your election of senators. It's a fake. It means the election of the real senator's livery. Then let the hired man wear it, or have the magnate there where we can see him and take our orders from the boss himself.

Government by Wall Street will be a much happier thing than many folks suppose. It's going to be O. K. and it would have come long since but for these clatter-brained repentants who seem to think that praying is atonement for being a fool. In choosing between government by penitent-bench and government by Wall Street America will choose the Street, but she should demand of these holystoned insurgents before they get up off their knees that they shall put Wall Street in the Senate in person and have done with government by hired man.

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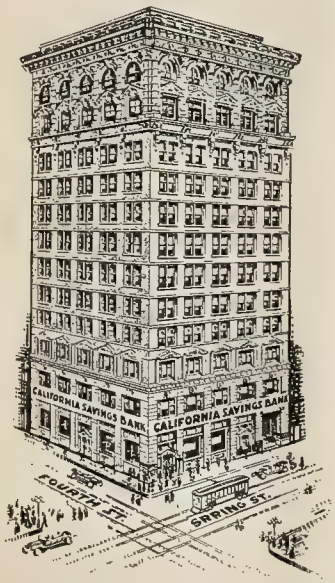

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AUGUST, 1913 TEN CENTS

The Western Comrade

FRED C. WHEELER
Drawn by Rob Wagner

A Message From the Editors

BEGINNING next month The Western Comrade will offer its readers a new department dealing with the news and aims and progress of the Intercollegiate movement. The Intercollegiate is one of the arms of the Socialist movement and is accomplishing much for Socialism and it is growing in power and influence day by day.

Earl Hitchcock, treasurer of Los Angeles Alumni branch, and one of the best known and best qualified comrades in the movement, will conduct this new department. The Western Comrade counts itself fortunate in being able to make this notable addition to its usefulness.

* * *

The editors believe that this number of the magazine is the best yet. They believe that it merits the efforts of the comrades in its behalf. They feel confident that they are amply justified in urging the comrades to double their efforts in the way of building up the circulation of the magazine.

Circulation is the groundwork of propaganda progress through the printed page. The finest magazine in the world is valueless unless it is read. The Western Comrade wants MORE readers. There can be no complaint made on the progress made thus far, but though we make no complaint, we are not satisfied—and never will be. The Western Comrade wants MORE readers. Those of you who have become the family of the magazine are the ones who must enlarge the family. Let each one secure at least ONE new subscriber before the next number comes from the press.

The task isn't a hard one. And surely each should be glad to do that much for the cause. All of the effort that goes into this magazine is effort expended for the cause. There is no profit made—not a cent. The cause is the thing. So let us work together for the up-building of the Socialist movement—we by making the best possible magazine; you by getting for the magazine a hearing out over the world.

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"NOTHING TO ARBITRATE"

"What! Girls in my employ want more than four dollars a week? I won't give them another d_____d cent!"

—(*"Making a Socialist Film," Page 158*)

Just Plain Human Nature

By R. A. MAYNARD

HOW human nature is slandered! Men are called mean, low, vile and unclean. They are often termed criminal and outcast. Many of them are incarcerated in prisons and reformatories. A large proportion are products of a home and social environment that placed a premium upon human weakness and passion. An environment that fostered all that was vicious and condemned every appearance of virtue.

Crime, in large part, is a disease, the product of vicious environment. For the most part its treatment should be in hospitals, not in prisons.

Then there are other men and women who are pointed out as living exemplars of right conduct and virtuous living. And this, too, although some of them live purely negative lives. They abstain from vicious deeds; are regular in matters of habit; pay their debts and have strict sense of business integrity and honor. Under no circumstances would they, in matters of conduct, resort to anything considered low or vile, mean or unworthy. They are always law-abiding.

Many of these were born in sheltered homes and home and social environment from childhood the direct opposite of that described for the other group. They nor none of their ancestors have ever been in the criminal or outcast class.

One group is claimed to represent high water mark and the other low water mark in the tide of human development.

Last week a man was hung in the prison yard at Folsom. He was a triple murderer and while in prison made murderous assault upon a fellow convict. He expiated his crimes upon the gallows.

As he stood upon his scaffold he made a plea for an anti-capital punishment law, powerful and pathetic enough to move a heart of stone. A few days before his death he wrote an appeal for the protection of childhood, as gentle and tender in its appreciation of child nature as is that of the most ideal mother.

Recently, in Los Angeles, a lineman for one of the electric companies, with not more than one chance in a million in his favor, took the chance of receiving 2200 volts of electricity in his body, to save a fellow-workman who had become entangled in the mesh of live wires. A similar case is also reported from the city of Milwaukee.

A few days ago in an automobile accident a Mexican common laborer rushed in front of a swiftly moving train to save a stranger child from death and the rescuer barely escaped with his life.

At a brass foundry the other day, a workingman suddenly went insane and threw himself into one of the red-hot furnaces. A fellow workman with almost certain death staring him in the face took the risk necessary to save the insane man.

Who has not been thrilled by the stories of heroism in connection with the recent street car accident just outside of Los Angeles. Just plain, ordinary folk, even crushed and bleeding children, in their forgetfulness of self and thoughtfulness of others, have caused our eyes to moisten and our hearts to glow, as we have realized the heights of physical and moral heroism of which our common human nature is capable when the demand is made upon it.

And these are but a few of the heroes of the commonplace. Just a mention of two or three, similar to others constantly coming to the attention of all.

They serve to point the moral of the grandeur, the nobility, the divinity of plain, ordinary human nature. They furnish concrete proof of the fact that no form of incentive is as powerful in its influence over men and women as the one that has been termed human.

After all, what is this thing we call character? Is it acquired or inherent in human nature? Is it superior to or controlled by outward circumstance? Is civilization more than a veneer or polish laid over the raw material? Is the dollar incentive necessary to keep men and women in the line of progress? Would the race deteriorate were that incentive to be removed? Is not our humanity still largely potential? And will it not spring into objective reality upon the arrival of economic and social conditions that shall make the human incentive operative in every department of human living?

THREE FUTURISTS

By Eleanor Wentworth

"How do you build for the Future?" said Wisdom to the Indifferent Woman.

"The Future?" she laughed. "I know nothing of the Future. I live today, with song and dance to make me glad, with gorgeous raiment to make me beautiful, with coin to smooth away responsibility. I live now."

"And those who will come after you?"

"I know nothing of them."

"What is your contribution to the Future?" said Wisdom to the Slave Woman.

She remained silent for a moment, her eyes cast down. When she looked up, the shadow of sadness clouded her features.

"I drudge from day to day. I bring many children into the world, not born of my heart's desire. They are cursed with the sins and ailments of their father. They are welcomed only by the exploiters, who seize them in their young days and grind into profits the meager joy of living that may have been theirs at birth. Lethargy is their chief inheritance and their one gift to the Future."

"What will be the content of that Future?"

"My work will but make the Future like the Present."

"How do you lay the foundations for the Future?" Wisdom asked the Conscious Woman.

The smile with which she turned to him was happy and confident.

"I begin my plans for the Tomorrow by working to alter the Today. I bear strong, clean children because I chose a strong, clean father. I give life to no more than I can efficiently care for. I bring no babes into the world to be resistless fuel, adding speed to the wheels of the competitive system.

"I rear a childhood every fibre of whose being recoils against needless strife. From the beginning I instill a desire for the larger Liberty—Liberty not for one or two, but for all. I rear a childhood whose every thought and act is directed toward the attainment of that liberty.

"My work cannot be undone—not even by death."

Garrison, Judged by

THE "Blue and the Gray" have been celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg on the field of the slaughter in 1863. The situation is unique, it is beautiful; it is also ghastly in its ironical arraignment of the conditions it commemorates.

When after half a century, men who fought like tigers leaving battle fields strewn with maimed and mangled, dying in slow torture, or dead in their youth and promise, can meet in friendly goodfellowship, recognizing that each side believed itself in the right, seeing the causes of the struggle in calm, dispassionate persepctive "with malice toward none and charity for all"—when such a reunion is possible, the grime of the earlier horror becomes apparent.

The field of Gettysburg in 1913 shauld make the field of Gettysburg in 1863 the irrational, criminal nightmare that it is in truth. It should make any future Gettysburg forever impossible.

Let me not be misunderstood. The past is what it is. It were most unprofitable folly to "blame" or condemn in connection with what is irretrievably past. But the future is before us not behind. What it shall bring will depend in some measure, in large measure, perhaps, on how we read the lesson of that great struggle which is generally thought to have begun with Garrison and the "Liberator" and closed with the Fifteenth Amendment to the American constitution.

Let those who are thrilled with the great CAUSE of this generation, face reverently and humbly but none the less squarely the facts of Gettysburg and all that is typified by that tragedy.

Half a million men fell on the battle fields of the civil war. At Gettysburg alone there were 40,000 slain on one side and 42,000 on the other. What does that mean?

"Why," we ask, "does it matter whether death came soon or late?" Or perhaps, thinking of the sordid grind of modern life and the grovelling standards it too often fosters, we think a period of strenuous strife might not be altogether without its compensations.

Look therefore at these slaughter figures from another angle. Who were the units in those lightly counted thousands?

They were the red-blooded flower of the best generation on American soil. Physically, mentally, morally the "boys in blue" and the "boys in gray," before capitalism had borne its worst fruits, were the finest in the land. Thousands were turned away from the enlisting tents because they were not perfect specimens of physical strength. Incipient disease, faulty eyesight, defective hearing—all these things sent young manhood back to civilian ranks, to become the fathers of another generation. The strong, the perfect, the ardent went out to brutal battles from which they came back too often maimed, or victims of habits born of the conditions of war, or never returned at all.

When we wonder at the inertia, the mental blindness, the cowardice with which the evils of the past generation have been allowed to grow and penetrate every avenue of the civil life, should we not remember that the past two generations have been robbed of the men and the children of the men who were best fitted by moral fervor, and clear-eyed courage to face those evils.

At Harvard College, a great Memorial hall commemorates the students who "offered their fresh lives" to the cause of truth as they saw it in the sixties. Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" is a still nobler monument. But though we may rejoice in the inspiration of their courage and sacrifice, although—

> "In every nobler mood
> We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
> Part of our life's unalterable good."

we must, nevertheless, see the utterly immeasureable loss which this country sustained when out of every college went the noble boyhood, the precious promise of the future, to battlefields of awful waste as well as of immortal glory.

Such are the stern, cold facts which we must face when we judge the wisdom of those who labored in the emancipation struggle of the Nineteenth century.

The complaisant placing of laurels on the brows of leading abolitionists and Republicans for the last half century will seem a strange anomaly when the sense of social law has cleared the eyes of students from the dust of the great upheaval.

It is not that the spirit and purpose shown were not admirable, but the loss and horror of the civil war proves the methods to have been wrong methods. They did the best they knew, no doubt. Forces which they did not understand carried them on a current they were powerless to direct, but the time has come when, if we are to be true to the responsibilities of today, we must be more clear sighted as to the ways and means used yesterday.

Today, there is some knowledge of scientific law as applied to social movement. It is our business to see that this law is better understood and more skillfully applied. Blind zeal will no more avert disaster or bring orderly freedom than the steam engine running without switch or engineer will move a train to its destination.

The Nineteenth century brought a sense of law in every department of life. For the first time it is now possible to progress in conscious co-operation with the great sweeping currents which carry the world forward. We may, if we will, evolve with "eyes in the forehead."

It is not easy to secure mass movement along rational lines, and one of the handicaps at the present time is the general assumption that if one group is working in the fashion of Garrison, it must be right; if another party or faction is akin to Lincoln in its methods, it must have a guarantee deed of the future.

This is a wide-spread idea which must be met.

Analogy is not argument. Historic analogy is particularly misleading, but as a matter of fact, no suggestions are so powerful in political and social propaganda as those based on history taught to pliant minds as glorious achievement. For the past two generations, the idealism and sentiments centering about the civil war have been plowed into the brain cells by well-nigh all the hero-worship of the period. Every family has one or more altars erected to fathers, or uncles who had part in the great struggle, while Memorial Day and other commemoration services have worn deep the

Gettysburg

By Mila Tupper Maynard

mental furrows. Moreover, the literature of America studied by every school child from the "Readers" of the grade through the formal study of the high schools has made the anti-slavery and war poems of the New England poets as familiar as was the Bible to the Puritan. Add to this the fact that the dominant political party during this time had its rise in this struggle and that its nominees have been largely men who came into prominence during the war, and it will be apparent how tremendous is the influence exerted by the example of a Garrison or a Lincoln.

We can only guess how much the Socialist cause owes to the recognition of a kinship between the earlier despised abolitionist and the despised few who enlisted to emancipate the wage slave. That the debt is very great no one can doubt.

Sentiments like those embodied in Lowell's poem on Garrison have strengthened the courage of many to side with truth "ere the cause bring fame and profit and 'tis prosperous to be just."

This poem quotes the well-known contemptuous reference of the Boston official, one H. G. Otis, to Garrison and his little anti-slavery paper, "The Liberator," as follows:

"Sometime afterward it was reported to me by the city officers that they had ferreted out the paper and its editor; that his office was an obscure hole, his only visible auxiliary a negro boy, and his supporters a few very insignificant persons of all colors.'

Passages from the poem will be recalled:

"In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young man;
The place was dark, unfurnished and mean;
Yet there the freedom of the race began.

Help came but slowly; surely no man yet
Put lever to the heavy world with less:
What need of help? He knew how type was set,
He had a dauntless spirit and a press.

Men of a thousand shifts and wiles, look here.
See one straight forward conscience put in pawn
To win a world; see the obedient sphere
By bravery's simple gravitation drawn!

Shall we not heed the lesson taught of old,
And by the Present's lips repeated still,
In our own single manhood to be bold,
Fortressed in conscience and impregnable will?

All the Garrison story is appealing. The well dressed mob by which he was hounded through the streets of Boston and only saved by imprisonment stands in the back-ground for the picture of honors and renown accorded fifty years later. The slogan of the Liberator, "Immediate and unconditional emancipation" rings out masterfully when the Emancipation Proclamation is celebrated.

The practical thing to know, however, is how this agitation affected actual results. How was "Conscience and impregnable will" hitched to the trolley of actual procedure?

It is almost laughable to see the assurance with which the abolitionists appropriated the results of the civil war when they had opposed each and every step by which these results were attained.

Garrison, and under him, the main part of the anti-slavery society, did not believe in the ballot. He said the constitution was "a covenant with death and league with hell." For years he would not vote because the constitution supported slavery. For much of the time he was an avowed advocate of "the no-government plan" and believed in the "overthrow of the nations."

Not only did he not approve of violence, but he was a pronounced advocate of non-resistance. That the issue should have come through war should have distressed him if his theories had taken deep hold of the man.

On the contrary, he felt no responsibility and, because he bore no gun himself, felt that his skirts were clear.

In temperament, non-resistance was about as natural to him as it would be to a Roosevelt. The conflicts of his temperament and theory bring amusing inconsistencies in his expressions at times. John Brown's predicament tried his theories sadly. He wanted to applaud the deed, but, as one who advocated no force of any kind, he found it hard to be consistent. This is one of his speeches during the Harper's Ferry excitement: "Rather than see men wearing their chains in a cowardly servile spirit, I would, as an advocate of peace, much rather see them (the black slaves) breaking the heads of their tyrants with their chains. Give me, as a non-resistant, Bunker Hill, Lexington, and Concord rather than the cowardice and servility of a slave plantation."

When anti-slavery political movements began to nominate men for the presidency, Garrison and his group scoffed at this political action as "folly, presumption and almost unequalled infatuation," or denounced it as "the worst of pro-slavery."

The only definite program which I have been able to find in Garrison's teachings is that the North secede from the South." No union with slave-holder" was the slogan for many years. When the Fugitive Slave law was upheld by the Supreme Court, all the Garrison abolitionists demanded that Massacusetts at once secede from the union.

Splendid moral courage then does not ensure practical wisdom. The men who bring down upon them the opprobrium of their time are not thereby proven to be statesmen or wise guides.

"To be sure," some mild reformer will assent: "It took a Lincoln to solve the problem raised by a Garrison."

The implied argument of this assertion has been the means of keeping more honest men and women out of the Socialist ranks and with the reforming factions of the old parties than any other conscious factor. The strongest psychological force back of the Progressive party has been this idea. The likeness assumed to exist between the origin of the Republican party and that new party was its chief stock in trade.

It would take us too far afield to go into that contention in detail at this time, but this much may be said at once: A new party which did not prevent a plunge into civil war—a party under which a Gettysburg came close upon the heels of the Emancipation Proclamation has no prophecy in its history which can

give hope to the rational citizen today. A party under which the slave was freed only as a measure of war, a party whose platforms promised not to free the slaves is not akin to any from which aught can be hoped at the present time.

No juggling or stumbling will be able to bring freedom to the wage slave. The history of today and tomorrow should be deliberate history. The old blind blundering will never again be necessary. Let us hope it is no longer possible.

Looking at the past as dispassionately as possible and in the light of the knowledge we have of the forces then at work can we see any way in which the civil war, and the almost equal horrors of reconstruction might have been avoided?

One thing we know, slavery was doomed quite independently of either a Garrison or a Lincoln. Whether the class slavery had fostered could have been disintegrated and its domination undermined without a physical contest is not so sure.

The keeping of slaves was becoming more and more unprofitable, so that only those who had huge plantations could afford to own them. The mass of southern whites were suffering intolerably from the effect of slave labor and the lack of industrial development. "The poor whites" were a problem which demanded a new order of things. Had they had any real economic power and understood their own interests, the little slave-owning hierarchy would have met as much opposition at home as in the north. Books were beginning to be written appealing to the non-slave-owning south to realize how slavery was making impossible such prosperity as was seen in the north.

One book, "The Impending Crisis," described by A. M. Simons in his "Social Forces in American History," was so convincing in its facts and figures that the slave-owners burned it in piles and prevented its circulation by every means of terrorism they could muster.

The large slave-holders numbered less than ten thousand. If events could have been dictated by some rational authority, it is now apparent that the slaves could have been bought by the government and freed at enormously less cost in money alone and with great profit to the slave owners as well as to the entire south.

If the spirit which prevailed at Gettysburg in 1913 could have been present in faintest degree at Washington in 1860 or in preceding years, the passionate blinded rush to slaughter and ruin would have been prevented.

Whatever increased prejudice and passion in the north tended to increase the unreasoning, obstinate determination of the south to let nothing interfere with its "divine institution."

Upton Sinclair in his novel "Mannassas" makes more real than any history can do the intensity of feeling and unreasoning rage of the plantation aristocracy in the years preceding the war.

The clash of economic interests between an industrial society hundreds of years out of date and the normal economic development of the north, just springing into a great world epoch, was inevitable. The wonder is that the power of the slavocracy endured as long as it did and showed such terriffic strength in its death grapple .

Gettysburg in 1863 was the crisis in a struggle for existence between two types of industrial civilization, one of which was doomed by every law of survival.

The roots of the struggle were economic but the black mirk of prejudice, passion and mental madness were branches and fruit which need not have grown in such wretched luxuriance from that root had the minds of men been trained to a saner, broader spirit.

Trying, then, to get the lesson from this fateful era, how shall we judge the methods then used?

Slavery fostered arrogance and a tyrannical mentality, there is no doubt of that. It is altogether probable that an armed conflict could not have been avoided, but the only chance of this, the only chance of a rational, reorganization for the welfare of all concerned lay in clear thinking and the steadfast facing of facts.

Here was a situation for which no one was responsible individually. The north had given up slavery only because it was useless and expensive under northern conditions. Personal abuse was as reasonless as the yielding of political power would have been foolhardy. The problem, could they have seen it, was to weaken the political hold of the slave-owning class while aiding natural forces to undermine its industrial hold.

What influence had Garrison during the fateful decades preceding the conflict?

A story told by Julia Ward Howe of John Brown may give some insight into the intellectual clarity of the methods, not only of this zealot but of many of the abolitionists. During the border warfare in Kansas, Brown had taken several prisoners, among them a certain judge. Prayer was a large factor in the life of John Brown. On this occasion, he went apart to a thicket and in tones which could be heard in the camp, besought the Lord long and fervently to make plain to him his duty in the matter of sparing the lives of the prisoners. The judge, overhearing this petition, was so amused by it, that, in spite of the gravity of his own position, he laughed aloud.

"Judge," cried John Brown, "If you mock at my prayers, I shall know what to do with you without asking the Almighty."

The southerners may have done much praying over the situation but when they heard the denunciations of the abolitionists, they no longer asked the Lord what to do. The way seemed only too plain.

Garrison, meanwhile, was troubled with no doubts.

He had no need to ask the Lord for guidance, so sure was he that the thunders of Sinai spoke through his voice.

He demanded "immediate and unconditional surrender" but was utterly guiltless of any suggestion of how or by what instrumentality.

His conscience was clear if his denunciations rang out without any modification. The first announcement in the Liberator outlined the spirit which prevailed in all his work.

"I will be," he said, as harsh as truth, as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to think, or speak, or write with moderation. No! No! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell the mother to rescue moderately her babe from the fire; but urge not me to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest. I will not equivocate, I will not excuse. I will not retreat a single inch—and I WILL BE HEARD."

How such words thrill the blood.

Surely none of us are strangers to the feeling which made him say again: "The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal and to hasten the resurrection of the dead."

It is not easy to be in earnest and still be charitable. Garrison did not make the attempt. When William Ellery Channing came out strongly against slavery and yet said that there should be sympathy for the Southerners and that the slave-owners who opposed slavery deserved credit, Garrison denounced him as a trimmer and time server.

Instead of approving of Southerners who opposed slavery, he said: "I will not make truce with them for a single hour. I blush for them as countrymen, I know they are not Christian. Their position is mere hypocrisy. They are dishonest and cruel. God and his angels and devils and the universe know they are without excuse."

It was against the law to free slaves in most of the states further to the south except they were transported to another state. Many slaves would have begged to be kept in slavery, fearing the unknown conditions of freedom. Yet to Garrison, there was "no excuse" for anything but instant emancipation.

Harriet Martineau, ardent in her work against slavery, protested at Garrison's severity; many others did also. Margaret Fuller excused him. "He has need to speak loud," she said. "He has so long been calling to deaf people."

"Why Brother Garrison," said the young Unitarian preacher, Samuel J. May, coming up to him after a street speech, "you are all on fire." "I have need to be," he answered, "for I have mountains of ice to melt."

It was this same preacher who answered when Channing protested that the anti-slavery movement was rough and harsh and unwise in its methods: "We are not to blame that abler and wiser men have not espoused the cause. It is unbecoming in abler men who have stood by and would do nothing to complain of us because we manage this matter no better."

Channing took the rebuke and acted as best he could but could not alter greatly the methods of the movement. Emerson spoke with the clarity of the seer he was. No one can look today with less passion upon the position of the Southerners than he did during all the fury of those bitter decades. With startling penetration he saw the likeness between chattel and wage slavery.

"He who does his own work frees a slave," he affirmed. "He who does not his own work is a slave holder." "Two tables in every house. Abolitionists at one and servants at the other." "The planter does not want slaves; no, he wants his luxury and will pay even this price for it."

Such wisdom, however, was little adapted to direct the ardor of the time into practical channels and so the hammer and tongs method of Garrison dominated the great movement that spread far and wide through the land. That its appeal won as many as it did shows the contagion of an idea.

Phillips had a glimmering of the law of class self interest. He said at an early day, speaking of the difficulties of the work: "We have to make men interested, indignant, enthusiastic for others, not for themselves." "I do not believe we shall see the total abolition of slavery unless it comes in some critical juncture in national affairs when the slave, taking advantage of a crisis in the fate of his master, shall dictate his own terms."

He did not realize that the north would use that enthusiasm and indignation to give force to its material interests. Neither the chattel slave nor the wage slave were enough awake in those days to make themselves felt in the struggle. It was only the master classes which held the lever. "You make sentiment, we use it," said Seward, the Republican, to the abolitionists.

Alas, it is too true that much of the "sentiment" that set hundreds of thousands of men at each others throats across Mason and Dixon's line was made by men that believed in peace.

Alas, the freedom earned by the sword was followed by wage slavery and "white" slavery well nigh or quite as deplorable as any that preceded, while the war gave an impetus to a form of capitalism more arrogant and merciless than has been found in any other country in this period of plutocracy.

Praise or blame have little rational place in historical judgments. But halos unwisely placed may lead to present blunders. William Lloyd Garrison will always be a name to conjure by in his ardor and persistent devotion, but his wisdom and spirit will be questioned more by the future than they have been in the past.

Merit cannot be measured by martyrdom. The man who gives way passionately to denouncing evils is not likely to see the surest, quickest path to freedom from those evils.

Has not the time come when unswerving loyalty and deep feeling can go hand in hand with clear-sighted, practical judgment in the applied science of social progress?

Has not the sense of evolution and social law brought enough of sanity and insight to make the Garrisons of today retain the unfaltering devotion, the unyielding persistence, the consecrated ardor of the earlier struggle, while keeping utterly free from the bitterness, the obstinate fanaticism and the scorn of practical expediency which made the splendid zeal of great hearted men dubious in results?

A study of the spirit and methods of the tens of thousands who are on the firing line in today's struggle for industrial freedom will show that the social science of Karl Marx has brought just this new phenomenon in human history. It shows masses of men moving together, year in and year out toward a clear goal, by wise, practical paths, as free from malice as from compromise.

Such a spectacle the progress of industry and of thought has made possible. The Garrisons of today will succeed without the blind, blundering and methodless ardor which was probably inevitable in the earlier time. No needless, purposeless, fruitless Gettysburgs will divert the sure progress of the approaching years.

THE TWO DYINGS

By Margaret Widdemer

I can remember, once ere I was dead,
  The sorrow and the prayer and bitter cry
When they that loved me stood around the bed,
  Knowing that I should die.

They need not so have grieved their souls for me,
  Grouped statue'like to count my failing breath;
Only one thought strove faintly, bitterly,
  With the kind drug of Death:

How once upon a time, unwept, unknown,
  Unhelped by pitying sigh or murmured prayer,
My youth died in slow agony alone,
  With none to watch or care.

WEIGHING IN

As they passed a street scale one day a wag handed this to his English friend:

"To find out how heavy you are get a weigh!"

The victim couldn't see the joke, though his friend was hugely amused. However, thinking that it must have been a good joke because of his friend's amusement he thought to try it on an acquaintance. He said:

"Say, old top, if you want to find out how much you weigh, all you have to do is to move over."

FRANK F. STONE: A Sculptor With a Message

By GORDON NYE

THE subject of this sketch is one of the most thought-compelling of the small but steadily growing band of sculptors, artists, and poets who place moral idealism above all material consideration, and who are willing to make great sacrifices in order that they may be true to their ideals of justice and thus true to the high demand of their spiritual nature.

The sculptor, as a servant of idealism and interpreter of the soul of beauty feeds the imagination with living water; and barring the joy that is born of the love for ideal life, his work yields more pure and exalted pleasure than aught else known to man. Especially is this true when the artist understands and dissects the causes of our social wrongs and uses his skill and imagination to influence the slow-thinking millions.

And this is exactly what Frank F. Stone, Los Angeles, sculptor and Socialist, is doing.

Like Gerald Massey the poet, Stone learned to think seriously and fundamentally after he had fallen under the wheels of Capitalism. Gerald Massey, it will be remembered, when a little sickly boy was forced to labor fourteen hours a day amid the unsanitary environment of the English factories, in a desperate battle to keep the wolf of starvation from the wretched little home. It was seeing and feeling all the bitterness and horror of extreme poverty, when it exists side by side with wealth swollen to abnormal proportions by injustice, privilege and corruption that called forth many of his most powerful and conscience-arresting poems.

"THE WORKER."

It takes the lash of adversity, the goal of hunger to awaken most of us to a realization of the fruits of injustice and inequality and the moral responsibility devolving on every man to think earnestly and fundamentally on all political and economic problems. In this respect Frank F. Stone was no exception to the rule.

Mr. Stone was born in London, England. His father was a man of education and refinement, an idealist and a dreamer. His fine nature utterly unsuited him for the hard, grinding, shrewd and crafty commercial life of this age of dollar worship. He was a lumber-merchant and though he struggled manfully to succeed without sacrificing his high principles, or lowering his ideals of integrity, he finally failed financially and when Frank was but three years of age poverty took possession of his father's home. Early the child was compelled to toil long hours to help in the battle against starvation.

Stone's youth was rendered bitter by pinching poverty; yet the Angel of Beauty did not wholly desert her own. His imagination was fed as by a perpetual but hidden spring, even amid gloomy and soul-deadening environment. Whenever he could snatch a few moments he strove to picture some of the beautiful images that haunted his brain.

One day a well-known artist saw some of young Stone's chalk-drawings and insisted that the work showed "the sculptor's hand." From that day Stone came under the instruction of Richard Belt, sculptor to Queen Victoria. Here was the longed-for opportunity, and though circumstances compelled the youth to toil early and late, he managed to give the necessary time to his new work.

As the months passed it seemed that fortune had at last claimed the sclptor for her own. Many eminent men came to his studio for sittings. Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, Mr. Stanley, Mrs. Booth, Lord Tennyson and many others of England's most distinguished men and women sat for the sculptor. Seldom has fortune smiled more genially upon a favored son than she smiled at this time upon the young sculptor.

But his health failed; never robust, he had drawn too heavily on his reserve strength and physicians ordered him to move to a country where the air is pure, dry and sunny. He sold his household belongings and set out for Canada. Later Mr. Stone removed to Los Angeles, which has been his home for the last thirteen years.

Some of the sculptor's creations that impress us as especially fine are: "The Worker," "The Agony of the Ages," "and "The Two Ambitions."

"THE TWO AMBITIONS."

"The Worker" is a powerful and suggestive creation. It is a figure that commands respect and to us represents the ideal worker—strong and masterful and with a mind that can think. In referring to this work Mr. Stone has written the following descriptive lines:

"What makes he? Everything—yet shiftless goes;
Omnipotent well-nigh, yet—crass of brain—
His chiefest work on drones and cheats bestows,
While for himself he welds an endless chain."

His fine and original creation, "The two Ambitions," is the result of many months of mental effort. Commenting on the work an Eastern magazine says: "How well does the sleek self-centered figure represent the egoist who, through wealth, the assumption of divine right, the accident of birth, or the sword of force, seeks power, prestige and advantage over others! And equally felicitous is the type of noble humanitarian who, thoughtless of self and unwilling to rise alone, has fixed his eyes on the heights to which he is raising his weaker brother. Here we have epitomized the heart of the great struggle now raging throughout the world."

By way of argument to the work Mr. Stone has written the following lines:

"Two ends in life two eager souls pursue:
One bent on riches, one on helpful deed;
One's aim dominion, one's the good and true—
Achieving but to serve the common need."

Negotiations are now proceeding for the enlargement of "The Two Ambitions," to life-size in marble. The piece is to be placed in front of a New Jersey church whose pastor interested his members in the artist's "sermon in stone" by preaching a pulpit sermon thereon.

Another powerful piece of work is "The Agony of the Ages." Mr. Stone's five line poem gives his theme as figured forth in the composition:

"The age-long, blind, dumb Agony of Life
Gave glorious Knowledge birth. Then pain and strife
Took meaning; and to Knowledge, Love was born;
Love that is wise to will and to foresee.
Suffering's assuagement in the time to be."

The three figures in this work represent "Agony," "Knowledge" and "Love" as set forth in the above poem. And of the symbolism employed the sculptor has this to say: "It is not without deliberate design that I have given the 'Agony'—ostensibly a female figure—a very masculine aspect; the thoughtful beholder will understand. Nor is it without meaning that the balance of 'Equity' is dependent from the engine of judicial vengeance, with the very Book of the Law itself throwing it out of poise. This presents the artist's idea of the ever-present though oft disclaimed presumption of guilt against the victim.

"The concentration or introspection depicted in the pose of 'Knowledge,' who, bending over her scroll,

(Continued on next page.)

"THE AGONY OF THE AGES."

The Toiler and His Hire

By Chester M. Wright

WE are confronted with large issues in these days. We are told that the country cannot be saved unless we can have physical valuation of railroads. We are told that we must conserve our natural resources. We are told that we must reform the currency and that we must do this and do that if we are to be saved.

It requires no remarkable sagacity to understand that we must do something—for it is easy to see that something is the matter.

Perhaps nothing has so clearly driven home the fact that something is the matter as the figures just gathered under direction of the United States treasury department for use in assessing the new income tax.

Many are aware that statistics relating to the economic condition of the people are none too reliable at times, but the fact that these figures are to serve as the basis for the levying of a tax seems to give to them a reasonable assurance of accuracy.

Two great pyramids are developed by these remarkable figures. One pyramid is large at the base, tapering upward to a peak. The other is inverted and rests upon its peak. One pyramid represents men; the other represents dollars.

The income tax is based upon yearly incomes, so, of necessity, these figures deal with yearly incomes. It would be more fitting, in the majority of the cases enumerated, to speak of earnings, rather than incomes, for we have come by common usage to look upon an income as something that comes without having been earned. And the figures are ample proof that the majority of persons earn the money that comes to them—and more.

And now let us look at the two pyramids.

Persons Engaged	Average Income
37,815,000	$ 601
126,000	4,500
178,000	7,500
53,000	12,500
24,500	17,500
10,500	22,500
21,000	37,500
8,500	75,000
2,500	175,000
550	375,000
350	750,000
100	1,500,000

Capitalism in a nutshell!

The great mass of people get a very little. The great mass of wealth goes to a very few. It is not the man who has brains to create things who is rewarded. The reward goes to the man who has brains that enable him to take away from the man who creates.

In round numbers, thirty-eight million people get an average annual wage of $601. One hundred get an average annual income of a million and one-half dollars!

Scattered along between these two classes are those who are between the upper and the nether millstones, either climbing one way to become exploiters, pure and simple, or going the other way to become complete victims of exploitation.

For there is no explanation except the explanation of exploitation for such a condition. No one will contend—at least not in public—that there are in this country one hundred men who are capable of honestly earning one and one-half millions of dollars in a year, sustaining the effort year after year.

So we find that the great mass of the people are producers, while the very small minority gather in the product. While the people who are really useful to the country, by virtue of the fact that they create the things that the country must have to keep it alive physically, are compelled to exist on a return that is startlingly meager, the little handful of parasitical peacocks strut across the land arrayed in purloined finery and sustained in every move they make by the product of unrewarded toil.

As you stand off where you can get a good square look at the figures, things look rather topsy turvy. Something big is wrong. Those who produce all the things we have get but very little for their labor. Those who produce nothing get a very great deal. The men and women—and children—who turn the wheels that produce the grist are not getting the grist.

Now the idea that we must have currency reform and that we must have physical valuation of railroads and federal control of this and that is all very well. We must have a lot of things. But the great trouble about that is that so very, very many of the people who are clamoring for those things do not know why they are needed, or at best do not recognize the true need.

The real need for all those things that go under the general classification of reforms is to be found in the big fact that the ereasury department has tardily uncovered—that fact being one long known to Socialists and some few others who have cared to listen to what

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(Continued from preceding page.)

turns her back upon Superstition as symbolized in the sacrificial tripod and the Jupiter—is thrown into marked contrast by the hopeful, farseeing gaze of the 'Love,' who, for her part turns away from the implements of war."

Mr. Stone is exhibiting by invitation some of his smaller works at the Ghent Exposition in Belgium, and among the number is his bronze medallion of Clarence Darrow. This work is one of the sculptor's latest and finest creations.

* * *

It will not be surprising if the time comes when the art-loving citizens of California and the world who have patronized Mr. Stone will find the works they possess valued far beyond the cost to them, for in our land the men of imagination, the true artists, poets and dreamers who stand as pioneers of the great art that is coming will be more and more appreciated. Ere long their creations will be treasured above price as the works of the advance-guard in the awakening of the great art-spirit of America.

Frank F. Stone belongs to the army of emancipation. He is doing a work for our time not unlike that which Massey and Mackay accomplished in the England of the forties. The hope of the world—the hope of the human family lies in such men—men who fully realize the moral obligations they owe to the cause of justice and humanity and who are noble enough to rise above selfish consideration and devote their lives to the advancement of their fellow men.

the Socialists had to say—that ninety per cent of the people do the work of the world while ten per cent of the people own the wealth of the world. Out of 38,-240,000 persons covered in the the treasury department figures, 37,815,000 have an average annual income of $601 per year. One hundred get a million and one-half. Outside of those two classes not many remain. The middle class is small—and growing smaller.

If there were nothing else to be produced those figures should stand as argument enough against the status quo. But men who sought facts have been busy in other channels and when all of the facts are presented the poor old capitalist system has not a leg upon which to stand. For instance, the same government that gave us those figures also tells us that the cost of living has gone up fifty-eight per cent in ten years! And it is the cost of living balanced against our income that determines how we shall live. Ten years ago an annual income of $601 would not have been regarded as productive of more than a bare existence. So, with the cost of living fifty-eight per cent higher now, what shall we say of that income?

The man in the million and one-half dollar class may well look down from his dizzy heights and exclaim with the Spartans of old, "We should be lost if these men knew their power!"

And for the man in the $601 class—all there is for him to do is to gather with those of his kind and learn his power.

But, we have not yet had all of the facts in the case. Let us go on a little further and pile up a little more evidence against the sort of system that puts a premium on a certain brand of robbery. There is something startling yet to be told.

We are informed by those who profit by the maintenance of conditions as they are that the poor are poor because they are incapable of being rich and we are told that the poor are poor because there is a constantly decreasing food supply in the face of a constantly increasing population. In those statements many defenders find much solace and they do indeed put many complainers to rout with their shallow reasoning.

Arthur James Todd, Ph.D., University of Illinois, which, by the way, is not the Rockefeller institution, but quite a different one, brings forth the facts that lay this ghost. Prof. Todd tells us that while there are from ten to twenty millions of people constantly at the poverty line in the United States there is a constantly growing supply of food products with which to sustain life.

I shall let Prof. Todd tell the story. He says:

"From 1860-1910 population trebled. But ad valorem taxes increased eight-fold. From 1870-1910 general population increased two and one-half times, and persons engaged in agriculture doubled. But the products of agriculture increased four and one-half fold in valuation. A recent crop report from the United States Department of Agriculture states that for the last ten or fifteen years the population of the civilized world, excluding China, has been increasing at the rate of about 1 per cent yer year. But the production of the five great cereals—wheat, corn, oats, rye and barley—shows an average annual increase of about 2.5 per cent. In other words, food is outstripping population at a double rate. It really looks as if the problem of the future might be to find mouths for our enormous stores of food, instead of desperately hunting food for millions of famished mouths. In fact, we are assured that the abandonment of a quarter of the arable land in the United States would not run short the world's food supply.

"But these facts are taken from the agricultural and industrial system as they are now, without considering the possibilities that lie in scientific agriculture, conversation and invention. 'Science stands as a too competent servant behind her wrangling, underbred masters, holding out resources, devices and remedies they are too stupid to see.'

"The conclusion of the matter is that overpopulation is not imminent, and that from the standpoint of natural resources ours is a world of plenty, and poverty is unnecessary. We are or should be enjoying an economy of surplus, not of deficit."

The professor's conclusion is that if 10,000,000 Americans are starving it is purely "because of human ignorance, of bad politics and worse economics."

The proof that there is enough for all is abundant. None needs to starve. ALL COULD have plenty. None needs to be enslaved to another.

BUT—

They do starve and they are enslaved. And the few do pile up great hoards—

AND—

That brings you smash up against that classic phrase invented by Tom Platt and used by many others since he fell from the zenith:

"What are you going to do about it?"

When enough people know WHAT to do about it the doing will be done in short order. The trouble just now is that not nearly enough people have any idea of what to do about it.

The fact that we need to learn thoroughly is that the entire system—all the economic wrong there is—we shall find securely bundled up in a great, ramifying net which is called the law. The law gives certain rights to the owners of property. It prescribes certain things that owners of property may do to increase their property. Abstract right has nothing to do with legal right. Legal rights are the things that men can do and not run counter to the law. And, since much of our law was made when capitalism was budding—and even before that—it does not fit the present situation. It allows many things that should not be allowed. It allows many sorts of plundering that should not be allowed. In short, it allows a few men to take and own the product of many men. It allows slavery, in fact if not in form.

The capitalist system has grown up under the law. What the capitalist does is legally right. Exploitation is legally right. Any lawyer will tell you that it is perfectly legal to hire a man for one dollar to produce an article that costs ten dollars. And when we consider that the form of production has so changed that many men are forced to seek employment from a very few men we understand why the man does work worth ten dollars while he gets in return only one dollar. He HAS to.

The capitalist system stands upon law. It is fond of law. It understands all about law. It coddles it and fosters it and gets it interpreted "reasonably" and ofttimes gets it fixed up properly in legislatures.

When we understand that we see the work cut out for us. Our big task is to change the law so that it will fit the needs of the many and the conditions under which they labor and produce.

We cannot consider for a moment that there might be any other way out of the situation. The one thing that we can consider is that to eradicate an effect we must get at the cause—at the root of the evil.

The entire economic system is rooted in law. Law must be changed. Law is changed through what we call

politics. Thus, we must have political action—revolutionary political action.

Our machinery of production is satisfactory. With ease we can and do produce all that we need. We are constantly improving our methods of production. But when we come to DISTRIBUTION we find the crime of all history. The capitalist proudly declaims that "the laborer is worthy of his hire" and then proceeds to put the greater part of the laborer's "hire" in his own pocket—LEGALLY.

Distribution is all wrong. Not that wages are too low, or the cost of living is too high—not only that. The entire system is wrong. All WAGES are wrong. All PROFIT is wrong. All RENT and INTEREST is wrong. For it is through those agencies that exploitation, or robbery, comes. It is there that DISTRIBUTION goes wrong. For distribution is not simply loading things on wagons or trains and taking them to some other place. Distribution is getting the product to the people who are to use it—but that involves more than wagons and trains. It involves HOW MUCH gets to the people who are going to use it. And rent, interest and profit, more than wagons and trains, determine HOW MUCH is to get to the people who use.

The Socialist contention is that every person is entitled to the product of his toil. That is putting the matter roundly. In fact the laborer will not get QUITE all. For there will be a few who will not labor, but who will live in comfort. They will be those who are incapacitated for toil—not those who do not care to toil.

The Socialist contention is that all things used collectively ought to be collectively owned and democratically administered. That at once eliminates the capitalist—the man who lives from the toil of others. It bars everyone from life except those who are willing to produce enough to maintain life and it protects from robbery those who want to work and to live well. It means that under Socialism you might produce all you are capable of producing with no fear that some one may take away from you any part of what you produced. And it also means that you could take from no other person any of that person's product.

We do need a lot of the things that the reformers tell us we need. But our REASONS are different. They are intent upon so "fixing" the old machine that it will continue to run. The Socialist is intent upon supplanting the old machine with a new one under which the evils produced by the old can no longer be. For, so long as the old machine runs at all it will produce its evils, to a greater or less degree and of those evils we are heartily tired and ashamed.

Our conclusion is that the laborer is worthy of—not his hire, but his product, and that the exploiter is worth nothing at all and we do not want him among us.

We are intent upon revolution through political action. We are intent upon rescuing the $601 class and abolishing the million and one-half dollar class. We do not want to divide up the wealth that exists, but we want to prevent the exploiters from forcing us to divide up with them that which we are yet to produce.

The Socialist party is the channel through which we must work and the ballot is the weapon that we must use. The class that needs emancipation is the working class. The Socialist party is a party of the working class and when enough shall come to see their class interests and to understand the way out of their economic difficulties the reward of toil will not be $601 a year. It will be whatever that toil has brought into being.

Making a Socialist Film

By FRANK E. WOLFE

IF this is the same stuff we worked on yesterday I can't get my dope sheet straight," said a buckaroo with a ghastly open wound on his forehead as he bit a great crescent from a segment of blackberry pie and looked inquiringly at Chief Littlewound and three palefaces whom the aborigine had slain a few minutes previous.

"I've got it doped," said a distinguished individual in full dress suit as he gingerly sipped milk from a tin cup while carefully holding back his bushy beard so the spirit gum and cream should not come into damaging contact.

"Always hep, these wise ginks," said the puncher with a wink that tore open the livid, dripping gash on his forehead. "Come on through, you duke of Kackyack. Tell the assembled multitude how it comes you are a pick handle pink this morning and near knocked my chimney off with a club and here y'are on an' doublin' in a fine set with a pair of zits, hobnobbin' with the crowned heads of Yurrup."

"If you'll get up-stage in the middle of the mob as befits one in your station of life I'll try and soak a glimmer of light into the fogged film you use for a brain," said the duke loftily, as he accepted the makings from Calamity Jane and made room on the bench for that historical wanton who declined to sit beside the nobleman with medals on his chest, preferring a seat on a broken marble column from the Parthenon.

"Everybody melt out on the conversation stuff till his Grace gives the answer to this puzzle," shouted a scalded iron molder whose naked torso and splendid

BELOW THE BREAD LINE

neck showed raw and dripping as he crossed his legs comfortably in a heavily upholstered club chair and drew great puffs from a bull dog pipe. "Silence in the booby-hatch—"

"I know the answer. I got a swift slant at the

"GOOD NIGHT, DADDY," AT THE MILLIONAIRE'S HOME

scenario when the director gave me the business on the sob stuff Sat'day." This in a high-pitched pipy voice from a 60-pound prodigy who sat astride the ponderous knee of Wild Bill Hickok like an English guardsman sits his horse, and tickled that austere and almost awful person in the ribs.

"Fade out, Fay," said a white-faced girl who had just been burned to a crisp while tied to a practical stake in the willows along the north side of the Platte River.

"It's this way," said the duke. "This western stuff is out of it. You can all see clearly where that comes in. The main show under the big top is the one in which we are portraying the maladjustment of the economic, industrial and political system under which we live. This morning we worked out a scene of heart-rending poverty, now we participate in one of lavish wealth. All through the picture we have made these startling parallels. You boys and girls are doing a far greater thing than you know. You are privileged to work in the first great Socialist play ever put on the screen and I'd advise you to make the most of your opportunity when you get in on a scene. You feel this, as I feel it, as far as you understand and you should make it register to the utmost of your ability."

"I'm going to do that," said the buckaroo who was deeply impressed. I belong to that bunch. I was rounded up and branded Joe Cannon out in Arizona two years ago."

"Im doing my best," said a youth who had listened to the duke with rapt attention. I don't like to have my can torn off but I'm going to do a fall in that re-take of the strike stuff that will convince the director that I'm sloughed with a practical pick handle."

No, gentle, bewildered reader, this conversation did not take place in the outdoor annex of a state asylum. It was in the property room of the Occidental Motion Picture studio in East Hollywood where hundreds of performers have been engaged in producing a Socialist special feature film of four reels, and a number of shorter plays with diversified motives.

Probably no motion picture that has been produced in any of the scores of studios in Los Angeles has created such a profound interest among the photo players. In the convention scenes, at the picnics, in the senate scene and others where Socialists have participated, the professional performers have been deeply impressed by the readiness of the comrades to make speeches. During the progress of the state convention scene speeches were made by two of the high-class performers in the cast after hours of travail in memorizing lines, while Stanley B. Wilson, Fred C. Wheeler and Wililam Mountain made impressive extemporaneous speeches without an instant's warning. The fine speech of Christian B. Hoffman was an event of great importance that will long be talked about by the hundreds of performers who then heard their first Socialist speech. In the scenes enacted by J. Stitt Wilson only one brief rehearsal lasting less than two minutes was necessary, and the action registered was excellent. Among those who have "acted" under my direction none has been more natural, therefore more convincing, than Job Harriman, Clarence Darrow, H. A. Hart, T. W. Williams, Emanuel Julius, Cyrus F. Grow, Frank Belcher and literally thousands of Socialists who have been in the great scenes and whose devotion and enthusiasm will show distinctly on the screen with the production of the play," From Dusk to Dawn," a portrayal of the world-wide class struggle. All of the scenes are completed and the exhibition of motion picture No. 1 only awaits the completion of posters and a few minor details to show the comrades all over the world a motion picture depicting some of the stirring scenes that developed into an acute stage in Southern California during the past two years.

The Awakening of Georgia

By N. A. RICHARDSON

EVEN somnambulistic Georgia is awakening under the stress of modern economic conditions. But Georgia is still burdened, especially among the older members of her society, with the idea that those who work are either slaves or poor white trash. That real, live, thinking, up-to-date, American citizens should be engaged in manual toil is to them unthinkable.

One of this stripe of her inhabitants has just closed a term as governor and his parting blast to the assembling legislature will contribute materially to the arousing of the laboring masses of the South and to their alignment in the ranks of the industrial revolutionists. It is well.

The outgoing governor, Jos. M. Brown, is a fine type of the Southern gentleman, but he has about as much of a grasp of the significance of the events of today as has a child. The tremendous economic class struggle that is so rapidly engulfing the whole world as never before has any other, has no more meaning to him than had the Missouri Compromise to his counterpart in 1820.

His bitter diatribe is launched against that now almost obsolete and least efficient expression of that struggle, the craft unions. In all of which he and the South, as usual, are some decades behind in the race toward civilization. He has little thought that what is really coming at a marvelous pace will make that form of organization look like harmless innocence.

For two years this man has been governor over a greater per cent of white slaves in the persons of little children, poor, obedient wretches, too helpless and powerless to defend their rights to the slightest degree, than exists anywhere else in America if not in all Christendom. Though he grows eloquent in his "defense of law and order," we hear not a word in denunciation of this monstrosity.

But when the able-bodied men of his realm refuse to submit to conditions that the old owners could not afford to impose upon their human property, organize, strike and really show their teeth even to a relatively moderate degree, this representative of capitalism at its worst breaks forth in terms so vicious that only periodicals of the stripe of the Los Angeles Times will give him space at any considerable distance from home. It reads much like the old onslaughts of the Southern press against the abolitionists—and, in the end, will prove just about as effective.

The governor holds that the labor unions constitute the most vicious trust in America and that: "Such a development is appalling to every lover of the law. Yet it is an object lesson which tells more vividly than words that the labor union holds itself higher than the law." But he fails entirely to discern that it is the organization of the capitalists who ARE HIGHER THAN THE LAW that made this combination of the workers a necessity. This is a phase of the contest that does not interest him.

He adds that he does not hold all union men as criminals. Many of them are victims of a system that breeds anarchy. Well, if the executive will properly define the word "system," we will agree with him. If he means—which he does not—the system of capitalism that he is upholding, he has put the matter very pointedly.

And he tells us: "There are upward of two millions of people in Georgia who look with no patience upon the continuance of conditions which leave their basic rights in life at the mercy of the star chamber of the labor unions." The governor's figures are somewhat extravagant, but it is doubtless true that a majority of that state, led by such blindness as he manifests, still prefer the star chamber of the employers, of the men who enslave even the babes of that commonwealth and who, if left to their own foul practices, would, maintain a state-wide system of peonage that would shame the darkest hell of the old chattel slave holders. But you are helping to waken your people, governor, and ere long they will carry more enlightenment with them when they go to the polls.

This political light seems to deplore the fact that during the last decade the workers for the railways of the state have, through the medium of unions, raised the wages an average of $105 per annum per each employe. Evidently the railroads think the unions are bad things and their opinions may be more or less reflected in the words of the governor.

No, governor, the struggle is on. Your state is experiencing but the preliminary phases of it. When it is ended, the system that you are endeavoring to bolster up will be as foreign to our civilization as is another that you probably fought for in your youth. The world moves and all your bombast cannot prevent it. The methods of its moving may appeal to you as crude, cruel, or even anarchistic. You heard much of the same sort of accusation when you were a boy. But it kept moving.

"NO-SURRENDER OATES"

By Frank Taylor

"It was blowing a blizzard. Oates said: 'I am just going outside, and I may be some time.' He went out into the blizzard, and we have not seen him since."—The Diary of Captain Scott.

It was not in the fury and the foam,
  The swift, earth-shaking tumult, and the shout.
Of close-knit squadrons riding hard and home,
  That he went out.
For him no trumpets called with jubilant blast,
  Only the ice-wind's everlasting moan:
Alone into the solitude he passed,
  Yet not alone.
For joyfully the long line of his peers,
  Most joyfully those stanch old bands and true,
Which rode at Balaklava in far years,
  And Waterloo.
Warburg, and Paardeberg, and Dettingen,
  Watched him go out into the deathly wild—
Ay, many valiant souls of mighty men
  Saw that, and smiled.

The turkey trot and the bunny hug are enough to get the goat of a wise old owl.

The Truth About the Canal

By ICIE BOWDRY

THIS is not an attempt to write a technical treatise on the Panama Canal nor the philosophy of Socialism, but simply an effort to present conditions as seen at first hand.

Every informed Socialist knows that government ownership does not mean Socialism, although we advocate it as a means to an end.

Where Capital rules, government ownership is exceedingly dangerous, and can be used by the money class as a bulwark behind which they may hide and carry out gigantic schemes of wholesale robbery.

When the people rule in fact instead of theory then government ownership may be a real benefit.

Clippings from several newspapers have made much of the "canal zone as a Socialist haven." The canal zone as an argument for government ownership as advocated by the Socialists is all right, because in this great work every department of life has come under government control and nowhere have wage workers been so well cared for.

But to call the canal zone a "Socialist haven" is absurd, and only capitalistic newspapers print such stuff. Wall Street rules in America, and it is well enough for papers, representing money interests, that are drawing fat dividends from sales made to the purchasing department of the Isthmian Canal Commission, to talk "Socialist haven in Panama," but the clear-headed comrades on the job know we are enjoying militarism, not Socialism. The administration is the antipode of Socialism. There is a one-man control here that outclasses anything of its kind in the world. All credit is due the chief engineer because of his broad and just treatment of the questions that naturally arise in the intricacies of this great work—but the fact remains his word is absolute and final in everything.

He has the power to say whether a person shall or shall not live in the canal zone.

Anyone whom he considers undesirable is deported and a return to the isthmus means a term in prison. Recently a young man returned after being deported and had to stand trial and was sentenced to one year in the canal prison. I do not know his offense, but certainly if he is a dangerous character to be abroad in Panama it is playing rather a nasty trick on America to burden her with another criminal at large.

Another feature overlooked by the capitalist writers and their "Socialist haven" is the fact that the men doing the actual work—the common laborers—receive 10, 16 and 20 cents an hour. (See Official Handbook.) Handbook.)

Knowing the West Indian labor, and considering the difference between these slow-witted blacks and their more highly developed co-workers, there appears to be a very good reason under the circumstances for the small wages. This, however, cannot be said to be applied Socialism.

But there is a brighter side. This is the world's greatest example of government ownership, and the successful administration of every phase of life under government control foreshadows the better way advocated by Socialists.

The methods followed in caring for the people is decidedly Socialistic in tendency. Instead of the usual unsightly shacks of a contractor there are comfortable homes—clean, well ventilated, suitably furnished, with electric lights and baths, all free.

Considerable attention has been paid to roadways and beautifying the surroundings in each village. The streets usually follow the contour of the hills, this being a rough country. The houses are built about twenty feet apart, and all painted a dark slate with white trimmings; this makes a most pleasing background for the luxuriant tropical plants and also relieves the monotony one might expect to find in a village where the houses are all alike.

The method of one great receiving and forwarding station, which supplies single stores in each community and the order and system that prevails, is an ideal long held by the Socialists.

In the American towns proper it is a relief not to see hurrying grocery wagons and milk wagons from several competing houses crossing and recrossing the same territory in endless duplication, adding all this extra cost to the price paid by the consumer.

Under government control the same system is used as in the delivery of mail in American cities. Great wagons drawn by a team of mules make regular rounds delivering the supplies which had been ordered the day before. Prices are about the same as in America, but we are a long way from the base of supplies.

Bread making, laundry, ice and coffee-roasting plants are all located in Cristobal, which is the receiving and forwarding station. All perishable supplies are handled by a train of twenty-one cars that leaves that point every morning at 4 o'clock.

The Health Department of the canal zone is renowned for its splendid work in connection with this great enterprise and is entitled to its share of glory in making the big ditch possible.

Already calls are coming in offering flattering positions to the different ones who have been instrumental in transforming the isthmus from the "pest hole of the world" into a comparatively healthy place.

Yes, the Panama Canal is an argument for the Socialist teaching of government ownership, but under a capitalistic government it is by no means a Socialist haven. The Panama Canal is Labor's achievement.

TO A POET

Margaret Root Garvin

When none besides was near to speak,
Thy singing spoke to me;
When Sorrow was my only guest,
Thy grief was company.

No lyric word or wistful sigh
Hath stirred thy lips for long;
Yet I do thank thee with my tears,
Requite thee with my song.

—The Lyric Year.

Some of the Senators at Washington are hinting that if Woodrow Wilson doesn't stop smashing precedents, they'll take a hand at smashing presidents.

FOUR BITS

Across the Hall—

A DRIZZLING rain was falling. The world seemed wrapped in a shroud of gloom. December's chill wind howled and moaned as the clock-bell sounded the early hour of four. The city—a tired, giant monster, worn after toil and pain—was asleep. All seemed dead.

A man was groaning in a dark, damp room. Across the hall, in a cold, uninviting chamber, lay a moaning woman.

He seemed to be an old man—sixty or more; and he coughed raspingly; and when he coughed, the bed-clothes received crimson stains. He was dying. The end was near. Soon, a yawning grave would swallow his withered corpse.

Long had he suffered, long had he felt the life in him ebb away as the cold hand of death slowly closed about him. He could fight no longer. He must surrender to the will of the destroyer.

He gasped "I'm going—off!"

And the woman by his side shook her tired head and mumbled:

"Thank God."

All night, she had remained near him, waiting for the end.

The woman had known him when he had been in the prime of life—strong, healthy. She had seen him fall victim to the disease of the poor, she had seen him grow paler and paler, thinner and thinner, weaker and weaker; she had seen him decay slowly—and now, she was waiting for the last chapter—praying that it would come soon.

And, she was glad; she thanked God for His mercy. She wanted him to die—she felt it would be for the best—for himself, for his wife, for the world.

"I'm going—"

"Good-by," she said, her eyes undimmed. "I wish it was me that was goin'—God knows, I wish it was me."

"T-the priest—h-e—"

"He was here at midnight—he can't come again—" and under her breath she said, "Good God, strike him quick."

She wanted him to go—she felt it was good that he should die. Her lot would be easier—no medicine—no more of the thousand worries. She didn't regret all her sacrifices for him, but she wanted them to end. She had suffered long enough. He had suffered too long.

And when she heard the death rattle, she mumbled:

"Thank God, he's at the end."

He died. She calmly took a sheet and covered his head. And on the sheet she placed a cross.

She then kneeled before the bed and prayed. Her prayer was one of thanks.

She was glad he died!

A scream!

She rose to her feet and listened.

Another scream!

It came from across the hall. She knew what that scream meant. With a glance at the covered form, she turned and walked from the room. A few seconds later, she stood at the side of another bed, on which lay a moaning woman, soon to become a mother. From the room of the dead to the bed of the life-giver was but a walk across the hall.

She knew what was required of her. Her tiredness fell from her, and soon she became feverish as she hurriedly served the woman.

And as she labored at the side of the bed, she thought. Her heart felt pity for this poor, suffering woman—a widow of but a few months, alone, helpless, poverty-stricken. She raised her hands and cried:

"O God! Why did you send her a baby?'

* * *

The Seeing Hands—

HE WAS a creator of the beautiful. With a chisel and a hammer, he composed wonderful poems and symphonies in stone. His hands burned with the divine fire of genius; they gave expression to a soul that looked on beauty as the God of the universe.

His hands took rough stone and breathed life into it. All his life, he had been sending forth creations that inspired a world hungry for art. But, something in him craved for the masterpiece—the artist in him wished for the Great Climax.

By EMANUEL JULIUS

He hoped for what, so far, had been unexpressed—the Great Climax.

He knew not its form; his imagination could not picture detail. It was something beautiful—that was all he knew.

"I shall take my chisel," he said, "and let it go its course. I shall give my heart and my soul to my hands and let them make what they will. When my work is ended, I shall see what the Great Climax is."

He set things in readiness. He decided to forget everything but the Great Climax and give years, if need be, to its birth.

When he delivered his first blow, the studio become dark; light became night; he could not see.

His eyes were no more. He was blind!

The world mourned. His friends wept.

"Art has lost much," they sighed.

The artist was the only one who smiled.

"What need have I for eyes?" he asked. "My eyes cannot see what my soul is struggling to express through my hands. I shall create the Great Climax—the beautiful masterpiece—"

His friends feared his affliction had affected his mind.

"My eyes have already seen all that is beautiful—the glorious sunrise, the immense mountains, the laughing children. They have seen all—they need serve me no more. My soul feels and my hands shall express. My hands see."

He returned to his studio.

The months passed. Years drifted into eternity. The artist became gray and old. But the fire in his soul was at white heat; and his hands worked tirelessly.

At last, he felt the soul in him become calm. His hands seemed to see no more.

"The Great Climax is here," he announced. "My masterpiece of beauty is born."

And then, he asked:

"What have I made?"

And his friend answered:

"You have made the most beautiful thing in creation—a woman!"

* * *

His Answer—

HE SENT her a message, and she answered:

"Can the Sun love the Stormcloud? Can the Thrush love the Eagle? Can the Flower love the Desert? Can the Poor love the Tyrant? Ah, I live in the gloomy Cave—you sing on the mountain Peak—we can never love!"

And he answered:

"Love conquers all. The Sun is the mother of the Stormcloud. And the Stormcloud lets the Flower make a Paradise of the Desert. Love softens the claws of the Eagle and the heart of the Tyrant and gives the Paradise to the Poor. Love pours light into the gloomy Cave and makes all things good."

She walked from the gloomy Cave and climbed to the mountain Peak. Two voices now sing to the glory of the Dawn.

* * *

The Conqueror Speaks!—

I AM King of Time, Master of Death, Father of Life! With a scythe in my hands, I walk in a world as limitless as space, for I am King of Time. I watched the soldiers of Rome go forth to conquer all that lives. I saw the soldiers of Rome fall by the roadside. They are no more. I saw the Greeks build a temple under the soft, blue sky. I saw the glorious columns reach up for immortality—and I gave it to them. For I give eternal life only to the beautiful. The conquerors have withered into nothingness. The masters of men have gone to dust. The great have fallen before me. For I, King of Time, give immortality only to things of beauty. Oh, Children of Time, if you would live forever, build a temple or sing a song!

Woman, a Social Creator

By Marion Louise Israel

AN AWAKENED womanhood, an organized womanhood, a militant womanhood! A womanhood tingling with life, ardent with purpose, uplifted by a new vision of its own destiny; drawn by a new ideal, and solidified by a new perception of its own power. That is the womanhood of this century.

The suffragists have voiced it most clearly—this new dream of woman, this new function which she is claiming as her own. "Behold," they are saying, in substance, "this world of ours, with all the wrong in it, and all the wretchedness in it, yet with all its possibilities for happiness and for beauty—and we have never yet put our hands to its building, never yet given our minds to the planning of it, never yet set our hearts on the perfecting of it! Childhood is robbed of playtime, youth of education, womanhood of honor. Had we a part in the making of the world, had we a part now in the governing of it, we would not suffer such things to be. We do not find the world as it is to our liking. We see it undergoing constant change, forever growing out of one condition into another, in accordance with the changing ideas of men, and now we too would have a part in this fashioning of the world."

That is it. Woman has seen herself at last as a social creator. This is the new vision which is inspiring her to world-activity, this is the incentive which is impelling her to capture for herself a place in the government of the world.

She purposes to make of this world a place of beauty; of clean and orderly cities; a place where childhood will be safe from exploitation; where motherhood will be secure within the home; a world forever free from war.

All these things and many more she expects to bring about through her participation in government; and in this she will meet with some measure of success. Her efforts will secure more and more of such ameliatory measures as minimum wage and maximum day laws, mothers' pensions and juster laws concerning property; but I venture to prophesy that she will be dissatisfied with the results of all these. Life will not be so much fairer nor so much easier for such measures as she thinks.

Always she will meet almost unconquerable opposition; she will have to curtail her demands in order to secure any part of them; if she asks for an eight-hour law she may get a nine-hour one; if she secures a minimum wage bill it will provide a bare subsistence; if she obtains a child labor law it will require eternal vigilance to see that it is enforced. Such efforts as these, with their inevitable results, will not long prove satisfying to her, with her growing consciousness of power and her faith in the far-reaching effects of these new activities. She will sooner or later realize that the results she truly desire were nothing short of revolutionary, but she has not considered a revolutionary program for their attainment.

MARION LOUISE ISRAEL, Correspondent, State Woman's Committee

Already the labor movement regards itself as the creator of a new world—a splendid state that is to be. It sees the industrial democracy of the future—the desire of its own heart, the conception of its own brain, the creation of its own effort. The labor movement of today bears within itself the future State, as a mother carries her child beneath her heart. And as a mother dreams and ponders of the future of her child, so the labor movement is dreaming of what that future

state will be. It is coming to look upon this civilization of ours as so much plastic material, which it will shape to suit its will. Already it is seizing upon the present, out of it to create a fairer future. The dreams of Labor are larger and more daring than the dreams of woman!

Here is no conflict of ideals, no differentiation of purpose. Human activities are of two kinds, predatory and industrial. The savage man who lived by hunting and fishing was a predatory creature. So was the savage warrior. But the primitive woman was engaged purely in industrial activities—caring for the sick and aged of her tribe, carrying on a rude agriculture, making baskets and earthern utensils, cooking the game which the hunters brought home—feeding and nursing and ministering to her people. The performance of such duties brought no glory to the toiler, as to the hunter or warrior; rather whatever compensation she derived from her labor must lie in seeing her people comfortable and well cared for. The most significant difference between the life of the primitive man and the primitive woman, the effects of which have persisted to this day, is this: he came in contract with his fellows as creatures to be outstripped in the race, to be overpowered in combat, or to be slain in battle; she came in contact with people as creatures to be fed, to be warmed, to be clothed, to be nursed, and to be served.

Through all the long years from that day to this, woman's activities have been mainly industrial—serving people and supplying their needs. If then she is more humane than man, this is why; if she is more concerned with the supplying of a people's needs than with the profits to be made therefrom, this is why; if she is more inclined to collective rather than individual action, this is why.

A long process of elimination, however, has been going on through the centuries—the elimination of the predatory instincts in humanity. Originally the working class was composed of the women, with a few aged men; to these there was added at first slave labor, confining great numbers of men to industrial activities; feudalism and capitalism have swelled this army, until today only a limited number of men are able to indulge in predatory occupations. The effect of this confinement to industrial activities is the same upon one human being as another; women can no longer claim as distinctively theirs the passion for human service, nor the conception of industry for the sake of satisfaction rather than profit.

Here then is the field of woman as a social creator—to color the visions of Labor with her own idealism, to enter into all its planning and all its working—to be a part of it. In this way will she truly and effectually shape and mould the future state; in this way will she do more than amend a law here and there, secure this amelioration, institute that change; in this way only will her work be fundamental and enduring.

Two Bills of Fare

By Agnes Downing

ONE of the worst features of the present high cost of living is that it is forcing down the standard of living of the people. Worse still it is defending lower standards. So we see apologists for the system advising all sorts of crippling economies—economies that not only cripple the spirit, but will if followed cut down the physical and the moral fibre of the race.

One of the most pernicious of these is a recently written report by Mrs. Winnifred Harper Cooley, National President of the Associated Clubs of Domestic Science, and published widely. This lady boldly begins by offering her experiences as a model for working girls—and for working men, too, and then tells how she lived on nine cents a day for a whole week.

She gives her list of provisions for the week:

1-3 (12-lb. basket (9) potatoes	$ .05
1 mess spinach	.05
1 loaf whole wheat bread	.10
Cocoa (1-5-lb. can)	.10
Baked Beans	.10
1-2 package natural rice	.06
1-5 lb. oleomargerine	.05
3 bananas	.05
1-3 lb. sugar	.02
1 egg	.03
1 apple	.02
Total for food for 1 week	$ .63

Notice there is no meat and no substitute for meat; there is neither cheese, butter, nor milk, and hardly anything of fresh vegetables or fruits. It is in brief a diet that any fair-minded person with a knowledge of food values would unhesitatingly condemn.

Out of this she recommends two meals a day with such a menu as the following: Tuesday: Breakfast—nothing; lunch—whole wheat bread, cocoa; dinner—one-half mess spinach, 2 potatoes, banana.

True, there is such a vice as over-eating and to one who is addicted to such a habit the foregoing diet for a short period of time, or for that matter an entire fast, might be a positive benefit. But to offer this as a plan for working people to follow for a regular routine is little short of a criminal suggestion. Any reputable doctor or food specialist and the experience of the race itself regardless of special knowledge on the subject, say that there is loss of strength, and physical debility follows with insufficient food, especially if the person be working. Mrs. Cooley even says: "Incidentally, I lost ten pounds of superflous flesh in one week." How about the spare built workers, most of whom do not have ten pounds of superflous flesh? They would lose their vital strength and energy.

The report of the Chicago Vice Commission says on page 200: "Laxity of moral fibre follows mental degeneracy and criminal acts."

But it appears that the lackeys of big business care little for the results if only they can get their checks for writing some plausible reason for "contentment of the masses"; and what better than a program for living on nine cents a day.

The scheme is impossible, of course. If adopted it would be destructive not alone of its followers but of our whole scheme of industrial society. What would become of production if people consumed only nine cents worth a day?

And have we not the classic example of China with its people of few wants? They also have few powers.

Proof that they who offer this are accepting no such

(Continued on page 177.)

Labor Conditions, Past and Present

By Fred C. Wheeler, Socialist Councilman, Los Angeles

IT has been my good fortune to be with the labor movement of the great South almost since its inception. I have watched it make remarkable progress. The changes that have been brought about are indeed interesting to note.

In April, 1887, in St. Augustine, Florida, we were toiling ten hours a day for $2.50 per day. An agitator came along and suggested that we organize a union, which was done. The president and secretary of the new union were discharged from their employment, but within a few weeks we secured the nine hours and an increase of twenty-five cents a day. In twenty-six years' experience I have never known it to fail that where a reduction of hours took place, the men received a corresponding increase in wages. The history of the eight-hour fight shows that, as a rule, eight-hour towns pay 50 per cent more than ten-hour places.

In the South they said: "It is no use to try to organize here; we can not do anything on account of the niggers." "Very well, then we will organize them." This has been done to a considerable extent and with good results. Coming to San Diego in 1887, the union men were receiving $4.00 for nine hours, while the non-union men were working ten hours for $3.50. In San Francisco in 1891 we fought for the eight-hour day and were successful. The usual increase in wages followed. In 1893, Pasadena and Los Angeles Carpenters were victorious in their eight-hour fight. I was president of the Pasadena union at the time and walked the streets with the rest for several months.

In 1894 the eight-hour convention was held in San Francisco. I was elected president of that body which in its activities was instrumental in much good for the movement. In 1903-04 I acted as organizer for the American Federation of Labor and the State Federation. During that time I organized over sixty unions and added over 21,000 members to the State organization. During this time the big strike in the beet fields at Oxnard occurred. About nine hundred Japs and six hundred Mexicans were being made slaves of by the Western Agricultural Company. The men organized two unions, which were governed by a joint board of directors. The fight lasted about two months and ended in a complete victory for the men. It was one of the most complete organizations ever seen. Not a Jap in the State came to the valley after being notified of the trouble. Several carloads of Mexicans were sent in, but we captured them as soon as they arrived.

While organizing in the lumber camps of the north, I found that the pathway of an organizer was not one that was strewn with roses. In some out-of-the-way place, the company mill was situated. They generally owned the railroad entering the place. They owned everything in sight, including the constable and his brindle bull dog. An organizer was not a popular personage with the lumber kings. At Truckee I worked so quietly that the employers did not discover me until several hundred men had joined the union. They were threatened with discharge, but through a friend, certain evidence was obtained that would convict the mill owners of practices that would land them behind prison walls. They were politely told that if a single man was discharged for joining the union, that this evidence would be used. The men were not discharged. In many places various roles were assumed in order to work without serious hindrance. In one place I was threatened with arrest for trespassing. Having seen several violations of the law, I retired as gracefully as possible, but told the hostile employer that on my return we would come with the sheriff with warrants for their arrest. My arrest did not follow.

The career of an organizer is not an easy one. After a fight was won, it was often necessary to fight in order to keep what we had won. In Los Angeles, the big fights put up by the brewery workmen, the iron workers and the machinists, aroused the opposition. Injunitions were issued against 1300 men. The anti-picket law caused four hundred men to be jailed. Free speech was a dead letter. The unions, as such, were almost helplees. Political action was discussed. The unions sent delegates to a Union Labor Political Club. A platform was adopted. Then ensued one of the most remarkable occurrences in American labor history. Over 100 unions endorsed the Socialist Party ticket and donated large sums of money to help elect the ticket. Then came the Times explosion. Instead of weakening the movement, it was strengthened. About two weeks after this, a parade of nearly 20,000 men and women marched the streets in dead silence. J. Stitt Wilson, Socialist candidate for governor, addressed them in a park.

Later on, Job Harriman was nominated for Mayor. Forty meetings a day were frequently held. Victory seemed assured. Then came the McNamara confession. Harriman received over 51,000 votes. While we were defeated, yet we gained a great victory. Organized Labor had taken political action. The result was that both the Socialists and the unions about doubled in membership and set in motion a movement that has commanded the attention of the whole country. My twenty-six years as an active member of Organized Labor has taught me the immense value of collective bargaining. We have secured more genuine results in the past thirty years than in the five hundred preceding years. Yet something was lacking. We can organize, strike and fight, but when we leave in the hands of the other side the most powerful of all weapons, viz., the law-making power, we can never hope to rise above a certain level. Union in trade matters and political unity with a working class party which aims to give the worker the full social value of his toil, is to my mind the only sane method of procedure. The Socialist Party is distinctly the party of the working class. It is the only political party that gives them assistance when the workers are giving battle to the common enemy. Industrially organized, the great captains of industry do not greatly fear us, but when we organize on the industrial field, and act together on the political field, we become a power that nothing can stop. We will command the respect of the other side just in proportion as we show political strength. A poll of 250,000 in a state election would mean as much as twenty-five years of union labor. It will cost but little, why not try it?

"A fool in revolt is infinitely wiser than a learned philosopher apologizing for his chains."—Kossuth.

EDITORIAL

IT IS really refreshing these days to have the months roll around and the current magazines put in an appearance. The changed outlook on social and industrial questions as well as the fact that leading magazines are giving it place is encouraging and significant. Brief excerpts of matter of the character indicated from the July magazines follow.

MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS discussing "the Philosophy of Happiness" in The Forum says: "There is a sort of uneasiness creeping over society, the uneasiness which comes upon a man in shabby clothes, the uneasiness which comes over a woman in badly cut ones. The solidarity of the workers and the solidarity of women is suggestive. The happiness of the many is now becoming the imperative demand. The day is not only coming, but is actually here, when to live in luxury while one human creature lacks either bread or joy can only be crucifixion to the spiritual man or woman. To be a millionaire will soon be more pitiable than to be a leper, because it implies extortion, the sweat of brothers for mean ends, and the glutting of one at the expense of many. The seeker for happiness soon finds out the impossibility of real joy on the lines of monopolies in any shape or form."

MOJETT LAUCK declares in closing an interesting contribution to The North American Review on "The American Wage Earner:"

"The present situation is also developing social and political dangers which demand immediate action. The hopelessness of the wage-earner under existing conditions leads him to receive radical teachings with increasing eagerness, and to follow blindly the revolutionary programs of over-zealous political, social and economic propagandists. The remarkable spread of Socialism in all its forms, the extraordinary growth of such un-American organizations as the Industrial Workers of the World, together with the recent strikes in Lawrence, Massachusetts, Paterson, New Jersey, and other industrial communities, are but an earnest of what may be expected in the future unless some attempt is made to improve existing industrial conditions. Not only the economic welfare of the American wage earner but the maintenance of our political and social institutions are threatened."

AN EDITORIAL also in The Forum says: "The first report of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, the organization of which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is chairman, contains, among others, the following interesting statements:

"Manhattan alone supports 15,000 prostitutes.

"There are 1606 vice resorts of all grades in the borough.

"There are more than 300 'massage parlors' in which not the slightest effort is made to cloak the immoral nature of the real 'business' conducted.

"Thirty of the most tawdry resorts operated as a combine earn in the aggregate at least $2,000,000 annually.

"Twenty-seven such vice resorts were located in tenements, where, all told, some 500 children under sixteen years of age were playing about the halls.

"The comforting doctrine of 'outward decency' is once more completely vindicated; and the children of the tenements, brought up in such wholesome surroundings, will illustrate in later life the advantages of an admirable environment."

IN THE Atlantic Monthly Ellen Key in her "Education for Motherhood," declares: "A society which sharply restricts inheritances, but protects the right of all children to the full development of their powers; which demands labor of all its members, but allows its women to choose between motherhood and outside work; a society in which attempts to live without work will be dealt with in the same manner as forgery—such a society is coming. But without such radical social transformations, a renaissance of family life is not even conceivable. And it is likely to become actual when the changing order of economics and religion combine forces."

THAT INSIDIOUS LOBBY

EVERY person at all conversant with public affairs during the past quarter of a century has known that the big interests whether in the National Congress or in state legislatures have maintained a lobby for the purpose of influencing legislation.

Labor, too, has had its lobby for the same purpose, moved thereto by self-defense. It has all been a part of that class struggle arising in industry through the division of the product.

The fact has been generally recognized and accepted by the people and they have known that most of the legislation enacted was secured through some kind of undue influence brought to bear upon Senators, Congressmen or legislators.

In recent years, however, it has been the policy of Big Business to be represented in official position by its own magnates instead of by its creatures chosen generally from the parasite class.

A few months ago when President Wilson charged that brakes were being applied to the wheels of legislation by a pernicious Congressional lobby, the sainted Senators and Congressmen raised their hands in holy horror, assumed the role of martyrs and demanded an investigation of the Presidential charge.

The country's citizenship experienced a feeling composed of one part of hilarity to another part of contempt at such manifestation of axiomatic hypocrisy on the part of their statesmen.

The investigation was ordered and is still in progress. The beet sugar lobby, the Lamar imbroglio, and now Colonel Mulhall and the Post, Kirby Jr. and Colonel Pope Manufacturers' Association have been the movies thrown upon the Congressional screen. The developments thus far have surprised no one as all have been in the direction of furnishing concrete proof of general facts before known.

In the face of these proven facts a recent statement of President Wilson's would seem to be well grounded in fact. In the last installment of his "New Freedom" the President declared: "Don't deceive yourself for a moment as to the power of the great interests which now dominate our development. They are so great it is almost an open question whether the Government of the United States can dominate them or not."

The President is wrong. It is not an open question—save to defenders of the present economic system. Socialists alone have the program by which these "great interests" can be dominated.

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A NEW SONG WANTED

A LONG time ago the poet Hood sang "The Song of the Shirt." It was admirably adapted to the time when written and has become a classic in English literature. Its words are familiar to all school children of the present, as well as to the men and women now living whose school days long since came to an end. The familiar lines run:

"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the 'Song of the Shirt:'
" 'Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw
A crust of bread—and rags,
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.' "

While this "Song of the Shirt" is still an appropriate one for the sweat shops of the larger cities, yet in the main the evolution in industry has rendered it inappropriate for modern shirt-making.

Said one of the newspapers recently: "A social reformer lately visited a shirt factory, and the foreman started a piece of cloth on the rounds

and made it come out a finished shirt in just six and one-half minutes. One machine made 16,800 buttonholes in a day, or twenty-eight in a minute. In ten hours in this shop a man can cut 250 dozen or 3000 shirts. Just seven girls worked on the shirt. All the modern contrivances now conspire against hand labor."

While a new poet is needed to sing "The Song of the Modern Shirt," it is not a machine poet. There still remains a song in modern shirtmaking for the poet who has eye to see and ear to hear.

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NO MORE VENUSES

THE nature of a rule said to have been adopted by Chicago's board of education will occasion surprise as announced by the press of that city. In startling headlines these newspapers say "Chicago schoolma'ams need no longer be Venuses to teach in the public schools." The occasion of this hilariousness is the adoption by the school board of a modification of the rule which provided that applicants for teachers' certificates must be perfect in their physical proportions in order to obtain them. It is a goodly distance from Los Angeles to Chicago, yet many residents of California have seen some of Chicago's schoolma'ams. Upon several occasions the National Educational Association has held its convention in Los Angeles. There were schoolma'ams from Chicago present. It cannot now be recalled that their superlative beauty or Venuslike proportions excited any marked comment. Indeed, it will be news in educational circles that Chicago has ever imagined her schoolma'ams Venuses. For it has been popularly supposed that the schoolma'ams of Chicago were just like the genus everywhere—just plain, ordinary, big-hearted, lovable girls of uncertain age, broad in their culture and in their sympathy, genuinely true as women, teachers and friends.

A grateful people will be glad to know that not in the schools of Chicago or anywhere else are there to be Venus schoolma'ams or any others different from the dear old kind which all know and all love.

THE MAN IN HIS WORK

THE greatest aim of parents should be to find a calling for their children that they can put into their work all that they are in mind and heart. It is not always easy to accomplish, but this goal should ever be in view. It is the best fortune that can be possessed by a man or woman to have trained ability and opportunity in a work to which can be given the utmost enthusiasm and believing energy.

The aim of intelligent society should be so to adjust its activities and the preparation of its youth that native talent may find the best expression. Labor, when adapted to tastes and prepared for by intelligent understanding, is a pleasure rather than a burden. It is only work of this sort, into which the man may throw his whole soul, that counts for permanence and perfect results.

For many years this ideal appealed to those attracted to a few arts and some professions, but did not seem to have any relation to manual occupations. The movement among educators and other advanced workers, for an increased interest in manual arts, during recent years, has been leading large numbers to see that in almost any department of productive work there may be the same life-absorbing interest and high purpose that dignifies the noblest possible callings.

The time will come when it will be deemed the glory of human society to open the way for every child into the form of service to mankind for which it is best fitted, and thus secure full expression of true nature in freedom and joy.

Even now no one should be content to be a drudge, if it is in any degree possible to lift the task assumed or assigned to him into nobility by enthusiasm, high purpose and the artist's joy in work for the work's sake.

Kipling some time ago, before he put his energy into trying to idealize imperial blood and glory, gave beautiful utterance to this attitude:

"Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
Balking the end half won for an instant dole of praise.
Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men."

THE CHURCH IS ASLEEP

LAST week there were thousands of delegates from all over the nation in Los Angeles in attendance at the national convention of the Society for Christian Endeavor.

A week or more was devoted to the program marked out, yet not in the entire program was there more than passing reference to social and industrial conditions. The newspapers reported a discussion of the white slave traffic in which it was contended that this enormous evil steadily growing was due for the most part to moral weakness on the part of men and women.

And this in face of the fact that every public or private investigation from John D. Rockefeller Jr.'s private commission to those carried on by the legislatures of Illinois and Missouri have reported that an insufficient wage is for the most part the prolific cause of this horrible social scourge.

In another coast city—Seattle—during the same week, Rev. A. J. McKelway, secretary for the Southern states of the National Child Labor Association, in preaching the annual sermon to the conference charged the church with being slothful and the ministers with indolence in not investigating industrial conditions. Society has the right to expect that the church shall be the ethical scout in all matters pertaining to social welfare and human progress, was the asertion of this minister.

Instead of considering these questions the Christian Endeavorers were content to listen to the diatribes and slang of Billy Sunday. How long, oh Lord, how long!

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WHAT A BLUSH IS

OURS is an age of analysis. The hand of man is laid ruthlessly upon the finer feelings and emotions of the human heart, regardless of sentiment, and these are subjected as far as may be to rigid scientific analysis.

It were bad enough to analyze the bloom of a peach or the delicate coloring of a pear, but when it comes to the pink of a baby's cheeks, the delicate mingling of pink and red in a maiden's blush, the indescribable but gloriously beautiful color with which the love of her offspring tints the face of a mother, it seems little short of sacrilege to lay bare with the surgeon's knife and scalpel, or trace in scientific terms the minutiae of the modus operandi by which these are produced.

Yet here is the scientific definition of a blush:

"The capillaries or small blood vessels that connect the arteries and veins in the body, form, particularly over the cheeks, a network so fine that it is necessary to employ a microscope to distinguish them. Ordinarily the blood passes through these vessels in normal volumes, leaving only the natural complexion. But when some sudden emotion takes possession of the heart, its action increases and an electric thrill instantly leaps to the cheeks. This thrill is nothing more than the rush of blood through the invisible capillaries; the color is nothing more than the blood just beneath the delicate surface of the skin."

It is things like these which make one long for a return to the days when the smile of a sleeping babe was regarded as its answering smile to the smiles of the angels which guarded its sleeping; when the blush on a maiden's cheek was thought to be a reflection from the face of the goddess of innocence, the guardian angel of maidenhood; when the soft, holy radiance in a mother's face was said to be an expression of that divinity which was ever the accompaniment of motherhood.

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GOLDEN RULE IN PRACTICE

READERS of Lowell's poem will recall how when Sir Launfal set out on his pilgrimage he scornfully flung his alms to the beggar at the gate and how upon his return he came feeling that alms are of no avail to the giver save when prompted by a deep sense of fellowship and equality with him to whom they are given.

If the giver would be quite willing to exchange places with the recipient should circumstances require, and if he would then be satisfied with both the aid and the spirit in which it were offered, he may rest assured that in giving

his alms or rendering his service he is observing the spirit as well as the letter of the Golden Rule. To accept the Golden Rule as an ideal for regulating human conduct should mean that whatsoever ye would do for others ye should be willing that others should do for you.

There are far too many Sir Launfals, ready to help at long range with conscious or unconscious disdain. These need the experience of the mythical hero to discover that assistance is worthless and all charity a mockery which does not spring from good will and brotherliness. If the position taken by many relative to the unworthiness of those to whom they give their charities be correct, what satisfaction can they take in the good they are able to do? How can the pride which contends that no one can accept charity and preserve self-respect dream of accomplishing good in its charities?

The spirit which fosters such a pride is the same spirit which places a few favored ones of earth on a pedestal while regarding a large part of humanity as inferior, as made of a somewhat different and an inferior quality of clay from the favored ones of earth, so that to them may be doled out bounty which these superior beings would spurn. The Pharisees are not all dead, but it is time they were. It is time that snobbishness saw itself as it really is and tried to find the simple pattern of democracy and equality. The Golden Rule, if true at all, is as true read backward as forward. Whatsoever of good you would do for men be willing that they should do for you.

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INTERFERING WITH BUSINESS

CALIFORNIA now has measures soon to become laws providing for an eight-hour day for women; conserving the water power of the state to the people; giving workingmen compensation and accident insurance; against renting property for purposes of prostitution and a blue sky law for corporations.

Under the auspices of Big Business the referendum is being invoked against these laws enacted by the last legislature with the probability that none of them can go into effect until after they have been passed upon by popular vote.

"Unwarranted interference with private business' is the claim made by the interests against these laws. It is not urged that these measures are not in the interests of the people. The issue then is between private and public business, between the people and the interests.

Legislation may rest on the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number, so long as there is no interference with private business. This is the issue today in city, state and nation.

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THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

MAN is a strange animal. Most men will declare that women are nervous; that they constantly worry over trifles; they are so easily disturbed; are not philosophical. "If only Mary would not be so easily disturbed by her daily affairs life would be so much easier for her, for the children and myself," has a familiar sound, has it not? Of course you have heard it before; who has not? "Mary is just a bundle of nerves. I have never yet known that I had a nerve in my body." These and kindred expressions one hears often from the masculine half of humanity.

But watch this strong, virile man who is not conscious of the possession of nerves when Mary or one of the children is suddenly afflicted with some trifling ailment. Watch his down-sitting and his uprising until the doctor has been summoned and the case has been diagnosed. Mary is cheerful, calm and philosophical. She, if it is one of the children who is sick, goes quietly about her duties, applying simple remedies and calming the irritable child, her calm, even tones soothing the excited nerves of her husband. The philosophy of the household is in the care and keeping of the wife and mother now.

What a big bluffer a man is, anyhow? He is neither as brave, as wise nor as practical as he says he is—and he knows it. He knows that in all the serious troubles and trials of life his wife is the rock under his feet, his place of refuge, his shield and counsel. Yes, he knows it. But how few men even admit it to other than themselves!

PLAYS, PLAYERS & PLAYWRIGHTS

By MILLA TUPPER MAYNARD

A STRANGE CONGLOMERATE

The drama is a fad so absorbing nowadays that almost anything will receive attention that is turned out in drama form. A new play which is receiving much attention is so fantastic and unprecedented that one wonders at first if the authors are not making game of a gullible and drama-mad public.

"The Yellow Jacket" is a creation which resembles nothing heretofore seen in heaven above or earth beneath. It was written by two men, George C. Hazelfon and J. Benrimo and published by Bobbs Merrill & Co.

It has been played successfully in New York and recently in Los Angeles it was "bulletined" by the local Drama League.

All the high-brow critics say it is quite the proper thing so I have dutifully tried to find the beauties and the interest it is said to possess and I have found them without a doubt but I confess that on my own responsibility I should hardly have dared to say it was worth while.

It is a conglomerate based on Chinese ideas, and methods. This would be quite understandable and desirable, but instead of taking the Chinese methods seriously, they are turned into comedy. The Chinese have better imaginations than we and instead of having realistic scenery with horses brought on the stage and other thrilling marvels, they let a stick serve as a horse and wheels for a carriage. In this play, however, the property man who manipulates the meager properties is chief comedian and turns the proceedings into farce. It is certainly funny to have the man who has fallen dead have to wait to hurry the property man before he can lie down on the appropriate wooden pillow for the restful moment before he climbs the ladder to heaven, but it does not seem quite true to the Chinese method.

Everywhere the child methods are mingled with deliberate comedy and lines of exquisite sentiment are voiced under farcical conditions. That it is enjoyable is undeniable and probably the authors knew that they could not give us Chinese atmosphere without giving us at the same time the kind of humor we could appreciate. A unique feature of the play is a "chorus"—a lone man who comes before the curtain to explain matters and sits in majestic dignity through all scenes, ready to explain whatever is not intelligible. He expresses a paternal interest in the actors and does not allow them to appear in answer to applause lest it make them too complaisant. This is not Chinese. It is just itself and altogether charming. Certainly when such a medley as this can find delighted appreciation, no one need fear to be original.

ANOTHER PEACE PLAY

"In the Vanguard," by Katrina Trask, is a new play issued by The Macmillan Company. It is a direct, forceful arraignment of war as plain, unvarnished murder. An atmosphere is pictured such as was found early in the Spanish war in the most patriotic communities. A romantic heroine will not encourage the young man who loves her when he is merely a successful young lawyer. It is only when he gives up his fine prospects and enlists for the war that she admits her love for him and enters ardently into the martial preparations of the community.

The expected promotions and heroism are rapidly coming to the hero when he begins to see war as it

"TSO."
A Dainty Character in "The Yellow Jacket."

really is, demoralizing between battles and brutal slaughter during the actual fighting. He comes upon a dying man from the enemy's ranks after an engagement. This man has with his dying eyes begun to see, and to think straight. He shows this friend from the enemy's camp how absurd it is that having torn him to pieces, he should now try to be humane and try to make him comfortable. After it has appeared that both thought they were fighting for a principle, the wounded man says: "There you go. Don't you see we can't both be right—we can't both be working for a true principle—it's tommyrot. You kill me for righteousness and I kill you for righteousness—don't you see it's silly? Don't you see that the only thing which might justify murder, becomes its condemnation? If you and I each honestly thought we were morally

The Woman's View

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

Oh, Free Human Heart, wherever you may be! I speak to you.

I am the Spirit of Independent Womanhood, sorely grieved and utterly lonely.

Far and wide I traverse the Earth, searching for fellowship; down broad boulevards of great cities and through murky, narrow alleys; in the happy sunlight of midday and in the foreboding silence of midnight; over snowy heights and boundless plains; along sandy, windswept beaches and by firesides blessed with laughing children. And always I am lonely—utterly lonely.

Though I knock alike at the doors of the miserable and the merry; the farmer and the factory hand; the merchant and the mendicant; though I call alike to old women and young women, to plutocracy and poverty, it is seldom that I am heard. Sometimes a woman or a man faintly hears my summons and opens the door, only to gaze about with vague, unseeing eyes. Then rarely, oh so rarely, my knock is heard by tense listeners, the door is eagerly thrown open, I am seen and wise hearts follow my bidding.

But for the most part, I am lonely—utterly lonely.

* * *

Yet I have not always been a Stranger at the Gates. Listen!

Once I was known and loved in this America from the adobe pueblos of New Mexico to the wigwam villages of the Columbia. Aye, even to the banks of the mighty Yukon. Then my abode was with the Indian women; the women who were brave, wise, and FREE, because they fed, clothed and sheltered their people.

In my lone wanderings recollections come to me of that time.

Listen, my Comrade, wherever you are, and I will tell you of those days. I had visionings of them but a short hour ago.

* * *

From the calm height of a California mountain I looked again upon a cluster of wigwams in a clearing below. I saw the women hoeing maize and grinding meal that they might bake cakes for their children; saw them weaving baskets with swift, ingenious fingers; saw rugs of amazing colors and pottery of artistic design with which their industry had enriched the tribe. Looking again, I saw a group of maidens beading moccasins, humming songs the while. Others were making garments to protect the warriors from wet and cold when on the hunt. In the distance, echoing through the big timber, I heard the sound of axes and the music of voices as the tribal mothers cut poles for new wigwams.

Everywhere were the evidences of women's labor—arduous labor, it is true, but not degrading because it was not slave labor. It was joyous labor because it was willing and creative.

Later there was a council gathering at which sat women as well as men. And I heard that the women spoke firmly, wisely. They guarded the children well. They took precautions that there should be no poverty in the tribe. None were more alert than they in demanding efficiency and honesty from those in the high places. Masters of their own time and labor, except for the ruling of an unconquered Nature, these women guided the tribe with hand and mind, protecting the liberties of each and all.

As I watched, the gloaming fell upon the wilderness and camp fires sprang up here and there like glow worms. Then from the depths of the forest, as though having awaited the signal of the firelight, came the carressing notes of a warrior's love song, drifting through the leafy isles on the wings of the night breezes. I remembered that he sought a free maiden and that he sought her fairly, so I was happy.

* * *

But while I stood there on the hill-top, the vision vanished, and instead of the pure notes of the lover's song I heard the discordant voice of a policeman. I awoke to find myself in an ugly alley, with the evidence of a common, sordid tragedy before me—a girl of the streets, a flashily dressed man, and an officer.

From that moment I have felt more keenly than usual the stings of the man-governed world which has superseded that simple Indian life. It has made me des-

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right, then it was a case for arbitration not for murder. The battle in which this man has been killed was one which had given Phillip the expected opportunity for distinguishing himself. The general tells him he fought like a tiger and tries to make him a captain. He refuses the commission and thereafter will only carry the colors, not pull a trigger. The author kindly supplies him with an exceptional superior officer or poor Phillips resolution would have cost him more than they did. As it was, public opinion brought him martyrdom enough. His fellow soldiers scorned him and at home he was regarded as a disgrace to the community. Phillip writes Elsa of his new convictions but has not heard from her when he returns home to meet cold shoulders. Even in his own home, he is made to feel an outcast. Then Elsa appears full of sympathy and understanding. She has been educated during his absence by a Tolstoi disciple and so is able to see her lover's position. This teacher is a rich man who can supply Phillip with the necessary "job" and all live happy ever after.

The play is not too "preachy." It has much of action and seems to me well adapted to amateur presentation. Most of it happens out of doors and all of it could be given in pastoral fashion. For the benefit of those looking for plays for amateurs let me say: The book costs $1.25. It is not copyrighted except in the ordinary book fashion. Sudden death is not threatened against such as shall dare to read aloud the creation except behind closed doors, as is true of many recent plays.

Any number of young girls can be used but only two or three have lines of any length. Five or six fairly strong men are required. There is provision for a dance on the village green which can be made elaborate if desired or omitted altogether.

olate, that sharp contrast. It has made me call for you, Lover of True Womanhood, whoever you may be.

Gliding through the streets, alone and unseen, I see humanity without the muffling clothes of hypocrisy. I see that the crude tools and wigwam workshops are displaced by never sleeping factories and marvelously productive machines. But I know that the crude tools belonged to the entire tribe and were used to serve everyone, whereas the machines are in the possession of a few and are used as a hunger-lash to whip over the heads of the many. I see that where women once labored to serve the tribe, men now labor to create profit. Because of these things, I see society divided into bitterly antagonistic classes, waging a war that holds nothing sacred; neither the honor of a man, the strength of a woman, nor the youth of a child; a war which makes of the dispossessed a class of slaves and of the possessors a class of tyrants.

* * *

And the women—who long ago were the peace-keepers, the guardians of the tribal property, the home builders, the laborers!

The chains of dependence hang heavily upon them and they hug their chains. The officials in the high places exploit the common weal and they say, "It is not our affair. Our work is in the home." Profit mongers criminally poison the food of the nation and again they say, "Our jurisdiction extends only over the home." Their clothes are dyed with the blood of childish fingers, but they say, "They are not our children." The work of the world—their work—has become complex. It has departed from the home for the factory, the store, the restaurant, the laundry, the office, the school, the legislature, but they make small effort to follow it. Once they rendered large service to a large group. Now they render petty service to a petty group.

But I am not discouraged. I appeal to all alike; to those whom a heavy servitude has crushed; to those whom rose chains have intoxicated; to the foolish who turn away; to the dastardly who revile me; to the timid who fear me; to the parasites who hate me. And I say to you, though they now turn away, the time is not far off when they will eagerly respond.

There will come a time when timid womanhood will see the strugglings of the babes in the mart and find timidity irksome; when parasitical womanhood will hear the cries and curses of the downtrodden and find parasitism loathsome; when foolish womanhood will shatter its bonds and bear again with men the burden of responsibility for social welfare.

* * *

When that time arrives the pain of the Present will be forgotten and the freedom of the Past will be outdone by the happy fellowship of the future. Although humanity was free from the tyranny of its own kind during matriachal times, it was the slave of precarious Nature. Though women were independent of men, they were not the comrades of men. Though the tribe owned the tools, they were poor instruments, necessitating much drudgery.

In the dimly outlined Future there will be neither slavery to man nor to Nature. There will be neither class dominance nor sex dominance. Men and women will labor together in the world; not women alone as heretofore, or men alone as now, but both together in a universal comradship.

When that time arrives, I will come to my own.

But at present I wait and am lonely—utterly lonely.

IN FUNNYLAND

A LEGAL MATTER

A woman walked into the office of the courtroom one busy day and, addressing the judge, said:

"Are you the Reprobate judge?"

"I am the Probate judge, madam."

"That's what I mean," she continued. "You see, I have come to you because I am in trouble. My husband was studying to be a minister at a logical seminary and he died detested and left me three little infidels, and I have come to you to be appointed their executioner."

* * *

WELL QUALIFIED

"You are the proprietor and a pharmacist of the first class?"

"Yes, madam."

"And you know your business well?"

"From the foundation."

"That is well. Give me two cents' worth of gum drops."—Le Rire.

* * *

Griggs—Your wife no longer objects to your staying out nights. How did you manage it?

Briggs—I began smoking in the house the cigars she bought to keep me at home.

* * *

"How's your husband this morning, Mrs. Finnigan?"

"Oh, he's very poorly, yer riverence! And it's a mighty expensive disease he's got. The docthor says I've to kape him in good spirits."

* * *

Gillet—I managed to say just the right thing to old Pessimist on the anniversary of his birth.

Perry—What was that?

Gillet—Wished him many unhappy returns of the day.

* * *

"What are your views on the great public problems?"

"I haven't any views on public problems," replied the man whose interests are under investigation. "I'm one of them myself."

* * *

TECHNICALLY SPEAKING

They were speaking of the extremes to which trustification might go.

"Moonlight by meter will be the next thing," declared the pessimistic one.

"It'll be meet meet 'er by moonlight instead," retorted the gay one as a bit of white fluff loomed through the haze.

* * *

"Brown's a lucky dog." "What's he been doing now?" "You know that $1000 he inherited a year ago?" "Yes." "Well, he still has it."

IN THE CALCIUM GLOW

Visitors coming to California from other sections of the country frequently remark upon the number of remarkable women found here. The breadth, culture, resourcefulness and variety in interest of our women have already occasioned national comment and their fame is rapidly becoming international.

The Socialist party has the proud distinction of claiming as its own many in this "advancing margin" of womanhood. These are not "new women" in the ordinary sense of that hackneyed term. They are women who through the many activities of all kinds now open to the women of the state have availed themselves of the opportunity thus offered to secure an all round development in striking contrast with that one-sided development which has been the lot of women in earlier generations and which still obtains in some of the less progressive older sections of the country.

Among the women of whom the Socialist party has the right to be proud is one who, although she is a party member, is not as well-known inside as outside the party. Margaret E. More is a teacher of history in the Sonoma High School and a member at large in the Socialist party.

Some months since the San Francisco Bulletin published an article from her pen entitled "The Heart of the Woman Question." Last week at Berkeley at the annual State Teachers' Convention she gave another paper on "History in the Making of the Citizen."

Some pregnant excerpts from these two addresses together with an excellent portrait of their author are here given.

"Prof. H. Morse Stephens says that every age must write its own history. Every age must employ its own historical interpretation. Whether it must or not, the truth remains that it does. Each age has its own particular perspective. We are interpreting history today through the medium of economics. Not heroes, but vast popular under-currents constitute history for us. It is particularly fitting that we should do this. We are truly living in an industrial age, the great events are moving around the creation of things. To join oceans, to make gardens of the arid deserts, to pierce the earth to incredible depths—there are the great events of our time.

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"The one great Democrat of the early period of our national life gave the best test of good government that was ever uttered. Jefferson said: "This is the sum of good government, it shall restrain men from injuring one another, and it shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned."

Not to take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. History records governments that have concerned themselves with that principally. The world is awakening to this fact. No teacher is alive who is not familiar with the exploitation of labor and can watch it going on down through the ages. The child sees in ancient history men enslaving other men by the ownership of their bodies. This form of slavery ends. A new government arises. This government gave men the right to their own bodies, but enslaved them just as surely by means of the possession of the land upon which they must live. The sway of the feudal baron was broken. Men came to get their living elsewhere than upon the land, by trade and commerce in the cities. Hence the child has two phases of exploitation. What do they mean to him? Nothing unless he knows that the third chapter in this cycle is today being written. Namely, the overthrow of industrial feudalism.

In the midst of great accomplishment the world is nearing a crisis. The air is vibrant with it. The old master-slave economy gave way to feudalism, this feudal land nexus between man and man was replaced by a more varied property relation which we have come to call capitalism. Today capitalism is crumbling to give way to something else. What this change is going to bring remains to be seen, but that it is approaching every teacher of history must realize and prepare the future electorate to meet it.

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When woman's employment in the home slipped away what did she do? The only thing she could do—she followed her work into the factory, the packing house, the department store, wherever her toil had gone before her; the home stands idle—a place of respite perhaps, a social unit, but its industry is gone forever. Woman toils the same except for this difference, this tremendous difference, her father or husband is no longer her employer. She has become an economic entity. The wage she receives comes to her hand directly from her employer, between whom and herself the sole nexus is an economic one. The wage is hers, hers to keep, to spend, hers by every law of possession. It was a stupendous occasion when woman found this stranger employer. For the first time in the course of the race, she became a separate economic entity. Out of this arose the cry for the ballot. Economic importance always demands political recognition.

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There is another woman not peculiar to our age, but existing in all ages—"the woman stoned." We are only beginning to speak of her. She differs among us in number only, being in far greater proportion than ever before. She has borne all the burden of her sin instead of half of it; she was brought alone to the stoning while her compeer went scot free. And she never disputed you. And you went on your way thinking your God marked the sparrow's fall and took no heed of hers. But her vengeance came and continued sure and awful. She says nothing, but she sends your children to asylums for the blind; she corrupts your son; she creates a demand for her kind to supply which your daughter is abducted in a diabolical traffic; she incapacitates your husband for fatherhood! she sends you through his agency to the operating table. By the argument of deeds she has changed your over nice notions and by the logic of science she has proven her sisterhood. You are finding out illuminating facts in her favor; that she is there mainly because she is poor; that in the alternative of sin or starvation she has chosen to live. And the answer to her problem? Not that despairing cry of "A million years before she can be removed." Let us rather set about making it possible for her to earn a living wage and something above that to satisfy her normal craving for feminine vanities.

BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

THE POET-LAUREATE

Once upon a time there lived a good, old king—there! I've done it! After fasting and prayer, I open this "piece for the paper" as did the old-fashioned story writers. Well, this king sat on the British throne; he was James I. Along with a wife and a host of worries, he had a court jester, whose business it was to make the king laugh in a most hilarious manner, for this king would be a jovial, merry old soul. But, this king had an inordinate fondness for rhymes, so, he did something revolutionary—he gave Great Britain a new institution, the Right Honourable Ancient Order of Poet-laureates. Ben Johnson was the first poet-laureate and he received the munificent salary of thirty dollars a month. Many poet-laureates have come and gone, but the thirty-dollar salary is still here. The jestership went to decay with the Stuarts, but the poet-laureateship survives even to this day.

Poet-laureates, like jesters, are expected to make the king feel good. Thus, when the king's birthday comes around, the poet-laureate is expected to write a magnificent poem memorializing this momentous happening. Should the dear, old king happen to sneeze, the poet-laureate must rush to his quill and dash off something pregnant with touching pathos. For this, he gets thirty dollars a month and the privilege of eating with the Chancellor of Something-or-Other on divers dignified occasions.

It may surprise the reader to learn that quite a number of rhymsters have held down the laureateship since the days of James I. And a glance at the names convinces one that kings are not good judges of poetry. We have little fellows writing verses in popular magazines who have done better work than the majority of the poet-laureates. Take some of the laureates: Whitehead, Scogon, Pye, Ensden and Kay—ever hear of them? They were poet-laureates! They are the gentlemen who drew the thirty-dollar salaries. They did not set the world on fire. Expected to writes odes to the odors of a disgusting, decaying state, their verses were, to put it lightly, quite smelly.

On June 2, Alfred Austin died at Kent. Seventy-seven years old, he succumbed to senility. Of course, his verses had always been senile, but that is beside the question. He, like most of the laureates, made no impression on literature. The greatest use ever made of the laureates was to enable self-appointed critics to quarrel over a successor. Thus, ten minutes after Austin went across the border, all England was in a fierce polemic.

Austin, be it known, was a satisfactory laureate. When the Duke of Clarence suffered influenza, Mr. Austin odefied as follows:

"Along the wire the electric message came,
'He is not better; he is much the same!'"

This, for all time, ought to convince the skeptical that Mr. Austin really earned his princely salary of thirty dollars a month. His poetry was like a water-color—with plenty of emphasis on the water. His name will nestle close to the other laureates—Whitehead, Scogon, Pye, Ensden and Kay—and stay there. Critics persist in the sneering remark that he was made poet-laureate not because he was a great poet but because he had succeeded in failing to do lots of sinful things. His virtues were in omission rather than in deed. He was a lawyer, critic, politician, novelist and war correspondent. His friends, who loved poetry and knew him to be the worst laureate in history, defended him by saying he was a splendid lawyer. Lawyers looked on him as a fine critic. Critics were fond of his war correspondence. War correspondents admired his novels. His friends showed their love for him by ignoring his poetry, as did the discriminating public. They knew that when he aspired for the sublime peaks he could go no farther than to lash himself to a chimney.

It is a sad commentary on Alfred Austin when one considers that his death has caused persons of critical tastes to ask that laureates be tabooed. It has been charged that poet-laureates, like jesters, are useless and obsolete. That is a disturbing allegation. It has been contended that Premier Asquith (who is in charge of the poet-laureate business) should not retain a poet to take the late Austin's place. That is an anarchistic doctrine. Just because a thing is an anachronism it does not follow that it should not be perpetuated. A king, it is generally agreed, is a mere ornament, but that does not mean he should be forced to abdicate. Such Socialistic ideas should be knocked on the head.

England must have a poet-laureate. That is self-evident. Who shall it be? The list of poets is not meagre and includes Rudyard Kipling, William Watson, John Masefield, Alfred Noyes, Thomas Hardy, William Butler Yeats, Alice Meynell, Stephen Phillips and John Henry Newbolt.

Kipling, it is argued, is not in favor with the royal family, for he is said to have offended Victoria in his "Barrack Room Ballads," calling her "the widow of Windsor" and adding

"with an 'airy grey crown to 'er 'ead."

In addition, Kipling is known to have little regard for women. This, in the mind of Premier Asquith, is a serious fault. Asquith shows his regard for women by not permitting suffragists to starve, using tender and loving methods when forcing them to eat.

William Watson, unfortunately, has written some radical poems. This is a difficult handicap. He wrote a poem about Mrs. Asquith, calling her "The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue." So it appears as though he won't get the thirty-dollar job.

William Butler Yeats, the Mystic Celt, will not be retained as poet-laureate. The reason is not hard to find: he is Irish. We could as easily have a Japanese policeman in California as have an Irish poet-laureate in England.

Alice Meynell has been mentioned. Alice! That name brings a picture of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst into my mind. Alice! Never! Not so long as there is danger of being converted to the camp of the Militant

Suffragists. Imagine a poet-laureate degenerating so low as to sing:

"Lily smashed the royal gems,
And drowned the keeper in the Thames.
What does this girlish prank denote?
O, just that Lily wants to vote."

Thomas Hardy is looked upon as harmless. He is very, very old and rarely writes poetry. He stands a good chance.

Alfred Noyes is conservative and patriotic. He believes a Britisher can do no wrong. For that reason, he may get the thirty-dollar job. The only obstacle is his youth. There is danger that he may develop into a great poet with social spirit and enthusiasm. Asquith does not believe in taking chances, so Noyes may not get the thirty-dollar job.

John Masefield, an English journalist says, would have to "tone down considerably" before he could even be considered. Imagine Masefield toning down! Imagine him writing an ode to the King's garter!

In John Masefield's "The Everlasting Mercy," Saul Kane meets the "old parson, red-eyed as a ferret," and after telling him

"The English Church both is and was
A subsidy of Caiaphas,"

delivers himself of the following scorching attack:

"You let him give the man who digs,
A filthy hut unfit for pigs,
Without a well, without a drain,
With mossy thatch that lets in rain,
Without a 'lotment, 'less he rent it,
And never meat, unless he scent it,
But weekly doles of 'eleven shilling
To make a grown man strong and willing,
To do the hardest work on earth
And feed his wife when she gives birth,
And feed his little children's bones.
I tell you, man, the Devil groans.
With all your main and all your might
You back what is against what's right;
You let the Squire do things like these,
You back him in't and give him ease,
You take his hand, and drink his wine,
And he's a hog, but you're a swine."

Yes, "toning down" John Masefield would be as easy a task as "toning down" dear, old "Mother" Jones to enable her to become the Second Lady-in-Waiting to Her Majesty, the queen of the United Kingdom!

I feel that I have wasted altogether too much time in discussing candidates for a thirty-dollar job. This magazine is published by persons of Socialist ideals who believe in the principles of unionism and who are opposed to open-shop salaries. They would much prefer to have me discuss plans towards unionizing poet-laureates so that they will not be forced to slave away at starvation wages writing odes to the King's kitten. Who knows but that they are right! Who knows but that my efforts might be crowned with success! Then, the poet-laureate would go on strike three days prior to the King's birthday, and there would be no ode.

Or if, by some incomprehensible turn of the wheel of fate, the laureate were to become an I. W. W., he might become converted to the perfidious, mendacious and meretricious doctrine of sabotage. Then, he might make King George rhyme with rage. He might, in accordance with the philosophy of Arturo Giovannitti, Andre Tridon, William D. Haywood or Emile Pouget, cut here and there a few feet from his verses. Sabotage, used by a poet-laureate, might bring a thousand a month instead of a paltry thirty dollars.

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The above was written about one week after the death of Sir Alfred Austin. And now, just as this magazine is getting ready to go to press, comes the report that Robert Bridges, a retired London hospital physician, 69 years old, has been named as poet-laureate. I know only two or three of his poems and think they are not worth discussing. The thing that grieves me is that my article is "spoiled."

Two Bills of Fare

(Continued from page 165.)

standards for themselves is found on another page of the same papers that printed Mrs. Cooley's report. There is another bill of fare—this latter one not recommended to working people so it is doubtless kept for those who do not work. One day's menu is as follows:

SUNDAY BREAKFAST
Strawberries — Oatmeal jelly and cream
Tom Thumb baked omelets
Batter Bread — Coffee

LUNCHEON
Cold corn beef, sliced
Saratoga chips — Buttered toast
Orange layer cake — Iced tea

DINNER
Split pea soup (stock from corn beef)
Roast chickens — Boiled rice — Green peas
Raspberry ice cream
Cake — Coffee

The corresponding one for working folks is:

SUNDAY BREAKFAST
Nothing

LUNCH
1 cup of cocoa
2 slices whole wheat bread

DINNER
1 boiled potato
Five cents' worth baked beans

How do you like it? How do you like to see the idle exploiters flaunt their good living while at the same time they urge on you and on your children a diet that is sure to cause a physical and possibly even a moral breakdown?

The food which we eat forms the energy of our bodies—food together with the oxygen is the power that makes the engine of the body go. Never give up. Demand good, wholesome food and fresh air. If necessary fight for these things for if we do not die for them, we will certainly die without them.

OUR LANGUAGE

Oh, the copper on the beat is no coin,
And his star doesn't shine from aloft;
His billy never says a single word,
He doesn't pinch his job, though its soft;
He pounds his beat all day and never hurts,
His round is often square, so they say;
Think these things are funny? Never mind!
Its our way of talking; just our way!

"THE MARCH TO JAIL." KIRK AND McKEE SECOND AND THIRD FIGURES FROM LEFT.

FROM BEHIND JAIL BARS

An interview with E. E. Kirk and Harry M. McKee follows. These are the Socialist attorneys of San Diego who were convicted and sent to jail for "conspiracy to violate the anti-street-speaking ordinance." Their offense was that they spoke on the street at the beginning of the Free Speech fight, which eternally disgraced the business element of San Diego a year ago. The sentences of Kirk and McKee are six months and three months respectively. At the expiration of these sentences, there is a fine of $300 each, which must be paid or they stay in jail 150 days longer. The cases were appealed to the Supreme Court. The convictions were upheld.

As it is almost impossible to see and talk to these men, Mr. Kirk has interviewed Mr. McKee and then himself for The Western Comrade.

By E. E. Kirk

HARRY McKEE sat on a folding chair, reading, his feet on the third step on an iron stairway, when I asked him, "Say, old man, how shall I say you like jail life?"

Down came both feet. "Just say I don't like it," said McKee emphatically. "I don't imagine any man would like it. Then, the absurdity of putting men in jail! We two, for instance. As though jail would make us less radical, or would make us love the capitalist regime more. The only saving clause for me is that I'm getting rested, for the first time in my life."

"Why, Mr. McKee," I said. "You don't mean to say this is your first time in jail?"

"Yes, it is," replied Harry M. "That is, in a real jail, for a definite time. I was arrested in 1906, in Council Bluffs, Iowa. The chief of police honored me by taking my arm all the way to the station. I had read the Declaration of Independence on the street. That was only for a couple of hours, though, and the case was laughed out of court. I have been in the Socialist Party for fourteen years, too, so that's a pretty good record."

"And since that Council Bluffs affair, you've kept out of jail, have you?"

"Yes, sir, until February, 1912. That is when you, darn you, were one of the 38 others arrested with me; then we all laid in the city jail for twenty hours."

"All right. Now tell about your jail life. What do you do, and what is done to you all day?"

"That's easy, for we've had the one routine since June 30. There are two meals, one at eight-thirty in the morning, and the other at four in the afternoon. For the first meal there is mush, alleged coffee, unsweetened, and a piece of uncut bread. The whole is encased in a deep bread pan and shoved along the floor. The second meal is either beans or stew, a tin cup of tea, escorted by bread, all in the never-to-be-forgotten bread pan. The food is all right, but the method of serving and its appearance knocks all its good qualities.

"We read—I'm sure the readers will know that we may have books—and we reply to letters received, conduct what's left of business by mail, and write out thoughts for future use."

"Now, Mr. McKee, you have been in San Diego a number of years, so will you tell briefly what the Free Speech fight was all about, and if it was really Free Speech that was involved, or was it an I. W. W. invasion for their propaganda?

"I certainly will," said McKee. "That's one thing that should be straightened out. The trouble began with the efforts of the Merchants' Association to make San Diego an open town. Their biggest buildings were being built with non-union labor. Street meetings, which had been held for years, were the best means of reaching the non-union element. The Socialists had

used these meetings every night. The Council passed an emergency ordinance; that afforded no chance for a referendum. It prohibited street speaking within the only district where one could get an audience. The Socialist local voted unanimously to oppose and test the ordinance. The Federated Trades Council also voted unanimously to support the Free Speech League, which was practically organized by the Socialists. The I. W. W. had three delegates on the executive committee of the League, out of a total of more than thirty delegates. When men went to jail to test the ordinance, there were more I. W. W.'s who made the sacrifice than others. The capitalists find it easier to discredit the Industrial Workers than the Socialists, and their papers pictured the fight as an invasion of the I. W. W. But when it came to prosecuting the cases, the facts showed up. The Socialists were prosecuted bitterly and the I. W. W.'s were given freedom on various grounds. No, it was a Free Speech fight, and I think it is a mistake for any radical to assist the capitalists in condemning a portion of the working class."

"Good, I agree with you, even if this isn't my interview," I said. "But you're not looking any too well, old man. Does the jail affect your health?"

"Yes, to some extent it does. The jail is so new that the concrete is not completely dry, and I have a constant cold. My health has been injured by the systematic campaigning for free speech during the fight; the loss of business, months of time and strain of doing all I could has hurt. Then the sight of these foolish bars and bolts is stifling. They bear down on one and smother. Not the immediate personal effect, of course, but the glaring instance they present of the cruelties and barbarities of the system. I dare say that the only radical thought that has been publicly proclaimed to the prisoners was what they heard of the speeches made by you and myself the day we held the street meeting in front of the jail before coming inside."

"What message have you for the comrades, Mr. McKee?

"Just this. It seems to me that we must, as Socialists, take warning by San Diego, and make sure that our Free Speech is not wrested from us in other places. The Socialists of California are powerful enough right now to prevent any recurrence of the San Diego methods. An initiative measure would do it. A constitutional amendment declaring that no legislative body may restrict free speech, directly or indirectly, could be had. Freedom of speech means our opportunity to carry on our work. There cannot be too much free speech. Let anyone speak their thoughts, just as they write them, and be responsible, civilly or criminally, for any damage to any person by such speaking."

(Note—This is where the writer interviews the interviewer.)

Question: "Well, Comrade Kirk, do you agree with what Mr. McKee says?"

Answer: "Not altogether; life would be too easy if I agreed with Mr. McKee. But with his details of jail life, I have to not only agree, but be present."

Q. "How do you feel about the jail conditions?

A. "The one thing that impresses me is the similarity to army life; I find that the treatment a soldier receives from the government while serving it faithfully, and the treatment accorded to a convicted prisoner, as punishment, is practically the same."

Q. "You don't mean it?"

A. "Yes, I do. I served during the war with Spain in the Twentieth Kansas (Funston's) Regiment. This body had as good or better treatment than the regulars. But in the army one gets up at a bugle blast at sunrise, whether there is any reason or not. Here we rise only for breakfast. Bars keep one in here; bayonets in the army. In each place the guards are armed. The food is much the same, yes, just about. There is not so much unpaid work in the average jail as there is in the army. And when the term of the soldier and the prisoner expire, they are each glad to quit, and swear never to do it again."

Q. "Isn't that rather hard on the soldier?"

A. "No, I don't think it is. The soldier will appreciate the comparison; every ex-soldier will recognize it. If it were investigated, the recruiting offices would be even harder worked to obtain men."

Q. "How do you like the jail?"

A. "It could be worse; generally is, I understand. But personally, I'm the healthiest of animals; just the kind that should go to jail. There is no shame attached, so my temperment doesn't suffer. Then, here's Harry M. McKee for company. That's the one bright spot. There are so many things we disagree about that we stay in every evening and argue. We play chess—but Harry wins. That's why he didn't mention it."

Q. "Didn't you count on winning on your appeals?"

A. "No, I can't say that I did. I have been in the Socialist Party for twelve years, and have seen enough to lose faith in the fairness of the courts when business men are to be favored or the working class discouraged. My opinion of the review our cases got in the higher courts is well expressed in a letter before me. It says there was only one statement and one answer possible on appeal. They were: Kirk and McKee have been convicted of conspiring to commit a misdemeanor. Here's a glorious chance to soak them. All those in favor of bumping their respective heads say Aye. Carried unanimously. Sentences affirmed."

Q. "What is your solution for free speech troubles?"

A. "First, the initiative measure proposed by McKee. Also, an increase in the red card membership of the Socialist Party. That's the answer. The organization is the thing. Let's do our fighting as an organization, choosing the ground and making the issue.

Q. "And the future, what about that?"

A. "We must cheerfully stay here until the authorities have their portion of our lives. That cannot be replaced. When we are free again, physically, we may speak in several cities of California, in response to invitations. Then we take up our daily tasks. But we'll always be for the working class from Alpha to Omega. If our stay in jail makes for propaganda, it is worth while. We are satisfied that there will always be men and women to make any sacrifice that will unite the workers for Socialism."

ON THE BIRTH OF A CHILD

By Frank Taylor

Lo—to the battle-ground of Life,
  Child, you have come, like a conquering shout,
Out of a struggle—into strife;
  Out of a darkness—into doubt.

Girt with the fragile armor of Youth,
  Child, you must ride into endless wars,
With the sword of protest, the buckler of truth,
  And a banner of love to sweep the stars. . . .

Be to the darkened world, a flame;
  Be to its unconcern a blow—
For out of its pain and tumult you came,
  And into its tumult and pain you go.

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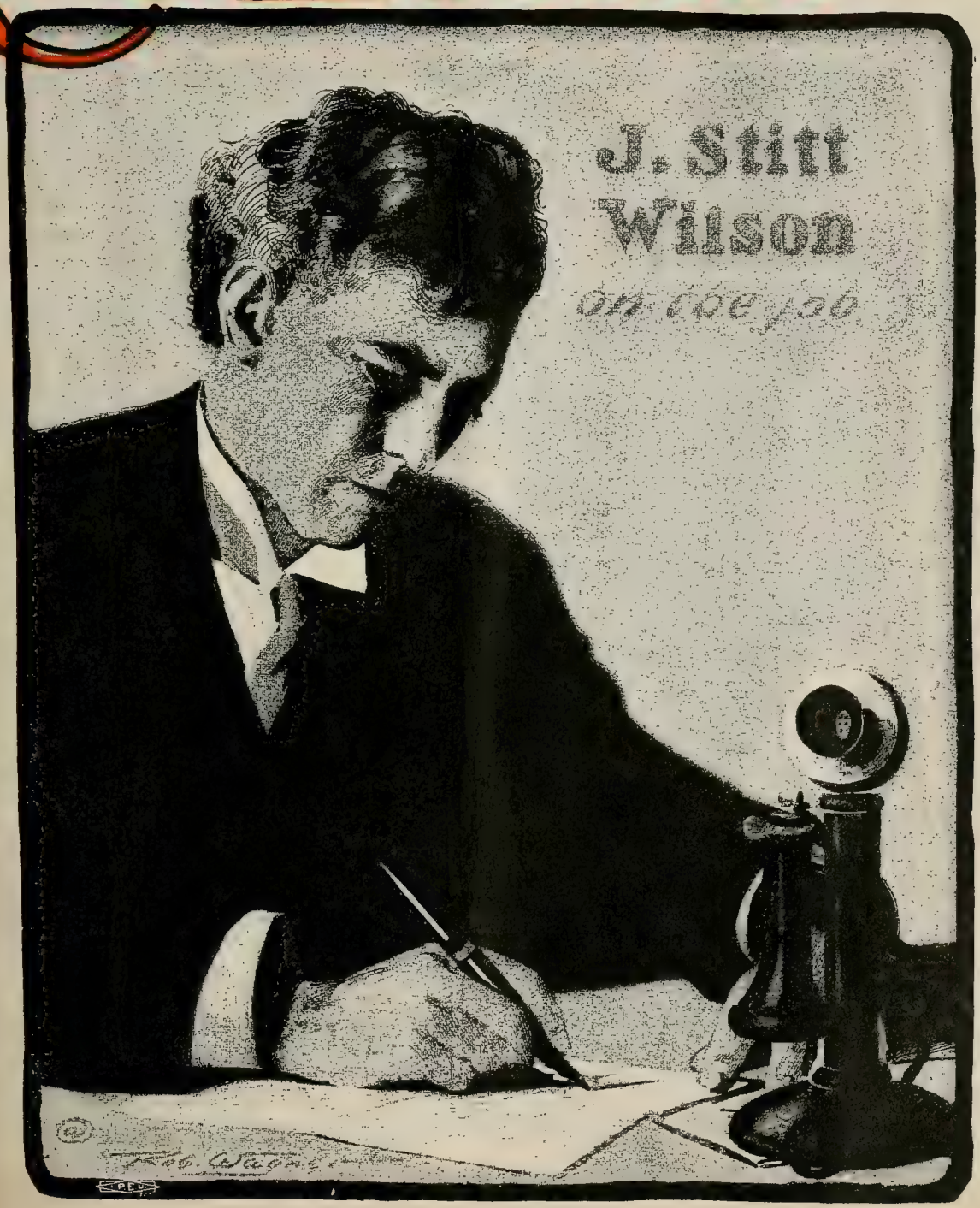
The Western Comrade



Editorial Office Chat

It is with more than the usual amount of satisfaction that we open this little talk with the friends of The Western Comrade. First of all there is a new department tucked away in the pages for you. It has been felt that there should be some means of keeping the Socialists in touch with the intercollegiate movement. The desire has been voiced many times by the readers of the magazine, and the fruit is now in the basket. This month E. E. Hitchcock bows to you as the author who will conduct the new department. This is to be one of the practical, helpful, information dissembling pages of the magazine.

* * *

Just a word here to those who ramble in the world of writer folk. The Western Comrade wants to know you and The Western Comrade readers want to know your work. If you have something that you want to give to the movement this magazine is ready to serve as the go-between.

* * *

Three beautiful photographs were published to illustrate an article about "Frank F. Stone; a Sculptor With a Message," in the August number of The Western Comrade. These photographs were taken especially for this magazine by Carl K. Broneer. Inadvertently credit was omitted last month.

* * *

Among the really big things offered by The Western Comrade in the next number will be a thorough review of the work of the Socialist Party in California. This will be written by Stanley B. Wilson, who is just completing a tour of the entire state in which he has reached every section. What he will have to say will be of intense interest to every comrade in the West. Rob Wagner, whose drawing of J. Stitt Wilson appears on the cover of this number, will write for the next Western Comrade the wonderful story of Parnassus. Parnassus is a vision that is just budding into reality. You will want to read this story—and all of the others that will come to you in the next Western Comrade.

* * *

Saving the most important matter to the last, you will now picture to yourself the interior of the sanctum wherein the business manager passes the time in strenuous pursuit of gold and silver. The business manager is saying to you that it is absolutely necessary that we have more subscriptions. He means what he is saying. He says that each subscriber should secure at least one new subscriber at once. It is absolutely necessary. The editors are giving *you* the best magazine possible. It will be made still better as it grows. You, the readers who have tested the magazine, are the ones to secure the subscribers that will mean growth and improvement. Go now, out into the green pastures—or even over the brown desert—and GET THAT ELUSIVE SUBSCRIBER!

The Western Comrade

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The Progressive WOMAN

Today is the most virile, educational, entertaining magazine in the Socialist and Suffrage movement. Full of aspiration, vim and zip. Excellent feature articles, stories and illustrations. A magazine that deals with conditions and facts from the feminist and Socialist viewpoint without gloves! Isn't that what you want? The Progressive Woman

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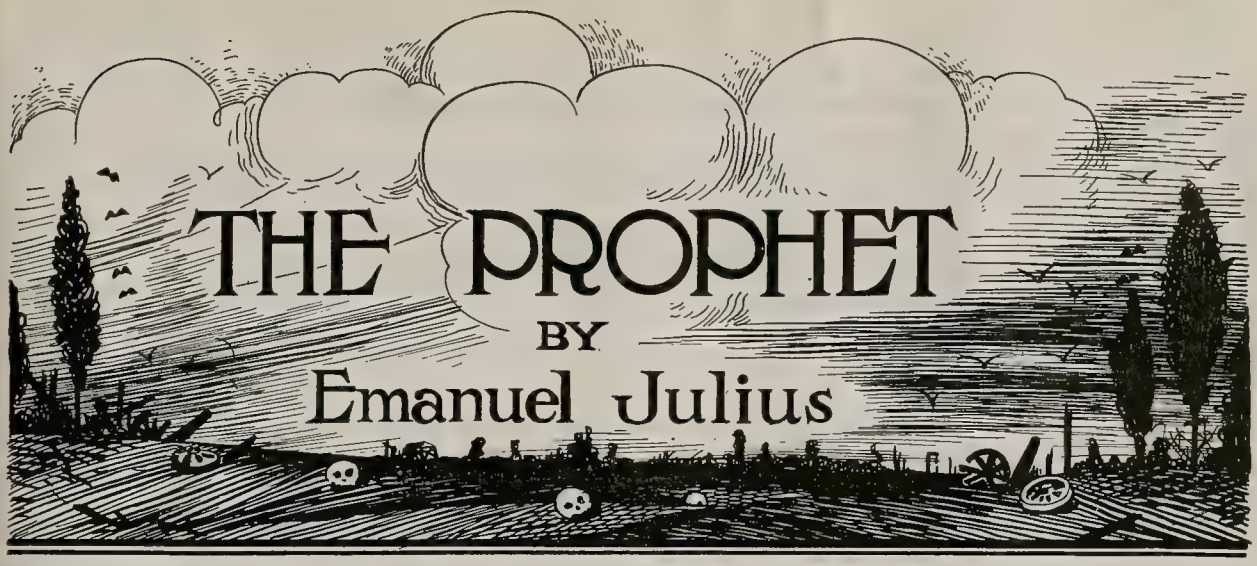

He came with a message, a beautiful vision. For a few moments, the people listened as he told how the world might take the debris of the centuries and build a beautiful palace, how the battlefields of life might be changed to gardens of love, how the thorns of existence might blossom into red roses.

One man said:

"Beautiful sentiments, indeed, but you are a hundred years ahead of your time. The future will glory in your dreams, but the present can have none of them. You were born too soon.'

This grieved the young poet. He had hoped his message would be as a spring-blessed oasis to thirsty desert-folk; so, he went away to give himself to the dreary task of changing his message, respinning his dreams, hoping thus to make himself a son of the present. At last, he returned to the people and again spoke to them. They listened attentively for a while, but seemed unimpressed.

"You are a hundred years behind the times," someone told him.

The Gun Is Not Our Weapon

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

LEAVING the moral side of the question entirely out of consideration, labor must leave the gun alone in its conflict with capital.

Economic conditions determine morals to a large extent and IF labor could reconstruct economic conditions through measures that the ruling class would consider morally wrong that would be no reason for hesitancy on the part of labor.

Purely and simply on the ground that it is bad tactics, labor MUST let guns alone!

Every time there is a bit of gun play labor loses and loses ignominiously. The Industrial Workers of the World lose some of their magnitude of name and splendor of phraseology when the forces of law and order unlimber and wheel into action.

The cold truth of the matter is that gun play doesn't pay labor and the most outstanding, big-type reason is that the other fellow packs a bigger gun, has more rounds of ammunition at his belt and more rations in his haversack.

Morality aside, the TACTICS are wrong!

Take a case in point—Wheatland. Grant—which we possibly do not—that Wheatland was a planned point of attack, that certain leaders had intended to force better conditions through violence. The smoke of the first shot had not ceased to curl sickishly away from the barrel of the ugly automatic before the telegraph wires were hot between Wheatland and SACRAMENTO!

Sacramento is the capital. From there the governor may wire to all of the armories that dot the great state. He may call for TROOPS! And the governor did call for troops and he had them at Wheatland before breakfast.

The governor said, "This foolery must stop." And it DID stop. The state packed a bigger gun by far than the starved and exploited little band of misguided zealots at Wheatland. And the troops had all of the great state to FEED them and to keep them supplied with ammunition. So, when the governor said, "There must be no more fooling," he had the power to see that no more workingmen tried to get food via the gun. He declared that he would put a stop to rioting at Wheatland if he had to call out every soldier in the state. And he HAD that power. Moreover, every other governor in every other state has that power and above all stands the president with the national army and navy at HIS command. And ALL of these officials represent THE SYSTEM. Not one represents labor. Governor Hiram Johnson of California is as close to the working class as any governor that any old party ever will elect. He is as sympathetic and has as good an understanding of labor as any governor ever will have until class conscious labor elects ITS candidates.

And the point of that is that when Governor Johnson says "foolery" and calls for the soldiers and backs up the masters with the armed power of the state, that means that EVERY governor will do the same thing. If this progressive is willing and eager to "go the limit" what would a conservative, frankly pro-capital man do? He might be more cruel, but he could not be more EFFECTIVE!

The fact is that the gun-toting working man is outnumbered, out-fed, out-classed, out-everythinged! He hasn't a chance and he never will have and the sooner certain brands of "rev-v-volutionists" discover the fact the better for those workingmen who are accustomed to taking their remedies according to somebody else's prescription, rather than from their own study.

Every clash that can be cited proves the same lesson that is taught by this pitiful, tragic little clash at Wheatland. At Wheatland a district attorney, a cruel capitalist prosecutor, a real enemy, mind you, was actually killed. A deputy sheriff and a constable also were killed and the sheriff was desperately wounded. But the STATE came to their aid and the state is as big as ALL OF US, whether we will or no.

The state is a political unit. All of us vote as to how it should be conducted. A minority of us do not like the way the ballots total up, but we cannot help that, until we can get a majority. Until then we have to pay our share toward all of the expense of the state, INCLUDING THE COST OF THE SOLDIERY THAT IS CALLED OUT IN TIME OF STRIKE! We have to do that. We have NO CHOICE! And so we DO it.

That means that when labor is battling for bread and the masters call for troops we have to help fight against ourselves—at least we have to pay the bill, which is the same thing. And how hopeless is it for a few men to arm themselves against the state, towards the armament of which ALL OF US must contribute.

The man with the gun is an outlaw and all of the forces of the law are lined up against him to capture him. He is BOUND TO BE A MINORITY! His only recourse is to become a political MAJORITY and OUTLAW the other fellow. When he becomes a political majority then control of all of the powers of the STATE pass to him and THE STATE WILL TOTE HIS GUN and enforce HIS WILL!

That is the program of labor; must be! POLITICAL SUPREMACY is the only way out, purely as a matter of tactics.

It must be admitted that shooting is a much more grave thing than voting. A man will vote right more quickly than he will shoot. And until he is capable of voting in his own interest he most assuredly is not capable of shooting in his own interest—for (and mark this well) if he DID shoot true to his interest and if he WON, had he not the sense to VOTE right in the first place he would not have sense enough to know what to do with victory if he gained it by the gun!

The capitalist is not worried through fear of what labor will do with guns, so long as the capitalist controls the state and the guns of the state, for the state has so many more guns than labor can ever hope to have. Labor can never hope to have guns enough to cope with capital in gun play, until labor has learned to vote right—and then labor will have no use for guns. Voting is so much easier and safer and more UP-TO-DATE!

Drop the foolish, nonsensical, dangerous, barbaric, unlabor-like talk of sabotage and gun play and STUDY THE USE OF THE BALLOT. Learn its power. Learn ORGANIZATION at the ballot box and learn how to USE political power after it has been gained.

A Warning

By Eleanor Wentworth

WEARYING of their game of tag in the garden, the flower-scented breeze and the saucy, golden moonbeams frolicked through the window into the room where the woman sat with her sleeping babe. They wove a charming spell around her, under whose influence she was carried far ahead in the course of years.

She saw her boy as a man. There seemed no doubt that all the wishes her mother heart had conceived for him were fulfilled. She saw him, in those years to come, a sturdy man in mind and body; loved by his fellows for his kindness and respected for his wisdom. More than this, she noted that the soft, ingenious lines about the mouth, which she had so loved in the child, were not hardened in the man and that his eyes still mirrored the frankness and idealism of youth.

A far-off, ominous murmur scattered her dream. So strange a sound was it that involuntarily she shuddered with apprehension. A lioness might feel so when scenting danger to her cubs.

The murmur became a dull, heavy roar, oppressing the night air. Closer and closer it came from beyond the distant houses, revealing itself at last as the harsh roll of a military drum, encored by the tread of legion soldiers' feet. The woman heard it coming on steadily until it was in her own street, beneath her own window. The figures of the soldiers cast uncouth, weird shadows into the room, where previously the moonbeams and the breeze alone had dared to intrude. With hideous noise the drum routed the silence even from the most secluded niches. Tramp, tramp, tramp, roll, roll, roll, the echoes reverberated, each sound cutting the woman to the quick.

Unconsciously she stepped to the window and gazed with the fascination of fear at the rhythmic step of the human automatons, whose actions and equipment were so suggestive of sinister intentions. There flew to her mind a scene of battle where this machine of men was doing its ruthless work. In one instant hearts around which mothers had woven tenderness, were overcome with the lust to kill. In a single rush beautiful bodies for which mothers had suffered and toiled, were reduced to an unsightly mass of blood and bruised flesh. The same drum marshalled the luckless ones and with fiendish arrogance beat a count of the score of human lives against the Dollars in the pockets of the Money Gods. In a last wild glance at this imagined scene of carnage, the mother saw her son's white face among the slain, the still, staring eyes revealing the fact that though they were open, they saw nothing.

In a single bound she was beside the cradle. The child was still sleeping peacefully. With a fluttering heart she contrasted the picture which the passing soldiery had aroused with the happy dreams of the future that she had entertained such a short while before.

She moved slowly from the cradle to the window and looked out into the night. The soldiers were gone, only the faintest murmur from beyond a distant hill hinting at their recent presence.

The woman was again alone with the breeze, the moonbeams, and her child. And her fear—her stalking, naked fear.

The Story of a Socialist Mayor

By J. STITT WILSON
Former Mayor of Berkeley, Cal.

"YOU are nominated for mayor. You must accept. Great chance for propaganda. Need not neglect the state at large. Answer within two days." So ran the night letter signed by H. I. Stern, which I received at Stockton on the morning of February 23, 1911.

Harriman and I were making a tour of the San Joaquin Valley on behalf of the labor bills before the legislature at that time, and against the legislation "a-la-Mulhall" which was pending.

I had lived in Berkeley nine years, but never in all that time had the comrades ever suggested me for a local office. Nor had I ever thought of such a thing. In fact at the time of the local elections in 1909, I was in England, and previous to that we Socialists of Berkeley could all be seated in a ten by twelve room.

Harriman and I had had a big mass meeting the night before. We had occupied the same room and when I handed him the telegram to read, he just roared. "The idea," said Harriman. "Berkeley! Why, Wilson, your vote would be so small it would be a joke." And Job moralized on the "bourgeois" city that I was condemned to abide in. "The last city in the state, Wilson, that will elect a Socialist. Don't accept it."

And I agreed with Harriman that I would not accept. I had two days to think it over, however. That night we went on to Modesto. Another big meeting. Next morning I rose to take the early train for Berkeley. Job called out of his bed his final advice, "Don't accept."

Arriving in Berkeley we had a day left in which to file the nomination papers. Stern came up hot-foot. He would not take "no" for an answer. "Sleep over it tonight," said he; "noon tomorrow somebody's nomination papers must be in the hands of the city clerk."

That night I "waked" over it, rather than slept. And when day dawned I had the "hunch"—I would accept. I would run. I would be elected. I could fill a whole issue about this "hunch." It was a remarkable experience. We hustled around, got the names on the petition just in the nick of time, and away went the battle, hard and heavy, until April 1, 1911, when Berkeley, city of schools, city of churches, city of wealth and the "bourgeois," actually elected a Socialist mayor. And that night the main street of the town was one solid mass of howling humanity, carrying the said Socialist mayor shoulder high through the town. Never in the history of this conservative placid community had it lost its head before.

Two years before the Socialist candidate for mayor, Masow, received 188 votes, and Hodghead, his opponent, was elected on the first ballot with 2520 votes. Masow's vote was less than ten in each of eleven precincts. This time, two years later, with a light primary vote, I had 2749 votes, against Hodghead's 2468. I also was elected on the first ballot. We carried five out of six sections of the city.

Three weeks later, after a fight fiercer than ever, the aforementioned H. I. Stern, old war-horse, was elected to the school board, and John A. Wilson to the council. Some thought the judgment day had come. No correct analysis of these Socialist victories has ever been made. Some day we may attempt it. Here we merely set down the facts. My "hunch" never left me except for one or two dark days when the campaign got balky, and then it came back like a Niagara, and in my soul defeat seemed impossible, though on the external defeat seemed inevitable.

* * * * * * *

Three months later, as goes the charter, July 1, we three entered upon our official duties. I had studied municipal affairs for years. Like all Socialists, all such problems from a general standpoint had been before my mind. But now I was confronted with the actual, concrete, detail of the mayor's office, the far greater proportion of my duties being the routine affairs of city government.

Now that those two years are past and I am no longer mayor, I will tell the comrades one of the inward vows I took as I walked into my office and unlocked my desk for the first time. I vowed that while I was in that office every act and word and plan would be such that the whole city would be compelled to honor and approve—not Stitt Wilson—but the Socialist official, that my comrades everywhere would never need to apologize for my executive acts, or be ashamed of them. I vowed I would not only do my whole duty as a man to the city and the citizens, but I would make it impossible for the pursuing critics to attack the "Socialist administration" as it was popularly called.

And I kept that vow. I gave the strictest attention to the pettiest details of the mayor's office. I was on hand. Citizens not only found me on duty in the office, but freely called at my home, and kept the phone busy early and late. Without being officious, I familiarized myself with the functions and work of every department of the city. I knew the city cash account better than my own. I balanced the various needs of the city with its possible and then its actual income. I must say that the non-Socialists in the council very soon graciously yielded to my judgment in city finances, and practically permitted me to make the second half-yearly budget, readjusting the city expenditures. In short I was simply fanatical in my attention to the municipal affairs. Whatever I did do or did not do, that was my state of mind. I never let a day pass without doing that day's work, and no Saturday noon ever came with a bunch of left-overs.

Our opponents were camping on our trail. Some of them ached and longed for the new Socialist mayor to blunder. And blunders may easily come, let me say, to inexperienced city officials. When finally our Socialist comrades on the school board (a separate board) "made the blunder" (!) of not retaining the appointee of our beaten opponents as school superintendent, war broke out. They would "recall" these school directors, and then they would "get the mayor," and sweep the whole lot of us out of office under the disgrace of the recall! The history of that famous recall is familiar. Our opponents surely met their Waterloo. We beat them two to one in the hardest and bitterest political contest this city has ever known, hundreds of voters who had formerly opposed us now sustaining us after being eight months in office.

The ordinary affairs of municipal administration I will touch upon in another paragraph. Here let me refer particularly to the distinctly Socialist proposals which I urged upon the council and which they turned down. As a matter of fact Berkeley has never had a "Socialist administration." There has been a Socialist mayor and one councilman in a board of five. The anti-Socialist majority worked harmoniously with us on general municipal matters, but stood pat for capitalism each time we presented a genuine Socialist proposition.

Had we had one more man on the council I believe Berkeley would have had by this time a municipal telephone, a municipal electric lighting plant, a municipal market and it would be standing out as a beacon light on the subject of taxation of land values. And before now a whole advanced program would be laid out to supplement the municipal labor bureau which we did get through, a program by which men would be employed, vacant land put under cultivation and value placed upon human beings, now the mere flotsam and jetsam in the labor market.

But let us not be too severe. This city had 188 Socialist votes for mayor in 1909. It would be nothing short of municipal miracle if the council had come through with Socialistic proposals in 1911.

On each of these objects we set our hearts, and the Socialist local and comrades did their part nobly and well, especially on the municipal market. I gave months of special study to the matter of electric lighting and municipal telephone and personally prepared elaborate reports for the council. In all this work we constantly sowed the public mind with Socialist criticism of capitalism and constructive Socialist thought. Perhaps a few stray paragraphs from my messages to the council may hint the nature of the doctrine we preached in season and out of season.

The general municipal policy was summed up in this sentence: "I believe that the city administration should seek to secure the necessities and the advantages of city life, for the use and enjoyment of the humblest family, and to put these things into our hands at the lowest possible cost for the best possible service. . . . In the twentieth century we should never permit huge corporate monopolies to hold us at their mercy and charge us all the traffic will bear for the absolute necessities of life."

In a long document against a telephone merger and for a municipal telephone system for the whole bay region, I said: "Let us place the telephone in every home, shop and ranch. Let the rates be reduced to cost of operation and placed within the reach of every workingman and rancher in all this populous area. The average citizen now pays twice as much a year to have a telephone in his house as he pays for all the street cleaning, street lighting, police and fire service the city government provides. Such a public utility should be removed from the realm of private monopoly."

In the first move for an electric lighting system I used these words: "There is but one problem right now before the American people—that is to deliver the real producers of wealth from the exploitation of the privileged interests and giant monopolies. The one supreme issue is: The People vs. The Plutocracy."

No matter what came before the city or the council it was interpreted from our Socialist viewpoint and the local press gave us all the space we could use. Never could any press be more generous than the Berkeley papers were to us. We got our ideas before the people.

On the taxation of land values and on the municipal market complete and elaborate matter was presented; also supporting the Weldon amendment. Space will not permit quotations. But on all these projects that "solid three" voted us down. I could not get a majority even for a resolution endorsing the present amendment providing for local option in taxation.

This was my sorrow as a Socialist mayor that I did not have enough support in the council to carry out our program. But the work done on behalf of these projects is solid and enduring and is bound to bear fruit; and our proposals will have to be eventually faced and undertaken. In the meantime we have done a greatly needed work in educating the people on the subject.

* * * * * * *

In this paragraph I can only make a list of the important municipal improvements which shall mark my administration in Berkeley. I copy the list from my annual report to the city council on vacating the office:

1. Municipal incinerator.
2. Municipal garage and ambulance.
3. Municipal laboratory.
4. Municipal employment bureau.
5. Perfection of the police flashlight system.
6. Additional fire department.
7. New heating apparatus.
8. Extensive street improvements.
9. Spotless town campaigns.
10. New corporation yards.
11. Passing sewer bonds.

* * * * * * *

Just a word about municipal finances. When I entered the city hall of Berkeley we had but $12,000 surplus in the general fund. At the close of my first year we had a net balance of $27,000. When I took charge the total funds available from all sources was $32,000, but I left for my successor $60,000, besides $50,000 in the treasury for the incinerator. One of the attacks made during our campaign was that the Socialists would ruin the finance of the city; that the candidate for mayor was a good "talker," but "what business could be attend to?" This criticism was soon silenced. The finances of the city of Berkeley were never in better condition and everybody knows it.

Moreover, strange to say, I introduced an amendment to the city charter providing that the tax rate might be raised to $1.00 for purely municipal purposes, that is, an increase of 25 cents. I wrote and talked and worked for this increase and the people carried it by a big majority. We did not raise the rate, but simply provided for a raise by charter amendment for future emergencies.

* * * * * * *

And when my day was done, I had kept my vows, though having met reverses at the hands of the "system." But I could not get the consent of my conscience to take that post another two years, in a minority relation. The council holds four years. I consider the passing period right now the most crucial in the history of the nation. My greatest service to the workers and to the nation, I concluded, was to be done in some other place. I am now again on the firing line, carrying the Socialist message to ears that have never heard it all over the state. I have never had such audiences. Six weeks of work since I left the mayor's office have convinced me beyond the shadow of a doubt that I did the right and wise thing.

And on the day I left the city hall, the Socialists in Berkeley for the first time entered into a majority relation in a public body. On the day I went out of office Comrade Elvina S. Beals took her seat on the school

(Continued on page 196)

The Terrible Mining Game

A Plea for Federal Control

By DR. JOHN R. HAYNES

OF ALL the nations of the earth, America is the most wasteful of the lives of its citizens. Seventy-five thousand of our people are killed each year by accidents, of which number thirty-five thousand are workmen slain while engaged in their daily occupations. If we add to these figures the number of the wounded and crippled in industry, we shall find that Mr. Mercer, of the Minnesota Employees Compensation Commission, is not far wrong in claiming that industry now kills and cripples more each year than did bullet and shrapnel in any year of the civil war.

Of all American industries coal mining is the most hazardous. From three to five thousand coal miners are annually killed outright and from eight to ten thousand are seriously injured in the United States. Since 1890 more than 30,000 coal miners have been killed and more than 80,000 have been seriously injured. In the single state of Pennsylvania in the year 1907 alone more than 1000 miners were killed, leaving nearly that number of widows and 3410 children under 10 years of age.

Mr. Joseph Holmes, director of the Federal Bureau of Mines, declares that 75 per cent of the mining fatalities in the United States could be easily prevented.

While the average annual death rate from mining accidents in Europe runs, per 1000 men employed, below two, and in the case of France and Belgium is less than one, in the United States the rate in 1907 was, for the single year, 4.86 lives lost for each 1000 men employed; in other words, our death rate in that year through mining accidents was about five times that of France and Belgium and about three times that of other European countries. Perhaps the most discouraging feature of the whole situation is the fact that statistics show that, while the death rate during the past ten or fifteen years has been steadily decreasing in every European country, it has been steadily increasing in the United States.

DR. JOHN R. HAYNES

This is not due to more dangerous natural conditions in the United States, for the contrary is actually the case. Three distinguished European experts, Messrs. Victor Watteyne, inspector general of mines, Belgium; Carl Meissner, councilor for mines, Germany; and Arthur Desborough, inspector of explosives, England, who were permitted by their respective governments to accept the invitation of the Government of the United States to make an examination of American mines, after an extensive investigation in the year 1908, unanimously reported that the natural conditions in American mines were much better than in Europe.

The human conditions, however, they found generally bad. As compared with European mining methods, they found, briefly, the following: Ignorance on the part of mining superintendents, ignorance on the part of miners, slackness in the rules regulating the use of safety lamps, carelessness in permitting the accumulation of dry coal dust, use of coal dust in tamping charges, negligence of state officials in acting upon the reports of inspectors, incompetence of state inspectors, carelessness in the arrangement and use of electricity in mines, use of improperly compounded explosives, the use of excessive charges of explosives, the use of wooden shaft structures, and the failure to provide more than one opening to the mine.

First among the causes of the high fatality rate in American mines may be placed the ignorance and carelessness of superintendents and other mine officials. One of the European experts to whom I have referred—whose name I am not privileged to mention—told me that while passing through a mine in West Virginia with a party carrying both naked and safety lamps he lifted his lamp toward the roof to test for gas and was surprised to find it present in very dangerous quantities. Turning to the mine superintendent, he remarked, "You should not allow naked lamps to be used in this mine." "Oh," replied the superintendent, easily, "we are installing a ventilating system that in a few months will rid the mine entirely of gas and render the use of safety lamps unnecessary." "Before that time arrives," protested the European expert, "your mine will be blown up." And this is precisely what happened. The naked lamps were not excluded, the mine was blown up a few weeks later, and hundreds of miners lost their lives.

Some of the states have nominal examinations and grant licenses to superintendents and foremen; but they are of little value, as is shown in the case of the large mine just mentioned.

In another mine a foreman, testing in the early morning, found gas in dangerous quantities. Not being able to write, he laid a piece of iron across the railroad track before the entry, assuming that the miners would guess that it was a danger signal, and went to breakfast. The miners coming later not unnaturally failed to understand the purpose of the piece of iron. Supposing that it had come there by accident, they removed it from the track and passed on into the dangerous section, where every man lost his life.

In Europe a situation where a mine foreman could not read would not be understood. There every mining official is a man of intelligence, thoroughly grounded in the principles of his profession; no other can secure a license. Shall we go on in this country, clinging to our inefficient system of state regulation of an industry that is essentially interstate in character until we have uselessly sacrificed the lives of tens of thousands

more poor miners before we stop this slaughter under the only practical system of safety, the federal regulation of the mines?

A state mining inspector in Alabama reported to the state officials, after each visit to the Virginia mine near Birmingham, that there was a large accumulation of dry coal dust in the mining hallways. These reports were correctly stamped and filed away in the proper pigeon hole, until one day the coal dust became ignited, the bowels of the earth were torn asunder by a terrific explosion, and a few days later the bodies of 160 miners were brought to the surface. The inspector had made his examination all right; the state official had filed the report all right; the only trouble was that nothing was done about the coal dust.

In Europe the one distinguishing characteristic of mine management is the careful, prudent foresight with which the miners' lives are safeguarded. In America the one universal characteristic is the reckless disregard of the morrow, the criminal disregard of the considerations of safety. The Cherry, Ill., disaster, in which 350 miners lost their lives, was caused by a boy pushing a tramcar, loaded with hay for the mules, against an open torch stuck in the walls of the hallway. Such management in the case of either the hay or the lighting would have been impossible in any European mine. The Austrian consul, in rendering to his government the report of the catastrophe, charges the operators with criminal carelessness and negligence in seven different specified particulars.

Newly arrived immigrants are very cheap. While it would cost something, say one cent per ton of coal mined, to make conditions comparatively safe, the present system is perhaps cheaper. It is doubtful if the average miner killed during the last twenty years has cost his employer $50 in damages paid to his dependents. If these men were slaves worth about $2000 apiece, as in antebellum days, they would not have killed 30,000 of them in 20 years, bringing upon themselves a loss of $60,000,000. They would have made their mines as safe as those in Europe or else have gone out of business.

It is doubtful if there is a mine today in the United States which could pass the inspection which is required of all mines in Europe in the matter of careful minute precautions against accidents. State regulations, for the reasons I have mentioned, will never solve the problem. We have had a good deal of state legislation in the past few years having for its object the lessening of dangers in mining; but it has been in just these years that the highest mortality ever known in the history of mining in any country has taken place in American state-regulated mines. In a mining disaster at Marianna, Pa., costing the lives of about 160 men, the state mining inspector had just completed his inspection, pronounced everything to be in perfect condition, and had proceeded a short distance from the mouth of the shaft when a fearful roar shook the earth, and he turned to see the heavy iron cage from which he had just stepped out torn from its chains and hurled a distance of 300 feet, bearing in its flight the bodies of the two men who had it in charge.

State inspection has never been efficient, is not now, and there is no reason to believe that it will become efficient in the future. The federal government must take hold of the situation and use compulsion. An advisory relation to the miners on the part of the Federal Bureau of Mines is good, but it does not go far enough; it must not only be able to make recommendations, but it must be able to compel the mine owners to carry them out. A federal system of rescue stations equipped with oxygen helmets and other safety apparatus deserves great praise. However, the essential thing is not to rescue survivors after an explosion has taken place, but for the representative of the federal government to be able to say, "Your mine is unsafe; you must do this, and this, at once, otherwise your products will be debarred from interstate commerce." Prevention, not cure, should be the policy.

Now, how should the federal government take hold of this matter? We advocate the following plan:

The establishment, by congressional enactment, of a permanent commission of, say, five members, analogous in character to the Interstate Commerce Commission; this commission to have complete power to prescribe the conditions under which coal entering into interstate commerce shall be mined, just as the federal government at present passes upon the character and conditions under which meat products enter into interstate commerce. This commission should have power to appoint Federal mining inspectors and to enact regulations for all coal entering into interstate commerce. The members, to be appointed by the President, should consist of three scientific men, selected for their special eminence in the subject of coal mining; one practical coal miner; and one business man of experience in the mining and marketing of coal. This commission should be empowered: First, to appoint its own inspectors; second, to pass and enforce regulations protecting the lives of the miners; and, third, to prevent the waste of coal in mining (now nearly one-half) for the benefit of future generations.

In the case of coal lands still owned by the nation—still one-third of the total coal area—protection of the miners can be most effectively secured by retaining the ownership in the hands of the whole people and operating them either directly by the Government or through leases in which the provisions are made for safety regulations such as have proved so effective in saving life in European mines.

Mr. Broderick, chief mining inspector of Pennsylvania, states that with an additional cost of about one cent per ton coal mined in Pennsylvania safety precautions could be introduced which would reduce the number of fatalities one-half. In other words, of the 8893 miners killed in Pennsylvania in the period from 1899 to 1908, inclusive, the lives of 4447 miners could have been saved by merely increasing the cost of coal production to the extent of one cent per ton.

Is it good business to slaughter miners in order to save a cent a ton which it would cost to protect them?

When the American people understand conditions, they will be righted. We do not understand them yet. When we read in the papers that some 300 miners were killed in the Menengah disaster, 350 at the Cherry mine, as many more at Connellsville, and so on, the statements are mere figures to us, they have no human meaning. But if we could stand at the mouth of the mine upon its reopening after an explosion and behold the seemingly endless column of charred bodies borne hour after hour to the surface; if we could witness the long line of hearses on their way to the hillside burial ground; if we could hear the heartbreaking sobs of stricken widows mingled with the pitiful wails of little children bereft of their fathers; if we could go in the days that follow to the bare homes deprived of their breadwinners, and find that the little children have been taken out of school to gain their little pittance in the coal breakers; if we could see these things we would realize that it is not a question of "states' rights" or "constitutionalism"; we would see that it is a question

of protecting the lives and the homes of our humble workers.

When, after years of weak and inefficient state regulation of impure food products, the American people decided that they wished their lives and their homes protected by the strong and far-reaching arm of the federal government, all kinds of constitutional objections were brought to bear by the manufacturers of impure products. They feared for the future of our country if the constitution was to be so trampled upon at the expense of the sovereignty of the states. But when we decided that we wanted it, the lawyers found a way for us. Uncle Sam now places his inspectors in the packing houses of Kansas City and thereby protects the homes of New York and San Francisco. The question for us is, do we really want the lives and the homes of these poor miners protected? If we do—really, earnestly do—the lawyers will arrange the constitutional problems involved.

At the best the coal miner leads a hard life, in the depths of the mine, shut out from the light of the sun, breathing all day foul air and gases, prone by his occupation to tuberculosis and other diseases, living with his family usually in dirty, smoke-covered villages, bare of trees and vegetation, all this for miserable wages, in order that you and I may enjoy our bright firesides, and that the business of the nation, through factory and railroad, may go on. Is it not the least that we can do for these poor fellows to see that the present farce of state regulation should not stand in the way of a strong interstate mining commission that will protect them against the useless, foolish, and unnecessary waste of life which now characterizes our American mining industry?

A Woman's Hat

By E. BACKUS

MRS. JONES bought a new hat this week and her husband is growling about it. Well, he has a right to growl, for the good woman was a bit extravagant this time. She paid twenty dollars for a creation in brown and blue, with a big ostrich feather on the summit. It is about such a hat as would have cost her father seven or eight dollars before she married Jones.

Jones is a good mechanic—earns four dollars a day and likes to see his wife well dressed—yet in this case he demurred at spending five days' hard work for a hat that will be out of style in three or four months.

Probably it will be of interest to both Mr. and Mrs. Jones to analyze the price of that hat and find why it cost so much.

Nature charged nothing for the original raw material of the straw, silk and ostrich feather, but the silkworm breeder, the wheat raiser and the ostrich farmer each figured their prices from a schedule something like this:

Labor, Rent, Interest, Insurance, Taxes, Profit.

Then each of these articles were taken to factories where the silk was spun, dyed, woven and finished; the straw was bleached, sorted and braided; the feather was split, bleached, curled and fluffed, and then each manufacturer added to the cost of the materials a list of items like this:

Transportation, Labor, Rent, Interest, Insurance, Taxes.

Next the goods were collected by the wholesalers—probably passing through at least two of these establishments, each of which added another bill of costs comprised of the familiar items:

Transportation, Advertising, Rent, Interest, Insurance, Taxes, Profit.

It will be noticed that the cost of transportation is added at each stage, and it is worthy of mention that in every case that cost is made up of such items as:

Labor, Advertising, Rent, Interest, Insurance, Profit.

Now at the last stage the milliner purchases the materials at a price that is the sum total of those accumulated charges. She proceeds to manufacture the creation that make the trouble for Mr. Jones, and adds for his benefit a scale of charge that must include:

Labor, Advertising, Rent, Interest, Insurance, Taxes, Profit.

The sum total of these charges is the twenty dollars that Mr. Jones so strongly objects to.

By running back over the list it will be noticed that Mr. Jones has not only paid the people who actually raised and cared for the silk-worms, wheat and ostriches, prepared the materials for use, carried them to the millinery shop and wove them into the hat—but also he has contributed to the support of a very much larger number of people who levied tribute on every stage of the process by means of:

Advertising, Rent, Interest, Insurance, Taxes, Profits.

Now a certain class of people known as Socialists have suggested that hats as well as all other necessities of life, should be produced under a system of National Co-operation, where such items as:

Advertising, Rent, Interest, Insurance, Taxes, Profit would be entirely eliminated, and at every stage of production one item only would enter into the cost. That item would be—LABOR.

As the actual time consumed in producing the materials of that hat, manufacturing, transporting, assembling and making would certainly be not to exceed five hours, Mrs. Jones can figure that she could afford a new hat as often as the fashions might change under the Socialist system.

In fact the difference between five hours and five days is just about the sum of the total advantage to the workingman between Socialism and Capitalism.

* * *

Mrs. Jones says: "What makes me mad is that Jones had to work four days and one-half earning hats and luxuries for the wives of a lot of other men, before he could work five hours to get me a hat."

I hold that the two crowning and most accursed sins of society of this present day are the carelessness with which it regards the betrayal of women and the brutality with which it suffers the neglect of children.—John Ruskin.

"Capitalist civilization condemns the proletarian to vegetate in conditions of existence inferior to those of the savage."—Lafargue.

A Vision of the New Time

By DR. GEORGE W. CAREY

THERE are yet Epics to be written. The themes of poets and romancers have not been exhausted. The sleeping souls of great poems and thrilling romances rest on California hills and seaward cliffs, and in mountain gorges, beneath the fir and redwood's shade, and lie buried in the sand where sage and cactus grow, waiting the resurrecting hand and wizard touch of Imagination that will glorify the literature of ages yet to be. Grim witnesses of trials and tragedies are in evidence from Tamalpais to Point Loma, and the story that the Pacific keeps sacred in its archives will never be told "until the sea gives up its dead."

On the Mesas, the adobe soil of ancient Pueblos, and upon the rocks may be found the foot prints made by saints and savages when native and nature clashed with church and creed.

The power that lives and operates unseen behind the manifestations of Nature decides the destines of men, cities and nations. Babylon, Nineveh, Jerusalem, London, New York City, were fixtures in the Cosmic mind, before Orion swung his clustering Lamp of Peace across the Southern Sky, or the morning stars chanted the jubilee song of creation.

The sites of great cities are cut out, carved, upreared, by the artisans of wind and wave; of storm and rain; of cataclysmic shock and molten lava.

Later comes man, directed by the same power that prepared the way, and rears a city.

No antique city of Europe pleases the artistic eyes as does Los Angeles, "sitting on her hills of palms and olives like Jerusalem of old." To the north and east are the incomparable mountains of Southern California; while west and southwest the Balboa sea spreads its clean page.

Glimmering waters and breakers
  Far on the horizon's rim.
White sails and sea-gulls glinting
  Away till the sight grows dim—
And shells spirit-painted with glory
  Where sea-weeds beckon and nod—
Some people call it ocean
  And others call it God.

Humboldt said that the center of the world's highest civilization would be found on the Pacific Coast, because climate, soil and geographical position favored the climax.

Secure in her strategic position Los Angeles has bided her time. The flow of human life was swept on to the world's extreme until the rising tide has found its level and the matchless city, full rounded and imperial smiles to find herself a Queen.

The Master builder said: "If ye have faith, ye may say to the mountain be thou cast into the sea and it shall be done."

And it came to pass; men have faith and are cleaving the hills and mountains in order that the Panama River may flow from the Atlantic Ocean to the Balboa Sea and lay the treasures of the world at the feet of the modern "Queen of Sheba" seated on a throne surpassing in wealth and splendor the Ancient realm of Solomon.

The Queen's dominion spreads with every Circle of the sun. Her cottage homes and palaces push on over the hills and nestle in the shade of the Sierra Madre Mountains. They spread out over the plain to the southwest until they front the Sea and look upon the white manes of the smoking horses of Neptune that forever charge against San Pedro's Sea-ward Cliffs.

The East is just over there in the West and the strange people of the Orient may now journey East to find the Western Queen. Load the camels, dark-eyed Egyptian. Set thy face toward the land "o'ershadowed by an eagle's wings," thou dweller on the Nile, for our Queen has spread the feast and invited the guests.

Here upon the westmost verge of freedom's exultant Empire the Spirit of Asia will infuse itself into Western enterprise, the old will be gathered together as a scroll and a new parchment will be unrolled that will proclaim the gospel of truth, science and philosophy.

I slept and dreamed. I saw the sunset of the old day of sacred chivalry; the day when faith was both simple and terrific.

"The world turned on in the lathe of time
The hot lands heaved amain
Till it caught its breath from the womb of death,
And crept into life again."

I dreamed that I stood upon a mountain peak in Southern California and looked towards the Balboa Sea. The desert blossomed and a commercial empire full rounded spread out before me. From Santa Monica to San Diego broad boulevards marked the ocean's beach and cliffs, castles and towers and temples were everywhere, and the "Voice of the Sea" chanted the Jubilee anthem of the victory of mind. The pathway of the eagle and the aeroplane lay parallel, and man talked to man across the spaces without wire or artificial transmitter or receiver; for the human brain had harnessed the Ether, and the telepathy of mind was regnant. Towns and cities had reached out friendly hands and altruism prevailed where selfishness had held sway. Architecture was uniform and stately. The animal instinct in man had evolved into human love and the miserable dwelling places called homes that offended esthetic, tastes in the days of poverty and competition had disappeared and in their places were Corinthian temples, frescoed, grained and gilded with gold.

I saw no locks on doors; no prisons. In this Eden there were no soldiers for the workers to support; no battleships nor forts.

In this land men and women did not hire out to another—did not sell their labor to the highest bidder, nor their souls for place, power or "distinction's worthless badge."

In this land of love and beauty there were no slaughter houses—no stock pens.

The fruits and grains and vegetables so bounteously yielded by Earth's breast supplied the wants of the sons and daughters of the fair land of my vision, and men no longer grew wealthy by the murder of men under the guise of war, nor by the murder of animals under the plea of necessity or the demands of greed.

I saw a race of people who worked and served for love, where co-operation had replaced competition, where love reigned instead of hate and envy.

In the land I saw, machines did the world's work,

and all the people owned all the machines. They did not make machines out of flesh and blood and muscle, but from wood and iron and steel.

The men and women in this Beulah land loved children more than they loved dogs and monkeys, and put human happiness before creeds, books, bibles, customs, laws, institutions, kings, queens, czars, kaisers, supreme courts or presidents.

The people in this Arcadia knew that the "Heavens declare the glory of God" and that "There is no language where their voices are not heard." These people knew that law is eternal and cannot be made, repealed or violated.

The products of labor, in this happy land, were distributed equally to all according to their needs, and there were no idle rich—no idle poor—no millionaires and no beggars. Above the material world I saw miraged in the air Cabrillo's phantom ship, the mission at Old Town, San Luis Obispo, Soledad, Dolores, San Gabriel, Santa Barbara, San Juan Capistrano, San Carlos, San Antonio, San Miguel, Los Angeles, San Juan. I saw the conquistadores, the Indian Neophytes, and heard their plaintive "Ave Marias." Some were counting beads and mumbling "Hail Marys" and some were weaving baskets. I saw the priests of the old time bow and kneel and make the sign of the cross; and in their midst, his face radiant as the sun, stood Junipero Sera, chanting "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." And then Ramona and Alessandro hand in hand, looked down upon me and smiled as they walked along El Camino Real in the clouds.

I awakened from my sleep and exclaimed. "It was not all a dream."

The wonderful Hebrew prophet and poet Isaiah wrote as follows: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as a rose."

"The eyes of the blind shall be opened and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped."

"No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall grow up thereon; it shall not be there; but the redeemed shall walk there."

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

The brotherhood of man is reality soon to be recognized. The Co-operative Commonwealth is not simply a dream of the visionary.

All concrete facts are materialized dreams. A dream of an ancient alchemist solidified in stone and the awful Sphinx sat down in Egypt's sand to gaze into eternity. Columbus dreamed and a white-sailed ship turned its prow west and ever west.

On uncharted seas, with an eternity of water ahead the good mate said, according to the fancy of Joaquin Miller, "Not even God would know if I and all my men dropped dead—and now good Admiral, what shall we do?

The Admiral said, "Sail on, sail on, sail on, and on."

Columbus remembered his dream, and "made good." Michael Angelo dreamed a thousand dreams and sleeping marble awoke and smiled. Hudson and Fulton dreamed and steamboats ran "over and under the seas."

The Pilgrim Fathers dreamed and America, the "marvel of nations," banners the skies with the Stars and Stripes.

Washington and Jefferson dreamed and the "New England farmer fired the shot heard "round the world."

The signers of the Declaration of Independence dreamed, and then sent their ultimatum across the Atlantic careering like a thunder storm against the gale to tell a gormandizing, drunken king, sitting on a throne of purple and gold, even as modern capitalism sits on the laborer's back, that they would no longer submit to his "tyranny, taxes and standing army in time of peace."

John Brown, Greeley, Garrison, Lovejoy, and Harriet Beecher Stowe dreamed of freedom for the chattel slave and then the monstrous idea that any person is good enough to own the body of another, be he black or white, was shot to death on the slippery slopes of Gettysburg and before the gates of Richmond.

Marcus Whitman and Lewis and Clarke dreamed long and hard and the bones of oxen and men and women and babes made a bridge across the desert sands and mountain gorges to the shores of the Sundown Sea, and now the Pullman cars come safely over.

Morse and Marconi and Edison dreamed strange, wild dreams and concentrated intelligence springs from carbon-crucible and says to earth's boundaries, "Lo! here am I."

Vibration of etheric substance
  Causing light through regions of space,
A girdle of something enfolding
  And binding together the race;
And words without wires transmitted,
  Aerial-winged, spirit-sandaled and shod;
Some call it electricity,
  And others call it God.

A mechanic dreamed and man sprang upon his automobile and drove it till the axles blazed and the spaces shriveled behind him. Men of high-strung, airy brains dreamed wondrous dreams, and now the eagle's highway and the open road of men lie parallel.

A musician dreamed a sweet harmonious dream and forth from a throat of brass directed by a million tiny fingers of steel came the entrancing notes that run riot through the singer's brain.

Karl Marx, Edward Bellamy, Henry George, Victor Berger, Eugene V. Debs, Stitt Wilson and a host of men and women, thrilled by the Divine Fire of Brotherhood, dreamed, and out of the vanishing clouds of war and competition there looms the outlines of the glorious temple of the co-operative commonwealth.

Dream on Men, dream on Women, for in the distance I hear the tramp of the mighty hosts of regenerated humanity coming to strike the shackles from your limbs.

Even now, amid the clash of contending armies and opposing interests I see the Commonwealth loom. The darkness of the water age—the flood that covered the whole earth shall pass away and the Ark of Humanity shall rest on the Ararat of Peace. The age of Realization has dawned.

The promise of a Regenerated Humanity has touched the mountain peaks of thought with resplendent light.

He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool; shun him. He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is untaught; teach him. He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is alseep; wake him. He who knows, and knows that he knows, is wise; follow him.—Arabian Proverbs.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
—Goldsmith.

The Flare of the New

By LILLIAN PELEE

THERE was unusual excitement in San Gabriel. Autos were darting about plastered with banners on which was blazoned, "Vote for Mills," "Vote for McCarty." The very air seemed tense.

Jane Kirk was putting on her hat. Startled by a clear peal of the doorbell and wondering who could be coming so early in the morning, she opened, and was greeted with:

"My dear Mrs. Kirk, won't you come with me in my machine? It isn't that I wish to influence your vote, though my husband is on the ticket. I believe in people voting as they like, but the polls are such a distance."

"Thank you," said Jane, amused; "but I enjoy the walk. On which ticket does Mr.—pardon, what is the name?"

The eager lady flushed:

"Why, don't you know Mr. Renolds? My husband is running for assemblyman on the Republican ticket."

"Oh!" The half-mocking smile appeared again.

"Then you won't come?"

"No, thank you."

Mrs. Reynolds jumped into the machine, and with an angry look was off.

Jane stood and looked after the disappearing woman. The smile flared up and displayed itself with fine scorn. Jane Kirk was a Socialist. Few of the people in San Gabriel knew what a Socialist really is, but it meant a change, and God forbid there should be any change in this perfect country of an almost perfect world; besides, she was known to have remarked:

"Advantages should not be decided before a child's birth, and each should have an equal opportunity."

She also had a most critical way of drawing comparisons—but, she remained in their midst, with them, though not of them.

As Jane started down the steps, she saw the postman coming.

"Letters?" she asked.

"No, Mrs. Kirk," cordially answered the postman. "Only your papers." It was the first time he had ever given her a civil reply. "You must do a heap of reading," he added.

"One must keep abreast of the times."

"Going to vote?" he queried.

She nodded.

"John Mills is a fine man."

Jane opened her paper. In big headlines was, "Frank Marks, 'A Bomb of Mental Dynamite!'"

She showed it to the postman. With a disgusted grunt, he passed on.

Jane Kirk had been a globe trotter, not for pleasure, but to earn a living. "Tired of forever going up and down another's stairs;" forever forming acquaintances which had not time to ripen into friendship, there came a need for repose. So, when she found this little village, she said:

"I will be an Arab no longer. Here I pitch my tent and rest."

Looking down the quiet street, with the grass peeping up through the crannies of the cobblestones, indicating that not enough feet had pressed them to stay their growth, her longing gaze rested on the little cottages with their yards and flowers. She began making inquiries as to land and values, for globe trotting had left her only enough for a few years' independence. When the villagers answered so genially, directing her to the places for sale so eagerly, she took them into her heart and named them "New Found Friends."

A tiny bungalow soon reared its proud head and sheltered Jane Kirk and her family. Gradually the petty littleness of some of her new found friends dawned upon her. They talked of God and against their neighbor in a breath. They spoke loudly on the blessedness of charity, and cheated at the same time.

But today everything was different. Harmony reigned. People who had not spoken for a year greeted each other with a cheery "Good morning; fine day."

It was a fine day—in the life of Jane Kirk. She had lost some of those she loved best for her principles; but today, at last, after years of waiting, she stood an equal human. Her little slip of paper counted for just as much as that of the richest man in San Gabriel.

Here came Hank Selby, one of the strongest posts in the church. He hated her with a true fanatic's hatred, than which nothing is more corroding. But Hank Selby was on the Republican ticket, and Jane Kirk represented a vote. He had fought woman suffrage, he had fought every progressive movement since the ballot was placed in his hands, and spirits like Jane Kirk had been forced to conciliate, to beg their rights from such as he. As she passed him on the road, he smiled, a mirthless smile. But this time, Jane Kirk did not smile; with mocking disdain, she looked him square in the eyes—and passed on.

At the polls, people were grouped here and there talking excitedly. A table stood nearby on which was a large printed card with the names of voters. She approached nonchalantly, wishing to convey the impression that voting was an every-day custom; inwardly she hoped she wouldn't do anything ridiculous. She knew for whom she was voting and why, but she did not understand the procedure. As she hesitated, a voice at her elbow said:

"Are you looking for your number?"

Beside her stood one of the homeliest men she had ever seen: a face carved like the ancient wood carvings in the cathedrals of Europe, every line crude.

"You will find it here," he added.

Jane followed him to the table.

"The name?" he queried.

"Jane Kirk."

He ran his finger down the columns, as he came across her name, his face glowed, his eyes brightened, a radiance enveloped and transformed him. Jane was amazed at the transition. A little poem to a bulb flitted through her mind:

"Misshapen, black, unlovely to the sight,
Oh mute companion to the murky mole,
You must feel overjoyed to have a white
Imperious, dainty lily for a soul."

He held out his hand. "Comrade!" Then she knew, they both smiled.

"We are few in numbers," Jane said, "but great in deeds." And she passed in.

In that booth came the supreme moment of Jane Kirk's life. She had heard the audience of a thousand throats call out her name; she had felt the pelt of roses thrown by enthusiasts, as she made them laugh and weep and feel; but she had never known the triumph of this moment, as alone in that little booth, she had put an indelible cross next to Joseph Mason, So-

cialist; Frank Marks, Socialist; and so on down the line, Socialist, Socialist, Socialist, until she came to Hank Selby, Republican, then she looked around for a rubber stamp to mark her disapproval, and felt disappointed when she could not find one. Searching in her handbag for a pencil, she remembered she must not mark the ballot. She sighed. The afterthought came: Hank Selby would win now, but they would win in the future. There was splendid satisfaction that principle stood back of this mark, that this little indelible mark meant one more protest against corruption and oppression. Her mark was little now, but it would grow!

Into the sunshine she went. The comrade was waiting. He approached, saying:

"Did you do it?"

"Yes," she answered, adding in a whisper, "It was the first time in my life."

"And no split ticket?" he questioned.

"How can you ask?"

She had met this man ten minutes before, yet she felt she had known him a life time. He did not ask if he might walk with her; he simply sauntered along. They talked together as old friends.

"Fine cool morning, isn't it?" he remarked.

"Do you know the man who is running for Senator," Jane asked.

"You mean Frank Marks?"

"Yes, 'The Bomb of Mental Dynamite!'"

"Yes, I know him. He's not a bad sort when you get acquainted with him."

"Strange, I never heard of him before this election; after all it isn't so strange. I don't know the Socialists in our town."

"You may make my acquaintance if you like," he roguishly replied.

"I think I have already made it; that word comrade is the biggest loom in the world. It knits all creed, all nationalities."

"I am glad to hear you speak like that," he rejoined.

At this juncture, Mrs. Reynolds passed in her automobile. The car was filled with several women. They turned and stared at the couple strolling along. After they had passed, the word "actress" and an insinuating giggle was distinctly audible. Their insolence sent the blood rushing to Jane's face. Her companion expostulated:

"What do you care for a lot of village gossips?"

A couple of workmen came along.

"Hello there, Marks!" The comrade shook hands with them. "You can count on two more votes," they said as they swung along.

"How foolish of me," murmured Jane, "I never suspected."

Marks smiled.

"You imagined a Senator would have to be a big, handsome chap." Jane looked guilty. "Come now, 'fess up."

Jane stopped in front of a cottage covered with flowering vines.

"Look, isn't that glorious? What color!" She added, "Suppose I had said something dreadful about you?"

Marks laughed, and said:

"My, what a fine day!"

"Yes," Jane answered, "the finest in the year."

Marks was watching a humming bird:

"Look at that humming bird drinking from the honeysuckle cup."

They sauntered on. Marks exclaimed:

"You haven't told me the story of your life yet, either."

Jane smiled mysteriously. There was a long pause.

"I don't even know if you are Miss or Mrs."

"Mrs.," Jane promptly replied.

"What!" Marks felt a queer little pain in his throat.

"It's getting beastly hot," he growled. "This country is too dusty."

They walked some distance in silence. Janes was the first to speak:

"Are you fond of poems?"

Marks looked at her keenly.

"I used to be."

"And now?"

"I hate all poetry," he savagely answered.

They had reached Jane's house.

"Good bye," he said, holding out his hand.

"Will you not come in?"

"No thanks."

"But you will come and see us some day," she asked. "Couldn't you bring the election returns and have breakfast with us tomorrow? It is so refreshing under the orange trees in the early morning."

A deep red dyed Marks' face. This woman with the great trustful eyes was playing with him. None but words of good comradship had passed between them—yet, he felt sure she knew. As she stood smiling at him so innocently, an impulse seized him to play with her at her own game.

"It's growing hot in the sun," Jane stepped back under the shadow of the porch. "May I bring you a drink?"

"No, I must be off. I am going up in the mountains as soon as the election is over. When I return I'll run in and see you and your husband."

"My husband?" Jane laughed mockingly.

"But you said—" Marks was on the porch beside her in a moment.

"Oh, that is ancient history."

He looked at her inquiringly, reproachfully. Jane answered the look:

"You are shocked?"

"Oh, no, I suppose a husband to an actress is an incident."

Jane bit her lips, she answered slowly, each icy word cut the air:

"An actress is first of all a woman!"

"Pardon, I did not mean—"

With a gesture she waved away his apologies.

"You wonder that I can laugh. Thank God I can—once I could not—a long time, I could not—an actress learns to laugh—"

She opened the door.

"What a bright, cheerful room," Marks remarked.

They entered.

* * * * * * * * *

Frank Marks did not go to the legislature that year. He and his wife went to the mountains instead.

The earth spreads out before us, rich in its resources beyond the power of the imagination. The inventive genius of man has captured the lightning, snatched the thunderbolts from the hand of Jove, and grasped all the forces of nature and converted them into titanic toilers for the children of men. The earth and its glorious and its riotous abundance, and man with his miraculous productive power, scout the idea that poverty is to forever scourge the human race: The past, in the density of its ignorance and the night of its superstition, may be excused. But the living present with all its myriad available agencies for producing food, clothing, shelter, and for the education of the children and the diffusion of light and intelligence among the masses, can make no such plea.—Eugene V. De

The World's Back Yard

By THOMAS W. WILLIAMS
Secretary of the Socialist Party of California

DARWIN indicated two chief factors in the process of evolution. First, the nature of the organism. Second, environment.

Heredity demands likeness, variation implies differentiation, both of which are manifested in all organisms.

Figs grow on fig trees. All figs are not alike. Human beings reproduce human beings, but no two individuals are identical.

Rabbits do not beget kittens. Eagles do not produce chickens. Lambs are always embryonic sheep—they are never horses, yet some lambs have longer legs than others and are different in nearly every other particular.

External influences, such as climate, have a predisposing influence on all animal life.

It is the nature of every creature to adapt itself to a new environment. Birds change color when transported to different countries. Bugs and insects are green in countries where there is much moisture and consequently dense foliage; they are brown in arid or semi-arid countries, where protection demands that they resemble the brown rocks or dry sands.

Climate, social and moral surroundings affect nations as well as individuals. If I had been born in Turkey, I should, in all probability, have been a Mohammedan.

Weisman indicates two kinds of organisms—sexual and non-sexual. The moneron (non-sexual) produces through division. Among sex animals, including man, there is always manifest two kinds of cells; namely, germ cells and body cells.

The germ cells, true to the thesis of heredity, reproduce the fundamental specie. They eliminate all, or nearly all, artificial abnormalities in the immediate parents. The body cells, however, are molded and shaped by environments. The germ cells assert themselves and a man is born, but the kind of man he is to be—that is, whether he becomes a loyal citizen or a criminal—is largely determined by environment.

In dealing with crime and crimonology, different theories present themselves. First, absolute freedom of will. The advocates of this theory claim that every individual possesses the freedom and power of will to do whatever he desires. Second, fatalism. The supporters of this theory maintain that man is absolutely helpless, one school believing in the divine fiat, and the other maintaining that external environment dominates the motives and acts of men.

Lombroso, the world-renowned criminologist, said: "Pauperism has two causes—corrupt heredity and vicious environment. The correction of corrupt heredity is change of environment."

Von Litsz said: "Crime is the product of only one individual factor (heredity) and countless social factors (environment.)"

It is generally known that crime and disease are more widespread among the poor than among the rich. This is more largely due to the conditions under which the poor are compelled to live rather than any inferiority of inheritance.

The British Interdepartmental Committee, after years of research, unhesitatingly reported, "The children of the poor are born the physical equals of the children of the rich."

Nature will make everything contribute to the well-being of the race, even to the sacrifice of the mother in order to start the next generation right.

This negates the idea that "the fittest **in every way** survive." Darwin's position is that the fittest to survive **under existing conditions, whether good or bad according to existing standards,** will survive.

Man is what his forebears and experience have made him.

What a man does depends upon what he is. What he is depends on his breed and his experience.

Herbert Spencer said: "Whatever amount of power an organism expends in any shape is the correlate and equivalent of a power that was taken into it from without."

We do not blame the child for the color of its eyes, nor do we hold it responsible for the texture of its hair. Why, then, should we attach responsibility for any other hereditary faculty or power?

Referring again to the law of variation, suppose I have two vessels containing colored fluid, one red and the other black. I have another vessel which is empty. If I take the first vessel and pour a quantity of the red fluid into the third vessel and do likewise with the black, what do I have? I will have a liquid possessing some of the elements of the first and some of the elements of the second, yet differing in hue from either. In this way the law of sex operates in the animal world. The new born child does not possess one single trait that has not been handed down to it by its forebears.

It is contended that "A man can be good wherever he is," that he "has the power to change or to create his environment." This depends on the strength of his own nature which he has inherited from his forbears, his experience, and the character of his environments. Two men may be thrown into the current. One man will swim to shore and save his life while the other sinks. Both may understand the art of swimming, yet one may possess superior muscular power which enables him to stem the current.

Place a little girl in a back yard and surrounded by a high fence where filth and mire abound, and inevitably her garments will be soiled. You may punish her, you may ask God to put the love of cleanliness in her heart, all to no purpose. The only solution of the difficulty is to fill up the mud puddle and sow blue grass and clover in that yard, making it possible for the child to keep clean.

The old doctrine that a man is begotten in sin is false. The Creator did not exact virtue and right living and proceed forthwith to make it almost impossible of execution by retroactive environments. No true father ever enjoined virtue and then built road-houses along life's journey. All the forces of nature are converging for man's advance. The deterrants are man-made and must be eliminated. An individual may to an extent make his own environment. Other environments shape and mold his life. Some environments are produced by society. Society alone can change them.

Some people insist that an individual can change his

environment, whatever it may be. The absurdity of such a contention is aptly indicated in the following satire:

"For he himself has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit,
That he is an Englishman;
He might have been a Roosian,
A Frenchman, Turk, or Proosian,
Or even Italian,
But in spite of all temptations,
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman."

Vicious heredity can be changed under wholesome environment in a few generations. The civilization of ten centuries can be wiped out in one generation through baneful environment.

Moralists of the world have failed to grasp the conditions making for human life and happiness. We have built penitentiaries, asylums, and detention homes to restrain criminals and have permitted the slum, the brothel and the demoralizing forces of the world to go unrestrained. If one-tenth of the money now spent in penal and insane institutions were spent in maintaining wholesome environment for childhood, we would have the millennium in one generation.

Prevention is preferable to cure. Present duty demands the elimination of the slum, the removal of the baneful influences which dwarf and destroy the potentialities of three-fourths of the race.

A child born in the hovel, with a saloon on one side and a brothel on the other, is inevitably destined to a life of crime. That same child placed in the country, with the birds and animals for companions, would grow up into an honorable and worthy man.

Our hopes for the future are bound up in this law of environment and its workings. The knowledge of this fact gives a keen sense of the responsibility resting upon the present generation to so shape the environment that the highest qualities of manhood and citizenship may be developed rather than base and selfish instincts which are invariably brought to the fore when the struggle for existence becomes too fierce.

Giraffes have long necks. They live off the leaves of trees. The shorter necked fellows die off because they cannot reach the food, and only the long necked ones live through till mating season, hence the tendency to long necks. There would be plenty of food for all if the long necked animal would commence away up and eat down and allow the shorter necked fellow to get all the browsing there is below. Why do they not do this? Because they follow the rule of the jungle. Do human beings do any different in this regard? No. They are like giraffes.

We must so organize society that we can get beyond the giraffe standard. The brute struggle of the jungle must give way to a social relationship which comprehends all within its relation. This is the aim of the Socialist movement.

Socialism has no quarrel with the moralist, nor with the church, nor with any agency which is working for the emancipation of the race. Socialists, however, do assert that it is a travesty to spend our time and energy in fighting and struggling for happiness in "the sweet by and by" and yet remain oblivious to the pain, misery and degradation which now is. We demand that the back yards of the world be cleaned up. We demand that every child, regardless of his parentage, be guaranteed an abundance of wholesome food, that he be clothed and fed and educated, and that the state be responsible therefor. The child is first the charge of the state; second the care of the parents. If the parents fail to do their duty to the child, let us punish the parents; but, in the name of humanity, let us cease to exact suffering from the child because of the derelection of his forebears.

The statement, "Self preservation is the first law of nature," is in contravention of all the facts of history. In the jungle, in the wilds where wolves congregate; on the mountain top; alike among savages, barbarians and civilized people, race preservation is the law of life. We must recognize that our interests are correlated with the interests of every other individual. We must divorce ourselves from the heresy of individual realization and consecrate our lives to the emancipation of the entire race.

The Little Comforters

By Margaret Widdemer

I have my little thoughts for comforters;
They run by me all day
Holding up perfumed memory that stirs
My dull accustomed way.

They murmur of green lanes we used to go
(For here the spring forgets
To set the roadways thick with grass, and sow
The paths with violets!)

Here the hot city crashes, and all words
Thunder or scream or cry,
Yet there were lake-sounds once (they tell), and birds
Called from a twilight sky.

There still a night wind strokes the slumberers
And the cool grass lies deep . . .
I have my little thoughts for comforters,
Who whisper me to sleep.

"Fools Rush In"

One fool sailed westward till he found a world;
One found new words within the mind of man;
The cynics called Columbus charlatan
And burned Giordano Bruno! . . . Who unfurled
The heavens like a scroll, that man might know,
But foolish Galileo? . . . Who began
Our new free art and thought and social plan,
But that poor outcast crazy fool, Rousseau?
There is one toast the future ages drink
Standing!—To those who dare, rush in, and die!—
Those who defy all rights and break all rules,
Who fight impossible battles, and who think
True thoughts—of whom with one accord we cry,
"The fools, the fools, the fools!—God bless the fools!"

—Curtis Hidden Page, in Harper's Magazine.

The Story of a Socialist Mayor

(continued from page 187.)

board, thus placing three Socialists in one voting body for the first time. The comrades in some places and some in Berkeley complained that this Berkeley movement was a one-man affair, that when I pulled out it would go to smash. But such is not the case. The Berkeley movement is built on a vigorous and rational education in Socialism, as the election of Mrs. Beals at the moment of my withdrawal manifestly shows. Two years from now a good, strong, able candidate on our ticket will land the mayoralty and we will get a majority on the council and Berkeley will remain in the Socialist column.

A Try-out in the Woods

By STANLEY B. WILSON

IN response to Cook Nels order, the cookee had seized the broken peevy hook that stuck by its point in one of the logs in the rear wall of the cook house and proceeded to "agitate the triangle." To one unaccustomed to the Washington woods and the appetites of loggers in those regions, the result of the first tones of the "grub shouter" would have made him think an alarm of fire or other disaster was sounding.

Instantaneously there was a hastening of an always hasty toilet on the part of the occupants of the split-cedar shacks that domiciled the eighty odd men of No. 3 camp of the Advance Lumber Co., a tossing aside of grimy towels and combs in various stages of dental disfiguration, and a hundred and sixty odd feet frisked as many spike-soled boots toward the cook house, as though life or fortune were at stake.

Supper in Camp No. 3 was not a tragedy by any means. It was a delight, for Boss Jack Murphy was a man who believed that good feeding brings its compensation in good work, and Cook Nels was the one cook in the camps of Washington to criticize whose culinary conjurations was a sin that could not be overlooked or forgiven by his epicurean devotees—as were all who had "et after him."

Murphy himself had just pulled to the door of his office, which also served as a store for the accommodation of the men, with a short counter, a gander-legged desk, some shelves stocked with articles of loggers' use, and a bed for the timekeeper, who also served the camp as bookkeeper, scaler and clerk. Boss Jack was never in a hurry at meal time. It was remarked by Mick Walsh that the boss was "more uv a con-nis-ser then a consumer uv grub."

Right here let us digress a moment to note that Jack Murphy was the ideal logging boss, and that's saying a good deal. The logger is a strong, skilled, fearless, reckless, independent individual. He is a fighter by trade and he must be one by nature or seek another occupation. The logging boss must have all the qualities of the logger, but in a greater degree.

These Jack Murphy had, and in the superlative degree. Besides he stood six feet two, weighed just enough under 200 pounds to make his poundage an advantage, and if looks were a feature in a logging camp he sure had, as a tramp moocher who once visited the camp remarked, "Adonis backed clear off the beauty shelf."

Murphy had pulled the office door to, when he was accosted by a hearty " 'Evenin' " and saw before him a figure of no mean proportions, with a face much in need of tonsorial attention, and clad in garments intensely indicative of the handiwork of that industrious and fantastic sartorialist—Hard Luck.

"Lookin' fer a job. Anythin' doin'?" came again with the same anomalous heartiness.

"Come on in and eat," was the reply, as the boss started for the cook house.

Inside Nels' emporium, each found a seat as he could, and the newcomer proved both a "con-nis-ser an' consumer uv grub."

Next morning the name of Matthew Burns was entered in the time book, also in the day book with a healthy-looking list of purchases from the store stock.

Furnished an axe, pick and shovel, Burns was directed to report to Dutch Charlie, boss of the skid road crew. To experienced loggers this was evidence that he was an apprentice in the ways of the woods.

The skid road was a hard primary school, and Dutch Charlie was notorious as a hard boss. He could work harder, swear louder and fiercer and hold a grouch longer than any other individual in the logging business.

Burns was meat—large, juicy porterhouse—for Dutch Charlie. At least Charlie so estimated him when he reported for work. A man, a full-grown man of Burns type must indeed be in sore need of a job to accept one in a logging camp and be willing to tackle the skid road. And Charlie was one who delighted in collaborating with necessity against human feelings.

Burns stood waiting for instructions.

"Vell, vot you waiting vor? Vy don't you go to vork?"

"I am waiting for you to show me what you want me to do," replied the novice, with a shade of amusement.

"Vell, vat you got tem axe and pick and shofels for, to tig der skeed holes, ain'd idt? Vell, tig dem!"

Burns took advantage of the dialogue to study the operations of the rest of the crew, one of whom beckoned to him.

"The Dutchman is sure dirty this morning. Lost his pile in a black jack game down at Millson last night. Dig there." And the accommodating skidder indicated a spot a few feet from where he was digging.

Burns was a willing worker. But Charlie was an exacting and unreasonable boss. The harder the novice delved, the harder the skid road boss tongue-lashed him.

The skid holes were either too long or two short, too wide or too narrow, too deep or too shallow, too far apart or too close together.

Burns didn't seem to mind the abuse of the belligerent boss. His indifference only served to increase Charlie's belligerency.

"Dot holes vas too teep!" he screamed, approaching the hole in which Burns was working.

The big novice reached up suddenly, seized the skid boss and dropped him into the hole at his feet. Then leaping out of the hole he began to shovel earth upon his prostrate pest.

"There you durned little gnat," he grinned as he dashed an extra heavy shovelful in the face of the scrambling Charlie." I'm just givin' you a taste of what's comin' to you one of these nice days if you don't see the aggravatin' an' everlastin' error of your ways.'

He reached down, lifted the now frightened and cowed bully out of the hole, and shook him bodily to relieve him of his extra load of dirt.

* * *

A month later, Burns was called into the office by Boss Jack Murphy. It was after supper and the men were all in their shacks.

When Burns entered the office, he found Murphy hanging blankets over the windows.

"Just turn that key, Matt," said Murphy. "Don't want no one to butt in."

Burns turned the key, sat down on the edge of the clerk's bed and waited.

"Reach under the bed, there, Matt, an' pull out that box, and get what's in it." He did as directed, and turned a set of boxing gloves onto the bed.

"Matt, I want you to strip to the waist, pull on a pair of them gloves and do your damdest to lick me, for that's what I'm going to do to you."

"Sure, Boss," replied Burns, with his usual good humor, and at once proceeded to prepare for the encounter.

Nature never made two creatures more alike physically than the pair who faced each other in the little office building that evening, and never did more perfectly developed and trained gladiators engage for physical supremacy.

Theirs not the erratic training of the prize athlete, but of perfect physical men conditioned by natural health, clean living and hard work.

"No rounds—through to the finish; no hugging; no stalling on the ground; a man's scrap, best man wins," prescribed Murphy. "Ready—go to it, tillicum!"

They shook hands, stepped back, each smiling and alert with the alertness of mental poise and faculties unimpaired and accustomed to instant obedience to will.

Space was limited, but though giants, much space was not required. There was no foot-racing, no fancy side-stepping.

These men were fighters, struggling for physical mastery. There was nothing of the shrinker or dodger in their make-up. Theirs was the rule of give and take —not give and run.

Their defense was by means of speed and accuracy in delivering and warding blows with the weapons of men—the hands and arms.

Like the giant firs of the woods about them, they stood erect, and like the firs sustained by the splendid life forces their organs and faculties assimilated from nature's untainted and unstinted sources.

After ten minutes they still stood, toe to toe, faces flushed and bruised, but no trace of hatred or shrinking.

With bullet-speed, Murphy's right connected often with the visage of his opponent, while Burns, less swift in hitting, was a two-handed fighter. His left played to Murphy's face, while his right raised great welts over the other's ribs, stomach and heart.

Half an hour waged the battle, with hardly perceptable abatement. Burns' face was swollen, cut and bleeding, Murphy's body bruised and blotched with blood. Both were panting from the incessant exertion seemingly beyond the possibility of human endurance.

A terriffic right to the jaw knocked Burns to the floor—the first knock-down of the unprecedented encounter. Springing to his feet, Burns swung his right, caught Murphy on the ribs and knocked him against the wall, with such force that the big boss loosened the thin shakes and fell with the splintered mass of cedar out on the ground.

The lamp that had furnished light for the contest had hung by a nail on the ill-fated wall.

In the darkened office Burns stood for a moment dumfounded by the results of his blow, then panted: "Are you hurt, Boss?"

"Something wrong with this right arm," replied Murphy as he arose from the ruins of the wall. "There's candles in a box under the counter. Light one, Matt."

Burns found the candle, lighted it. Murphy stepped into the office, his right arm hanging by his side.

The following evening Burns received another call—this time to Boss Jack Murphy's shack.

He found Murphy seated on a chair with his feet propped upon another, his arm in a sling.

"Sorry our little scrap last night wound up before the finish, Matt," began the Big Boss, "but I guess it'll do, all right. Where in blazes did you learn to take care of yourself with the fists?"

Seeing that Burns was not inclined to impart personal history, Murphy continued:

"Have had my eye on you, Matt, ever since you struck this camp. Was in the brush the day you flopped Dutch into the skid hole, and that night you bluffed Tony, the Dago, when he was going to cut Slim Swede I was passing shack six and saw you through the window take away the knife and pile him into his bunk.

"I need a right-hand man, one I can leave in charge of the camp when I have to be gone, and know that it is being run.

"Now, to run a logging camp, a man must have three things. He must know logging, be able to lick any man in the crew, and have enough of the man in him to treat the men just the same as he'd like to be treated if he was them.

"You don't know much about logging, but you're learning fast and you've got the head to carry out orders. You showed the way you handled Charlie and Tony that you are a man. The reason I mixed with you was to find out what you could do in the way of handling huskies that happened to need a large-sized licking. On this point I reckon I am satisfied now."

THE LESS WEARISOME WAY

Old Gorgon Graham isn't read as much as he used to be. But there are many of his sayings that will not be in a rush about surrendering their substantial feature. For instance, that one about the boys coaxing a dog into a back-yard with a hunk of meat, so that they may successfully perform the operation of attaching a tin receptacle to his extreme rear appendage.

The youthful canine edges up, licking his chops at the thought of the provisions, and hanging his aforesaid appendage at the thought of the hardware.

If he gets the meat it will necessitate his running himself to death to get rid of the unkindly utensil.

Moral: It's wiser and much less wearisome to vote for what you want and not get it than to be fooled into voting for something you think you want, and get more than you bargained for.

A BIT OF FANTASY

The grim reaper stopped at the lady's door, and with a firm knock he notified her of his presence.

"Oh, so it's you," the lady said.

"Yes," said Death, "the time has come. It's your turn."

"I suppose it won't do me any good to plead for mercy——"

"No; you must come with me."

"Immediately?"

"Absolutely—and without argument."

"Then I wish to ask you to allow me one minute—just one minute."

"It's not the custom, lady."

"Can't you allow an exception?"

"Well, if you don't want any longer, I consent."

"Oh, thank you, kind sir, thank you."

She hurried to a mirror. For sixty-two seconds she labored with a chamois, powdering her shiny nose.

What's Wrong With the Newspaper Game

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

I HAVE been from the bottom of the daily newspaper game to as near the top as ninety-five per cent ever get. I have seen the inside of the game. I have seen the wheels turn. I have seen the guide wires pulled. I know how newspaper "policy" is made and what it is. I want to say something about it. I believe there is a viewpoint people need to get—something they need to know. I am going to talk about only those things concerning which I have first hand information. Whatever conclusions are drawn will be drawn from facts. In ten years of newspaper work these facts have been met week after week. And in those ten years I have come to love the game passionately. But the rules under which it is played have nauseated. I hate the rules. And yet, under those rules millions of words are turned off huge presses every day in the year for millions of people to either believe or disbelieve. And there you are; there is the point—to believe or to disbelieve. Look at this:

"Managing Editor: Agreement for simultaneous publication of Washington editorial is off. ——— finds itself unable to remain in agreement."

Those were the words contained in a telegram that come into my hands one night as I sat at the city editor's desk of one of the most influential standpat Republican papers west of New York. The inner wheels revolved in that telegram. A chain of great newspapers had agreed to publish simultaneously a certain editorial concerning a grave political issue. Privilege was concerned in that issue. The common people were concerned. These papers were on the side of Privilege. To make their battle more effective they had planned a concerted attack. The same editorial, sent out from the seat of Privilege, was to have been published in all of those newspapers on a certain day. A wheel slipped somewhere in this particular instance; but the wheels seldom slip that way.

The mere routine work of great newspapers is not a matter in question here. If a man is held up and robbed the public is apt to be told of it with as fair a degree of accuracy as may be possessed by the reporters who "cover" the story. There is no question of the average accuracy of newspapers in the matter of commonplace news. Reporters must be accurate in such cases. For incorrectly spelling the name of a guest at a banquet I nearly lost my job on one occasion in the early days of my newspaper work.

There you are. The newspapers are constantly striving for accuracy. Accuracy is drummed into the head of every reporter on every paper in the country.

And yet, there is accuracy and accuracy. For instance, a sheet of "flimsy" was turned over to me from the telegraph desk of a morning newspaper one night. Some dreaded Asiatic plague had broken out in a department store in a neighboring city. A section of the store had been boarded up by order of the health department. The dread disease had been imported, so the story went, in shipments from across the water. The managing editor was most accurate in his determination not to allow publication of that story, because it might affect the department stores in his own city and thus affect the advertising revenues his paper derived from those stores.

Again, while working on another paper, the telephone at my elbow rang. The advertising manager of a department store was on the wire to request that the story of an elevator accident in his store be withheld from publication. Knowing that the publication of that sort of story would not be wished by the managing editor, for obvious reasons, it was not even written. Yet, the story of an elevator accident of no greater seriousness in a small building which contained no advertisers and no prospective advertisers, was given considerable space a few days later.

A scandal story concerning a member of the Gimbel firm was causing wide interest through the country a few years ago. The story, judged by newspaper standards, was a good one. It cried aloud for headlines and page one position. I was working at the time in a city in which there was a Gimbel store, though it was a thousand miles from the city in which the scandal story had "broken." Every man on the paper knew that nothing would be printed about it. We were correct.

If the owners of department stores were in the habit of being candidates for mayor, which they are not—but if they were—they would receive uniform support and courtesy at the hands of those newspapers in which they advertise liberally.

The same newspaper that will urge the organization of blacksmiths, or that will support a strike of dock laborers, will bring out its largest type and its most vehement condemnations if an effort is made to organize clerks, or if the street car men go out on a strike. If ever there was an effort to unionize bank clerks the daily press from Golden Gate to Bar Harbor would rouse itself into a frenzy of righteous indignation and fury.

I have known for a positive fact, as a newspaper executive, that theaters and department stores have violated fire rules month after month. Reporters have begged to be allowed to write what they knew and to go out after more facts. And I, like countless of others in like positions, have had to tell them to save their energy for an interview with Mrs. Lotta Got-Rocks, whose opinion as to the latest fashion in lap dogs was of great importance to the community.

The facts that I have set forth so far might be added to indefinitely. I might tell you about the alderman who could have been proven a crook by any newspaper man in a certain town, but who wasn't because no newspaper man cared to trouble himself to put that much good energy into a hopeless cause. The alderman, be it known, was an extensive advertiser and was always highly spoken of in the papers of his city.

What I am actually driving at is that newspapers are not controlled by the ideals of the editorial rooms, but by the profits gathered in by the business office.

You will understand more clearly why this is when you know a little about the costs of newspaper operation. Your newspaper tonight or tomorrow morning will contain anywhere from twelve to thirty pages. You will pay one cent for it; less if you are a monthly subscriber. You may think that your one cent pays for

that paper; but it doesn't. And just there is where Privilege gets its grip on what you think, for you think according to the information you get and you get a certain type of economic and political information according to the desires of the persons who pour the money across the counter in the business office for the advertising that keeps the paper running. Go back over that sentence and trace it slowly. Digest it; beat it out; dig it to pieces; put it together again; study it; it is the essence of the thing!

Here is what happens in the matter of paying for your paper. First off, the newsboy who sells it to you on the corner, or delivers it to your house, gets half. That leaves one-half of your penny for the publisher. Do you think the half penny pays for producing that paper? No, not even when those papers are run off by thousands and thousands. In many cases the net return from circulation doesn't even pay for the blank white paper upon which your news is printed and for its delivery to you. But let us agree that the half penny does pay for white paper and circulation. What then? Who pays the editors, the reporters, the girl "sob sisters," who prattle about the doings of the "highbrows" and cry ineffectually over the predicaments of the poor? Who pays the telegraph tolls and the special correspondents and the press crews and the men who sweat stripped to their undershirts in the stereotyping room? Who pays the men who man the linotype battery? Who pays the artists and photographers who make pretty pictures of the wives of our "best citizens" and risque pictures of the pretty broiler girls?

The two words that answer you now are the two words that link America's daily newspapers to Privilege; link them in chains that bind tighter than steel; link them in chains of dollars and thousands of dollars. Those two words? The Advertiser!

There are many altruistic writers of salable words who will rise up and deny what has just been said. In fact they are busily engaged in denying it right along. Scarcely a month passes but what some writer, somewhere, bobs up to tell the American people of the virtue of the daily press and to assure everyone that the daily press is honest and right next door to paradise. But the men who have played the game, learned the rules, taken the chances and made the papers—they know better!

In most newspaper offices the heavy advertiser is known as a "sacred cow." The term is pregnant with meaning. Never was idol of brass more feared nor bowed to with more servility. Never was monarch's edict more faithfully obeyed than is the edict, often never conveyed in so many words, of the modern liberal advertising patron.

You may say that the case applies to great stores only and that the press is free to say what it will of other interests, such as great trusts that do no local advertising. Doubting one, come with me yet a little. The department store deals with big banks; big banks deal with other big banks; all big banks deal with concerns of large financial importance. To touch the credit of one is to touch the nerve centers of all! Class solidarity is in its flower among the people of Privilege and the "non-partisanship" that is ruling their political game where their power is threatened has not for a moment been neglected in their business affairs. You want something definite? Very well.

Go to the city editor of the paper that you buy every day and ask him to tell you frankly why local questions have their bearing upon national questions; why the attitude toward the department store is the attitude toward the system in general. If he is free to speak he will tell you that the department store is linked with the bank that holds the credit lash over half the small business houses in town and that at the behest of the big advertisers the bank could force out half the small advertisers, should the emergency demand it. He will tell you that an unchecked attitude toward outside Privilege would tend toward an unchecked attitude toward local Privilege and that in the interests of local Privilege ALL Privilege must be respected and not handled too roughly.

The newspaper business office is sensitive toward these matters. Time after time I have been requested by the business manager or the advertising manager not to publish certain things. Those requests were requests only out of courtesy. Had they been ignored they would have come back in the shape of commands and upon continued disregard there would have been painful separation from the payroll—a separation that I have come to hold as the only absolutely clean relation to the modern newspaper game.

Of course, there are papers that do not play according to the general rules of the game. They fight for "reforms" and say a good deal of what they think. But they are few and far between and they suffer for their conduct. They suffer—don't forget that. And now and then the sheriff comes to quietly put an end to their misery.

Then there is another sort of paper. In this class there are many publishers. They publish papers to defend the system and all that it does, either because they believe it is right, or because they want to make money and are not particular as to how they make it. But, whatever the publishers may think as to right and wrong, their views are not generally shared by the men who do the work on the papers. The men who do the work are quick to see wrongs and they would like to tell what they know. But a few of them are Socialists, but a few know the remedy for the wrongs that they see, but they do see the wrongs and they would like to print what they know, but dare not.

The only contention here is that the conditions under which great newspapers are published make for subserviency to Privilege. It is not contended that if the influence of Privilege were lifted today that every newspaper in the land would publish revelations tomorrow. That would be impossible, for the newspapers have been growing into their present condition for years. Hundreds of them are owned and published for the sole purpose of deceiving the people in politics. Any discriminating newspaper reader knows that.

The sole contention is that there are those conditions and that the product of those conditions is a fact.

The future of the truth-telling newspaper, I have come to believe, lies in independence of the advertiser—and only in that! So long as the big advertiser can tell the newspapers what to print and what not to print, what to do in politics and what not to do, what to do in affairs of economic moment and what not to do, just so long will we have lying newspapers and treacherous newspapers. For the injury that newspapers do is not always in what they say; as often it is in what they do not say. Here comes our old friend "accuracy" again. Be accurate in what you print, but if it is not of the right color don't print it! The art of "playing up" and "playing down" has been developed to a science. When the Socialists controlled Milwaukee the administration desired to float a bond issue. The capitalist press, ever on the alert to serve Privilege, secured an interview to the effect that bonds would find no sale under a Socialist administration. That interview was given great space and liberal headlines. Likewise, it

was editorially embellished and prolonged. The denial was given a few lines under a "machine" head. That is what is meant by "playing" up or down.

During the newspaper lockout in Chicago last winter one Edward Barret was in the employ of the Hearst papers. He was a notorious gunman and thug. He shot at least two men and conducted a general plug ugly career in the streets of the mid-west metropolis for several weeks. The law could not touch him. The reporters and the desk men on the Hearst papers had accurate knowledge of the doings of Ed Barret. The stories would have been better than many stories that the Hearst papers printed in those exciting times. But the point is that they were not printed. The Hearst papers did not want the doings of Ed Barret printed. The Chicago Tribune faithfully and with great accuracy informed the public every time "Onward Christian Soldiers" was sung at the Bull Moose convention, but it did not say anything about the wrangings that took place concerning the admission of black delegates and all of the other disgraceful wire pullings of that bombastic event. It is as important not to print the things that should not be printed as it is to correctly print the things that should be printed!

So, in some city you may find a single newspaper conducting a great campaign against housing conditions. All the others will be silent. The one may not be affected by just the exact set of advertising conditions that beset its rivals. The same paper that raves about housing conditions may be eternally silent on a paving graft or a construction steal.

In a certain great western city there are scores of so-called "promotion" enterprises. These concerns deal in all manner of wonderful schemes. Stock is always for sale. The visitor is always greeted with an affable smile and an itching palm. The state legislature, in a moment of dreamy high-mindedness, proposed to pass a law to curb the activities of companies of this nature. The proposal of the legislature was met either with silence or with cunning opposition by the daily press. Interviews were published concerning the absolute lack of need for any such law—and then silence. The "promotion" companies are rivals of the department stores in the consumption of newspaper space. So, if you are a careful student of newspaper advertising and care to go deeply enough into the connections of the advertisers with other interests you may secure for yourself a fair guide as to the why of certain things that are printed and are not printed. Inevitably you will find business office rule and editorial room subserviency, at the behest of Privilege.

The cost of the game leads you to that point. The white paper and the cost of distribution barely comes out of the sale price of the paper. Advertising pays for the rest. Advertising may get a just return out of the business advertising brings, but advertisers are not foolish enough to throw away the chance to hold tight to the grip their patronage gives them on the neck of the publisher. Without advertising the modern newspaper could not exist. Having control of the life-giving force the advertisers are going to insist that in return for life they will have not only advertising space, but complete consecration of the entire life. They have the power and they use it. The constitution may guarantee freedom of the press, but the big advertisers do not—and the big advertisers are nearer home and wield a power that is felt more acutely. The constitution allowed the newspapers the freedom to print all they pleased about the Gimbel scandal, so long as they stayed within the bounds of decency. But Gimbel's took a different view of the matter and the constitution paid for no advertising!

The salvation of American journalism lies in some road into which advertising does not intrude its dominating and corrupting influence. I don't know just how this will be worked out—but it will be worked out. America will not be forever satisfied to have its really vital news sifted to it through the remnant sales of the big department stores. It will not forever allow the doings of its public officials to be brought to it via the main office of the big advertiser. It will not forever allow the causes of great accidents and the wrecking of human lives in bargain sale grinds to be brought to it as the advertising manager signifies. It will not forever allow the railroad advertisement and the telephone advertisement to stand between it and the true facts about railroads and the Bell monopoly. Not forever!

Just now there is an experiment being conducted in Chicago. A daily paper (The Day Book) is being published for a penny a copy, minus advertising. The paper is small, just a booklet affair, but it prints the vital news that it is able to get and it doesn't color it to suit any advertiser—because there is none. It hasn't a large news staff, but it does dig into some things that other papers neglect and its doings are limited only by the mental desires and the physical possibilities of the men who run it. There may be the beginnings of the way out in this Chicago experiment. And again, the way out may lie in an entirely different channel. I do not know. But there must be a way out—it must be found.

The Socialist press must face the issue. For, be your politics what you will, if you depend upon advertising for the production of your paper, you will be compelled to in some measure heed the dictates of the man who has the advertising to give you. If there is a rope around your neck you will, consciously or unconsciously, follow as the rope guides.

What about it? Where will we stop? How long will we stand for poisoned news? How long do we want to be told about our Panama Canal and our railroad mergers and our steel trusts through a press that is warped and woofed in the mill of Privilege and dry kilned in the fierce blaze of business necessities.

Some way, sometime, newspapers must be produced without the aid of Privilege. Some way the tentacles that strangle truth and throttle honesty must be shaken off. Does that mean that the price of newspaper production must be borne by the people who read newspapers? Maybe. I don't know. I only know that there will be a way out found. I know that the effectiveness of the Socialist press must, in a certain degree, depend upon how soon that way out is found. And I have a lurking suspicion that the Socialist press will pioneer the way to the point where the business office will not determine whether the engineer had been on duty twenty-four hours or whether he was careless; whether there was an epidemic in the department store, or whether there was no epidemic; whether the city council is honest or crooked; whether municipal ownership pays or does not pay; whether the telegraph trust should be taken over by the government or whether it should not; whether Socialism means free love, or whether it means our highest conception of civilization.

I have the lurking suspicion. I have seen ten years of it from the inside. I know what is wrong. I know there must be a way out. I am confident that it will be found soon. The eternal movement of things presages important happenings—and we are not going to move backward when we move. The advertising manager had best be on his guard!

The Intercollegiate Socialist Society

By E. E. HITCHCOCK

A leaflet headed "Study Chapters" and issued by the Intercollegiate Socialist Society contains the following:

"The Intercollegiate Socialist Society was organized September, 1905, 'to promote an intelligent interest in Socialism among college men and women, graduate and undergraduate, principally by the formation of study chapters in the universities and colleges of the country.' "

"Undergraduates, graduate students and members of the faculty who are interested in the study of Socialism are eligible for membership in a college chapter. Former college students residing in a college town who give promise of being of active assistance to the chapter may also be admitted to membership."

"Thousands of copies of pamphlets which materially assist in gaining a knowledge of the Socialist movement are printed each year. Among these leaflets are:

" 'Study Courses in Socialism,' suggesting four possible courses, each of which may be given in six or twelve lessons, a 'Classified Book List of Socialist Works,' 'What Socialism Stands For,' 'To Skeptics and Doubters,' 'Socialism and the Student,' and other pamphlets."

"Each chapter of the I. S. S. receives bi-monthly bulletins for its members. These bulletins contain a resume of the work of the general organization and its individual chapters, a list of recent books and articles bearing upon Socialist and economic questions, quotations from well known men and women on Socialism and allied subjects, and other matters of interest to students."

Besides the foregoing matters the same leaflet explains the method of holding an annual convention; of supplying both Socialist and non-Socialist speakers of prominence for the instruction of the individual chapters, and several other activities of the organization.

The society since 1905 has steadily grown, and now numbers chapters in nearly all the larger institutions of learning, as well as in many of the smaller ones. It has besides formed an alumni branch of its organization, which now contains several strong chapters; among others, one in Los Angeles.

THE LOS ANGELES ALUMNI CHAPTER

The Alumni Branch of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society was formed partly for its own sake, and partly to aid and abet the more active societies in the colleges themselves.

At 625 South Figueroa street, Los Angeles, the Los Angeles chapter of this branch organization meets.

Here, in a studio on large grounds in the rear of one of the Los Angeles stately mansions of a somewhat elder day, gathers in interested and earnest, but not solemn, conclave a goodly group of men and women, both youthful and prime, who have been "in, through, or by," in person or by proxy—you see the conditions of eligibility of this Alumni Chapter are not very strict—our leading schools and universities, local and remote, such as the Normal, Pomona, Occidental, the University of Southern California, Berkeley, Stanford, Michigan, Cornell, Wellesley, and so on through the whole catalogue of Alma Mater variants.

The atmosphere in this studio, on the occasion of a meeting, is usually further thickened by the fragrance of incense, uncoiling to air from the table; and is further illuminated and subdued by the ruddy glow of Japanese balloons, by means of which rather somberly can be discerned the low benches, stools, and chairs which are the seats; and against the walls the artistic trappings; and everywhere the large, enticing pictures, mostly portraits.

Here, Rob Wagner, painter of pictures teller of tales, slinger of slang, instructor of ideas, witty excoriator of "boneheads," promulgator of civic beauty, defender of the Socialist faith, and good fellow generally, presides and genially invites you to "splash in" to the discussion, and to become "Mocha and Java" with the subject. You can have it any way you want; straight Socialism "from soup to nuts," he will inform you, or with a demi-tasse of black anarchy thrown in, or with the iced opinion of those opposed to Socialism admixed.

In any case it is an intellectual banquet; for the idea is to get together all who are in any way interested in the main theme, no matter from what viewpoint, whether mild or radical, and no matter from what motive, whether from insight or curiosity; but all in an atmosphere having in it, besides incense, soft lights, and influence of artistry, an air of friendliness not only for the cause, but also for each individual visitor to the place as a cause in himself.

And indeed you are here made to feel at home, with full privilege of participating in the running repartee of comment after the main speech.

The main speech may be from a courteous critic of the Socialist movement; from a student of it; from an editor or lecturer working for it; or from one who is down "on the firing line," and has seen the whole thing first hand—the strike, the lock-out, starvation, soapboxing, and even arrest.

After the speaking you may be invited to avail yourself of the opportunity to buy a good book on the subject of Socialism by some one or other of the "great guns," such as Spargo or Hilquit, Engels and Marx.

Next you are given a chance to shake everybody's hand and get surprised to meet your former classmate or fellow teacher or law partner or somebody else you hadn't suspected of having a taint, or even a curiosity about having one. Not long since seven teachers from one of the local high schools met each other here.

And then, after you discover you have employed a whole hour in this manner before being aware of it, you hurry away with cordial invitations to come again following you, and mentally as well as openly you resolve to do so.

No doubt you also resolve when you do to bring your chum, your business associate, or some relative just for the lark there is in it, for the sake of curiosity satisfied, or for the cultural value of the experience; or, if you are already a "Red," as it is sincerely hoped you are, you desire to bring these friends of yours—of course, because you like them—there are none better—but also because you want them to be inoculated just a wee bit more in order that they may see things right. You are fully aware you never could have gotten them across the "dead line" to the East Side and to Socialist headquarters where things are really "doing," but now you know you have found a place, this alluringly mysterious, delightfully different little half-way station, to which you can conduct them with hope some day of getting them farther.

EDITORIAL

FERDINAND AUGUST BEBEL

FERDINAND AUGUST BEBEL, Germany's Grand Old Man of the Socialist movement, is dead. Seventy-three years he lived. During most of those years he fought for the working class. His was a life truly lived. His was a life consecrated to his fellows.

During all the years of the conscription in Germany Bebel remained on the firing line. He defied the powerful Bismark. Prisons failed to break his great spirit and many were the months he passed within the somber walls of the German fortress-prisons.

Today Bebel is dead. Forty thousand honored him at his funeral. In all countries of the world memorial services were held. A great man had passed away. His greatness was of the truest type. He was great in the service of the common people.

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TRUE TO CLASS

DURING his California tour Former Congressman Victor L. Berger made one statement that Socialists should take to heart. He was speaking of congress and congressmen. "No one bought Joe Cannon," he said. "No one bought Uncle Ike Stephenson of Wisconsin. Their own money bought them. They were capitalists and they were true to their class interests."

Every capitalist legislator is not a crook; that is, not according to capitalist law and custom. He doesn't fight for labor because he doesn't represent labor and never intended to.

He represents capitalists, he is there because he is a capitalist and because the capitalists could fool enough workingmen into voting for him.

He is absolutely true to his class. In fact, very few capitalists betray their class.

Labor's only antidate for that sort of thing is to elect class-conscious workingmen to office.

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SPEAKING OF FISH

CALIFORNIA has a wonderful climate. California is rich in the gifts of nature. It is the envy of all the earth. Why should the greed of man be permitted to mar its fair name?

When a shrewd speculator can get a bit of desert for a song, or less, manufacture a descriptive book out of fake photographs, embellish the whole thing with a story that is remarkable only for its distance from truth, and go back to the less climatically favored East and take perfectly good money for the land which his words and pictures belie—when a speculator does that it hurts California.

Of course people ought not to be that kind of fish, but they are. And there is always a day when they discover that they have been hooked.

The harsh words that follow such discovery do California no good. Civic pride should mitigate against the rascals who do that sort of hooking.

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THE GREATEST ISSUE

WITHOUT question the greatest issue before the world today is the future of labor.

What is labor going to do? And how?

Every real issue that faces governments is an issue that is a labor issue at its base. Questions of corporation control, questions of municipal ownership, questions of civic betterment, questions of international relationships—all these are labor questions at bottom.

The question of corporation control is one that every congress and every legislature has to face at every session these days. It is a labor question, purely, and not a corporation question. The problem is to prevent the corporations from going too far in gouging the people who work, which, turned the other way about means allowing labor to keep a little more of that which it produces. So, it is a labor question.

"The Shame of the City" has been its ignominious treatment of the common people—the workers. The nation-wide movement for cleaner city government is a labor question—a question of giving labor a fairer deal in city government. So it is with municipal ownership. Private ownership bears down too hard upon labor and labor resents the robbery. Out of this has grown the demand for municipal ownership of public utilities—a part of the Socialist program.

Even in questions of international character labor is at the root of the issue. War is the

greatest of these and in this labor is at the very foundation of all deliberation. Either for the protection of workers or the conquest of workers wars are planned and wars are fought only by the workers.

The world of things today revolves around labor. Labor is at the very center of all things. Capital speculates upon how hard it dares press down upon labor. Capital plans and intrigues against labor, wondering just how far it can go and how soon labor will awake. Most widely discussed and most fundamental of all is the problem of labor.

And labor is awakening as never before. Labor is coming to a consciousness of its position as never before. Labor is forcing its own issue as never before. All things work in favor of labor today. As the angler plays the fighting denizen of the deep, cautiously but without cessation bringing it to the gaff, so the great unseen forces of evolution are playing the issue to the finish. Capital cannot turn back to yesterday. Nor can labor. Both must go on and on and on—into the future.

It is as if labor and capital were being forced upward through a great turbine. Labor at the beginning is at the bottom and capital at the top. The great force from behind throws both forward toward the end. They turn as they go. They must turn. They have no power to do otherwise. And when the end of the turbine is reached labor is at the top.

The difference is that with labor and capital there will be, not a transposition of place and power, but a complete amalgamation. Capital will be drawn within labor and when the revolution has been worked there will be no capital, as we know it today; no capitalist class.

But this labor must bear always in mind: While labor cannot stop the revolution of today, while it cannot take itself out of the equation, it can, through consciousness of its own position and power, aid the natural forces that are at work and speed the day of emancipation.

Labor IS the issue. For its own sake labor must be a CONSCIOUS issue.

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THE PASTOR AND THE STRIKE

MANY persons of strong religious inclinations have voiced the belief that the working people are coming to care less for the church than formerly. It is not the intention here to say that they are right or wrong.

But IF they are right there must be a reason.

There has been a great copper strike in northern Michigan. Workingmen have been fighting against oppression and low wages. It has been labor against capital.

It may be well to seek the position taken by the church in this typical labor struggle.

J. L. Engdahl, staff correspondent of The Milwaukee Leader, writing from Calumet, the heart of the strike zone, says that on the Sunday following the beginning of the strike two of the Calumet pulpits were filled by militia chaplains and that in a third the regular pastor preached a sermon in which he evidenced his feelings of sympathy with the mine owners. He deeply deplored the fact that his church, the First Methodist Episcopal, would lose a great sum of money because of the strike and he hoped, oh, ever so ardently, that the men would soon cease their naughty strike.

"If the strike continues there is not a church in the whole district that will not be affected seriously, if not disastrously," said this preacher. Then this minister of the gospel closed his sermon with the following surprising peroration:

"The ministry and the Christian people of the community are calmly waiting the outcome. The crisis will, of course, come when the mining companies attempt to operate the mines, with such as are willing to work, which perhaps is 75 per cent, but the presence of the troops ought to assure order and safety.

"They trust in God, but are glad to know that the authorities are keeping their powder dry."

While this incident doesn't exactly prove anything, a great many will think that it indicates a great deal.

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THE MEXICANS

THE diplomatic flubdub and the jingo newspaper talk about the Mexican situation becomes exceedingly trying to working class nerves. The entire discussion takes into consideration only one thing—the protection of American capitalists and their property in Mexico.

What does the American working man care about the property interests of American capitalists in Mexico? He is not concerned.

If the American working man has any sympathies in Mexico those sympathies should be at all times with the cruelly exploited and brutally mistreated Mexican working class.

LIBERTY'S DEBT TO STOMACH

WRITING of the Mexican revolution, an author says: "You can stir some few men to revolt with insult, some by commanding them not to think, some others by taking their god away from them; but the mass of men must be starved into sedition."

Hail to the human stomach! What debts of gratitude the fine spirit of liberty owes to stomach! Napoleon in his glory, if he had known any sense of gratitude, should have erected a splendid monument to the French stomach, upon which he rose to power and made a new France. Every free nation should put an idealized stomach in its hall of fame; for not the mind of man, nor the heart of him, nor any beautiful instinct of equality has tumbled over most despots, but the stomach, most tender of human organs, breeding place for all revolts.

We are wont to say that ideals are the world's masters. And in a sense 'tis true. But students of human history are beginning to see that the ideals which have revolutionized the world are not those which have been impressed upon man from without; not those conceived by seer or prophet, but the ideals which have come as reflex of the economic conditions under which men were compelled to live. Isolated exceptions to the rule there have been throughout history, but the great, burdened, struggling, toiling masses of men, these have lifted their eyes to the stars, their aspiration to heaven, and girded their loins for freedom's battles only when impelled to do so by the pangs of hunger and starvation. The battles of freedom are ever fought on empty, not full stomachs.

The time will doubtless come some day when a fully liberated humanity, freed from every galling chain that now binds the race, can escape from thralldom to the stomach, but that time will be when

"Every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity."

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THE TRULY MORAL LIFE

THE following suggestions give some idea of what the truly moral life should be:

Says a writer:

"When I use the word 'moral,' I do not, I hope, mean that dull, pinched-lipped conventionality of negations which often goes under that name.

"The deep-lying, ineradicable desires, fountains of human actions, the lifelong aspirations, the lightning-like revelations of right and justice, the treasured, hidden ideals, born in flames and in darkness, within the heart—are, as a rule, anything but conventional.

"They may be, and often are, thought immoral. I don't care, they are just as sacred. If they underlie a man's life, and are nearest to himself—they will underlie humanity. To your own self be true."

To love and to aspire, to strive joyously for the good of all—these make life—spontaneous, bubbling life.

In this is nothing of wayward impulse. It is impulse, but impulse springing from the loving toward the lovely.

"We needs must love the highest when we see it, not Launcelot nor another."

To help awaken the soul so that it may see, and, seeing, love, is the best service that can be rendered a human being.

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DEFAULTING THEIR OBLIGATIONS

DO PUPILS educated at the public schools at public expense ever realize that in addition to the obligation they are under to parents, teachers and themselves there is still another obligation to the state?

It is a mistaken idea for pupils to imagine that they are conferring a favor on the community when they accept the educational bounty provided. There is a sense, of course, in which any boy or girl confers a favor upon society by becoming intelligent instead of remaining ignorant, but it is a poor type of human nature that does not realize that while there may be a mutuality of obligation, it is the individual and not the state who receives the greatest measure of benefit.

There is a general protest from taxpayers against the burdens of taxation which they are forced to assume, especially for schools. Yet there is no civilized country in which the amount of public money used for school purposes is so great as in this country. From the beginning of their history the several state governments have been phenomenally liberal in all matters pertaining to education. And it is well that all pupils in the public schools should be made to feel this at an early age in order that they may realize the full burden of obligation which they are under to

the state therefor, and that they may not default the obligation.

While the state owes a duty to every citizen, however humble, it is likewise true that there is a mutuality of obligation. And that government is strongest and its people happiest where neither the state nor the citizen defaults this obligation.

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A CURE FOR INSOMNIA

A WRITER offers the following novel suggestions for insomnia:

"When we are not necessarily overtired, but perhaps only a little tired from the day's work, it is not uncommon to be kept awake by a flapping curtain or a swinging door, by unusual noises in the streets or by people talking.

"If we are willing that the curtain should go on flapping, the door go on slamming, or the noise in the street continue steadily on, our brains yield to the conditions and so sleep naturally, because the noise goes through us, so to speak, and does not run hard against our unwillingness to hear it.

"There are three facts which may help to remove this resistance. One is that in almost every sound there is a certain rhythm. If we yield to the sound enough to become sensitive to its rhythm, that, in itself, is soothing, and what before was keeping us awake now helps us to go to sleep. The rhythm of sound and motion in sleeping cars and steamers is, in itself, soothing. If you keep your mind steadily on it you will probably be asleep in less than an hour, and, when the car stops, you will wake only enough to settle comfortably into the sense of motion when it starts again. It is pleasant to notice the gentleness with which a good engineer starts his train at night, and gives us many a lesson on the use of gentle beginnings with other things besides locomotive engineers.

"The second fact with regard to yielding, instead of resisting, in order to get to sleep is that listening alone, apart from rhythm, tends to make one sleepy, and this leads us at once to the third fact, that getting to sleep is nothing but a healthy form of concentration."

These suggestions, while both novel and interesting, have a limit in application beyond which it is not easy to conceive of human nature going. Imagine a poor, tired, nervous individual yielding himself to the sound of a cat fight on the roof at night, to the extent of becoming sensitive to its rhythm! Imagine, if it be imaginable, a point at which such a caterwauling would become soothing and lull one to peaceful sleep!

Then, too, think of becoming sensitive to the rhythm contained in the tones of a scolding wife! One might become en rapport with the rhythm in the sound of a squealing pig, a barking dog, the filing of a saw or the sound of a violin played on by an amateur—but imagine a husband, however sleepless and fatigued, yielding to the soothing rhythm of a wife's tones when her anger is at a white heat. The noise would be through him, so to speak, and would run hard against his willingness or unwillingness, whichever might obtrude itself.

Specifics, whether in medicine or philosophy, are to be shunned. Human nature is wonderfully elastic and resourceful. But it has its limits.

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HOW TO KEEP YOUNG

THE search for the foundation of perpetual youth is a perennial one. Smile as cheerfully as we may over the fact that age is creeping on apace, yet all have an instinctive horror of growing old. Lapse of years cannot be prevented. The ever-recurring birthdays will come and go in spite of us. We are powerless to stay the seasons on their round. Spring merges into summer, summer into autumn, winter succeeds autumn, and old age drops his mantle quietly over us.

There is a saying that "a man is as old as he thinks he is." This, of course, has no reference to lapse of years, but to the mental state which determines whether one shall continue looking out upon life with the same bouyant expectancy and joyous interest as in childhood, or shall permit the mind to believe itself old because the body has become so.

"Happy is the man who still retains his childheart," said a Chinese philosopher thousands of years ago. He might also have added that such an one would be both young and happy. There are certain things which always find us young and always keep us so. Chief among these, with its sudden, terrific, but momentary power, is music. Poetry is another age-staying agent. And last, but not least, is an active interest in the progressing events of life and of the world. A septuagenarian who can read with interest a love story or see it acted, depicting all the passions, hopes and ambitions of youth, can never grow old, though he live forever.

THE GREED OF GOLD

THE spirit now dominant throughout the world has been aptly termed the commercial spirit.

Men and women worship at the shrine of the god of gold.

On the altar of mammon are sacrificed all those virtues which in an earlier age were thought worthy of man's highest endeavor.

Art, music, literature, religion and love, these count for naught in the scale in which the modern man measures things of supreme worth.

Time, talent, energy, all are directed to the accumulation of wealth.

That it is which colors man's thought by day and tints his dreams by night.

Morals, motives and standards all feel its deadening influence.

The entree to society is determined neither by an intellectual nor character test, but by the test of dollars.

This in clear, bald terms is a most serious arraignment of modern civilization.

All thoughtful men and women are compelled to admit its essential truth.

Mankind worships at the shrine of mammon.

Moral and intellectual worth; honor, integrity, ability, manhood, these are no longer things of supreme worth.

And what does this indicate for the future of humanity?

Is it evidence of the truth of the assertion so often made that the race is entering upon the period of its decadence?

Is it not, instead, when rightfully considered evidence that the present is but a needful preparation for higher attainment than any humanity has yet experienced?

Throughout human history, two forces have ever contributed to human progress—man and his environment.

Each have acted and reacted upon the other.

At each successive stage man has enlarged and improved his environment and in the effort to adapt his own life thereto, been lifted ever higher in the scale of manhood.

The nineteenth century was one of material advance.

During a little more than one hundred years, since the introduction of machinery in industry, the world's material advance has been greater than during any ten previous centuries.

So rapid has been this growth that man has been unable to adjust his own life to the marvelous change in his environment.

But the adjustment will come in time, indeed is now on the way, and the man of the new day will emerge from the chaotic conditions of the present.

The universe is committed to the attainment of a fuller, richer, more abundant life.

It is bound to be!

Not All Sleep in Sepulchres

By DAVID FULTON KARSNER

Not all sleep in sepulchres; not all the dead.
The living dead do not sleep in sepulchres: they sleep in themselves.
We grieve when the corpse of our comrade is entombed, yet when the soul of our living comrade is entombed we scarcely shed a tear.
As a child a dead body frightened me. As a man a dead soul clothed with a living body saddens me.
I find comradeship with living souls of the dead. I shudder when I meet a dead soul of the living.
I see dead souls in benefactors, philanthropists, teachers and priests.
I see living souls in outcast sons and daughters, beggars and criminals.
I hear socially accepted persons cursing the name of Christ.
I hear socially rejected persons chanting the Nazarene's name.
I meet dead souls in churches. I commune with living souls in prisons.
Of little use is a living soul that craves to hobnob with tinted winged cherubs, or one that wants to squat in the orchestra circle of heaven.
I am at home to the sinner, not to his sin. I shun the godly, I am at home to God.
Not all the dead sleep in sepulchres.

The Woman's View

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

WINNING JIMMY OVER

Ruth lived in the city on an unattractive street, bordered only by street cars and canopied with smoke. Her daily round of enjoyment was traveling down the street car line in the morning to the heart of the noisy district; standing all day behind a counter, answering the many queries and supplying the demands of shoppers; and in the evening whiling away a few hours or going wearily to bed.

In spite of this dreary routine, which to her spelled Life, none who knew her ever detected in her manner hints of unhappiness. She smiled as readily as a sparrow chirps in the sunshine. She never looked tired. She never complained of fatigue. Her friends, both boys and girls, thought her a marvel of cheerfulness.

Just because it's you, Dear Reader, I'll give you a little inside information and tell you very specifically why she was always cheerful and why she never looked tired.

She was in love.

With whom?

Why, with Jimmy! But, of course, you couldn't have known Jimmy, and that is your misfortune, for he certainly was worth knowing. He wasn't Irish either, as you may surmise from his name, but "plain United States," to use his own phrase. "And of better stock than John D. or Carnegie or any of the rest of the man-sweaters, you bet."

You see, Jimmy was a working man—a structural iron worker—and proud of it. Because his trade was well organized he made good wages; good enough to enable him to "support" Ruth if she would say the word.

Ruth, as you already know, liked Jimmy immensely. In fact, she liked him so well that she was almost oblivious to his "faults." Do you see? However, she had queer ideas about one thing—so Jimmy thought.

The thing about which Ruth had queer ideas was the money question. When they were married, she said, Jimmy should not support her. She contended that being supported ruined the character of the individual by developing slavishness; also that it created inertia. To this Jimmy objected strenuously. Said it wasn't fair to him, and added that if he was a good guesser, they wouldn't be married until he did support her.

Ruth tried to explain.

"You wouldn't let me support you?" she asked.

"No."

"You wouldn't let any other women relatives support you?"

"I should say not!"

"You wouldn't even let another man support you?"

"No, of course not."

"Well, don't you see! That's just the way I feel."

"But you're a woman!" he exclaimed, hastening to bolster up that irrefutable argument with others of the same calibre, which completely failed to overwhelm Ruth. She showed him that some of his premises never had been true and that others were no longer true because the times had changed.

"Jimmy," she proceeded with unruffled ease, "if I went to the Unions and told them that they ought to start a campaign to bring back the days of the old slavery because it is better to be owned body and soul by a single man than by a job, you would expect them to throw me out.

"You're right," was the response.

"But you're asking me to do that very thing—step from the slavery to a job into a state of slavery to an individual—for it is nothing less than this that you ask when you demand that I become dependent upon you for cash. Is it?"

"You don't love me," said Jimmy sadly.

In spite of this disagreement, they did not break off. They loved each other too sincerely. Yet they could not set aside that misunderstanding. For six months it was a barrier between them, which they bore with outward stoicism and inward heartaches.

On a hot summer evening, beginning the seventh month of their engagement and the seventh month of their misunderstanding, they drifted away from the crowds bent on amusement and wandered instead in the direction of a secluded park which faced a waving, moonlit ocean.

As they walked along the beach with the boundless expanse of water thundering and swishing before them; with the gold dotted sky rising on the horizon from the mysterious depths of the waters, the world behind seemed insignificant and its troubles unreal. The artificial barrier between them was tossed aside for the moment as lightly as the waves tossed aside the driftwood in their path.

"Ruth," whispered Jim, leaning close that the wind might not sweep his words away, "the bigness of it! How it tumbles and booms. And do you hear that soft echo that goes through the air after each breaker has hit the shore?"

Ruth answered by a little pressure on Jimmy's coat sleeve—a wonderfully eloquent answer.

"There's something in me that acts for all the world like the ocean. It's what I feel about you, dear. Like the ocean there, it beats up against the boundaries that should hold it in. It makes me long for strange heights that I never even dreamed of before I knew you.

"Ruthie!" She did not know whether it was tenderness or hurt that caused his voice to quiver so. He halted in his walk and placed a hand on each of her shoulders.

"How long are you going to keep me out of my kingdom. Can't we be married now?"

Ruth took a deep breath and clung desperately to the thought that she was acting for the best. She did not dare confess, even to herself, how much she would have liked to give in.

"You know I'm not making you wait," she replied gently. "I'd marry you tonight if—. Oh, if you would only understand!" At this juncture she bit her tongue, and this misfortune allowed a few words to slip out which she had not intended to say at all.

"If you love me so much, why do you object to my doing what I feel to be my duty. It means a lot to me. I can't mean anything to you. But it's not me you love; it's your inherited, mildewed opinions!"

Being a whole-hearted and sincere man, this was too much for Jimmy. He stood dazed for a moment and then whirled off in the direction of the city, disappearing before Ruth regained her composure. When it dawned upon her that she was really alone, she suddenly looked at the world through tear-stained lashes and dropped upon the sand in a wretched little heap.

* * *

Things went hard with Jimmy the next day. So far as he was concerned, the entire morning was a blank. He did not remember getting up or going down to work. The first clear impression he had of anything was a hurried commotion among the men around him and a tremendous shout of "Look Out" close to his ear, followed by a deafening crash. Then came a dizzy sensation of falling. It seemed to him that he continued to fall for hours.

When he finally stopped, it wasn't with a thump as he had expected. He just stopped—that was all. He opened his eyes and saw bending over him with a white, anxious face—Ruthie. He remembered then how all during the black hours of the previous night he had wished that he had not gone away. So he tried to hold out his arms to her. But they were obstinate and refused to move. Surprised at this, he glanced down to find out the cause of their obstinacy. Everything about him was white; there was a queer odor of anaesthetics in the air; he became aware of hundreds of aches in as many different parts of his anatomy, all of which was very puzzling. He glanced at Ruth for an explanation. She was leaning toward him, smiling. So he smiled, too. After that he became deliciously drowsy and drifting into sleep, forgot everything. Yes, even Ruth.

The doctor informed the little lady that her ward had fallen into a healthy sleep from which he would undoubtedly awaken much improved. So with the fear of immediate danger removed, she did some hard and rapid thinking. She felt that this was a crucial time for them both, upon the outcome of which hung their final happiness or misery. As Jimmy was not in a condition to act, it seemed to her that she must. Having come to this determination, she laid aside all qualms as to whether or not he would approve of her action.

The color was flaming in her cheeks and her eyes were bright with excitement as she left the hospital. When she returned some time later it was with a frock-coated gentleman who looked suspiciously like a clergyman.

"Jimmy," she said to the young man when he awakened, "this is Mr. Fisher."

"Glad to know you," responded Jimmy dully.

"He is going to marry us," she added briskly.

And it was all over before he had time to be amazed.

* * *

We may call this a postscript. It was said that women always reserve the most important matters for the postscript, so I'll not tender an apology tothe reader for this. However, it is intended to convey the most important fact of this narrative, namely that Jimmy still survives the ignominy of having his wife earn her own living.

"But did they live happily ever after?" I hear you say.

I can only answer that Ruth continued to pursue the precedent she had set for herself of acting first and convincing Jimmy afterward.

From what has gone before, you may judge for yourself as to the result.

The Socialist

By SYDNEY HILLYARD

AFTER landing from the dingy tramp at London and East India dock, the young Armenian dragged his bones toward the west. Hjamied, his fellow-countryman, was working in a sweatshop in Shadwell, and in the direction of this place through the black and yellow fog of Whitechapel, he turned his steps. Around him the close packed hive of the East-end was endeavoring to hide itself from the fog. It was rubbing its smarting eyes, coughing, washing the dirt from its face, ears, and neck, and miserably hoping that the sun was not to be forever but a memory.

As the Armenian crawled up the narrow streets, keeping one hand running along the walls of the houses, the vision of the past few months was all that to him stood for this fog. First the beautiful Sassun Valley, with its vineyards and grain patches; the coming and going of the gaily colored soldiery; his family circle, and their quiet life among their co-religionists; then the rumors that strangely moved to and fro; complications that began to arise, curious but significant; then the command from the old patriarch at Constantinople that no violence must be offered to the authorities—ah; this then meant that the innocent were to be protected. Then came other and worse rumors from Erzerum, Sivas, Trezibond, and so many other places; and one could never trust the Sultan. And then the end came! Oh, that a fog like this had covered Sassun, and he had not seen that day! Or if it could envelope his mind as it did this London that he might forget. His mother and sisters—of what band of murderous Kurds were they now the property? His father—dead. Himself, though beaten and left for dead, had crossed those cold, inhospitable hills to Smyrna, where his people had put him, half crazy with sickness and starvation, on to the English merchantman. And now what was he to do with such a broken life as this, that had better have perished in the massacre? How could he, impoverished, sick, in a strange land, help his suffering countrymen and women to break the unspeakable toils of Islam? How should he, the starving pauper, persuade the great Lord Salisbury to send his powerful Mediterranean fleet, now lying in the harbor of Lemnos, to the help of his compatriots?

At length, by dint of inquiry, by use of a dirty map, and by groping down a half-paved court, the Armenian arrived at the toil den of his immigrant friend, a nest of woven misery, built in the branches of an all-embracing poverty. The work could not stop for a welcome to the newly-arrived, so the Armenian seated himself on the straw to wait till the time came for the meagre supper to be eaten. After this was over the Armenian was led by his fellow-countryman from the filthy garret out into the now pitch-dark night fog of Whitechapel.

"Where we go to?" asked the Armenian, coughing up the soot. His father had been one of a family of merchants and had early taught his boy the language of the merchant nation.

"To frens; frens of Armenia, the frens of the starving man," answered Hjamied.

Up the deserted Wapping High Street they felt their way; past Commercial Road where the trams had been compelled to cease running two days before, and where the only living things they passed in all this heart of a great metropolis were an occasional policeman, a laborer peering his way home, or a stray without any home to go to. At last they found themselves at a wretched and apparently deserted slum, where Hjamied, secretly congratulating himself upon having found his round-about way there at all, turned into an open doorway and began to feel his way up a flight of rickety stairs. Voices were heard on the first and only floor above them, but the Armenian could not distinguish the language. A few seconds later Hjamied knocked at a door. It was opened by a man who held a whispered conversation with him, and presently the Armenian found himself in a large room lit by three oil lamps, furnished with benches and small tables, and inhabited by a wierd crowd of cosmopolitans, of the like of whom he had never heard.

The Armenian was introduced to every man in the room. They shook his hand or kissed him according to the fashion of the country of their birth; they called him brother; he sat at one of the tables and drank Italian wine, a cheap variety, but still wine; others drank French absinthe, as new to him as the lightning language of the little Frenchman who sat opposite to him; still others rejoiced in Austrian vermouth or Russian vodka; while he listened to talk, talk, talk, only a few snathes of which were intelligible to him. Nevertheless he met some of his countrymen in the crowd, and, what with the liquor, the cigarettes, the warmth, and the brotherly talk, he felt himself a different man from the one who had entered the Whitechapel Socialist Local.

Some of these countrymen of his wore unmistakable signs of respectability, and they it was who made the Armenian promise to attend a service in the city on the following evening, where a celebrated preacher was going to give them an opportunity to speak on the crisis in Armenia.

So the refugees rejoiced on their way home through the blackness of the fog, reassuring each other that now that they were to have an opportunity, the English people were going to rise in their wrath and smite the offender; that soon should the sword of the Lord and of Gideon be laid bare.

It was Thursday evening in the City Temple. The smug middle-class congregation had just finished singing:

"So be it, Lord, Thy throne shall never, like earth's proud empires, fade away,
But it shall stand and grow forever, till all the world shall own Thy sway."

Dr. Parker rose and spoke of David, of Jeremiah, of Paul, and showed that the Lord had many times promised help to the fearfully oppressed, and had delivered them in the time of their great need. He spoke of the Christians of Armenia, in the hands of a bestial monster, bent on their extermination; and finally introduced the Armenian who was sitting with him on the platform. Smugdom gazed in semi-comatose nervousness, that it mistook for Christian sympathy, at the shaggy-haired importation who told them in broken English what his share had been in the Eastern question. He shook his head and his hands, showed them the chains they had bound him with, the lash they had beaten him with, (these had been brought over by his friends); he spoke with tears in his eyes of the fate of his mother and sisters; at which some of the feminine members of the congregation assumed a shocked expression, got up and went out. In fairness, however, it must be said that many of the younger people would have preferred the Armenians should be rescued from that sort of thing, provided it did not involve them. While the doctor was closing with a few words, a prayer, and a hymn, Hjamied and and the Armenian and their friends walked around to the Holborn entrance to the church to listen to the sentiments of the people as they came out. No; the crowd was not weeping; no, they did not linger at the offertory box for Armenian refugees; no, they did not form in line and march toward Whitehall. "How is the skating at the Welsh Harp?" "Oh, my dear, isn't this fog too awfully dreadful for anything?" "Isn't that 'Crossing the Bar' just lovely? Well, what would you expect with Tennyson and Bridge together." "All that poor fellow says can't be true; I think he must be partly demented; I know the consul would not permit it."

Great expectations waned as the penny Aldgate bus rattled eastward with Hjamied and the Armenian. The people in the bus were not talking of Armenia, they were talking about London. Arrived back at the Shadwell slum, Hjamied's wife and children were still at work by the light of half-penny candle, making up for the time that Hjamied had lost going to the temple. The Armenian wondered as he watched them stitch whether perhaps after all they would not have been as well off under the yellow earth by the hillside church at Sassun, as crowded here in this fog-filled, dirty, freezing garret, enslaved by a monster more silent, more persistent, more relentless than Abdul-the-Damned.

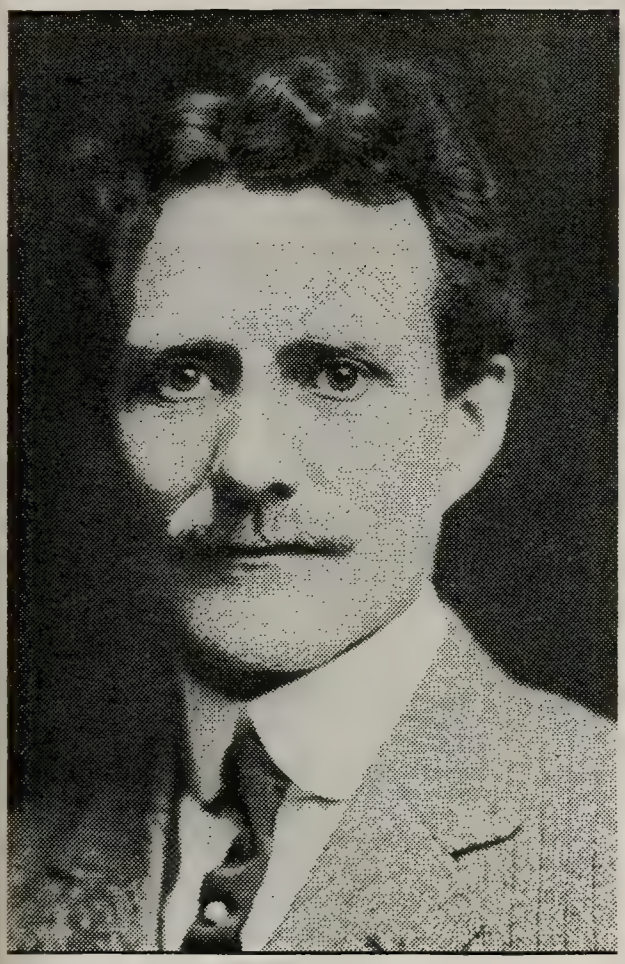
The Daily Telegraph next morning had all the winners, the league football, the Devonshire reception, and the Peace Conference. Before the dissolution the House of Lords had debated a bill to allow Australian widowers to marry a deceased wife's sister; the Commons, one concerning the teaching of the life of Christ in the schools. Mr. Balfour was playing golf at St. Andrews; the great Lord Salisbury, the protector of the Turk, was busy with vast affairs of statesmanship; the King was at Monte Carlo; the great fleets rolled at Spithead and Lemnos, while a smile illuminated the palace of the Yildiz Kiosk.

The Armenian began to see. He saw on and on. His Bible, like Hjamied's, went to the Jewish pawnshop. Instead of it he read Emma Goldman. He talked to the wild man in the evening. He saw—but how could the vision be anything but distorted? Was it not filled with the hypocritical callousness of one God and the murder and cruelty of another? What to him were Gods whose puny arms could not save his mother and sisters or build a different church from this? What had God to offer him now? Anything he could fight with, love, or eat? But Hjamied—Hjamied offered comradeship, wine, warmth, a wild ideal that all tyrants should be abolished and honest men should be allowed to live in decency and peace.

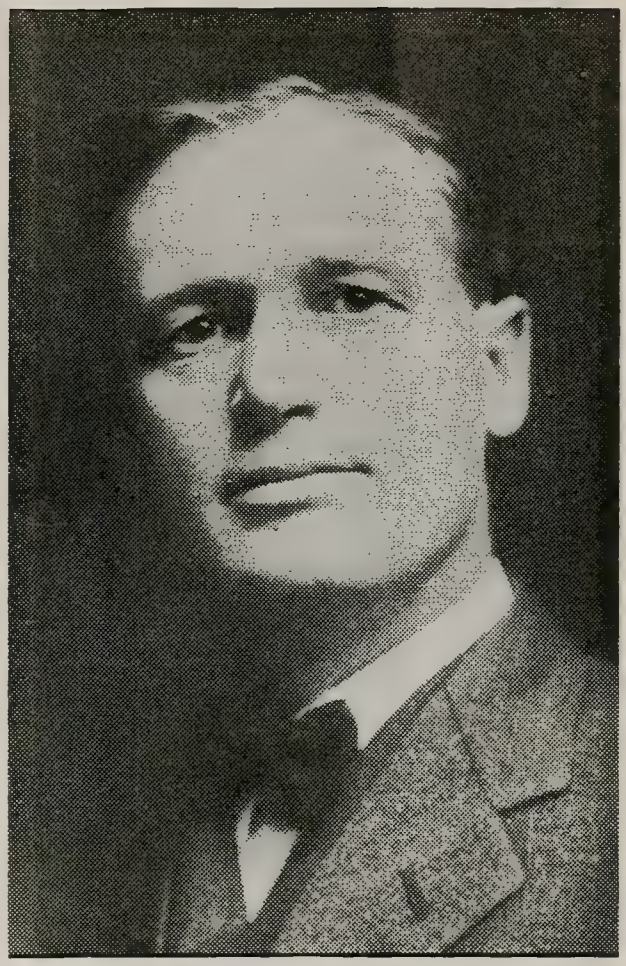
The following night, the Armenian, with sorrow, but with hope and strength in his heart, took his way from the Mayfair of a brilliant West into the all-penetrating sadness of a toiling East to seek the waiting welcoming arms of the Socialists.

I rejoice at every effort workingmen make to organize. . . . I hail the labor movement. It is my only hope for democracy. . . . Organize, and stand together. Let the nation hear a united demand from the laboring voice.—Wendell Phillips.

IN THE CALCIUM GLOW



HARRY MARSHALL McKEE



EARNEST ELIAS KIRK

Merry Sunshine and the Professor! Introducing Earnest Elias Kirk and Harry Marshall McKee. A little music please.

In the calcium glow? Well, rather. Likewise in prison in San Diego for daring to stand up for eternal truth. If there is no pardon and his fine is paid McKee will emerge from the great stone jail on September 15 and Kirk will join him in liberty three months later.

A little faster with the music, gentlemen.

There has been great agitation for a pardon for these two fighting comrades. They haven't asked for a pardon, but their comrades have asked it for them, believing that they did only what was right. And this matter of a pardon serves to shed a little light on the character of the men.

McKee, the scholar, the tense, nervous intellectual, lovable to the end of time, would inform you in well chosen words that on no condition would he desire pardon, unless it were to come in recognition of the justice of his position.

Kirk, rollicking soul, sunshine of the eternal sun, big and bouyant and ruddy, would slam it home to you in this fashion: "If a pardon were to be begged for on the grounds of mercy, if we couldn't have it as a matter of common justice, then this jail is home, sweet home, with 'welcome' on the mat!"

These two Socialists are worth going far to know. In them is the stuff that makes the revolution invincible.

BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

ROBERT BRIDGES AND A MOOD

Last month, in this column, I ruminated on the poet-laureateship, treating that institution as a fossilized, inexpensive, trifling anachronism not to be taken seriously. I spoke of half a dozen or more British poets—Kipling, Watson, Masefield, Noyes, Hardy, Yeats, Meynell, Phillips and Newbolt—who were being considered as likely candidates for the "honor," showing, in my characteristically modest manner, where certain poets were worthy of being chosen to succeed the late Alfred Austin. Premier Asquith did not heed my advice; in fact, before my article even had an opportunity to reach the pressroom, that inconsiderate gentleman decided upon Robert Bridges—a most disturbing selection since I hadn't even included the aged poet in my list. To keep what the Chinese call "face," I added a paragraph in which I bemoaned the exasperating misfortune of having my article "spoiled," saying, in addition, that "I know only two or three of his poems and think they are not worth discussing." Of course, I was perfectly sincere, but sincerity, like ignorance, is no excuse. The strong-armed gentleman who springs from a dark alley to hold me up, and who, while removing my silver watch and emaciated wallet, brandishes a business--looking lead pipe, is one of the most sincere men in the entire world, but his sincerity does not alter my opinion that his act is most base, unscrupulous and deplorable. So, I shall not plead sincerity.

Anxious to do Mr. Bridges full justice, I hunted up a number of his poems so I might know what sort of poet he is. And, where two or three of his poems led me to say that he wasn't "worth considering," two score or more of them cause me to devote my entire column to him. There is the difference and the explanation.

And so, to be perfectly frank and vulgar, I wish to take what may be called a staggering, amazing, overwhelming flop. In other words, I intend to "say a good word" for the aged fellow in this "piece for the papers." The reason for this reaction, this retreat from the thunderers to a timid conservative, is that I am utterly tired of, disgusted with, bored over and tragically exasperated by our class struggle poets who have deliberately prostituted poetry in a manner that out-jungles The Jungle. The class struggle poets in future issues will be praised—of that there is no question—but this is mid-August and the much-heralded climate of Southern California, for the moment, ceases to be climate and becomes, to paraphrase "Dusty" Rhodes, "just plain weather"—so, as a most natural result I may be permitted to protest against the narrow restrictions our class struggle poets have placed on the muse, their deliberate misuse of an art for propaganda and even political purposes and their constant affirmation of the contention that the sole purpose of poetry is to free the proletariat—and the best way to register a vigorous and emphatic protest against this impertinence is by praising Robert Bridges' poetry!

This explains, in a great measure, why I enjoyed these exquisitely beautiful lyrics, these flawless poems of a singer little concerned over the injustice of the tariff, the portentousness of the money question, the utter need of a ship subsidy bill, the high cost of living or the bitter cry of the children. This is why, for the time being, an entire crew of class struggle poets are perilously near the waste basket.

Oh, don't say it is temperament that brings on this mood. Nothing of the sort. It's temperature. And on just such an occasion one can apply George Moore's criticism of Millet to our class struggle poets, charging their verses with being always the same thing, wailing over the same peasant, fiddling the same sentiment, describing the same smells, glorifying the same overalls. You must admit that it is somewhat stereotyped, says Moore in his iconoclastic "Confessions of a Young Man."

The first thing that impressed me was Bridges' creed as a poet, which William Marion Reedy says is enough:

I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them;
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honored for them.

I too will something make
And joy in the making;
Altho' tomorrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered on waking.

For sheer beauty, the following lyrics seem without equal:

I Have Loved Flowers That Fade

I have loved flowers that fade,
  Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
  With sweet unmemoried scents;
A honeymoon delight—
A joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour—
My song be like a flower!

I have loved airs that die
  Before their charm is writ
Upon a liquid sky
  Trembling to welcome it.
Notes that, with pulse of fire,
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die and are nowhere—
My song be like an air!

Die, song, die like a breath,
  And wither like a bloom;
Fear not a flowery death,
  Dread not an airy tomb!
Fly with delight, fly hence!
'Twas thine love's tender sense
To feast; now on thy bier
Beauty shall shed a tear.

When Death to Either Shall Come

When Death to either shall come,—
  I pray it be first to me,—
Be happy as ever at home,
  If so, as I wish, it be.

Possess thy heart, my own;
  And sing to thy child on thy knee,
Or read to thyself alone
  The songs that I made for thee.

* * *

So Sweet Love Seemed

So sweet love seemed that April morn,
When first we kissed beside the thorn,
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change.

But I can tell—let truth be told—
That love will change in growing old;
Though day by day is naught to see,
So delicate his motions be.

And in the end 'twill come to pass
Quite to forget what once he was,
Nor even in fancy to recall
The pleasure that was all in all.

His little spring, that sweet we found,
So deep in summer floods is drowned,
I wonder, bathed in joy complete,
How love so young could be so sweet.

* * *

After reading the above, one appears ready to agree with Mr. Reedy, who speaks of Bridges as having the true "poetic quality, at his best, of excess in moderation or moderation in excess." He also says the classic restraint in his work is strong.

Bridges' beautiful, light touch (and by light I mean soft) impresses me as being at its finest in

My Delight and Thy Delight

My delight and thy delight
Walking, like two angels white,
In the gardens of the night:

My desire and thy desire
Twining to a tongue of fire,
Leaping live, and laughing higher;

Through the everlasting strife
In the mystery of life,

Love, from whom the world begun,
Hath the secret of the sun.

Love can tell, and love alone,
Whence the million stars were strown,
Why each atom knows its own,
How, in spite of woe and death,
Gay is life, and sweet is breath:

This he taught us, this we knew,
Happy in his science true,
Hand in hand as we stood
'Neath the shadows of the wood,
Heart to heart as we lay
In the dawning of the day.

Mr. Bridges reaches the heights when he sings of love; delicacy and refinement seem to mark his verses, imparting to the reader a sense of delight. Read:

Awake, My Heart

Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
It leaps in the sky: unrisen lustres slake
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake!

She too that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee:
Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,
Already they watch the path thy feet shall take:
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

And if thou tarry from her—if this could be,—
She cometh herself, O heart, to be loved, to thee;
For thee would unashamed herself forsake:
Awake, to be loved, my heart, awake, awake!

Awake! The land is scattered with light, and see,
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree;
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake:
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

Lo, all things wake and tarry and look for thee:
She looketh and saith, "O sun, now bring him to me.
Come, more adored, O adored, for his coming's sake,
And awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!"

After reading, and enjoying, Bridges' wonderful lyrics, I am convinced all the more that he never should have been named as poet-laureate. The British state cannot use such poetry. The ponderous dignity of the British court will find few occasions on which it will be able to utilize Robert Bridges' love lyrics.

Gates of Life and Death

Hope, the great explorer;
  Love, whom none can bind
Youth, that looks before her;
  Age, that looks behind;
Joy, with brow like summer's;
  Care, with wintry pate,
Masquers are and mummers
  At life's gate.

Power, with narrow forehead;
  Wealth, with haggard palm;
Wisdom old, whose hoar head
Vaunts a barren calm.
Haughty overcomers
  In their pomp and state,
Masquers all the mummers
  At death's gate.

—William Watson.

Das Wunderwerk

By Katherine Elspeth Oliver

Sun and a bit o' rain—
A long low wooing breath from out the West;
Mornings of golden mist,
Birds seeking nest;
The lark's insistent call, that will not rest.

Sun and a bit o' rain—
One starry night, and warm (sleep sun, sleep storm)
The barren earth thrills, pregnant—
Labors an hour: At morn
The wonder-birth, and Spring is born.

There is a courage greater than the fair of public opinion.—Owen Wister.

Once upon a time many years ago, a man who had gotten his share of earthly sheckels through the shady shearing of unsuspecting sheep, got a notion into his noodle that he would like mighty well to own an ocean.

He wanted one that he could do just as he "goldinged" pleased with, without interference from other proprietors of smaller bodies of water.

All this happened long before the trusts had gobbled up the entire earth and all its trimmings, and opportunities were ripe for small investors to grab off an occasional mountain or town-site without the National Business Men's League missing it very much.

John Grab, for that at least was the name under which he registered at the Coast hotel, was a business genius. He had Bellamy skinned off the earth and marooned to an ice-berg when it came to the looking backward stunt.

Said he to himself, said he, "The day is surely coming when there will be nothing left on land or sea that will not be under corporation control. Even the blue sky will be nix for me, as in all probability the trusts will regulate by legislation the movement of the clouds. They will obscure the sublime view of the celestial dome to all who are unable to pay for a peep at the azure blue from the deck of a trust aeroplane.

When John Grab got a hunch nothing short of a penitentiary sentence could stop him from getting it into action, and John lost no time in "breezing" to the coast to accomplish his purpose.

"Now just what kind of an ocean would you like to purchase?" inquired the suave earth agent, who had the largest list of geographical bargains in his territory. "I've got one just a short distance from here, just adjacent to the shore, and it's really a bargain."

"So far," said Grab, "your noise oozes oilily into mine ears. Lead me to it."

"This ocean I'm offering you," explained the agent, as they walked towards the place from which they were to view the briny, "Is a nice big level one, and it is surrounded by nice fertile dry land on all sides, as you will presently see. It has just recently been surveyed, and I can give you a clear title to it without any waiting."

When later they stood on the damp line where the shore left off and the ocean commenced, and gazed upon its wide expanse, Grab secretly resolved to buy that big sea-bath at any cost.

The agent went farther into details and assured Grab that the ocean was a perfectly good one. The blue was guaranteed a fast color, and the water therein was capable of supporting as many ships as Grab saw fit to float.

"And another thing," added the salesman. "It's a nice tame pond and is warranted to be free from earthquakes and cyclones."

Grab cinched the deal right on the spot, and before the tide came he was the proud possessor of one of the largest bodies of water on the globe, and that's not all. He had driven a sharp bargain and incidentally had short-changed the agent out of seventeen dollars and forty three cents.

The first thing Grab did the following day was to order a thousand life buoys with "No trespassing" and "Private property" painted in large letters on either side. He hired an old sea-dog as watchman who claimed to know every wave by its first name. He also decided to fence it in as soon as he could get bids on the job, and he bought a motor boat so that he might the better survey his newly acquired property.

"From now on," he chuckled, "all these ship owners have got to come and see me. I'll have 'em coming and going. They'll have to pay me or they don't sail, that's all!

"By jinks," he suddenly exclaimed, "I'll bet there's enough fish to fill the whole world every Friday and some left to can. If there is I've sure slipped one over on the earth agent! Me for a hook and line."

Grab lost no time in tuning up his motor boat, and was soon anchored a few miles from shore. It wasn't long before he landed a fish of the size he had lied about all his life.

The finny monsters kept right on biting, and Grab kept right on pulling them in. He was so absorbed in the Izaac Walton art that he failed to notice the approach of another motor boat until the bow bumped the lee side of his own craft.

A big red-faced man in white flannels, with a huge diamond in his silken shirt, glared at him from the other boat.

"Fishing?" he bellowed.

"No you big boob!" answered Grab sharply, "I'm playing croquet with cod-fish balls. What's it to you anyhow?"

"Don't get fresh on this brine," roared the fat man, "or I'll fine you for fishing without a permit and charge you double the price for them fish. How many you got?"

For a moment, Grab was speechless, then, shaking his clinched fist at the other man, he sputtered:

"You! Why, you big Sandab! What are you driving at anyway? Do you know who you're talking to, huh? I'm the man that owns the ocean. Owns it! Do you understand? OWNS IT!!"

"Stow that talk," thundered he of the red face. "I don't give a fish-foot who owns it. I own the FISH in it. See?"

"You own the fish!" roared back Grab. "You own the fish? Say! You're bugs. I'd like to know how the devil you own the fish when I own the ocean and they're in my ocean."

"I don't care anything about your old ocean," replied the fat man. "I own the fish. I bought 'em from the earth agent and paid for them, and they're mine. Do you get that, you Pickled Minnow?"

Grab was puzzled, but only for a moment. He glared at the big man, and controlling his rage, he replied, sharply:

"All right, all right. If you own the fish. Take 'em

out of my ocean and do it double quick!"

The other man hesitated a moment before answering.

"Take 'em out nothing!" he doggedly replied. "Don't you know that fish can't live out of water? Fish is perishable goods. Don't you think for one moment that you can make me destroy my own property. Not on your life!"

"Your property is none of my affairs," retored Grab, hotly. "You'll take your fish out of my ocean or you'll pay me rent for the use of my water, and you'll pay their board, too."

"Say, you! I want to tell you something. Do you know?" sneered the fish owner, "that half of the bulk of this big wet smear is fish? Fish, I'm telling you, and if I took my fish out of here your old mud-hole would shrink to the size of a puddle!"

This was one on Grab, but Grab being a financier, was likewise a diplomat. He realized that the finny king held a trump card, so with a forced smile, he exclaimed, "Say, old man, you and I are both fools. Why all this wrangle? Let's go ashore, have a cold bottle and get together."

"I got you," replied the fat one. "Heave anchor and head for port."

An hour later the two magnates were eating out of each other's hands. Between bottles they had unanimously decided that a merger was the only solution of the problem of ownership. The ocean wasn't worth much without the fish, and the fish business wasn't a healthy one without the ocean. The whole thing was framed up most beautifully. The two would form a partnership and—

Just at this point, a large man with a big black moustache and an unbecoming face, walked briskly over to the table at which they were sitting. Taking a chair, he inquired in a businesslike way: "Which one of you is Grab?"

Grab allowed that he was that individual. Whereupon the other said, pointing to the playful tide: "I understand you have just bought that ocean! Am I correct?"

"You've got my right number," answered Grab, throwing out his chest and swelling up with pride, "I, my good fellow, am the only Neptune. The rest are all counterfeits."

"So, replied the stranger. "Well, you can call yourself any old name you want to, from Alpha to Omega, and I should worry, but my name is Has. H. E. Has, and I own the land that your ocean is squatting on, an'—"

"What!" yelled Grab, jumping to his feet. "What! You own the bottom of my ocean? Why you—you—left clawed, bubble faced land crab! What th—"

"Tut! Tut! Tut! Now don't get excited," sneered Has. "I just want to politely inform you that I am the sole owner of the land beneath your ocean, and as I want to subdivide and improve the aforesaid property, I ask you to vacate, unless, of course, you care to take a ninety-nine year lease. As it is, your ocean has illegal possession of my land and I shall be compelled to force you to remove same unless you come through, see?"

John Neptune Grab wilted in his chair. Great beads of perspiration trickled down his flushed face. He shrieked:

"You! you! Say, wh-what is this? A frame-up? This Kippered Crab over there," pointing to the fish monopolist, "owns all the fish, and now you come along and try to slip the bottom out from under my ocean—an'-and say, you soft-shelled sea weed," roared Neptune with revived spirit, "if you think you can eject my ocean, you just go ahead and try it, and—"

"Hold on, now, hold on," broke in the fish pasha, "I've got something to say about this. I'm interested in this pond just as much as the Big Bubble is; in fact, we're partners and we've got that big spill stocked with the finest line of fish from whale to smelts that ever flopped a fin. Besides, the fish shovelers are on a strike. Now, get me right, you one-clawed lobster! If you make us remove that home for friendless fish, we'll let our stock lay there and rot your old land so that the stench will kill a buzzard at a hundred miles!"

"He can't do it! He can't do it!" yelled the Water Wizard, turning to the Finny King and banging his fist on the table.

"Oh! I don't know," replied Has, with a sarcastic sneer. "There's the law you know!"

"The law your grandmother," retorted Grab. "We're already a corporation. The law can't touch a corporation. And you," he continued, addressing the fish owner, "couldn't separate your fish from my ocean in a thousand years, and I couldn't make you take your land from under my ocean," he continued, turning to the cellar hog. "We are all in the same boat, so let's get together."

When the last of a dozen empty cmapagne bottles was removed from the table by a yawning and much overworked waiter, a co-partnership had been formed by the three Grabbers, just as all trust combines are formed at the present day for the furtherance and protection of their individual interests.

Of course, the fish couldn't live without the water, the water couldn't conveniently hold together in the form of an ocean without a place to rest on and Columbus would never have discovered America if the ocean had not been the just heritage of man, but such minor points as these were not taken into consideration by the men who "hogged" what the people rightfully owned.

It is needless to say that the trust prospered.

For Man Alone

No fledgling feeds the father bird!
  No chicken feeds the hen!
No kitten mouses for the cat—
  This glory is for men.

We are the Wisest, Strongest Race—
  Loud may our praise be sung!
The only animal alive
  That lives upon its young.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Big Biz: "All I Do is Furnish Crackers"

See page 199.

TWO FIGHTERS!

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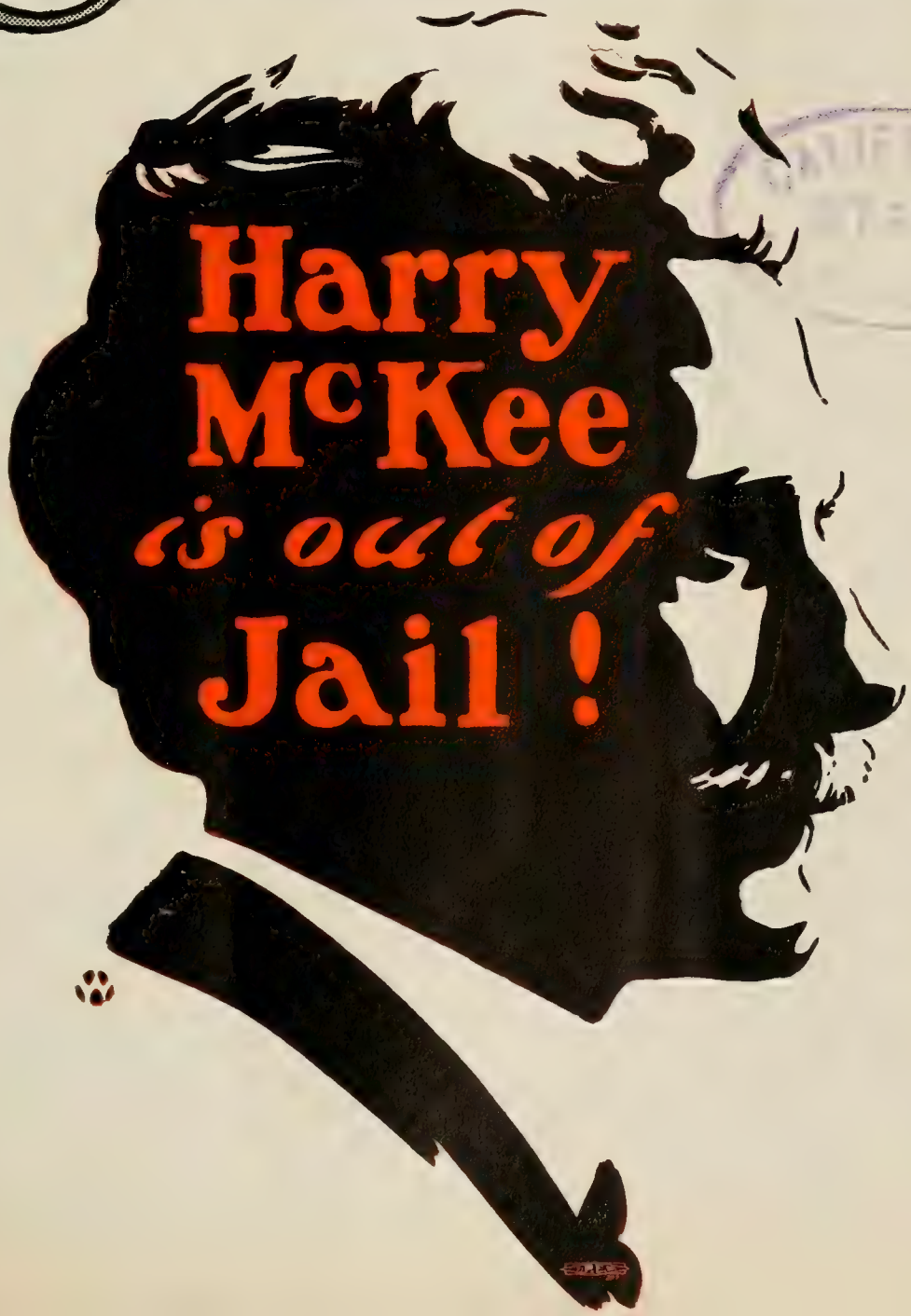
The Western Comrade



In the Editorial Room

Not a month has passed during the life of this magazine that some new writer or artist of worth has not been introduced to the readers. This month the pages teem with new names. The contents of this number of The Western Comrade seem to the editors so exceptionally worthy that they would like to write across the cover where all might see, "The best yet!"

Especially do the editors want to call your attention to the work of Charles Tracy, the artist who has decorated the magazine. Tracy is a veteran in the California movement. Years ago he struggled with "Common Sense," a publication that many will remember. Those were the days when a subscription meant a meal. Tracy is as youthful as a boy, as cheerful as the proverbial kitten and as sincere in his work as the most profound scholar. There will be more of his work and it is certain to prove one of the delights of the magazine.

We feel that the cover design this month by Rob Wagner is his master stroke. It has the daring of the unconventional, the exactitude of absolute accuracy in that it at once is a work of beauty and an announcement of fact—as well as being an exceptionally good likeness of Comrade Harry McKee.

"The Underground War," by J. L. Engdahl, whose years of contact with miners have fitted him to write the story as few could, and the study of education by Prof. Leo Wax are two offerings of which we are indeed proud.

Each of the other contributions fills its own little nook in a most delightful way. Altogether the effectiveness of this number of The Western Comrade must be rated at above par as a work of constructive educational value, of the keenest interest to the Socialist and to the outsider who is not afraid to take a peep at the ideas of others.

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TWO TRAINS

By FRANK E. WOLFE

It was hot, broiling, sizzling hot. The silver mounted thermometer that hung in a nook registered 105 and the humidity was unspeakable.

Servants clad in snowy raiment were moving about swiftly and noiselessly. Whirling fans were given the proper slant to blow soothing breezes; iced drinks were served and dainty summer dishes, fruits and ices were on all the tables.

Spotless napery, sparkling cut glass and shining silver was set off by bouquets of fresh flowers. Women in filmy lawns dawdled with salads and ices and the men were oppressed and ennuied by the heat and boresomeness of the journey. Everybody sipped cooling drinks.

It was luncheon hour in the diner of the Manhattan Limited. The eastbound train pulled into a dim and musty station. An instant later a westbound immigrant train drew in and stopped opposite the Limited. Window to window the trains stood. There the inmates of each conveyance got a glimpse of how the other world lives.

The immigrant train composed of "day coaches" was overcrowded. Every one of the straight-backed, narrow, close seats contained at least two passengers—sometimes there were two or three children in addition to the adults on one seat.

Men and women either slept in the abandon of utter exhaustion or sat bolt upright staring vacantly. There were no fans, no ices, no cooling drinks. The air was filled with a rotting smell. The fetor of the place made it dehumanizing. This "freight" was on the way to the Pennsylvania coal and iron districts—food for the hungry maw of steel!

Opposite a window sat a sleeping giant. The bulk of him compelled attention. Bared throat and breast showed color and contour of torso that would have delighted an artist, brought joy to a sculptor—a great blonde viking with wavy hair. Suddenly awakened he turned with wide staring blue eyes and looked into the luxurious car opposite. He seemed to think it a dream. Wonderment in his face gave way to understanding. A look came into his eyes that seemed to me the most hopeful thing in the world—a look of Demos awakening. It would have been an inspiration for a masterpiece had some great artist seen it.

Flunkies hastened to close the windows lest the stench and horror from the opposite should shock the finer sensibilities of the Limiteds. Then one train moved east—the other west.

* * * * * * *

Will the Giant awake?

I saw another look of understanding last night. A three-foot hedge at Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street was the barrier.

Demos, this time, was a tall, lithe, dark, well set up worker of Latin cast. He paused and gazed steadily at the scene across the hedge. A word will describe it: The dining room of the Waldorf-Astoria at the fashionable hour.

Understanding was registered in every line of his face. The alert policeman moved down on him, spoke a word, then the thin lips parted in a slow, fascinating smile showing two lines of white teeth. One more look at the scene and he moved rapidly on TOWARD THE EAST SIDE.

My Confession

By JOHN M. WORK

ONCE upon a time, I graduated from a little academy down in Southeastern Iowa. And the ache comes to my heart again as I call to mind the Junior Quartette singing, "Farewell! Farewell!" while we were in the midst of one of the most heart-rending tragedies of human life—the severing of school ties. How I wanted to go to that school forever! I wonder if the acorn has the heartache when it bursts its shell. It can never be an oak without bursting. The bursting of the school shell is just as necessary to intellectual and moral growth.

In those days, incredible as it may seem, I was a fire eater. I had been the most timid boy in school. The first time I faced an audience in the literary society hall, my lip trembled and the corners of my mouth drew themselves away down and for the life of me I couldn't get them straightened up again until I left the platform and sat down.

But I was ambitious. To acquire courage and determination I read about all sorts of heroes, or alleged heroes, and attempted to imbibe their spirit. I read about Demosthenes and his pebble. I read about General Custer, with his flowing locks, flourishing his saber and hurling defiance at the whole Confederate army. And I said to myself, "If these fellows had nerve, why can't I?"

So I waded in. I began to howl and saw the air every time I found myself before an audience. I soon discovered that when a person shrieks and fans the air, people think he is a sublime orator, no matter whether he says anything worth while or not. So I always did it. I got so I took great pleasure in it. It delighted me beyond measure to get out in front of the place where the carpet left off and yell, and churn the air with my arms, and stamp the bare floor with my feet by way of emphasis until the dust rolled up and curled around my ears.

That's the way I did with my commencement oration. My subject was "The Rising Torrent." I pictured a lot of terrible, horrid, grisly 'osophies, 'archies and 'isms, which were gaining ground, and, unless the tide was stemmed, they would sweep our civilization over the precipice of revolution into the bottomless pit of—something or other—I don't remember just what. All I remember is that I rolled civilization over the precipice and chucked her down into the black hole and then gave her a kick.

Now, one of the dread 'isms which I pictured as being about to sweep our civilization over the precipice of revolution into the bottomless pit of what you-may-call-it was Socialism.

Yes, sir; Socialism!

Honest Injun—hope to die!

What did I know about Socialism?

Nothing.

Absolutely nothing.

A few years later I investigated Socialism for the purpose of preparing a lecture against it.

I wound up by preparing one for it.

Since that time I have been atoning for that ignorant, blundering, idiotic crime.

SONG OF THE SHOVEL

Down on creation's muck-pile where the sinful swelter and sweat,
Where the scum of the earth foregather, rough and untutored yet,
Where they swear in the six-foot spaces, or toil in the barrow squad,
The men of unshaven faces, the ranks of the very bad,
Where the brute is more than the human, the muscle more than the mind,
Where their gods are the loud-voiced gaffers, rugged, uncouth, unkind,
Where the rough of the road are roosting, where the failed and the fallen be,
There have we met in the ditchway, there have I plighted with thee
The wage-slave troth of our union, and found thee true to my trust.

* * * * * *

But you're foul to the haughty woman, bediamon'd slave of lust,
Who bows to a seignior's sabre, tinged with a coward's rust,
Foul to the aping dandy with the glittering finger rings,
You who have helped to fashion the charnel vault of the kings!
—Ah! the lady fair is disdainful and loathingly looks askew,
And the collared ass of the circle gazes in scorn at you,
But some day you'll scatter the clay on grinning lady and lord,
For yours is the cynical triumph over the sceptre and sword!

Emperors pass in an hour, empires pass in a day,
But you of the line and muck-pile open the grave alway.

—From Patrick MacGill's "Songs of a Navvy."

TWO FORCES

By Eleanor Wentworth

TWO agitators went abroad in the land, talking to the people about the great cause of Economic Freedom.

The one was very bitter. Incessantly he hurled anathemas against the oppressors. He aroused the ire of the people; he lighted the fires of hatred in their hearts; he caused them to raise their clenched fists with the desire to destroy. Of gentleness he made a mockery.

To the people he said, "Know that your so-called 'masters' are but fat parasites, sitting on your backs, absorbing the energy, the life's blood, the hope of you who are the world, taking to themselves all the results of your efforts and leaving you but an empty pretense as a reward."

He declared that hate was the world's great motive force, the fearful cataract of snow and ice and debris let loose down the mountain-side by the thawing of the Springtime.

The other agitator knew only one sentiment—love. He was as gentle as a mother, but as unwavering in his purpose as the rising tide. His message to the people was, "**Love one another.**" Cease wrangling amongst yourselves. Stand shoulder to shoulder. Divided you are but so much chaff wafted hither and thither by the furious winds of tyranny. United you are more mighty than all the combined forces of hatred and oppression of all the ages, for you set up against madness and destruction, the tenfold greater powers of peace and co-operation."

Those who heard him felt welling up within them a desire to create something beautiful; a great, strong feeling that caused them to know the strength of gentleness and to clasp hands with their nearest fellow.

And further he said, "Do not hate your oppressors. He who is foolish hates the strength of his opponent. He who is wise hates his own weakness and sets to work to remedy it. The only strength of your oppressors is your weakness; your weakness is your division amongst yourselves."

He declared that love was the world's great creative force, the substance of the pulsing hearts, the clear minds and the hardened bone and sinew from which would be built the House of Human Fellowship.

* * *

Some of the people loved the one agitator and some loved the other. There were very few who trusted both and thought them both sincere.

HARRY McKEE IS OUT OF JAIL

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

Photo shows Kirk and KcKee in prison, McKee wearing coat.

Harry M. McKee is out of jail; out of the terrible dazzle of the enamelled white bars and the glaring white walls; but in his regained liberty he is a roaring flame, scorching the defenses of the system that demanded his imprisonment, burning into the strongholds of capitalism at a white heat that would not have been possible but for his incarceration.

McKee passed two and one-half months in San Diego county jail, after having been convicted of conspiracy to violate an anti-free speech ordinance and sentenced by a Progressive judge. The entire proceeding is recognized by everyone familiar with the case as an enforced concession to the demands of a ruling ring of Vigilantes, who, themselves guilty of the most heinous atrocities, sought cover under the punishment of some one else, following the time-honored principle of the man who cried, "stop thief," so that he might escape with the fruits of his own plunder.

Harry McKee emerged from the great concrete prison with some very definite ideas concerning prisons. The first and greatest of these is that all jails are wrong and must be abolished. In this, he stands firmly in the acknowledged position of the Socialist party—with the additional strength of his own "inside" knowledge of facts.

"The real criminal is an abnormal person," says McKee. "He is abnormal either through environment, through having been forced to live in surroundings that warped and crushed, or through the effects of heredity. Abnormality leads him to crime. And to effect the cure of this criminal society takes him by force and plunges him into a prison, which, no matter how modern, is absolutely abnormal. In jail the prisoner is treated abnormally; his surroundings are abnormal. Nothing is natural. His food is brought to him, such as it is. He has nothing to do; takes no thought for the morrow.

No incentive for anything is required. Existence is a dull routine and the prisoner may look ahead for ten years, if he be sentenced for so long a term, knowing that on each of the separate days in all of those years the routine will be exactly the same. He can time every event in his life for every day of his term, knowing that those things will happen by the clock without fail during that entire time. And how ridiculous it is to hope to remove abnormality by thrusting upon the abnormal creature more of abnormality;"

McKee does not mean that every man who is put in jail is abnormal. He means, with distinctness of definition, the men and women who commit real crimes—the acts that an honest society would regard as criminal. He declares that a thief may be perfectly normal—so normal that he will not permit the unjust impositions of capitalistic society to deprive him of the means of sustaining life, even though prison be the punishment. But the murderer is always an abnormal person.

As an example of the effect which prisons and prison appurtenances have upon persons of perfectly normal and healthy character, and with this still more amply fortified by the breadth of view that is given to those who understand the Socialist philosophy, some of the experiences of McKee himself are of interest. His companion in prison describes the feelings of McKee in connection with the food problem. The jail fare is served in tin dishes, oblong in shape, much like the tins in which bread is baked in the home oven. The fact that these tins had square corners was the bane of McKee's life in jail. Those square corners loomed up at every meal, adding to the repulsiveness of the unsavory contents of stew or beans. If only those corners had not been there; if the tins had been round, Harry McKee would have felt far less repugnance toward jail fare. And if there had been a dish of different size and shape upon occasion, that would have been relief of equal magnitude. But always the same oblong with the hideous square corners, like a miniature coffin containing the dead offering of a deadened social conscience to a prisoner whose every human attribute was supposed to have died when he passed behind the bars.

That is an instance of the abnormal life in jail. To the outside onlooker such things may appear trivial, but the fact is that the entire life of the prisoner is made up of just those things—there is nothing else!

With Kirk and McKee, of course, there were some other interests, but they were forced in by superior will power and by virtue of the understanding of social problems which absorbs them. The bars of their "tank" were utilized as book shelves and here they gathered a circulating library. Donald Lowrie's "My Life in Prison" has gone the rounds of the entire jail. Other books have followed it through the tanks and cells and papers and leaflets without number have gone from prisoner to prisoner because of the interest of these two Socialist prisoners.

No two prisoners that this grim dungeon ever held have exercised such an influence within its walls or so stirred the citizenship outside the bars. During McKee's term he passed some of his time in sketching, and the product of his pencil adorns many a square on the walls and bars that still surround Kirk who must remain there until December 1st. The books, some few gay pictures from magazines, and the art products of McKee's pencil dreamings went far to relieve the killing, maddening blur of white.

And the solid white does not end with the walls and bars. It continues down over the floor, though it blends into a gray. But there is that solid cement floor, always cement; never once a foot fall on a bit of turf—always on cement, month after month.

Now sum this up: The solid white walls and bars, all in the most precise geometrical order, every unit just like every other, just so many fractions of an inch from bar to bar, so many inches between every door; the little oblong coffins for the food twice each day; the interminable portions of mush and stew and beans chasing each other in endless and uninteresting routine in, over the floor and out; the constant and unyielding cement underfoot—everything exact, no element of choice anywhere, no stimulant to the interest of the prisoner; nothing except the automatic progress of existence as regulated by law and the wishes of the sheriff, though, as for Sheriff Fred Jennings neither McKee nor Kirk has anything but words of kindness. The sheriff is a good sheriff, and the jail is an excellent jail, as a jail—but the jail is a JAIL and the sheriff is a SHERIFF!

Time was, early in the term of the two Socialists, when the windows outside their tank were open. Between the tank and the outside world then there were the bars of the tank, the heavy screen of the window and still other bars outside—two sets of bars and the heavy screen. But the prisoners could see outside—they could see the sunshine and a little bit of the great wide world. And that was a wonderful privilege to have. But let McKee tell you how closely they studied everything about them, how the attention of the man behind the bars is riveted down to things that never would cross the mind of the free person. "We never could look out of our tank from any point, through those double bars and that heavy screen and see the same object at one time with both eyes!"

But there came a time, when for some reason, the windows were closed—all except one way up in a top corner, twenty feet above the floor. "When they closed those windows it seemed as though a weight had been let down upon us," said McKee in describing the sensation. "It seemed as though half of life had been shut away—it was like something pressing hard against the eyes."

So for weeks there has been no sight of the great outside, no touch of mother earth, for Kirk and there was none for McKee until his realese came. But—

The best laid plans of a lot of people are never fully carried out and so that statement about never a sight of the out-of-doors must suffer some slight monifica-

WHAT I WANT TO DO

BY HARRY M. McKEE

The thing constantly on my mind is that Kirk is still there—he's in jail. And I know what it means to be in jail—locked up, bolted up, barred in, with guards walking the steel and cement corridors. The constant longing of my soul is for the liberty of my comrade. I want to see him free—away from the cell, out here with the rest of us.

And further; I want to see the time hastened when no one will have to go to jail for the causes that sent us there. My whole being is in the fight against that thing.

I want the time to come when no one will have to go to that kind of a jail for any kind of a crime. I want the time to come when jail as we know it shall cease to be.

The only way I know to gain those ends is for the working class to stand shoulder to shoulder, invincible, at the ballot box, in the Socialist party, the political expression of the working class. To bring about that day is my single aim.

Workers of the world, that is YOUR fight, as well. And the victory will be YOUR victory.

Join the party of your class! Help to hasten the better day, when peace and justice shall hold sway over the world, when the race shall bloom in freedom of soul and mind and body, when iniquities shall have fled, when honest thought and honest toil shall be the measure of the manhood and womanhood of us all!

"The world has never had a good definition of the word liberty, and the American People, just now, are much in want of one. We declare for liberty; but in using the same word we do not all mean the same thing. With some the word liberty may mean for each man to do as he pleases with himself, and the product of his labor; while with others the same word may mean for some men to do as they please with other men, and the product of other men's labor. Here are two, not only different, but incompatible things, called by the same name, liberty. And it follows that each of the things is, by the respective parties, called by two different and incompatible names—liberty and tyranny.

"The shepherd drives the wolf from the sheep's throat, for which the sheep thanks the shepherd as his liberator, while the wolf denounces him for the same act, as the destroyer of liberty, especially as the sheep is a black one. Plainly the sheep and the wolf are not agreed upon a definition of the word liberty; and precisely the same difference prevails today among us human creatures, and all professing to love liberty."—Harry McKee's favorite quotation from Abraham Lincoln.

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tion. That little window away up in the top of the tank, is the modification. And when McKee or Kirk wanted to get a wee glimpse of real, honest sun and to prove again that the world actually WAS still outside, they climbed up the bars, hand over hand, like sailors going up the rigging, and stole a glance out of that real high-up loop-hole in this adjunct to the ship of state. It is hard for the person who never has been locked within prison walls to get the impressions, the mind agonies, the awful feeling of restriction that bears down upon the mentally alert, fast-thinking man who is suddenly grasped away from life's ambitions, from family and liberty and thrust behind bars and bolts and walls and screens where it is prison, with PRISON stamped in every inch of the surroundings, with PRISON drilled into every waking hour and every fitful dream! It is hard to understand that sensation. But I am trying to carry it to you as you would get it if you could stand close to Harry McKee or Earnest Kirk and look into their eyes as they talk!

The point here is not that Kirk and McKee are to be commiserated with, or pitied or anything of that sort. No, the point that they make in every consideration of the question is not made from their personal viewpoint, but from the viewpoint of society—the greatest good for the common people everywhere. Jails don't make the world better! That's their argument. Just one person attempted to commiserate with Kirk and McKee during the time McKee was incarcerated. He happened to be a visiting minister. "I'm so sorry," he began. And he got no further.

"How do you know you're sorry? How do you know you ought to be sorry? How do you know you oughtn't to be glad?" came the questions rioting after each other from the tense lips of McKee. And the minister of the gospel left that tank with an apology and the conclusion that being sorry wasn't just the right thing in some cases. Being proud might better serve the purpose!

No, the point is not that they are to be commiserated with at all. The point is not so much concerned with them individually as it is with society collectively. That has been the point throughout. They went to jail as a service for humanity, because of devotion to a principle. Their personal sacrifice was for all of their fellows. Had it been merely a personal matter neither Kirk nor McKee would have gone to jail. Both are frank and vehement in their dislike of jails—but both are staunch and unrelenting in their determination to stand by their principles, even though the cost be prison.

And so, some three months ago these two comrades marched down to the jail doors and passed inside, to suffer "reformation" for the high crime of asserting their right to freely speak their thoughts on the streets of San Diego. But they went to jail in triumph, knowing, as only Socialists could know, that their cause must win in the end and that their sacrifice would hasten the final victory. They knew that their sacrifice was a service—and so they went gladly.

McKee came out of jail on Friday, September 12, at noon, pardoned by Governor Hiram Johnson, sixty-eight hours before his term would have expired. The pardon was recognized beforehand as a possibility, but not as a probability and its arrival at that late hour was a surprise indeed to most.

McKee is a more powerful man than ever. The fire burns more fiercely within him. He feels more keenly the wrongs of an unjust system. He is more firmly determined than ever, if that is possible, to do his whole part in winning for the right. His voice will be a guide and a shining light to thousands who would never have come within his reach had not an arrogant plutocracy sought to punish him for encroaching on its ill-gotten preserves. Capitalism resorts to diverse tricks its ends to gain—and pretty generally, when those tricks are played on class conscious members of the working class, it loses ignominiously!

It has lost this time. Harry McKee is the victor; the Socialist cause is the gainer.

And three months hence when Kirk steps from the big white door there will be a new victor and we shall count fresh gains!

For of such are the fortunes of the capitalist war upon the enemies of plutocracy—and of such are the fortunes of the war of the workers upon those who sit idly upon their shoulders, sapping the product of their toil in parasitic fashion.

The victory, in the end, is with the just!

A DREAM CHILD

By DAVID FULTON KARSNER

A child went forth into the world dreaming of love.
Truth, wisdom, joy and hope were woven by it into a cloth of fellowship.
It knew the meaning of aerial elements and the demons under the sea:
It made songs to weeds by the roadside and to lilies in the pond:
It made songs to libertines and harlots and to the faithful and pure:
For this child dreamed of unity, chanting to everybody, celebrating everything, omitting nothing but nothingness.
Its pilgrimages led it to the remote corners of the earth and to densely populated cities.
This child is a dream child who visits me nightly, takes me by the hand and leads me to places and people of whom I paint mental pictures in my brief day dreams.

The Impeachment of Sulzer

By William Morris Feigenbaum

THE impeachment of Governor William Sulzer of New York is an illustration of the foulness and the rottenness of capitalist politics; it is a sample of the raw work that is "pulled off" every day in the year; it is a laboratory demonstration of the workings out of the fake and the fraud that goes under the alias of "Democracy" nowadays. It is the final argument for the placing of the government in the hands of the working class.

The manner of it is thus: For years "Bill" Sulzer has been the prize joke in New York politics. Elected to Congress at 32, the election was altogether without significance, as he came from the congested East Side where a yellow dog on a Tammany ticket could easily be elected; where, indeed, last November, a violently insane man, Timothy D. Sullivan, was chosen over Joshua Wanhope, the brilliant writer for The Call. Tammany does not care whom it sends to Congress. During the fourteen lean, hungry, officeless years of 1896-1910, the unterrified Democracy of New York cared more for the shrievialty of New York county, with its vast patronage, than it did for the New York congressional delegation. So it is that little nonentities, like Daniel J. Riorden, little petty politicians like Sulzer, ignoramuses like Henry M. Goldfogle, go to Congress from the imperial metropolis. And there they become totally forgotten. That is why the whole lot of them, led by John J. Fitzgerald of Brooklyn, voted for the infamous Republican gag rules in 1909, in return for which favor the Republicans put up a straw man for Mayor in New York to be knocked down by William J. Gaynor.

Tammany lives on several things, but it gets its support from the people by gifts or promises of jobs, and by protection to its henchmen. It is not generally known, but one out of every thirty of the vast population of New York City is on the public payroll. Not all of these hordes of civil servants are protected by civil service rules, and the registrars and surrogates and sheriffs in the five counties constituting New York City, and their subordinates numbering thousands, all with swollen salaries, are the officers and the rank and file of Tammany.

Tammany wants access to the public till, so they get hosts of men to work for the victory of Tammany candidates; they get slimy cadets and gunmen to repeat at elections, to drive away opposing voters, to colonize, and to stuff the ballot boxes. And in return, Tammany rewards some with jobs, promises others future jobs, protects the business of the cadet (for a percentage of the receipts) and protects the gangmen, the gunmen and the murderers, who are rarely punished for their activities.

This is Tammany, and this is her philosophy: You scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours; you give me the fat contracts for city work, and I'll pay you well. You can commit any crime, but one—don't go back on the gang, don't peach; because if you do, you might just as well go to a notary with your last will and testament.

And because there's no pabulum or pap in the Congressional delegation, Tammany never cared whom it sent to Washington, never cared about the national party of which it was an integral part, never cared for one moment for the issues that animated the nation. "This here Wilson, we don't know who he is, but he's on the ticket with our Bill Seltzer and our Tim Sullivan, so he must be all right. So vote for him," said an orator. And they did. The electric sign that blazed against the autumn sky was "Wilson and Sulzer." Read that. Study it. Mispronounce it, as all New York did. Then judge of the psychology of the people who thought politically in terms of whisky.

So Bill Sulzer was tolerated for eighteen years in Congress. He was a strutting peacock, the funniest joke in Washington. He affected the pose of the professional "friend of the 'peepul'." He cultivated a disordered lock of hair; he wore a string tie; he let everybody know that he wanted to be the latter-day Henry Clay. He was much like Clay in one respect. As the story that newspaper men in Washington still tell has it, when the barber told Bill that he resembled Clay, Bill puffed up and asked, "Is it muh brow?" And the barber said, "No, sah; it's yo' bref!"

In Washington, Sulzer was merely funny, but he was shrewd. He knows his district. Made up, as it is, largely of newly-arrived immigrants: Jews, Italians, Hungarians, Germans, Bohemians, Slovaks—the most polyglot district in the world, the modern Babylon—he knew his ground. His extravagant speeches about his friendship for everybody, "Everybody is my friend!" "went" on Second avenue. His speeches were models for burlesques of politicians on the stage. And so, when finally Taftian stupidity led the Democrats out of the age-long wilderness of joblessness and into the bright sunshine of control of the House, Sulzer's sixteen years of more or less service to the people in Washington was rewarded by the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, a reward for seniority in service and for nothing else.

He used his position to enrich himself in the rich Central American pie. His extravagant speeches in favor of President Estrada of Guatemala astonished those who wondered what he knew about a country so far from Second avenue, but those that know dollar diplomacy, those that understand the fiendishly far-reaching "concessions" those Central American tyrants are wont to grant in return for American protection, were not astonished at those pranks of "poor, but honest" Bill Sulzer.

The abrogation of the treaty with Russia is his prize stunt. The million Jews in New York read his speeches in the Congressional Record, but the million Jews, not understanding Congress, or Congressional procedure, or the functions of government, do not know that the whole thing was the most monumental, the cheapest, the most insolent fraud that was ever pulled off. But it made Bill governor!

Bill announced that he was governor, not Charlie Murphy or any other boss of Tammany. And he proved it, too. He appointed as chairman of the Public Service Commission Edward E. McCall, tarred with the stick of Equitable rottenness, put him where he could loot the city for the benefit of Tammany. No. McCall is no crook. But he worked for the gentry who are looting the city in the gigantic $300,000,000 subway construction.

To fight the boss—in the newspapers—is the game. To take orders in public would queer you with the people. So Sulzer stridently announced that he was boss—and privately did Tammany's bidding, until—

Until Charles F. Murphy gently intimated that it

would not much distress him if one James E. Gaffney were appointed highway commissioner. Sulzer gasped. It was a trifle too raw. Gaffney is Murphy's partner in the contracting business, and that job would give the firm $50,000,000 worth of state contracts. If Sulzer had appointed Gaffney, he would have to prepare himself for retirement from active life on January 1, 1915. So he didn't, and he'll have to retire a bit earlier.

Certainly, Sulzer is guilty of what is charged against him. But, as Mr. Dooley said, he's guilty of murder, arson, grand and petit larceny, and going back on the gang. So the legislature that includes some of the blackest politicians in America, the legislature that exonerated Senator Stillwell of bribery, said Senator now being in prison stripes in Sing Sing, that legislature impeached Sulzer. And the leader of the proceedings acting under Murphy's orders, Murphy who sat with his ear and his lips to a telephone for long hours while the dirty work was being pulled off, Aaron J. Levy is rewarded by being made a judge.

That's your Tammany in all its hideousness, cruel, relentless to its enemies, greedy, murderous, the epitome of capitalism. It's a picture of capitalism enthroned in politics, holding out "good" men like Sulzer, men who are not shown up until they go back on the gang. Its sole excuse for existence is the reluctance of the working class to take hold themselves. It isn't Murphy or Levy. It isn't Penrose or Flinn. It isn't Hinky Dink and Lorimer. It is capitalism expressed in terms of municipal politics. Republican or Democrat, it worries them not. "There's no politics in politics."

And this will last until the working class runs the cities for their own class interests, until the rank and file will disregard loot and look to class welfare.

QUEER

By A. F. GANNON

FAGAN was a genius with the supernal artistry of line that limns the window-pane o' frosty nights woven into the fiber of his being. As a small boy in an obscure middle-western town, the tracery of the naked trees on a sombre autumn sky awakened the indescribable dream that forever after filled his years. Time clarified the vision a bit and goaded him to the city.

At twenty-three, love found him an engraver. The girl was an art student who also harbored a dream. Society does not like dreams, not, at least, until the dreamer dies and the dream lives on, so society put both their foolish noses to the brasive wheel of necessity. The girl's dream at best was rather bloodless, so it died from inattention, and the wealth of her affection and faith gave added luster and strength to the man's.

Long since, he had found his forte, and the secret soul of his dream, to be etching; but society stupidly insisted that it was So-and-so's, long dead, and Such-a-one's, a howling mediocrity with topas-tinted whiskers and a "studio," whose etchings were particularly desirable. His dream did not fade at this fiat, or in the lean, struggling years that followed; but the color in the cheeks of the one person whom he loved, slowly did.

He said she was going to have proper medical attention and a climate to counteract the encroaching malady. Certain suave gentlemen who had slyly complimented him on his cleverness as an engraver were soon in possession of the pleasant information that sudden and swift repulse would not be their portion again should they care to reopen negotiations.

Certain other urbane and forceful gentlemen, some weeks later, interrupted him in the act of putting the finishing touches to the last of a series of plates that were to bring him a sum sufficient to retrieve his wife's health, or ease her remaining days in a sunnier clime. Society, duly and snugly horrified at his depravity, thereupon cast him into a dungeon. His wife quickly and conveniently died. In point of fact, everything of any moment concerning him died but his dream, and a baleful hatred of society, as a record of his subsequent labors in the field of criminal art would bear witness.

* * *

Marden could be categorized as a genius also—if two plus two is exquisitely poetical to one's soul, or if one thinks the multiplication table bears a family resemblance to the divine afflatus. In early manhood, while his compatriots were at one another's throats over what they supposed to be an ethical question, he managed to get possession of a large quantity of but recently discarded and dangerously inadequate firearms and resell them in the excitement to one body of the belligerents. This wondrous feat dispelled all vestige of doubt as to Marden's financial status from the calm, judicious minds of the remaining (at home) patriots, and from their patent admiration Marden's dream of dominance evolved.

At first he thought in thousands of dollars, later in millions, but finally, when the twin devils of Power and Profit had gained complete mastery over this scarred sabotier and rifler of society, he could cogitate only in hundreds of millions. It was during this period of his career that he conceived and executed a coup, beside which Fagan's act, for which society savagely squelched him, pales into absolute and utter insignificance, and even all his own former financial rapine seems to be as free of duplicity as the monetary matters of a Baptist barbacue.

By surreptitiously acquiring or gaining control of the known or conjectured iron-ore bodies of the country, and the stragetically situated manufacturing plans, transportation facilities and fuel deposits, conservatively valued at five hundred millions of dollars, and capitalizing the coalition at fifteen hundred millions, he calmly uttered, in effect, counterfeit money to the amount of TEN HUNDRED MILLIONS! Did society instantly incarcerate him and confiscate the "queer"? Not so it was visible to the naked intelligence. Society fatuously fawned upon him, gave him twenty millions in real yellow coin for his "cut" for the "Napoleonic stroke" and nearly broke its collective neck in the scuffle to pay hard cash for Paper, the value of which lay in the bone and sinew of unborn workers.

Thereafter, Kings of the blood made obeisance to Marden and sought his counsel.

That he lived, the great mass toils deeper and is not spiritually quickened, and it was fitting that he should pass in the land where Christianity's anasthetization occurred centuries ago.

The Socialist Movement in California

By STANLEY B. WILSON

In this article Stanley B. Wilson begins the story of the condition of the California Socialist movement as he has found it in a tour of the state lasting about three months. In succeeding chapters Comrade Wilson will go more fully into the matter of facts and conclusions. This series promises to be of inestimable value to the California movement.

I LOVE you, California! One who has not caught the sentiment needs only to get acquainted with the fair Miss of the Pacific to become a devout enthusiast.

While the purpose of my tour of California was not to generate sentiment, I must admit that the last few months' travel over the Golden State has made me a more enthusiastic devotee of California.

In a recent article in the California Social-Democrat I endeavored to show the great disparity between the Socialist Party and the Socialist movement in this state, and that the cause of it is the lack of an "intelligent, concerted and consistent" effort in the way of organization.

Since that article appeared, I have been covering that portion of our great Pacific commonwealth which lies north of San Francisco and will in this and succeeding articles in The Western Comrade give a description of the trip.

Some months ago, Grand Vice Chancellor K. A. Miller, of the Knights of Pythias of California, urged me to accompany him on an auto trip over his district to assist him in teaching the lessons of the order and in building up the lodges. I informed him that I had already arranged a lecture tour over the same regions and feared he would object to my mixing Socialism and Pythianism. He informed me, however, that he didn't care what I talked about in my lectures so long as I confined my Socialist teachings to my own meetings.

I joined the party, consisting of Col. Miller, Capt. H. W. Broughton and E. C. Thompson, at San Francisco. Besides being a K. P. grand lodge officer, Col. Miller is an attorney of Los Angeles. Capt. Broughton is a member of the Los Angeles Paint and Wall Paper company. Mr. Thompson is a court reporter in the Superior court of Los Angeles county. Monday afternoon, August 25, we left the Ferry building on the Sausalito boat. Arriving at Petaluma, I found that the comrades had not received notice of my coming. However, they hustled around and secured a hall, and did their best to advertise the lecture, with the result that we had an audience of about 100. At the conclusion of the lecture I hurried over to the K. P. hall, where I delivered an address.

Next morning we rode around Petaluma and visited several of the famous chicken farms. We learned many interesting things about chickens, one of which was that the chicken that has the finest feathers is generally the poorest layer. "In this respect," remarked our informant, "chickens are like folks."

We visited a mammoth hatchery, and in one room were introduced to 8000 young chicks, fresh from the shell. Frequently these young chicks are shipped as far away as British Columbia and Mexico in crates. They are shipped fresh from the shell and do not require any food until they reach their destination.

Santa Rosa comrades had not made any arrangements for a lecture, on account of insufficient time for advertising.

Between Santa Rosa and Ukiah, we stopped at the Swiss-Italian wine colony and were shown through the great wine houses. A very interesting feature of our visit was the inspection of the building where they manufacture champagne. We saw millions of bottles of this costly and effective beverage, and were astounded to learn that there are champagne manufactories in France that produce more than twenty times as much as this one. Conditions at Ukiah and Willets were the same as at Santa Rosa.

From Ukiah we ran up to Blue Lake, a beautiful resort. The lake is one of the most charming in all the world. The water has the appearance of being perfectly blue. We had a refreshing swim. The comrades in this vicinity have been asking for speakers. Just beyond Blue Lake, at Clear Lake, is an immense string bean cannery and we met scores of wagons and auto trucks laden with its products.

Our next point was Garberville, and we were told that it would be impossible for us to cover the distance from Willets in one day. We did, but it was a day of thrills. Some of the grades we climbed seemed impossible for an auto. Mile after mile we ascended and mile after mile we descended. In some places all except the driver were compelled to walk. When we reached Garberville and got our machine inside the garage door it stopped of its own accord, and we found that the last drop of gasoline was exhausted. Garberville is at the bottom of a deep valley on the bank of the south fork of Eel river.

Here we were treated to a trout dinner. One of the boys of the K. P. lodge had spent the day fishing and to his piscatorial prowess was due our delightful repast.

There was no lecture scheduled for this place, but the lodge held an open meeting which was largely attended. At midnight a banquet was held at the hotel. Our next objective point was Scotia. Our route lay along the river. We passed through one of the greatest apple, pear and peach sections of the state. We found the river banks dotted with the tents of deer hunters and saw much spoils of the chase. Here we entered the mighty redwood forests and paid our respects in wonderment and delight to the mammoth monarchs, some of which were so large at the base as to completely hide our car.

Four miles from Dyerville, the end of the railroad

from the coast, we broke a vital part of the auto, and Col. Miller and I started afoot for the railroad, leaving the others with the machine.

We reached the railroad in time for the 5:30 train and at 6:30 were in Scotia. There is no Socialist local in Scotia and there is no better place for one. Hundreds of men are employed in the mills there and in the woods surrounding. Union organizers are at work trying to get the men together, but they meet with almost insurmountable opposition. They are obliged to get among the workers by all manner of subterfuge and woe betide them when they are found out.

Here is the condition of affairs where Socialist literature is especially effective. The bosses may be able to throw out individuals, but a piece of literature is a treasure to isolated men, and the printers' type is too elusive for the boss to eliminate.

In Scotia I spoke to a large number of men in an open meeting of the K. P. lodge. Scotia is a strictly company town. The company owns everything. We did not reach the dining room of the hotel until about 7:33. It closes at 7:30 and we were compelled to employ the utmost diplomacy to get anything to eat. We were told later that no other hotel is allowed in the town. The company owns all the stores and houses. If a man wants to bring his family there he must sign a lease that he will not rent any of his house or take any boarders. In fact, the company dictates about everything the family is permitted to do. Old King George was not more heartily hated by the colonists than the company is hated by all of its employes. Talk about soil for the seeds of Socialism!

Comrade Joseph Bredsteen, of Eureka, telephoned me that the Finnish comrades of his city would hold a picnic at Canyon Park, four miles from Scotia, the following day (Sunday) and wanted me to address them. Canyon Park is the most beautiful park I have ever seen. It is just as nature made it, except for walks and buildings. It is owned by a Socialist comrade, and has been the scene of some great Socialist gatherings. A Socialist camp meeting in this magnificent park, with several of our leading speakers and workers, would be an undertaking productive of great results.

Monday I spoke at the Labor Day exercises at Sequoia park, Eureka. Managing Editor Irvine of The Times, a Eureka daily, was orator of the day. His speech was eloquent and full of compliments and advice to the workers. I was given ten to fifteen minutes following him, but the audience would not permit me to stop.

Monday evening our auto party went to Portuna, where I lectured to more than 200 and then went over to the lodge hall, where I addressed a K. P. open meeting, which was followed by a banquet, at which I again spoke.

The Ferndale meeting the following evening did not materialize. Messrs. Thompson and Broughton drove me over in the machine from Eureka, where I was to address the Knights the same night. At 8:30 there were only about a dozen people present to hear the lecture, so I announced that there would be no lecture. Returning to Eureka at once, I made two addresses before midnight. Our ride that night was made in a heavy rain.

Our stay in Eureka was exceedingly enjoyable. It is one of the gem cities of California for climate and natural advantages. But it is a gem owned by the most selfish kind of exploiters.

Indeed, exploitation is at its most acute stage in this lavishly endowed locality. Corporations own all the land and timber, which they secured for next to nothing. In their mills they are cutting the timber into lumber by the hand of labor reduced to a shamefully low standard of wages. Then the land, stripped of the timber, is held at a price far above what they paid for it before it was despoiled of its wealth of timber. And all this is permitted in the United States of America, in this year of our Lord, 1913!

There was a fine, healthy young Socialist local in Eureka until it began to be a menace to the exploiting interests. Then some sinister hand sowed seeds of dissention which propagate too easily in this active movement of ours. As a result, the local is split and is no longer the menace it once was to the wily exploiters.

With the others of our party I visited the studio of the famous painter of forest scenes, C. T. Wilson, the products of whose brush have gone all over the world. Mr. Wilson paints all of his pictures from nature, spending months at a time in the great forests. Our enthusiastic expressions of admiration of his art moved the artist. When one of our party asked about the financial results of his work, Mr. Wilson said that he did not include the financial in his computation of art. In tones thrilling with feeling he told of how he had struggled to perfect himself in his art, and declared as a climax, "I wish I were able to place one of these pictures in every home in the world. I would rather do that than have all the money in the world." I was glad to know myself part of a movement dedicated to the placing of the best in all the arts and industries and inventions in all the homes of the world.

For the lecture in Eureka the hall was filled to the doors. The auto was waiting at the close to take me to Arcata, where I addressed the Knights of Pythias. When we were ready to leave Arcata for Crescent City next morning, we found one of our front springs broken and we returned to Eureka to have it repaired. The distance from Eureka to Crescent City is 110 miles. It was noon before we got started, and it was raining. The roads became slippery and dangerous. We had tire trouble a-plenty. Reaching Orick, the half way place, at 6 o'clock in the evening, we spent the night.

We were advised not to attempt the remainder of the road to Crescent City until it had dried, but we were scheduled there that night. It was a ride never to be forgotten. The road lies close to the ocean most of the way and in places winds along bluffs hundreds of feet above the beach and is so narrow at best that the outside wheels are only a few inches from the precipice, while there are turns so sharp that it requires considerable maneuvering to get around. Then we would wind back into the forests, where the dense foliage prevented the sun's rays from reaching. The roads were so soft that corduroy was necessary.

About 4 o'clock we came in sight of Crescent City as we wound down a steep grade at the foot of which we found a delegation of citizens headed by Judge John L. Childs, waiting to escort us into the city. The sheriff of Del Norte county was one of the delegation. The last four miles lay along the smooth sands of the beach.

Judge Childs informed me that some of the Socialists wanted to postpone my lecture until the following evening and that it was the general wish, as all were eager to attend both meetings. It was so arranged.

There is no local at Crescent City, but there are a few Socialists who are of the red-blooded type. They secured the opera house, got out dodgers, and boosted the lecture vigorously.

It was one of the most unique meetings in the history of Socialist propaganda. Judge Childs, who is the whole judicial authority of Del Norte county, presided.

He announced that he had never known himself to be a Socialist, but he realized the educational and moral value of the lecture, and called to the platform several of the officials and business and professional men present. Col. Miller, Capt. Broughton and Mr. Thompson also took seats on the platform.

While at Crescent City we were taken over to Smith Valley on a fishing trip. Another of the guests was a Catholic priest who had recently come to the community. He was one of the jolliest of the party. We got along like two school chums.

Think of it, Socialist comrades, not a single Socialist local in Del Norte county! It is not a populous county, but almost the entire population is of the producing class. Is it not an ideal field for Socialist organization?

(To be continued.)

THE TURNPIKE

By Marion Louise Israel

IT WAS autumn. The labor of summer accomplished, the promise of spring fulfilled, it seemed as if the weary earth had drawn a long breath of relief as she suspended for a time her never-ceasing routine. The little old town bathed in a golden haze slept peacefully. Old men and women who had traveled its narrow, straggling streets from childhood walked to and fro under the leafless trees, with an air of placid content.

One walked those streets in the yellow October sunshine, to whom the peace and stillness were a torture, one who had come back for a brief time from feeling the pulse of the world, and to him the placid little town with its contented men and women seemed dead.

Away to the south stretched the road to the city. Over brown hillsides, through patches of leafless woodland, past exquisite little lakes, mirroring the parti-colored leaves on their banks in a blur of scarlet and russet and gold, the road led up from the sleepy, bygone little town, to the throbbing, teeming city.

Out beyond the edge of the town, out beyond the last snug farmhouse, with its garnered winter stores, up the long, uneven road, strode the returned traveler. His head throbbed and his heart burned within him—for he had watched long with a diseased humanity, until its fever burned in his veins.

As he wandered along the old highway in the autumn afternoon, he saw on every hand the signs of decay and death—the windrows of fallen leaves by the roadside, the leafless trees, the dry rustling cornstalks in the fields. Thus the landscape ministered to his mood. It seemed to him as if he were living in the very autumn of human existence. The old road, which so many feet had traveled on the way up from the little town to the great city, was as the road of life; the dead leaves under his feet the decayed customs, the worn-out laws, the futile efforts at reform, which strew the path of progress; with here and there a crimson-hued maple leaf, like a splotch of blood shed by the way. A little while, and then would come the fierce autumn gales, which a rotten civilization could never withstand—and after that a deal, cold world, under the mantle of eternal winter.

Then from over the yellow fields, down from the tender sky, there seemed to come a mystic presence, and walk with him on the road. And she seemed to speak to his troubled spirit saying, "O wayfarer, this road that you travel is indeed the symbol of the long, long road of life, and that quiet town you have left behind is the City of the Dead Past. These dry leaves that strew the road, they are as you say, the customs, the institutions and the systems that have fallen into disuse forever."

"Failures!" he exclaimed bitterly.

"Nay," answered the radiant spirit, "a fallen leaf is not the sign of failure, but of work accomplished. The road is indeed strewn with fallen leaves, and marked by deserted houses, which may never again shelter humanity, but this is but the passing of the old to make way for the coming of the new. This wayside shall once more be bordered with blossoms, and these woods and fields shall again be clothed in green. As spring comes after autumn, so shall a new civilization flower among men. As surely as this road leads up from a little old town in its decay to a city that teems with life, and that holds the hopes of men, so leads that longer road of human progress to a City of Mankind, where the common life is beautified by just relationships, where the spirit of service reigns, and where labor is sweetened with song."

The Underground War

By J. L. ENGDAHL

JAMES KEIR HARDIE, veteran coal miner and Socialist, stood aghast in the streets of Dublin, Ireland, only the other day and asked the workers of the British Isles, "Is this America?"

He had reference to the manner in which the mailed fist of the law was being used against the street car strikers in Dublin in behalf of the exploiters. Hardie has been in the United States several times. He knows of the bitter struggle between capital and labor in the nation to which the Britisher refers as "The States." He recognizes tyranny when he sees it.

Yet the American worker seems to thrive on his "Siberias" and "Little Russias." For out of the anarchy that the blood smeared hand of capitalism has made of law and order there has risen resplendent the greatest labor organization the world has ever known.

I refer to the dual alliance between the United Mine Workers of America and the Western Federation of Miners in the mining department of the American Federation of Labor. In carrying the torch of civilization upward and onward among the workers of the world these two organizations are as one. They have cemented five hundred thousand toiling men into a real "one big union" and declared a peaceful, educational war for the unionization of the remaining half million men who toil "in and around the mines," coal and metal, in the United States.

This war of the workers underground is a wonderful thing. It is the enlightenment of the future conquering the darkness of the past. No bigger struggle for humanity's rights was ever declared. Justice never before put as much in the balance.

The bituminous coal miners are supreme in the states of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and in Western Pennsylvania. It is the nucleus of the strength of the United Mine Workers. When the mine worker parleys with mine owner these states include what is known as the "central competitive field."

The wages, hours and conditions of labor in these four states are the basis for negotiations in other states. What the Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Western Pennsylvania bituminous miners have won the soft coal miners of the other states of the nation are out to win and the battle begins.

No civil war general on the northern side ever scanned the map of the "Solid South" with greater desire for victory than do the generals of 500,000 miners. The story of how West Virginia has been partially won has already been written big in the nation's newspapers and magazines, in court records, congressional proceedings, in pamphlets and in books. To the south of that lies Old Virginia where union miners are unknown, where the chattel slave has become the industrial wage slave and still languishes in bondage.

To the south of Illinois and Indiana is Kentucky. The miners' union forces have crossed the Ohio River and the Blue Grass state is being rapidly won. The campaign stretches to Tennessee and Alabama along the mountain ranges and the hills where coal is found and miners are held in subjection. The time when these two states must fall into the hands of the United Mine Workers is numbered in months.

Then will follow immediately the Western Federation to organize the metal miners, for in Alabama and Tennessee, coal and iron go hand in hand.

To the southwest of the "central competitive field" are the coal producing states of Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas. There are some coal miners in all of these states and when they are referred to in the councils of the mine workers they are known as "the southwestern states."

John H. Walker, formerly president of the Illinois miners, has just returned from this field and announces new victories. The Western Federation has just triumphed in the lead mines of Missouri.

Going westwards we find the coal miners organized in Wyoming and Montana. The frontier is down in Colorado, New Mexico and Utah. What West Virginia is to the East, Colorado is to the West.

It is in these same mountains that the Western Federation plans patiently for bigger victories. While it is strong in Montana and Arizona, there is much to fight for in Colorado, Utah and Nevada.

On the Pacific Coast the coal miners have strength in Washington while they are giving the coal barons the battle of their lives in Vancouver Island, the rich coal producing section of British Columbia. The Western Federation is fighting bravely in Alaska where the coal miners will follow just as soon as the fuel mines are opened up to any considerable degree.

In the Great Lakes region the Western Federation is now waging bitter war for mastery on the Michigan copper range, to be followed by a campaign for the capture of the Michigan and Minnesota iron ranges. In the far east the coal miners hope for the recapture of Nova Scotia, Canada, which was lost to them a few years ago. The anthracite fields of Pennsylvania during the past year have been almost solidly unionized.

There is one other section of this North American continent. But it has not been forgotten. The miners have their thumb on Mexico, too, and when the right time comes capitalism must go.

Shortly after Diaz had been shaken from his Mexican throne and Madero had been placed there in his stead there appeared in Mexico City three strangers. They sought an interview with the new president of the Mexican republic. The interview was granted.

That is how Madero happened to hear Frank J. Hayes, vice president of the United Mine Workers; Joseph D. Cannon, of the Western Federation of Miners, and "Mother" Jones, of all the miners, argue for the advance of the flag of unionism across the Rio Grande and into the mining camps of Old Mexico. There was not a line about this conference, striving for peace and enlightenment for the toilers, in the jingoistic press; at the time raving for armed intervention, and nothing has been said concerning it since.

It was soon after this that the strength of the United Mine Workers was demanded in West Virginia and the

fighting force of the Western Federation called to Ely, Nevada, and Bingham Canyon, Utah. And then Madero was assassinated. But like everywhere else this has only momentarily halted the onward sweep of the victorious underground war that knows no retreat, no defeat, no turning back.

It was the growing light in the brain of the Mexican worker that forced Madero to declare to the representatives of organized American miners that his administration would place no obstacle in the path of any effort that might be made to organize the Mexican miners. Madero may be dead but the light is penetrating deeper into the mind of the working class of Mexico and the right time to strike will soon come.

That is the underground war in birds-eye view as it stands today on the third greatest continent of the world.

"It is very significant," said the chairman of the World's Mining Congress, that met in Europe last summer, "that we have with us a representative of the American miners," and the chairman referred to Charles H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation. It was the ambition for the world-wide solidarity of labor that spoke.

For one fleeting moment listen to the voice of the exploiter who is passing. "We will spend every cent we've got and go bankrupt before we'll recognize the United Mine Workers of America," said the mine owners of West Virginia. Up in Michigan the copper barons declared, "We'll let the grass grow in the streets before we will give in to the Western Federation of Miners." Out in Colorado the mine owners claim they will grant everything but the "recognition" of the miners' union. But all that organized labor wants is "recognition." Once having gained that it will take care of all else.

Solidarity is written in their faces

The story is told of the pioneer Mormons plodding their westward way. They came to Utah, built their homes and began to till the soil in the valley of the New Jordan on the eastern shores of the Great Salt Lake.

Only in their agricultural pursuits did they disturb the ground upon which they trod. They deemed it sacreligious to rob the earth of its hidden mineral wealth.

But capitalism knows no religion and it soon followed the Mormons into Utah and went deep into the hills and mountains and brought forth much coal and copper and other minerals resulting in the accumulation of great wealth. While it robbed the earth it also robbed the worker as it was already doing in every other corner of the land.

Gradually the worker grew in intelligence and with it his objection to being robbed and from that day capitalism was doomed. It is only natural that the workers who dig the coal and mine the gold, copper, iron, lead, zinc, silver and a host of other metals, should form the backbone of the growing American labor movement.

They mined the metal from which the machine was built and they dig the coal that runs the machine. And when the era of machinery began the first gray streaks of the Socialist dawn began their war upon the capitalist night.

Many have tried to explain the reason for the great and growing solidarity among the mine workers and the firm stand for working class progress that they have always taken. As the Socialist party stands for the emancipation of the working class on the political field so the Western Federation and the United Mine Workers stand for the complete abolition of wage slavery on the economic field.

Take the case of Vice President Hayes, of the coal

miners, just passing 30 years of age. When elected vice president several years ago he was the youngest international officer in any American labor organization, being at that time not yet 28 years old.

Hayes was a little bit of a red-headed Irish lad when King Coal beckoned to him in one of Illinois' many mining camps. There was something irresistible about the beckoning. The boy obeyed.

The whip hand of the monstrous monarch drove the little lad down into the hidden recesses of the earth and numbered him among the one million other men and boys who toil underground in these United States.

The minds of most children are deadened by toil. The minds of a few manage somehow to thrive on it. So the persistent mind of young Hayes developed down there in the gloom of the subterranean caverns. At times he would pick up a piece of slate and scratch thereon the ideas that formed themselves in his mind. Gradually the worlds fell into rhyme and rythm. It was poetry. He sung just like the unlettered bards in the days of old.

The songs of the miners' life written by young Hayes did not go unnoticed. They were mailed to the United Mine Workers' Journal at Indianapolis, Ind., and when they were published the coal miners of the nation first began to hear of Frank J. Hayes.

That is one way of working out the reason for the strength and solidarity of the organized mine workers. There are those who pick out a nice big word, call it the "psychology" of the miner and let it go at that.

But to me it seems impossible that the youth of the nation's mining camps and villages should go willingly to slave the days away in the underground darkness, where the never-ending night gives birth to dream on dream for better things.

Even the poorest among city boys can usually find something to remove them partially from the day's toil. It is different in the mining camps where there is but a step from the cabin to the mine mouth and back again. The big thing that impresses one in all mining camps is the utter disregard for the child's demand for some joy during its growing years.

I was talking to a young miners, a mere youth, delegate to a convention of the Illinois mine workers at Springfield, Ill. He was waiting for the train that was to take him back to the miners' cabin where he dwelt with his father and mother, brothers and sisters. He spoke in bitter terms of the humble home and of the bare necessities of life—all that they could afford. He had a dream—the dream of a bigger, better, brighter future. So he takes his place and fights his fight in the ranks of the million miners.

For the big thing that labor needs is hope inspired by a dream and that is what the miners have above all things. The fact that their wage contracts are intricate affairs with many sections and clauses, calling for something akin to genius to properly understand them, is not the foundation stone of this or any other labor organization. It is merely the dream laboriously working itself out.

The miner is usually pictured as being irresistibly associated with a pick and shovel. These ancient implements have been almost universally discarded. Now the miner battles with the virgin coal or the ore producing rock with elaborate machinery.

One of the points of contention in the Michigan copper strike is whether one man or two men are to operate the mining machine which is known as the "widow maker," because of inability of the human make-up to long withstand the demands made upon it in the running of such a machine. With two men running the machine the life-span may be stretched out over a few more years.

These machines are rapid producers, too. Working only three or four days in the week the coal miners of the country can keep the fuel market flooded. When the copper strike broke in Michigan there was an over-supply of the metal. Things like that make the miner think. Why is it that he must remain in poverty while he provides more than the world needs? he asks himself, and straightway orders his delegates in convention assembled to demand for the miner, "the full product of his labor."

Wherever legislators gather to make laws, in state legislatures or in the national congress, the represenstatives of the miner are to be found. When Socialists were elected to the Nevada state legislature they championed the industrial rights of the metal miners of that state. The same was true in Illinois and Pennsylvania.

There are some who criticize the manner in which the miners go on strike. When the trouble in West Virginia was at its height there were those who pleaded for a so-called general strike of all the coal miners, believing that this would immediately bring the West Virginia mine monarchs to their knees. Such a proceeding could have had but one outcome. It would have wrecked the miners' organization in the unionized states while the miners in the non-unionized fields would keep right on working. A strike of all the miners on the North American continent is impossible until all the mine workers have been thoroughly organized.

The present strike policy of the United Mine Workers and the Western Federation meets with success because the mining industry has not yet been thoroughly monopolized. There is still some competition and it is still possible to play one group of mining barons off against another group. This occurs even inside of states.

During the memorable 1910 struggle of the Illinois miners the organization of the mine owners split in twain and opened the way for the victory of the workers. The mine owners signed up with the miners' union in the southern part of the state and the men returned to work. The men in the northern part of the state remained on strike, received support from the southern Illinois miners with the result that the northern Illinois mine owners soon gave in rather than see their properties become bankrupt. The miners' union was stronger than the mine owners' union.

But the mining industry is becoming more and more monopolized. The mineral wealth of the continent is falling more and more into the hands of one set of capitalists. While this is going on the miners' union is growing stronger and stronger.

What is going to happen? I cannot see a continental conflict between the exploiters and the exploited of the mines. The working class has already advanced too far for that. Already the hand writing is in the sky. Not many more years will pass before the nation will take over the mines, the exploiters will be peacefully exterminated and the workers will dictate the conditions under which the miners shall labor. The hand of the "widow maker" will be stayed and the underground wealth of the land will be sought for what it can be used and not for the profits that it will bring. Complete victory will then have come to the side of the workers in the great underground war.

Act first, this earth, a stage so gloom'd with woe
You all but sicken at the shifting scenes.
And yet be patient. Our Playwright may show
In some fifth act what this wild drama means.
—Tennyson.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

By EMANUEL JULIUS

Flynn—better known as "Porky" Flynn—was found guilty of murder.

The jury had listened patiently to the evidence, had retired to debate on the merits of the testimony, had reviewed the murder of wealthy, aged J. Albert Sewell, from every possible angle, and reported its belief that "Porky" fired the fatal shot and that death should be his punishment.

The judge thanked the twelve men for their work and told them they could go to their homes. Turning to the prisoner, the court announced:

"You have been given a fair trial and have been convicted. Step forward and say why sentence should not be pronounced."

Flynn—pale and trembling—arose from his seat and almost staggered to the bar before the judge's bench. The jury's verdict had paralyzed him and left him nearly speechless. His brain seemed clouded and unable to comprehend the meaning of it all. Nervously, he cried:

"I didn't do it, judge. So help me God, I never done that job. I know I'm just a measly, low-down dog of a crook, judge"—tears blinded him—"I know I've done a lot of rotten things"—his voice rose to a high, hysterical falsetto—"I know I've served a bunch of terms in prison for things I done, judge; but I never killed that man—I swear, judge; I never killed him that night and may God strike me dead if I ain't telling you what's the truth."

Flynn broke down and wept like a child, his shoulders heaving violently as long, painful sobs came from the depths of his chest. The judge waited until the wretch could control his feelings enough to continue his plea.

"I didn't kill that man, judge—" Flynn became incoherent; here and there, he repeated, "I never done it," apparently leaving the judge unconvinced.

"This is a sad case," said the judge, slowly, emphasizing each syllable, "and I feel for you; but never have I known a man's guilt to be so clearly indicated by circumstantial evidence as in this instance. I have always dreaded circumstantial evidence—especially when a human life stands at stake—but here you are absolutely proven to be the actual murderer of J. Albert Sewell—"

"I never done it, I never done it!" Flynn moaned.

"Your mere denials avail you nothing," exclaimed the court; "to merely repeat again and again that you are innocent does not wipe away the overwhelming facts against you. First of all, you confess you are a professional burglar—you have served more than fifteen years in penitentiaries throughout the country—your record is as black as any criminal I have ever known. All your life you have preyed upon society, all your life you have broken laws and robbed right and left. This you do not deny, for you know denials are worthless. On the night of the tragedy, you went to the home of J. Albert Sewell for no other purpose than to commit burglary. Is that the truth?"

"Yes, it's so—I went there to break in, and, I did get into his house—but I never killed that man," Flynn answered.

The court continued:

"A policeman heard a shot and ran to the Sewell home and caught you running from the place. A minute later the police officer found the body of J. Albert Sewell. Your revolver was found near his remains; one of its chambers contained an empty shell. The bullet extracted from Sewell's body is of the same caliber as the others in your revolver—that is convincing, to say the least. The evidence establishes the motive, which was robbery; you were caught near the scene of the crime; your revolver was the weapon used—that, to any reasonable person, proves you to be the murderer."

The judge gazed steadily, for a while, at the condemned man's face and there, to his own mind, found further proof of guilt. Flynn's knotted figure, heavy, brutal face, glassy eyes almost lost in their sockets, huge, crooked nose and wild brows, together with a powerful, vicious jaw seemed, in the judge's opinion, to help spell his guilt.

"I never done it!" cried Flynn.

"You have been found guilty," said the judge, assuming a cold, uncompromising attitude; "I am convinced there has been no error and I can do nothing but pronounce sentence."

* * *

Seven weeks later, the shadow of what was once a man lay chained to the stone floor of the death cell. Often, he mumbled, "I never done it," but his words fell on ears as hard and deaf as the walls about him. A few hours before dawn, Flynn was given enough whiskey to intoxicate him. He drank long draughts of the liquid, for its numbing effect drove away the fear of death that was freezing his heart. And, while in a drunken state, unable to understand what was soon in store for him, with a priest reading passages of scripture, imploring God to save his soul, Flynn was led down the gloomy corridor to the death chamber, where he was strapped to a chair and shocked with murderous volts of fire until the life in him was no more. And then, the state recorded in its books of justice that a fearful crime had been avenged, that Flynn had paid the penalty and that the last chapter in the Sewell murder had been written.

* * *

About three months before Flynn was electrocuted—or rather, on the night of his arrest—Henry Purvis and Mrs. Jeanette Sewell were seated in the dimly lighted library of J. Albert Sewell's home. They were alone and gazed at each other, anxiety written on their faces.

He was a man of about forty; so evenly featured was he as to leave his countenance almost characterless. Every line and wrinkle had been carefully massaged out of him, leaving him expressionless. But his glittering eyes showed him to be possessed of a quick, shrewd brain and a will always striving for control. He was one who lived by his wits; a man-of-the-world ever ready to risk anything to obtain what he was striving for, a temperament thirsty for adventure.

He and Jennie, as he called her, had long been intimate, and had, for almost ten years, formed a team that looked upon the world as their oyster and who used their wits as an opener. And the many oysters they had opened were not commonplace oysters: they invariably found pearls.

For the past year, since Jeanette had wormed her

way into the elder Sewell's confidence and had become his wife, Purvis had posed as her brother, the "old man," as they called him, never suspecting that they were, in fact, lovers. Their scheme, in brief, was to get his money, of which he had plenty. That they got none of his wealth was a fact painful to confess, but it was true, nevertheless.

Sewell held fast to his money, even taking upon himself the task of paying what expenses were met from day to day, refusing steadfastly to give her sums of money which she tried to obtain. And that, to the pair of schemers, was a very distressing condition of affairs.

"At any time," said Purvis, almost angrily; "the old fool is likely to learn the truth about us."

"Yes," agreed Jeanette; "you can't pose as his brother-in-law indefinitely. "Some day he'll learn the truth and then you'll see your picture in the papers—another handsome corespondent. That would be a fine how-do-you-do, wouldn't it?"

"I wouldn't mind that so much if we could only get his money. That's what we're after and I'm tired of this long wait—I expected to wait six months, but here it is almost a year and we haven't progressed very much. I tell you, you must make that old fool loosen up or I'll do it for you."

"How?" the woman inquired.

"Oh, there are a thousand ways, and one is as good as another. It's a question which is the best at this time. One thing is certain, we must get that money."

The woman nodded her head slowly.

"It's too bad," she commented. "I never knew so old a man with such good health."

"Yes, hang him, he hasn't even got rheumatism."

"Well, there's nothing to be done except wait for our chance. It will surely come sooner or later. Have patience, my dear, have patience."

"If I had him here I'd ring his neck," Purvis blurted, with an oath.

He glanced across the dim room, a look of disgust on his face. Suddenly, he turned deathly pale and felt his heart spring into his throat, for there, to his utter astonishment and bewilderment, stood—yes, there in the doorway, agitated beyond description, stood the object of his schemes—J. Albert Sewell.

"He has heard all," was the first thought that flashed through Purvis' mind. "He caught us napping."

Jeanette also turned and saw what had driven terror into Purvis' heart; but she was not of the kind that flinched when forced to "face the music." She laughed quickly; it was more of a chuckle than a laugh.

"Well, well," she exclaimed in mock seriousness: "just look who's here!"

Her laugh and air of indifference restored Purvis' nerve. He quickly assumed a blase air and snickered:

"Good evening, Mr. Sewell; dropped in rather suddenly, didn't you?"

The man at the door did not answer; coming forward, he shook his head slowly and looked at the pair, hardly able to believe his eyes or admit the truth of what his ears had heard.

"You look worried, darling," said Jeannette, eyeing him coquettishly.

"So this is what has been in store for me," Mr. Sewell frowned. "I married the partner of a thief, brought both into my house, and here they are scheming to rob me!"

Mr. Sewell's anger rose rapidly, his blood boiled and flushed his face a deep crimson, his hands clenched spasmodically. Swallowing hard and almost panting for breath, he yelled:

"You are robbers, both of you!"

Without warning, he sprang at Purvis and struck him on the side of the head, felling him.

Purvis, in a second, was on his feet again; and whipping out a revolver, he aimed it towards the other.

Mr. Sewell stood, transfixed. Later, with a gasp, he sank into a chair. The revolver was unloaded, Purvis well knew, but he continued to aim it at the aged man, announcing, as a warning:

"If you move out of that chair I'll kill you on the spot. I mean business, so you had better think twice before you attempt anything."

The revolver levelled at Mr. Sewell, the woman standing near the table, Purvis leaning anxiously forward, and the third seated in a chair, presented a picture that was striking.

For a full minute, a heavy silence hung, like a blanket, over them; no one stirred; not a word was uttered. Purvis was thinking rapidly; something, he concluded, must be done. This, he admitted, was the moment for action; to waver would mean the loss of everything.

But, what could he do? The revolver was unloaded—and then, he did not relish the idea of commiting a crime that might result in—he shuddered; he was in a quandry. For another minute, silence continued.

The quiet was broken by a noise that came from another room.

"Someone has entered this house," Purvis whispered hoarsely. "There must be a burglar here."

Mr. Sewell, his head between his hands, did not seem to hear what was transpiring.

Purvis ran into the other room, which was pitch dark, and quietly tip-toed his way to the bottom of the stairway. There he discerned the form of the intruder. With a rush, he sprang upon the burglar, who hastily drew his revolver. Purvis immediately disarmed him. With a lurch, the burglar drew back, freeing himself. A second later, he was making his escape, leaving Purvis with a loaded revolver in his hand.

Mr. Sewell and the woman, having heard the commotion, came hurrying down the stairs.

"What is it? What is it?" a man's voice inquired.

"A burglar," said Purvis, peering through the dark. When he perceived the figure of the aged man, he fired. Without even a groan, Mr. Sewell fell to the landing.

Purvis thought quickly and instantly came to a conclusion.

"Up to your room! Quick!" he commanded. "Undress and get into your night clothes. I'll do the same in my room. Quick!"

In a second, they were off.

* * *

While Purvis was peeling off his clothes, he heard the noise of another struggle. This time, the noise came from the street.

Still undressing, he ran to the window and looked down. There he saw the burglar in the arms of a policeman, struggling for his freedom. By the time the burglar was overpowered, Purvis was in his night clothes. He then hurried down, soon followed by the woman.

Opening the door, he let the policeman drag the almost unconscious form of the burglar into the hall.

"He fired a shot," said the policeman. "We'd better search around."

"My God! Here is his victim," said Purvis. "Mr. Sewell has been killed!"

"And I've caught the murderer red-handed," said the policeman.

A Unique Melange of Red and Black

By ROB WAGNER

THERE are two kinds of Socialists who must not read this. For if they do they will be perfectly furious.

The first is the Whole or Nothing comrade who believes that the co-operative commonwealth is going to arrive at 3 o'clock some Thursday afternoon a little hence. The other is our colonizing brother who wants to drag our dream in by the ears and execute a miniature commonwealth in the midst of capitalism. They are both so orthodox and uncompromising that a scheme such as I am about to relate will be considered a shameless deal with the devil.

This frame-up is the same old combination of the co-operative element and perfectly disgusting exploitation. The only difference being that the co-operative benefits are going to the radical owners and the rich are the ones upon which the robbery will be practiced.

Some sixty or seventy villagers—mostly the professionals who live by their wits—decided that they were tired of discommoding the pigeons in the stingy flats and apartments that the capitalists built for them at outrageous rents. They said to themselves and to one another: "We are perfect goats to be living the way we are when by co-operative buying we can environ ourselves in a palace." That's all there is to clubs. Furthermore, if they built their palace co-operatively they could have it to suit their own personal eccentricities and needs.

But the best part of the scheme is this: Sit up close now and listen to the shame of Socialists playing the game. They intend to build much larger than their own needs and rent the rest! Forty per cent of the apartments will be owned and 60 per cent rented. This will give the owners their own apartments rent free. Crazy? Not at all. It has been worked nine times in New York City. The last co-operative apartment was started by Francis Wilson, Richard Watson Gilder and Jules Guerin.

But before I get you all worked up I suppose I ought to tell you something about the physical plan.

Do you know those hills to the right of Pasadena Avenue, opposite Mt. Washington, that have been all cut up with country roads? Well, on the topmost point of that—the hill that has been blocked off—this is to be Parnassus. There are ten acres to that hill and 200 acres on those surrounding it that have been parked.

The hill is 800 feet above the sea and being the highest point within the old city limits looks down upon Los Angeles like a feudal sentinel. The view from the top by daylight is one gorgeous panorama of 360 degrees from the mountain to the sea, and by night the picture is almost sensational—for Los Angeles lies right at its feet and the lights of the city resemble a great fete, while the other places like Pasadena, Garvanza and Alhambra resemble clusters of sparkling jewels. I'm very much tempted to rave about this but refrain lest you think I am talking like a real estater.

The building, of which the picture is a tentative suggestion (the four dinky little towers are coming off, for instance) will be class A, reinforced concrete, contain 200 apartments and costing nearly $600,000.

I'll let Will Fisher (in the California Outlook) tell you the details of this plan. It will save me writing a column—besides rendering it in chaster English.

"These apartments will cost from $2000 to $8000, according to location and size. The owner puts up his money, gets his apartment, which will be arranged exactly to suit him, and company stock issued to the amount of his payment. No more than 40 per cent of the apartments will be sold. The remaining 60 per cent the company will let at prevailing high-class rentals. That's where the owners begin banking dividends!

Besides owning his apartment and clipping coupons the owner of a Parnassus apartment gets off further as follows: The apartments are laid out on room units. A two (unit) room apartment, let us say, going for $2000, will have a large living room with beds and all similar jiggers of the press-the-button-disappearing type, a neat and ideally arranged kitchen, a bath room, a large closet and dressing room and a sleeping porch. He will pay no rent, but he will pay $10 per room, or $20 for the two, for "service," and this service includes his insurance, taxes, hot, cold and distilled water, light, electric fuel, telephones, vacuum cleaning, refrigeration and washing of all flat linen.

Then he will get the use, in common with his neighbors of a large dining room, ball and assembly room—the latter provided with stage for lectures and theatricals; also moving picture mechanism— playrooms for children, billiards, private smoking and dining rooms. Then, the "villagers" are to pool their libraries—and Intellectuals have libraries worth while—into one of the finest private collections in the West. Under the great dome will be a magnificent art gallery. In the basement of the building bowling alleys and a gymnasium will be installed, and on the grounds tennis courts and a beautiful Roman bath will be found. It goes without saying that garages will be provided. Street car facilities are to be arranged, passengers landing therefrom and passing through a tunnel to the elevators.

Just as an apartment house enterprise Parnassus shows well on paper; but the co-operative plan idea is the new thing that will be copied.

But bigger than the building or the plan is the "center" phase—the homing of a large number of highly cultured, interesting, worth-while professional men and women and their families in such a manner as to establish in the city of Los Angeles a definite intellectual and artistic holy-of-holies. Remember, all who enter here must pass muster before the "villagers," and those who have no qualifying distinction of accomplishment will not be admitted. Parnassus is to be the abode of the aristocracy of talent. Only those who have toiled to a purpose may gain these heights!

Forty per cent of the apartments must be sold or the building will not be started. Before the company was incorporated nearly one-third of them were spoken for and the only thing that can stop the sale of the rest will be the attitude of the absurd banks that at present

THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWING OF PARNASSUS

will not release any of the money that we have all put in.

It is a mighty interesting bunch that have already gone into the plan. They include every shaped head in the village. Of course, the radicals dominate. In fact, only one real reactionary has so far come in and his reaction ought to add spice and vivacity to the social life. Some idea of the social omelet can be gathered from the incorporators. H. V. Blenkium (Red), Richmond Plant (Single Taxer), Roland Paul (Musician), M. E. Johnson (very Red), Rob Wagner (Red), Emma L. Reed (Haines mother—Bull Moose), H. G. Watkins (Red), Dr. T. Perceval Gerson (Anarch.), Dr. J. E. Wilson (Red), A. S. Hinneman (Architect), Mary Colver (Red). Harriman, Ryckman & Tuttle, attorneys.

Of the many who have reserved apartments there are a lot of Bull Mice, but of course the Reds predominate.

When the place is finished—which we hope will be next fall—we want you all to come up and look it over—and say it to our faces—all but the two Reds I forbid to read this tale. I'm sure that this will peeve them. And we want only joyous people up there. We intend to grab off a little of the co-operative stuff without waiting and if to do so we have to play the rules of the game as they are handed us, let's at least play them in our own interest instead of the other fellow's.

THE AUTOMOBILE FIRE TRUCK

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

It comes! See it plunge! Look at the beauty! How it rolls down the pave like a great, supreme, electrified god! It's the automobile fire truck!

No jangling bell mars the harmony of the thing. A big throated whistle clears the way for this king of the road. On it comes, its great engines throbbing like the pound of a thousand giant wings.

This thing is invincible. It has the grace of the new, the majesty of the supreme. Nothing can stop it. It has power, power, power! The strength of the limitless is in its vitals.

Every line is beautiful. In build and tone and function there is harmony. A symphony in utility!

The horse? Bemoan the passing of the horse? Never! Beside this engine of man's creation the horse is weak and futile. The picturesque of the horse is of the old. The picturesque of this wonderful thing that streaks by like a cyclone under throttle is of the new. It is ours! We made it! We know its power, its unlimited strength, its strong beauty, its sublime indifference to heat or cold or danger or decay!

It typifies the age. We need not drag out of the past all of our delights, nor all of our picturesque utilities. Out of the new materials which we have found and learned how to use we go on to create for our own age our new picturesque things, our new utilities, our new beauties, our new powers. And no thing that has perfect utility is lacking in beauty.

Roll on, you superb automobile fire truck! Never was horse to match you! Never can one take your place! You are of us today!

You typify an age, an age of the new, the startling, the daring, the man-serving accomplishments of man!

IN THE CALCIUM GLOW

"At last!"

The class struggle has been flashed over the dazzling white canvas of the motion picture theater. "From Dusk to Dawn," Frank E. Wolfe's film story of the labor history of Los Angeles, is "on the boards."

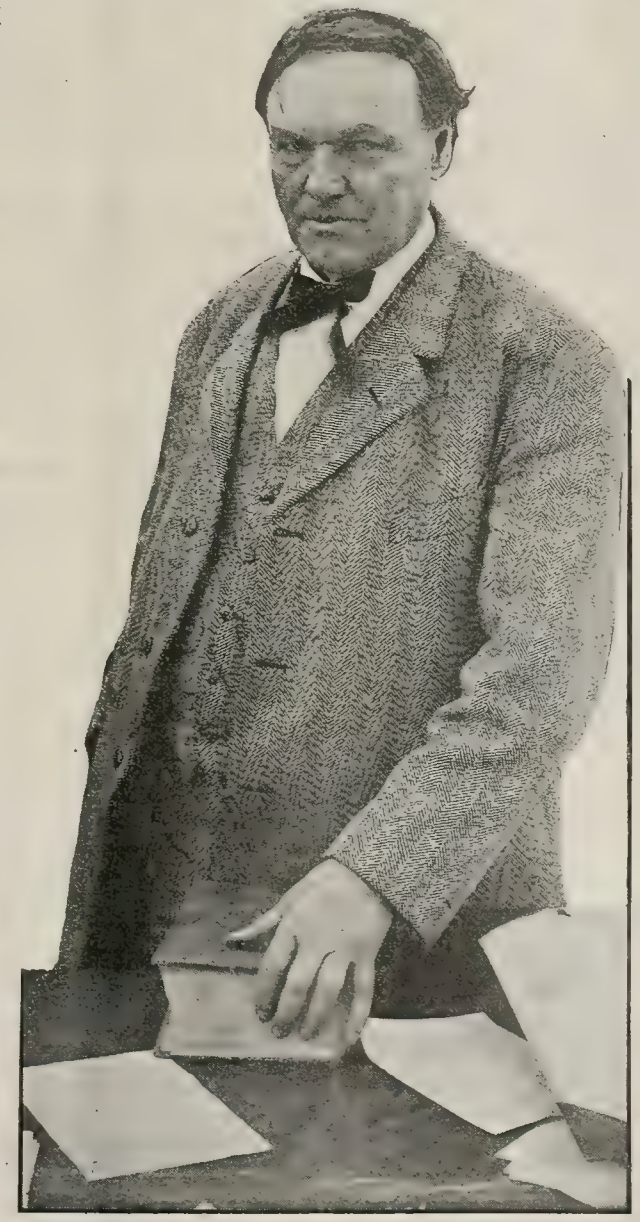
In the first place the film is one of the finest ever displayed anywhere, from the standpoint of technique in production. The photography is by Fred Siegert, an expert and the inventor of processes which he alone is able to use.

The picture aims to carry no story thread throughout, though there is the never-ending story of the class struggle in every scene. There is a wonderful collection of stirring and historic scenes that cannot fail to move the thousands and thousands who will see the play.

One of the most striking of these is a great courtroom scene in the Darrow trial. Court is in session. The room is jammed with spectators. Mrs. Darrow is seen in one of the front seats. Darrow is fighting his own battle for liberty. Job Harriman takes the stand. The thing is dramatic with the tragedy of real life. It is real, natural, true to life because it is life. The witnesses are all heard and the prosecutor makes his plea. Then Darrow, massive, impressive, dignified in the loose hanging clothes that are characteristic of him, begins his argument, his plea for justice.

For five minutes he is the central figure on the screen, arguing to the jury, emphasizing his points with his long forefinger, talking to them like a father to his sons. The screen catches the personality of the man. It is as if he stood there in life. It is one of the greatest motion picture scenes ever displayed.

And there are other scenes, strike scenes, mob scenes, scenes from labor's real life in the city that used to be called Otistown. There is the vote by show of hands. From right to left the camera swings over the sea of hands—hands of toil, thousands of them. Nothing could be more impressive than just those hands. There are twisted and broken hands. Right in the foreground a hand shows hard and bony, with a finger gone! The story of labor is written in those hands.



Clarence Darrow as seen on the screen

And the silent picketing. Three abreast, the men march down in front of the struck foundry gates, hands clasped, lips sealed. There's a swing and a power that grips in that scene. Again the marchers show in the Darrow trial scene. A "melt in," done with the genius of a master mind and hand, brings the marchers in a vision right through the court room, massing in a mental picture back of their champion who stands at the bar on trial. The scene was taken two years ago in the great Labor Day parade of that stirring year. It is not a staged picture. It is a reproduction of real life. It is wonderful.

The first scene of the film shows the struggle for existence of a slum family. The oldest daughter becomes the leader of a laundry strike. Flashing on soon after Dan Grayson appears as the hero of the foundry strike. He is elected governor on the Socialist ticket before the play ends and the "curtain" falls on the heart-union of the girl and the man just after the governor has signed a bill that plunges the state into Socialism.

One of the wonders of the film is in the people who appear in the leading roles. Aside from Darrow and Job Harriman there are J. Stitt Wilson, Fred C. wheeler, Stanley B. Wilson, Cyrus F. Grow, Thomas W. Williams, G. Gordon Whitnall, and a hundred others. Some of the mass scenes were staged at Socialist gatherings. Thousands of Jimmie Higginses will recognize themselves at one time or another in the action of the play.

All in all, the film is an epoch marking production. It paves the way for greater things to come. And its success is assured by the thousands who have seen it in the cities where it has already been shown.

The Intercollegiate Socialist Society

By E. E. HITCHCOCK

SIGNIFICANCE OF A STUDENT MOVEMENT

Have you ever realized the significance of a student movement?

Take for instance, the Jap student. He comes, as David Gordon Graham once pointed out, to pay in this country for one and to learn enough for two. Then he goes back to remake Japan in sixty years. In California he holds leases. In the "Cruise of the Piffle" we meet him. In brief, he is well nigh ubiquitous, bids fair to become omniscient, and thereby omnipotent.

Consider also the student in Russia. The authorities there have filled up Siberia with free-thinkers and him. Just recently his father-country has been burning Tolstoy's books. O, land of oxen-people, quaking Czars and aspiring students—where nothing seems to live but students!

As for France, who has not with Hugo and the Parisian students built barricades in the city streets and fought over the tops of them; or gone with Dumas and French students of an earlier time to secret, revolutionary gatherings until the very empire rocked? The structure of the present Republic of France, after the edifice of the decadent nobility had been razed, was erected with a cornerstone filled largely with student deeds and the novel wine of Rosseau's thinking.

But the blessedness of singularity belongs perhaps to the German student. A common notion of him is a full personed, heavy thoughted individual who reports to his university once every six months for examination, and in the interim whiles away his time with cheese and beer, music halls, and broadsword duelling. Four millions of Socialists in Germany, however, would indicate that he spends part of his time in reading "Das Kapital."

And by the way, Marx was a student. After leaving off the mere bagatele of getting a doctorate of philosophy from the universities of Bonn and Berlin, and after seeing through his novitiate as editor of the Neue Rheinishe Zeitung, he settled down to serious work in the university of books of the British Museum and in the concentrated, universal life of London around him. There, as you know, with his sacrificing wife near him, and with Engels for his life-long friend, in poverty of body and richness of intellect, he formed the arguments of the working class man. He there applied economic and evolutionary explanation to capitalism.

Now students are both matriculated and unmatriculated; and the thing of real significance about the present student movement is that, through Marx, the workingman everywhere has become at least an unmatriculated student. Unlike his fellow, the black slave of time past, within the limits prescribed by his pittance a week and his hours of labor, he has some privileges. He is reading and thinking, questioning and arguing. He is sending his boy and his girl to college to learn in that upper class workshop how capitalism shapes his shackles.

In answer partly to the demand of these sons and daughters, duly arrived at its portals, but more perhaps to satisify the intellectual dilettante and the fashionable seeker after culture, the college, in many instances, has vouchsafed a place for Socialism in the curriculum. It has been crowded in, amid the must of Latin and the decay of Old Romance, along with shop-work, eugenics, aeronautics and other matters vital to our modern life.

But more or less truthfully, in general it may be said, that Socialism as taught in formal manner by a college faculty is handled without throb of life and far from contact with the thing itself—like chemistry without chemicals and botany without botanizing. Or worse still, it is surrounded by "a killing frost" and "that doth end it."

Since the reality has oftentimes been thus lacking, the sons and daughters beforementioned, and these sons and daughters, friends and sympathizers have elected to make the world their laboratory and go out after the reality. One of them through "The intercollegiate Socialist" published by themselves, exclaims to his co-students.

"Hark! Have you caught the warning in the wind that sweeps the world?
Or have your ears been deaf to it, and have your eyes been turned
So fixedly upon the past, that round about you whirled
Unnoticed and unheeded the revolt of the earth's Spurned?
You shall not long stay blind to it; they cannot long shut out
With ivied wall and book and gown, **the living world beyond.**"

With a spirit such as this in the colleges, the sons and daughters, friends and sympathizers of the Socialist movement have organized the Intercollegiate Socialist Society. To borrow a simile from the mood of one who hates each Socialist thought, the thing has spread like "devil grass"; and wherever it has sent forth a Socialist runner or tongue, it has formed a new center of radicals. So that today in Berkeley or in Harvard the under-graduate interested at all in the matter can hear the professorial critic "answered directly by the Socialist orator."

A student movement such as this has profound significance. It indicates that a large share of student energy is being directed to the conquest of one of the most noteworthy subjects of the time-being; that this interest is becoming well nigh universal; and soon in thorough earnest may be knowing and powerful enough to sweep the present capitalistic economic system into the dustpan.

"What," you exclaim, "these students are not meeting to incorporate their society, with a patent on guillotines?"

"No, worse than that," I hear a plutocratic friend retort. "They are trying to steal our power, and what we are pleased to call our prerogatives, with their votes; and we don't know how to stop them. If they only would plot or do something desperate. But they are only reading and arguing, thinking and voting."

EDITORIAL

HERE'S KNOWLEDGE

EVERY reader of this magazine—and everyone else, for that matter—who read "What's Wrong With the Newspaper Game," published last month, should now proceed to buy Pearson's Magazine for October and read therein an article by Arno Dosch, entitled "The Romance of 'Legitimate' Advertising."

It climaxes "What's Wrong With the Newspaper Game." As that article dealt mostly with the goings-on in the editorial room, so this reveals what happens in the display advertising department. It develops that "Romance" is a word that aptly describes most daily newspaper advertising. Only there are harsher words that many will use when they read Mr. Dosch's article.

If you are a woman and have ever bought a marked down dress, or if you are a man and have ever bought a $3 shirt for $1.95 this article will interest you. Buy Pearson's and read it. And while you have the magazine in hand it will clear up some other phases of economic rottenness to read Charles Edward Russell's "Railroad Bunk."

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THE LAST HOPE

LONG before the tariff bill was finally passed by the Democratic Congress, to the satisfaction of the Democratic President, the press of the country began to talk about the next big task—the task that will face Congress when the regular session begins in December.

The program for the regular session lists the trust question first and foremost. It will be the big issue. And there are a great many who believe that the Democratic administration must stand or fall on its trust legislation record.

Of course, whatever legislation there is will aim to be merely of a palliative nature—and there is, among Socialists, an overwhelming doubt as to whether it will palliate. The Socialist knows that the only remedy is the revolutionary program of Socialism which demands the public ownership and democratic management of the means of production and distribution.

But that is not the point just now. The point is that a surprisingly large number of newspapers and periodicals appear to realize that the profit system must meet its doom if the Democrats cannot find a way to save it. They seem to realize that we have arrived at the parting of the ways. They seem to realize that conditions as they are cannot continue and that the only hope of the system lies in the miracles that the Democrats are expected to work.

The thinking people of the country are edging nearer to the Socialist philosophy. They are looking over our way and they are wondering whether Wilson will save them from coming clear over. But Wilson will work no miracles. He doesn't tote the knockout punch for Uncle Trusty! At least he doesn't possess the cure for the ills that Uncle Trusty has brought. That is the Socialists' open secret!

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THE FOOD PROBLEM

A NUMBER of English scientists, members of a section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, listened the other day to a lecture by H. N. Dickson, their president. Prof. Dickson told his audience that the future geographer will have as his field the vital questions of supplying and distributing food and clothes to the world.

The professor feared that, unless there is soon to be a hastening to systematize and intensify the world's productive resources, we shall find ourselves on the verge of starvation. The matter of a wheat shortage is the first cause of worry, according to this learned man.

It may be unfair to challenge the professor at so great a distance, but it really must be done.

The man is right about the shortage of things we need, but we cannot bring ourselves to feel alarmed about the capacity of the earth

to produce in plenty for some considerable number of years to come. The thing that is pressing is the need of readjusting our methods of distribution.

Millions of people already feel the pinch of lack of food and clothes. But that is not because not enough is produced. It is because an insane economic system denies them the right to what IS produced. It may be that some future age will find the people of the earth unable to wrest from the ground enough to sustain the life of all, but if that time ever comes it will be ages from now.

But the time is upon us when people cannot get enough to sustain life because somebody else will not let them have it—or the chance to earn it. And, if science views the remote chance of people starving because the earth will not produce enough as a startling menace, why is not science concerned over a condition that compels people to starve because they cannot get what the earth does produce?

The first problem to solve is the problem of starvation today. Most people will be perfectly willing to cease worrying about what may happen a million years hence—and besides, they will then be in a position to really conserve the fruit of the earth so that the future menace may be really studied and prepared for.

Today millions of people are unable to do anything to increase the production of things good to eat and wear. Private ownership of the means of production and distribution stands as a bar to their desire to work. So they join the army of the unemployed, an army that has come into being in the last fifty years. Its growth has been in proportion to the growth of the trust system of production.

Over the face of the earth millions of acres of land lie untouched. Other millions lie wasting in the semi-idleness of improper cultivation. The profit system absolutely prevents sane tillage of the land, just as it prevents sane city-building. We live in a mad-house jumble and jargon. We arise each day to take a grab-chance for a bite to eat and enough to pay the rent. For a few hours at night we retire from the edge of the battle line, and then we go back for another plunge in the maelstrom. Meanwhile the system hands into the keeping of a very few the ownership of the major portion of the product of the many.

Everything is out of order. Nothing is sane. Production is for profit. The problem of protecting the food supply is not a problem of being able to get the earth to produce enough a million years hence. It is to properly distribute what the earth produces now. It is a problem of wresting the earth away from the restricting hands of great wealth and turning it free to the people who are starving today, in this hour and minute.

The Socialist party, and not the learned men of long-named scientific societies, presents to the world the solution of this problem. And the Socialist party has a way of summing up the remedy in a short, snappy, direct, hard-hitting sentence that is familiar to millions. That sentence is: "The public ownership and democratic management of the means of production and distribution." And back of that little sentence is a great philosophy and a literature that ranks second to none in all the history of the world. Prof. Dickson might find it of interest.

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GUARD THE CHILD

THE human organism is a hard fighting aggregation of energy. Else how could it survive the rigors of modern city life?

Thousands of babies are born in every large American city every year. Of course, a large per cent of them die, but also a large per cent of them live. That they do live is wonderful.

Reared in squalor, fed on dirt, exposed to a thousand dangers, contaminated with poisons on every hand, yet they struggle through to some sort of maturity.

Through childhood they grow up in spite of filthy milk and adulterated foods. They take into their little systems all of the poisons that a shrewd and profit-hungry commercialism can find to put into their food and their dainties.

Ice cream is brought to them by the street peddler—ice cream that is innocent of cream and guilty of almost everything else. They eat chocolate that is little more than flavored dirt, pickles dipped in acid, "soda pop" that is aerated poison and a score of other infantile delights freighted with coal tar products and various other preservative and artistic fakeries.

No one will deny that a larger proportion of our children would grow to maturity, strong-

er mentally, physically and morally, if foods were pure and if there were sufficient of light and pure air.

All of this is outside the great child labor problem which adds its heavy weight to the burden of the child.

All of these child menaces are due to the profit system. Not one of these burdens is placed upon the shoulders of the little one for joy. The manufacturer of rotten foods doesn't pursue his nefarious way because he would rather do that than anything else. He does it for profit. The employer of children doesn't employ children because he loves to have them around his factory. He employs them because he can make a profit by so doing. The man who sells diluted milk, or preserved milk, or poisoned milk doesn't do it because he likes to feel that his product is causing suffering and death among the little ones. He does it because the profit incentive drives him on.

The menace to American childhood is terrible. Could we but comprehend it in its aggregate we would not tolerate it for an instant. We would became so enraged that we would end it in a flash. The trouble is that only a few realize the sum total of this danger. Millions have not even the faintest conception of it, though their own children may be among the sufferers.

But it is the business of those who see to open the eyes of the blind. The future of America will be worked out tomorrow by the babies of today. And if half of the babies of today must come to maturity by running the gamut of poison and hard labor, so much the worse for America tomorrow. Class consciousness, race consciousness, social consciousness—drill these into the unawakened. The child must be rescued from the iniquities of capitalism. We who are passing on can stand the pressure of the system if only the child can be saved. For, after all, all nature sacrifices everything for the new born. Childhood must have a chance!

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THE REAL STORY

A FASHIONABLE dressmaker soon is to begin a series of articles for a woman's magazine in which she will tell how she made $25,000 a year out of the society of women of New York.

No doubt the articles will be of interest, but there is a clothes problem much nearer to us all that is of far greater interest. It is the problem of every working girl and it is, how much is made out of the clothes she wears.

It is not the fashionable dressmaker that is making the money out of her, but it is the woolen trust and the great cotton mills of the east. And the profit here is so vast that this magazine cannot even undertake to venture an estimate.

The pitiful feature of the case is that the profit of the master class comes from both ends of the trade—from the producer and from the consumer. The producer of wool, the workers who fashion the wool into fabric into which a liberal mixture of shoddy is injected; the thousands of cotton mill operatives who tend the batteries of looms—all these are exploited to the last possible penny.

And then the product goes through the sweat shop and to the working girl who finally dons the finished raiment. From cotton plant and sheep to the wearer there is a trail of blood and misery. How dramtic this story is! How crammed with all of the economic problems of the day! How intimately associated in every step with the vital people of the country! Beside it how puny and purposeless is the trifling $25,000 a year taken by the fashionable costumer of a handful of idling rich. From them is taken only a tithe of that which they in turn stole from others. It doesn't matter. But that other class. Well, they are down in real, earnest, fighting life. Theirs is the story!

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THE NEW HARPER'S

REFRESHING indeed is the new Harper's Weekly with Norman Hapgood at the helm. Not a Socialist magazine, 'tis true. But a far more agreeable magazine than the old, moss grown Harper's of conservative, not to say reactionary hue.

Hapgood has brought a new type of magazine into the weekly field. To begin with he has thrown convention out of his art room and filled it with Socialists. Such well-known and forceful artists as John Sloane, Stuart Davis, George Bellows, Art Young and C. E. Reed are among the regular contributors and no other American magazine, with the exception of The

Masses, is giving to the people the vigorous art that is found in the pages of the new Harper's. For the work of these men alone the magazine is worth getting.

The trend of the great magazines toward—well, let us say Socialism and be done with it, though it is hardly that—is enough to bring the world around to its senses. One looks forward to a dozen of the leading publications with a feeling of assurance that the work of some Socialist will be found among the pages.

Among the latest of the promising announcements is found in Everybody's, which is to begin a debate on Socialism, conducted by Morris Hilquitt and the Rev. John A. Ryan. A touch of the revolution creeps into Collier's now and then and the Metropolitan we have come to look upon as a stand-by, of course. It is not too much to say that some of the finest and deepest of contemporary Socialist history is being written in the pages of capitalistically owned publications.

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X-RAIMENT

THE bombastic nature of some men is nowhere shown to a greater degree of perfection than in their attempts to dictate the manner of dress that women shall or shall not wear.

Of late we have heard much about the styles of dress for women—and we have seen a considerable, as well. Some of the dresses worn by women, it is true, are of exceedingly flimsy material and now and then the graceful shadowgraph of the underneaths may be glimpsed.

But it is difficult to understand just how or when it became the duty of masculinity to censor the apparel of femininity, even though here and there a bit of X-raiment is flaunted to the gentle breeze.

Perhaps man raises his voice in protest just to show what a really well-rounded hypocrite he can be on occasion.

It is safe to say that the problem of woman's dress is not going to be solved by men. Men have enough to do with it now, the popular conception of the village dressmaker to the contrary notwithstanding.

If there is asininity in woman's dress it is not because the good sense of woman put it there, but rather because the profit system put it there. Profit and the profit-incentive works in more than one way in regard to dress. Dress has become a mark of station, a sort of broadcloth Bradstreet, so to speak. Wealthy persons try to denote their social position by dress. So we must have styles—and many of them.

Styles are the boon of the clothes purveyors—and they encourage many styles. The profit in the game looks good to them. And clothes that outrage the senses of some persons cannot help but result.

There are not many evils today that do not have their root right down in the muck of the profit system. And in the face of that it is foolish and puerile for a man here and there, even though he be a chief of police, to think that he can dictate what women shall wear. Of course it is possible to conceive a costume that would be a social outrage, and justly meriting suppression, but in most cases it is chiefly the bombast and the dictator that is in man that leads to these foolish attacks on woman's attire. Man had better take a look now and then at some of his own sartorial insanities, of which he has quite enough, thank you.

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THE HONOR OF MEN

MUCH comment has been aroused over the action of Illinois prison authorities in putting men at work in the open "on their honor" and without guards. In beginning this new prison departure the authorities put a company of forty-five convicts at work on the roads absolutely without guards and bound only by their word to return to the institution.

While we look with gratification upon this Illinois experiment we may go further and recall the work of the Milwaukee Socialists in the same direction. Upon their first election to office in Milwaukee more than eight years ago the Socialists turned their attention to the men behind the bars of the county prisons. Upon gaining sufficient power they purchased a beautiful farm on the outskirts of the city and three years ago the first experiment with honor men was made. Eighteen long term prisoners were taken from the house of correction and placed on the farm. There those men remained, tilling the soil and reaping the crops — wonderful crops they were, too — with nothing to hold them to the farm but their honor as men. Not

a man left the farm. Not a man broke his word.

That experiment, born of the dreams of the Socialists, was the beginning of the end of the old-time prison in Milwaukee county. And Socialists everywhere view the man who has committed crime in the same light. He is still a human being—and the old kind of punishment, the kind that has failed so tragically—must go.

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JOE CANNON

JOE CANNON wants to come back. He wants to go to congress again. And maybe he will. Nobody knows. But he ought not to.

Uncle Joe belongs to the age of yesterday. His ideas are the ideas of yesterday and of the day before yesterday. He doesn't fit in any longer, even with the bourgeoisie.

Uncle Joe is reactionary, facing into the day that has gone. A strong, fighting sort of a man, his energy is wasted. He is swinging his arms in the air. He doesn't understand today and the problems of today.

And Uncle Joe must pass into the discard. He may be elected again but he will never really come back. There is nothing for him to come back to.

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THE DEATH SPECTER

IT is rather fashionable for railroad officials to credit labor with the responsibility for disasters when they occur. But, unfortunately for the railroad officials, the facts have an uncomfortable way of coming to the front.

After the latest (providing there has been none during the time required for this magazine to go to press) New Haven wreck in which twenty-one were killed and fifty injured, the officials said with great solemnity that the trainmen were to blame. But the fact was that on that particular division the antiquated "banjo" signal system still was in operation.

At Bridgeport on the same road on July 12, 1911, twelve were killed and fifty injured. Trainmen were blamed, but investigation showed that the long cross-overs required for safety were not there.

At Stamford on June 12, 1913, six were killed and twenty injured. Officials blamed a workingman, but the fact was that engine brakes previously condemned had failed to work.

Of 2,288 passenger cars operated by the New Haven only thirty-one are all steel and of the wooden cars more than a thousand are over twenty-five years old and some are fifty years old and were used to transport troops during the Civil war.

The officials may blame workingmen for wrecks if they like, but in the face of the facts labor stands clear. The real specter behind the New Haven wrecks that have killed seventy-one and maimed 442 in eighteen collisions or derailments in two years is capitalism. One really cannot see how the safety of New Haven passengers could be menaced greatly if the profit incentive and the stock juggling lure were withdrawn from New Haven operations. Still there are those who doubt the desirability of public ownership and democratic operation for the service of the people.

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LAWYERS NOT WANTED

LAWYERS and Fred C. Wheeler do not mix well. Wheeler, in his capacity of Socialist councilman for the city of Los Angeles, does not like the quibbling, technicality-tied, trap-setting methods of the lawyers.

When a case is to be heard before a council committee at which Wheeler presides the lawyers, for once, are silent. Of course, following precedent, which is their mainstay in life, they appear before him out of habit. But he announces at the beginning of each hearing at which lawyers are present, that there will be no legal battles before his committee. They have to subside.

It is something new, this practice of Wheeler's. It is typical, both of Socialists and of this one Socialist. Here the truth gets a chance to flow unrestrained and unstimulated. Things are natural. And the big philosophy and the big heart of the man go straight to the root of things in a way that makes Old Lady Convention shudder and fear for the safety of the nation.

Is it too much to picture a day when all truth shall have a chance for such freedom of expression?

The Woman's View

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

SOLIDARITY

There is a spirit in the world, like which there is no other. It is the oldest spirit in the universe, grown hardy and courageous with the years. It is the youngest spirit in the universe, as full of bloom and shy promise as the newly sprung violet. It is the tenderest spirit in the universe, binding the hearts of the sorely pressed with animate bonds of a common hopefulness. It is the sternest spirit in the universe, enlivening the onward flux of humanity with an indomitable will that heeds no obstacles. It manifests itself in a thousand different places in as many different ways and wherever it appears, it is dauntless—this Spirit of Solidarity.

From time without beginning, it has marked the progress of all things living, all things moving. Millions of years ago, when driven by inexorable forces, nebular worlds began the process of becoming whirling spheres, it was master of ceremonies. It was the guiding star of adventuresome cells, which attempted the achievement of new forms of life. In all ages in times of danger, it was the savior of myriads of creatures.

Today it is more than ever the harbinger of safety. It guides the airy flights of wild ducks, storks and sparrows in their migrations north and south; it draws together herds of elephants; it directs the armies of locusts and potato bugs; it dwells in the little underground ant citadels and in the hives of bees.

In the world of human creatures, it is even more a factor. In a sense one might say that human history is the history of the march of the Spirit of Solidarity. Beginning with the meagre nucleus of a few individuals, it spread to the clan, the tribe, the nation and the class, changing its character according to the group in which it existed. The story of its spread is a romance of the rarest kind, which demonstrates time and time again, sometimes by joyous realizations, sometimes by tragic failures, that Safety, Power and Progress are always accompanied by Solidarity. This knowledge is ours to cherish and in time it will prove to be the key to the gate of the Garden of Happiness.

In the days of mankind's infancy, it was in the woman's heart that this spirit was born. Or rather, she brought it with her from lower forms as the heritage of motherhood. The protective instinct of the mother, which she exercised in the dear duties of feeding the young to whom she had given life, in clothing them and teaching them, was the first manifestation of this spirit which has presided over our every forward step.

The agricultural industry, growing out of these efforts of women, developed a tangible and extensive foundation upon which this spirit could build. It not only opened a field of co-operation for women, but also drew men into the ranks of productive labor, whereas before their activities had been entirely predatory. The advent of men as productive beings heralded the birth of a new spirit of solidarity and the gradual disappearance of the old. The combative nature of the male, which asserted itself even while at constructive work, upset the harmony of that first solidarity, embracing everyone within the tribe and introduced instead the solidarity of classes. Before the social scheme had been "we all work for each other"; it then became a scheme of "they all work for me." And so it has remained to this day, each man riding rough-shod over all obstacles in the attempt to be the "me" and have as many "theys" under him as possible.

This class solidarity, the solidarity of the oppressors against the oppressed and the solidarity of the oppressed against the oppressors, has gained ground decade by decade and century by century all during the past two thousand years. Having arisen in the obscurity of the hearts of the first prisoners of war, who were made slaves instead of being slaughtered, and traversing through the trying vicissitudes of the lives of Greek and Roman slaves and mediaeval serfs, it is today, in the heart of the modern wage slave a militant spirit, stronger than any mass spirit that has ever existed.

But this class solidarity reached women very seldom. They were slaves alike among the mighty and the downtrodden, the conquerors and the conquered. They were often shut off from communication even with their own kind and were always secluded from the rest of the world, so that an expression of the mother spirit in the institutions of society was impossible.

All those bygone centuries were sad ones for women. We still have records of their struggles against the suppression of their dearest hearitage; also how they suffered when it was written on the pages of history that Might should rule. But time and necessity reconciled them in a measure, so that they allowed their social feeling to smoulder beneath the surface or tried pitifully to keep it alive by service in the limited sphere of their families. The great wonder is that the poor smothered spirit, born to fly like the eagle and forced to crawl like the snail, has not died in the hearts of the majority of women. But in spite of the dirt of subjection piled upon it, in spite of the poisonous air of competition which it has breathed for so long, it yet lives, and where there has been one Cleopatra, one Fulvia, and one Margaret of Anjou, there have been thousands of mothers, sisters and wives keeping the sacred flame smouldering by their hard, earnest service.

And at last in this twentieth century the changes in our social and economic life are removing the obstacles to the free expression of the mother spirit, which longs for Human Solidarity. So, today, when men are trying with might and main to bend their combative natures to constructive tasks and organizations in order that they may reap the reward of the material riches which the labor of the ages has accumulated; today when classes forced to unity on the one hand and to combat on the other, make the whole world tremble with the roar of battle, it is the great privilege of womankind to nurture this beautiful, gentle little creature, who for the most part is overlooked in the heat of the class struggle—Human Solidarity. By one of those strange, yet sweet recompenses of history, we, who for many a dark day have been divided against each other, who were sometimes the cause and again the victims of bitter antipathies, shall today sow deeper and reap sooner than any others, the harvest of our efforts in behalf of Solidarity. In this, the hour of the world's great need, it is our fortune to be among the foremost rescuers.

To what may one compare the joy that is ours at once more fully expressing our individualities?

The Israelites, entering the Promised Land after long marches through desolate or hostile countries, strewn with the bones of their noblest and fairest, knew no joy greater than ours, as we breathe again the free, clear air of fellowship.

The green young things of Spring, pushing arduously through the turf after the dreary confinement of winter feel no keener delight than we as we test our powers so long dormant.

No joy of realization that the world has ever known is greater than ours as we feel the fire of Solidarity again leaping to full flame within us, as we begin to work for the world which we have seen struggling painfully and confusedly for so long, while we were powerless to assist.

It is so great, this joy, that we cannot contain it within ourselves. We must shout it aloud to the world and beg that the world believe also and feel also.

It happens, therefore, that while we are eager to render assistance to the class or cause that may need us most—the class or cause that is in the right, because it makes for progress—we do not bear the banner of any special group. The banner we wave in the winds has written on it, in the golden letters of Hope—"ONE HUMANITY."

PREVENTION OR CURE

The following is an extract from an article printed in a recent issue of a Hearst paper:

"It is a fact, deplorable but true, that a very large proportion of the blindness in the United States begins in infancy. It is often due to some taint in the parent, but that does not affect the result, which is easily preventable.

"It is proven that blindness among infants can be easily prevented by proper treatment immediately after birth. If a few drops of a solution of nitrate of silver be put into each eye of the infant just after it is born, blindness of this type will be prevented. The treatment with nitrate of silver will not do any harm to the eyes of any infant, so it is only an act of wise precaution to treat every infant, without exception, with these few drops that will act as an absolute preventive of this awful misfortune.

"In Germany and other parts of Europe it is the law that every physician must use the solution of silver nitrate upon the eyes of every child that he brings into the world—and this under penalty of a heavy fine.

"There is nothing more pitiful than the blind child, and if we can make it impossible by so simple a precaution as this, why is it not done?"

At first glance this plea seems very laudable. But can it bear up under close scrutiny? Does it propose a fundamental remedy or only the treating of effects? Most emphatically, it proposes only the latter.

Science that is directed toward the curing of effects instead of eradicating causes is certainly science misapplied or is no science at all. So this lament for the protection of our young generation is about as sensible as the charity cure for poverty or the fresh-air cure for tuberculosis, after long hours of confinement and overwork have wrought ruin to the system. It is as sensible as any quack cures or quack reforms that treat effects instead of causes.

There is a much better way to preserve the eyesight of our babes than an eye bath with a solution of nitrate of silver—a much better way, which would preserve not only their eyesight but the vigor of their whole bodies; also mental and moral health. That way is to work with might and main to remove the causes of venereal diseases and all other preventable diseases which are malicious to the welfare of the human race. That way is to put an end to exploitation, which is the direct cause of practically every widespread disease from which society suffers today. The better way, the only sensible way is to end the profit system and substitute Socialism therefor.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

By M. LOUISE GRANT

A very few of the plays which are born on the Pacific Coast and travel eastward when the first flush of youth is over may, in their maturity, even reach England. The reverse direction of travel is, however, the usual one. A large part of the past New York season's successes were London importations. Plays which made good there during the winter and spring of 1911-12 have held our eastern boards during the year 1912-13, and some of these not already seen in the West will appear there during the coming season.

It is worth waiting two years for a play by George Bernard Shaw—if it cannot be seen any sooner, and "Fannie's First Play" is his crowning dramatic achievement to date. After the number of its performances in London had reached the half-thousand mark it still ran on with public enthusiasm unabated, until it seemed as though the theater goers of the world's metropolis would refuse to relinquish it until its author should give them another one. Despite this devotion, it is said in England that Shaw is more appreciated in the States than at home; and still the English continue to poke fun at American taste!

The play is a compound of Shavian complexities—the author at his best and his subtlest. Shafts of wit, satire, and truth flash past one another with the snapping rapidity of wireless sparks. It is a play within a play, yet the audience is assured by an authority on dramatic ingredients as uncorrupted by modernity as Aristotle himself, that neither one part alone nor both parts together really constitute a play. The piece divides itself into three parts: an introduction (mediaevally termed a prologue), which quite effaces the nineteenth century from history in respect to the appreciation of art, beauty, refinement, and all things else that count in the life esthetic; a three-act center-piece—the actual play of Fannie—which exposes and ridicules, as Shaw delights to do, the dull, smug complacency and hyprocisy of English middle-class respectability; and

an epilogue, which stabs the critics of today with knife-edged shafts. Never was a denunciation of the "dull brood" more mercilessly keen, and never so audaciously accomplished as here, through a critical discussion of the author himself. Shaw's exact status in the public eye at the present moment is faultlessly portrayed. To review or criticize the play, therefore, would be merely a work of supererogation. It can only be commended with admiration as one of the great events of recent theatrical years.

"Milestones" is another record-breaking English success. During its run at the Royalty Theater in London the houses were regularly sold out for a fortnight in advance, and it seems to have made an equally good impression here in the East. The mere mention of its two authors, Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch, is sufficient to give it a crowded welcome as it comes across the continent. The former's works of fiction, his miniature philosphies, and others of his plays—in particular, "What the Public Wants"—are so well known that he seems to have become one of us. His collaborator is an American who can always be counted upon to produce something unusual and distinctly worth while. Witness "Kismet" and "The Farm." Thus with one of its authors brimful of clever ideas and fluent ease in expressing them, and the other one possessing a knowledge of stagecraft and a dramatic instinct of the highest order, "Milestones" is unique and immensely entertaining, besides being redolent of suggestions for philosophical reflection. Each act is a milestone which marks the years 1860, 1885, and 1912, respectively, and the characteristics of each period are carried out in the external trappings, and more forcefully still in the mental attitude of the members of the family whose history forms the theme of the play.

The critical period in every generation is its mating time, and in each act the authors seize that moment and play with it for the amusement and instruction of the complacent twentieth-century observer, who, if he listens closely, must mingle with his satisfaction at the almost incredible progress of mechanical invention, the unflattering acknowledgement that human nature remains in a state of stagnation. The characteristics of each generation are reproduced in the next, however altered the environment. The radical in youth becomes the conservative in maturity; the traits of the parents despised by the children become in time their own inheritance and justification, and always it is the woman who sacrifices. Three characters outlive the lapse of the fifty-two years: two of them pass from lovers to parents and to grand-parents; the third remains single. The young man who in 1860 breaks away from family and business partner to stake everything on iron ships, in 1885 condemns the idea of steel ones, and in 1912 scoffs at the notion of air ships. Thwarted in love for a time himself, he nevertheless forbids any freedom of choice to his daughter, who in turn, after a loveless marriage, demands of her child the same sacrifice.

The young woman of 1869 has no will of her own. She marries at the command of her parents and becomes her husband's slave. Her daughter, in 1685, has developed will but lacks the courage to express it; while the daughter's child, in 1912, takes it for granted that she is mistress of herself, and laughs at any attempt to thwart her will. The young woman in Act I who is so shockingly advanced for her time that she refuses to marry the man she loves because he will not argue with her, finds in Act II no occupation as yet for the unmarried woman, and in Act III is too old to take advantage of the opened door. In 1860, in a setting of green rep furniture decorated with crocheted tidies, the female characters, in hoop-skirts, discuss with wonder and admiration their new bathroom with its marvelous hot and cold running water, and speak with horror of the possibility that women will soon be riding on the tops of buses. In 1885, old maids are still held in disgrace as not having married merely from lack of opportunity, young girls are not allowed to read Ouida, or anything more sensational than William Black, while woman suffrage is laughed to scorn as a momentary fad. These and many other characteristics of the three generations are brilliantly woven into the fabric of the play, and the finished product is worthy of the year in which it was written.

Whatever the diplomatic relations between England and Germany may be at any given moment in the present complex international situation, they find no reflection in the artistic connections between the two countries. The English welcome German invasion—when it is confined to the theatrical field. Consequently both German musical comedy and legitimate drama are made at home on English soil. In time we inherit them. Such is the case with "The Five Frankfurters," which Basil Hood adapted from the German by Carl Rossler; a title behind which the house of Rothschild in 1822, is thinly disguised. It is an easy matter to understand the popularity of this play in Germany, for there every school-child is taught the story of the shrewdness and sagacity and unanimity of purpose which enabled the Rothschild banking house to become as great a factor in the making of Germany as any of its dukes and princes. That it should be as successful in its translation to English or American environment is due to the clever treatment of the story and the preservation of the atmosphere of its period.

The incidents upon which the story turns are of sufficient authenticity to have elicited the approval of the present head of the German branch. The scene is laid in the famous old house of the founder of the family, which still stands in Jew's Lane, in Frankfurt, and is kept up by his descendants—as a museum-monument—in a spirit of superstitious sentiment or sentimental superstition which is emphasized in the play. In this "lucky house" their good fortune started, and hence every act that affects them as a whole has to be there decided. For this reason the four heads of the family, carrying on business in the great capitals of the world—Vienna, Naples, Paris, and London—are summoned to a conference with the fifth in Frankfurt, where the eldest brother informs them that the Austrian government, in return for the remission of certain large loans, has conferred upon them a patent of nobility with the title of Baron. Somewhat overcome by the distinction, the ambitions of the eldest mount higher, and he plans to marry his beautiful daughter to a reigning German duke whose exchequer needs replenishing. How the daughter herself defeats his purpose forms the love element in the story. The various personalities in the play are clearly depicted; filial respect and racial pride are accentuated, while the strong common sense of the sons is shown to be an inheritance from their mother. The attitude of sovereigns in 1822 toward their Jewish subjects and also toward the advance of democratic principles is well brought out; and the house furnishings, and the customs of the periods—flowing trousers and gaudy long-tailed coats of red and yellow—make a quaint and interesting accompaniment to the dialogue.

BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

AS TO BREVITY—

Americans appear to be suffering from two manias. First, they are bath mad. Second, they are possessed with an insane desire to be brief. Neither of these ailments is serious, so the precious institutions and holy traditions of our fair land are in no danger—at least, from these particular manias. Of course, when I say the Americans are bath mad, I do not expect the people to reform by allowing America's choicest specimens of real estate to gather under their finger nails. Not at all. I am merely trying to say that a good thing may be carried altogether too far. However, it is with brevity I am more concerned and which I sincerely believe has been the means of making many of our writers quite ridiculous. The epigrammatic life is all well and good when it is sandwiched between healthy, thorough chapters, but it works great harm when it takes exclusive possession of these United States of Literature that Hugh Thompson speaks about. I like a writer to stick to the point, but he can be so brief that he often succeeds in eliminating the point.

Isaac F. Marcosson, writing of Walter Hines Page, in The Bookman for September, tells a number of interesting things about the new American ambassador to Great Britain, who was until recently editor of The World's Work. Mr. Marcosson tells us that Mr. Page is a great lover of brevity. One day, Mr. Page was discussing an article with a contributor.

"I think I can cover it in twenty thousand words," said the writer.

"That's too long," said Mr. Page.

"But it's impossible to tell it in less," protested the man.

The editor sat silent for a moment. Then with the utmost gravity he remarked:

"It IS possible, my friend. Have you ever stopped to realize that the story of the creation of the world—the biggest news item that ever happened—was told in a single paragraph?"

So goes Mr. Marcosson's anecdote. Of course, it's an old one and has been credited to Horace Greeley, Charles A. Dana, Arthur Brisbane and every other editor who has succeeded in getting "pieces in the papers" about his personality. It's an old one, and I didn't like it when I first heard it back in the days when I was just getting ready to have the measles.

In the first 800 words of Genesis we are told all about the creation of heaven and earth, of the light, of the firmament, of the earth separated from the waters, and made fruitful, of the sun, moon and stars, of fish and fowl, of beasts and cattle, of man in the image of God, of the appointment of food. This, I maintain, is carrying brevity too far. The story was underplayed. I am of the opinion that the city editor should have appreciated the fact that this was the biggest news item that ever happened; so, instead of sending one of his cubs to report a story which was of far greater interest than the sinking of the Titanic he should have rushed his copy boy to a nearby saloon to drag the star reporter to his senses, for here was a story really worth while, a story of great human interest that was worth more than a stingy paragraph.

Now, if I had been city editor of The Bethlehem Herald, I would have sworn a blue streak if a cub reporter had dared bring in such a poor story. In fact, I would have canned him on the spot for permitting The Nebuchadnezzar Times to scoop The Bethlehem Herald, a paper of far greater circulation, sworn to before a notary, and which prints more want ads than The Jerusalem Clarion, The Assyrian Weekly Trumpet, The Babylonian Daily News and The Phillipian Searchlight combined. I would have gone out on the story myself and I wouldn't have stopped even to catch my breath until the story had been covered in a proper manner, thus saving the reputation of an established newspaper that prints more national advertising than any three newspapers combined.

I would have got a number of interviews, for they help make a story "stand up." A careful reading of Mr. Page's favorite news story fails to reveal a single signed statement. I would have got a couple of good pictures, for there's nothing like a striking lay-out to help one's story "get across." I would have seen to it that my story had plenty of descriptive passages. Take, for instance, the moment the earth separated from the waters: there would have been a splendid opportunity for some fine writing, with plenty of punch, snap and go. I would have worked like blazes for exclusive tips on what was scheduled to happen, for I'd never permit The Bethlehem Herald to be scooped. I would have gathered facts, figures and opinions. In other words, I would have got a good story and then, with my latest and complete story placed alongside that 800-word paragraph written by an inexperienced cub, the world, especially America, would realize for all time that brevity is not a virtue.

THE NEED OF "RUFF STUFF"—

I believe that a little of John Masefield's "ruff stuff" is needed by our over-cultured temperamentalists who are enslaved by form in art; we need a raft of Whitmans, Masefields and Traubels to show us how we are chained, for we have forgotten that art is expression, not mere form. Masefield doesn't give a rap about his rhymes nor his meters, he is little concerned over the absence of a few feet here and there—he has something to say, and he says it. And, despite his formlessness, he almost instinctively gives expression to the most poetic sentiments in a most beautiful manner. Masefield is like a diamond mine—we are in a storehouse of gems, but we must dig patiently to sort the clay from the jewels.

REAL "RUFF STUFF"—

The above paragraph is taken from a letter I wrote to Eleanor Wentworth, the young woman who writes "The Woman's View" for The Western Comrade. I was telling her how glad I was to hear that I had converted

her to John Masefield's poetry. In a letter to me, she delivers herself of the following:

"Oh, don't think that I shall close this letter without giving you a good slam. I want to say this in regard to your comment about highly strung temperamentalists. You just bet that is one of the things that ails you, but what you need to get away from mere 'form' in art, what you need to get the spirit of it as Masefield has it and others whom you mentioned, is not to READ about it in the works of a Whitman or a Traubel or a Masefield, but to FEEL it. And to feel it, you must LIVE it. But you yourself admitted that you don't care to do that. In writing about S———, you said that you prefer to get your experiences 'a la Pullman,' which is the same as getting them second hand.

"But you are such a cute little person that I must not disturb you too much, or you will come back with a broadside that will annihilate me completely. I am getting accustomed to being annihiliated by this time, however. The crushing remarks made by you in that Leonard Merrick debate are still a weight on me.

"Just the same, I'd love to see you have to do some real work, build a log cabin, or cut down a tree or beat it with a cop at your heels—or walk up and down with a baby that thinks it is a great joke to squall at midnight."

This talk about "living" the life that you intend writing about adds to the gayety of my life. Artists are told to "live" the smelly life. In order to write about an imbecile, must one be a half idiot? In order to write of the playful meanderings of a murderer, must one "live" the life of a murderer? No, my friend, "living" the life that you intend to use is all wrong. Artistically, it has always been fatal. Many innocent fellows have tried that novel idea and learned a fearful lesson. They found that you can get so close to a picture that you can't see it. You can get so close to a mountain that it looks like a molehill. If you want to write a poem immortalizing the spirit of a lofty, majestic mountain, you go off—away off, to get perspective.

So with life. In order to get its high spots and its low spots, its passions, sorrows and pains, its sorrows and its humors, you must move back a little. One smell of the smelliness of the proletariat is more than enough. Ten whiffs may accustom the artist to the smell, and then it will be beyond him. Do you get my point? A peep at a thing is an adventure; a life of a thing is a task. The artist must live his OWN life, not the character's life. If the artist gets too close to the life of a miner, he may become a miner. That would be fatal to his art. In order to utilize the miner in art, the artist must not be a miner, he must be an artist. When George Moore writes of the Great Passion, he doesn't work himself into a passion; he doesn't try to "live' 'the passion; rather does he hold himself in restraint, striving like a true artist to interpret the meaning of the passion he is viewing, discover its beauty, its drama, its form.

It should be noticed that in my paragraph on Masefield I speak of over-cultured tempermentalists, not of true temperament. Temperament is an intelligent selfishness that desires environment—natural and social—to be so changed that character and personality will grow and blossom. That is why temperamental people are so unpopular. They usually are revolutionary and rebellious. They want things as they are to be different. I never met a temperamental person who was content and satisfied. Is not that to his credit? What is more valuable than an intelligent discontent? The trouble with the world is that the people are not temperamental. They are conservative, utterly reactionary, at times. Being conservative, they are satisfied with things as they are. If a thing is, it must be right. With a little temperament, the people would not tolerate one thousandth the evils they patiently bear today. They would make things hum. The Americans, above all others, have not even a pinch of emotion or temperament; and that's why we are fifty years behind the continental countries, so far as social reform, art, science, and letters are concerned. Oh, for a dash of temperament! Oh, for a flavor of divine discontent, emotionalism!

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IS IT AND WILL IT?—

Many critics, in judging a contemporary, always ask two questions:

1. Is it Art?
2. Will the future appreciate this novel, play or picture?

Both questions, on many occasions, have caused me to frown in a most unladylike manner. I am reminded of Rudyard Kipling's "The First Art Critic":

When the flush of a new-born sun fell first on Eden's green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the tree and scratched with a stick in the mold,
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the devil whispered behind the leaves: "It's pretty, but is it art?"

And since that day, the question "Is It Art?" has been asked of every soul that ever strived for beauty. Is it art? We do not ask the machinist: "Is that a machine?" Nor do we ask the paper maker: "Is that paper?" But, whenever we view an artist's picture we always begin by asking: "Is it a picture?" How aggravating! The artist's lot is not a tempting one. Indeed, the only things we are willing to grant him are some empty beer bottles and a string of garlic.

Ah, there is no denying the truth that George Bernard Shaw is being appreciated by a discriminating public; also, there is no doubt that he is doing wonderfully well in instructing and entertaining us, giving a welcome, much-needed insight into the shams, foibles and hypocricies of present-day society—all this we grant—but what about A. D. 2047? There is a mania for attending to posterity's own affairs. There is a nervous desire on the part of many of us to even decide what sort of clothes the women of posterity shall wear, the books they shall not read and the manner in which pan cakes shall be made. I prefer to let posterity take care of itself. If I like Shaw right now I'm going to enjoy him, posterity or no posterity. If Shaw is good now, if he satisfies a present-day mood, what matters whether posterity will laugh or frown? So, when a highbrow says, "Yes, granted that it is this and that, but is it art?" I say "Huh!" and when he asks, "Will the future enjoy this picture?" I say "I should worry!"

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BRIEUX' "THE SCHOOL FOR MOTHERS-IN-LAW"—

Brieux' one-act semi-humorous sketch is given the place of honor in The Smart Set for September. In spite of the name of the author and ability of the translator, the sketch gave me very little pleasure. The moral is obvious: parents should leave their married children alone if they wish to preserve peace and harmony. Could anyone take a more commonplace theme? There is nothing about the playlet which shows why

good ink and paper should be wasted on it. The wonder is that so gifted a writer and critic as Willard Huntington Wright should spend his time translating so dull and prosaic an effusion.

IRVINE'S "MY LADY OF THE CHIMNEY CORNER"—

Alexander Irvine tells a beautiful story in his "My Lady of the Chimney Corner," a novel of the Irish peasantry, a life that Irvine was born into, a life that he knows. His style is direct and fine; his story moves rapidly and the pictures he presents are indeed impressive. I enjoyed this sweet, human book, and must admit that I felt a lump gather in my throat more times than I can remember, but his humor would bring a smile at the moment when needed to down the lump. I love a smile a thousand times more than a laugh. Real humor draws a smile and stops right there; comedy stuff draws a haw-haw. The real pathos of life causes a lump in the throat; sentimentalism demands weeps. Irvine's pathos is real and it rests with a lump; his humor is real and causes a smile.

Public Education and Social Progress

By LEO W. WAX, B. S., M. A.

This is the first of two articles written especially for The Western Comrade by Prof. Wax. The second and concluding article will appear in an early number. These articles are of especial interest and should be of great value to students of the Socialist movement, as well as to active propagandists.

THE growth and development of social and political institutions from primitive times up to the present day has been a very slow and painful process, attended all along by a most remarkable backwardness and conservatism. Its head constantly turned backwards, society proceeded but reluctantly on the steep road to progress, manifesting at every step a powerful aversion to any change in existing conditions, cherishing throughout a strong, reverential adherence to the past and positive distrust and fear for the future. Old and thoroughly rotten social and political institutions have clung for centuries to the afflicted social organism maintaining with the most stubborn tenacity all kinds of stupid, wasteful, cruel and unnatural relations between man and his fellows. Every attempt to overthrow any of these institutions or only to introduce a more or less radical reform in them always met with powerful opposition and obstinate resistance coming from within society's own midst. No important social or political revolution has ever been brought about without long and continued suffering, without persistent, intense, violent and bloody struggle.

The old established forms never yielded, never gave way until the sea of human sorrow and suffering having become overfilled, grew stormy and turbulent, threatening to sweep away all barriers and obstacles and to wreck the entire existing order, and even then the triumph of progress has not always been secure and permanent. The tide would frequently dash backward in reaction, resuming its former course and suppressing or destroying the progressive currents that had forced it out of its old bed.

Evidently there are some powerful forces constantly at work in society tending to draw us backward, to hinder our advance and prevent our progress, and thus perpetuate existing conditions. Forces that blind our eyes to prevailing evils, stop our ears to the cries and curses of the sufferers, harden our hearts, dull our conscience, confuse our intellects, and weaken our wills. One of the most powerful and most effective of these forces has been public education.

Now, this last statement will doubtless be regarded as a paradox. "Do you mean to say," the skeptical reader will ask, "that public education has been a drawback to social progress? Education which we have all regarded as our future redeemer, which has been expected to bring the millennium and convert this earth of ours into a paradise—do you mean to assert that it has served to hinder our advance and to perpetuate our misery, instead?"

Yes, this is what I make bold to affirm and what I expect to be able to demonstrate in the succeeding paragraphs.

In the mean time let it be borne in mind that the term public education is here employed in its widest and most comprehensive sense. It includes in its present application all the influences that have produced or are producing a more or less profound and lasting impression upon the public mind. It comprehends all the factors, be they good or bad from our point of view, that go to mold what we term public opinion. It takes in all the agencies that have contributed towards the formation of those habits of thought and habits of action which characterize individual as well as social life.

It must also be suggested at this point that whether a certain force will be productive of good or evil, useful or harmful results is determined, in most cases, not by the nature of the force itself but rather by the manner and purpose of its application. The same force that is capable of producing a great deal of good when rightly applied, will cause a corresponding or even greater amount of harm when misapplied.

The same fire, for example, that warms, cheers, and comforts us when crackling brightly on our hearths; the same fire that bakes our bread, operates our machinery, and carries us with the swiftness of wind over mountain and dale, sea and ocean; the same fire, in a word, which constitutes the soul of our commercial and industrial life, will just as readily create havoc and disaster, destroy lives and property, devastate homes and firesides, lay bare towns and cities, when it is misused.

The same dynamite which will blast rocks and disclose for man's use the treasures locked up within the bowels of the earth, will just as effectively bring death and destruction when used for this latter purpose. And what is true of natural forces is equally true of social forces.

Now, let us have a brief historical review of the role which public education played in the development of social life and institutions. From very early times, ever since man first learned to enslave and dominate his weaker brother and society began to divide itself into rulers and ruled, captors and captives, masters and slaves, owners and propertyless—ever since that time and up to the present, the control and direction of education has been in the hands of the ruling classes. And it is this control over the education of the masses that served to establish their superiority and maintain their rule.

The political state alone would have been utterly insufficient by itself to accomplish this purpose. For the state had to rely upon mere physical force to keep the enslaved in submission. But physical force alone, however great and however well organized, cannot maintain equilibrium for any considerable length of time in a condition of oppression and inequality. To dominate over the bodies and use the toil of the "lower" classes it was absolutely necessary to dominate and control their minds and intellects at the same time.

Indeed, **the former would have been altogether impossible without the latter. For the enslaved and oppressed have in most cases been numerous enough and strong enough to free their bodies had not their minds been enslaved and their souls made servile and degraded.**

It was necessary to have the established order regarded as being of divine origin and the masters and rulers as endowed with divine rights and clothed with divine authority. It was necessary to stamp unquestioning obedience and meek submission to those in power as supreme virtues to be duly rewarded in this and more especially in the next world. On the other hand, to resist and revolt against constituted authority or even to question, criticise, or doubt its rights, had to be branded as the gravest of crimes, severely punishable, not only by secular but also by divine law.

These ideals and beliefs had to be constantly cultivated, religiously practiced and faithfully transmitted from parent to offspring. Having been thus inculcated and fostered in the minds of the masses for centuries they have finally become their second nature.

In the oriental countries where the caste system prevailed and the position of the individual in society, either in a higher caste with all the accompanying privileges and immunities or in a lower caste with all the exactions and disabilities was forever fixed and determined by his birth. The education of the masses was the exclusive function of the highest caste, the Brahmans, or holy teachers, as the name signifies.

The instruction which these privileged educators dispensed to the lower castes consisted chiefly of ceremonial. It prescribed numerous observances to be strictly and blindly followed in every activity of daily life. There were rules for eating, drinking, dressing, going and coming. There were ceremonies for childbirth, marriage, sickness and death.

These rules and observances have been imposed upon the credulous people as handed down from above and possessing deep and hidden significance the knowledge and interpretation of which had come down by divine revelation and transmitted to the Brahmans as the exclusive heritage of their favored caste.

Instruction was also given upon the genealogy of the various castes, setting forth the exalted origin of the Brahmans, having sprung from the very head of Brahma himself, and the low and despicable birth of the workers or sudras constituting the lowest caste, who had come from the feet of Brahma. Particular emphasis was laid upon the sacredness and rigidity of caste lines, and it was strongly impressed upon the minds of the pupils as the most hideous crime for the various castes to intermingle or for a person born into one caste to attempt to pass over into another.

Thus circumscribing and directing all the life activities of the lower castes, fixing for all times their various stations in society, and intimidating their minds with fantastic horror-tales of an unknown and mysterious after-life, the priests made them so helpless and dependent, and gradually gained such absolute control over them, that they could be driven like a herd of cattle wherever their spiritual leaders directed.

So great indeed was the power and authority of these oriental priests that even the despotic monarchs of these countries, unless they themselves were members of the caste, had to bow their heads before their high-priests without whose sanction and blessing no undertaking of any importance was ever attempted.

Whatever there was of real knowledge these privileged scientists and educators kept hidden behind seven locks as their own exclusive possession and source of power. Surrounding it with mysterious symbols and secret formulas and putting it in a script and language unknown outside of their own ranks, they made it utterly inaccessible to the lower castes.

Such a system of education consistently carried on for many generations produced in the course of time an extremely servile type of mind, amenable and submissive to authority, and incapable of self-respect and self-assertion. It is this servile type of mind that explains many a dark page in ancient as well as medieval and also modern history. For this type of mind has not only been transmitted by inheritance and tradition to later historical periods, but it has been actively cultivated by succeeding educational procedure, and has survived in large measure to our own times.

It is this servile type of mind that made possible the extremely despotic monarchies of the East where one man disposed at his own will and whim of the lives and possessions of millions of people, and where crouching and cringing subjects prostrated themselves in adoration and worship at the feet of merciless tyrants. It is this servile type of mind that accounts for the long duration and wonderful stability of the unnatural and cruel caste system.

It was this type of mind that made it possible for an Egyptian Pharaoh to mass together 100,000 of his subjects and make them toil away for thirty long years at the erection of a single building for no other purpose than to shelter his precious body after the soul had departed from it.

This building, one of the pyramids of Gizeh, rises from a base covering fifty acres to a height 450 feet, with single stones in it weighing as much as fifty tons. Having defied the all-destroying hand of time, this building has survived through the ages and is still standing there today, an object of admiration for the traveler, a solidified mass of human toil and sweat, a grim monument of human exploitation and human servitude.

To be sure, these results were not accomplished wholly without the constant display and frequent use of physical force as embodied in the political state. But physical force alone, as already intimated, is abso-

lutely incapable of maintaining any social order for any considerable length of time. In order to endure it must have its foundation in a corresponding social philosophy, social morality, and social ethics. It must have a thorough justification for its existence in the minds, the hearts, the conscience, and the will of a majority of the people, and it is this philosophical and moral foundation, this ethical justification of the prevailing order that always had to be supplied and is being supplied today by an appropriate public education.

It was this necessity of providing the required spiritual ammunition, so to say, for the maintenance and defense of the state that led in our own Christian world to an early alliance between church and state, and that encouraged in every way the activities of the church as an educational institution.

Carrying on an untiring educational activity in the schools among the growing generations and in the homes and churches among the grown-ups, the church soon gained complete mastery over the minds and hearts of millions of adherents. With education as her weapon the church marched triumphantly from land to land, a second Alexander, conquering the greater part of the world. Her power and influence became so great indeed that the state itself, her patron and ally, soon had to acknowledge her sovereignty and submit to her spiritual authority. Rome was the real seat of authority and center of power in medieval Europe, and the Pope was the supreme arbiter of the destinies of nations in matters social and political as well as ecclesiastical.

It is this educational activity of the church that leads many a pious but uncritical historian to lavish eulogies upon her for having spread knowledge and enlightenment among men.

A remarkable demonstration of the great possibilities of education had been furnished by the Jesuits. This order, which was established in 1540, spread with wonderful rapidity to all parts of the Christian world, and its influence in shaping the destinies of Europe was enormous. But it may be stated with certainty that one of the chief causes of this remarkable success of the Jesuits was their splendid educational activity. Every Jesuit spent many years in training to become an efficient teacher and educator, and no effort was spared to make the Jesuit schools the best in the world. Instruction in these schools was free to all—to realize the full significance of this fact one has to bear in mind that the free school in this country and in England is barely fifty years old—and the influence which the Jesuit schools exerted upon the future lives of their pupils was remarkable. They were ready and willing at all times to sacrifice their property, their nearest friends and relatives, their very lives for the ideas and ideals imbibed at school.

In the year 1710 this order counted 612 secondary schools, 157 seminaries for teachers, 24 universities and 200 missions.

The recognition of the great value of education for the safety and stability of the state led many a ruler and statesman to take a lively personal interest in the education of the people. A very interesting illustration of this is furnished by the educational activity of Czar Nicholas I of Russia following the revolt of the "Decembrists" in 1825. That was the very first open attack made by the Russian revolutionary movement upon the House of the Romanoffs, and that monarch was the first to get a shake-up on his throne the very day of his ascension. The organizers and participants in this revolt were chiefly young Russian noblemen who had become fascinated by the new revolutionary doctrines then agitating western Europe, and brought in through various channels across the border into Russia.

They conceived the audacious plan of overthrowing the monarchy and establishing a republic in Russia. Enlisting in their cause several army regiments they formed a conspiracy, and chose the day of coronation for a sudden and decisive attack, expecting thus to take the government by surprise.

On the fourteenth day of December, while the ceremonies for the coronation of Nicholas I were in progress, they led their regiments out of the general line of procession and entered into an open fight with the government forces. But their numbers being too small, the expected additions to their strength not having realized, they only gained the distinction of forming the very first lines in the now so numerous army fallen in the great battle for Russia's freedom.

Soon after the suppression of this revolt Czar Nicholas turned his attention to the schools. The fact that the participants in the revolt were young men, mainly university graduates, evidently led him to the conclusion that the educational system in his country was defective; that the political and sociological studies there pursued aroused in the students too zealous an interest in matters social and political, and caused them to become too meddlesome in the affairs of state; that the studies of modern foreign languages only facilitated their traveling abroad and reading the pernicious revolutionary literature of Western Europe.

He therefore promptly issued an "ukaz" appointing a special committee to "reform the schools." The duty of the committee as set for in the "ukaz" was "to introduce uniformity into the school system, and to adopt a course of studies tending to keep the pupils away from utopian political interests and harmful literature."

Following these instructions of his majesty, Shishkoff, the minister of education in Russia at that time, formulated a scheme of three distinct types of schools corresponding to the three classes in Russian society, the peasants, the middle-class, and the nobility, and introduced Latin and Greek into the curricula of the gymnasiums and universities, calculated to occupy three-fourths of the time. Reporting upon this reform to the czar, Shishkoff claims that it will have the effect of keeping the classes distinct and separate, and thus insure social stability, and the intense study of the ancient languages in the gymnasiums and universities will divert the interests of the young noblemen into safe channels and will give the graduates the feeling that they were neither ripe nor capable to meddle with the affairs of the state.

In another manifesto issued July 3, 1826, announcing the penalties of the "Decembrists," Nicholas also urges upon the parents the necessity of giving their children a sound moral and religious education at home which should "guard them against dangerous ideals and visionary doctrines" (see Mitinhoff "sketches of Russian culture.")

Emperor William II of Germany is likewise greatly concerned in the education of his youthful Teutons. There is hardly a teachers' convention held in the "fatherland" that is not the recipient of some communication, open or secret, from his majesty the Kaiser, urging upon the teachers the necessity of arousing in their pupils strong patriotic feelings, of fostering a fervent love for the army and the flag, the glories of soldier life and so forth. Especial emphasis is laid in these circulars upon the great need of safeguarding the youth in every way against the pernicious doctrines disseminated by the Social-Democrats seeking to undermine the long cherished belief that the House of the Hohenzollern is ruling "by the grace of God."

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NOVEMBER, 1913 TEN CENTS

The Western Comrade

When Girls Go On Strike

A Story of the Firing Line in San Francisco Today.

We Call It War!

A Ripping Challenge to the Iron Heel!

Articles in this number by Stanley B. Wilson, Eleanor Wentworth, O. L. Anderson, J. L. Engdahl, Georgia Kotsch, Sydney Hillyard, Chester M. Wright, Emanuel Julius, Elsa Unterman, Agnes Downing, David Fulton Karsner, Leo W. Wax, Adriana Spadoni.

A Word From the Editors

Every Socialist in California should glue his eyes to The Western Comrade for the next few months for the especial reason that Stanley B. Wilson is going to have a lot to say about the conditions he found in a three months' trip over the state. While making that trip he spoke at cross roads and in big cities, he talked with hundreds of Socialists and he OBSERVED, which is, after all, the important thing.

Comrade Wilson is writing of California and the Socialist movement in a new way. The second installment of his series is in this number. Next month there will be another installment. When you have finished reading the articles he is writing you will have a complete picture of the movement in the whole state. You will be well informed. Better still, you will have some new ideas. These articles have constructive effort for their chief feature. And they are about the most important addition to our propaganda battery that the movement has had. Imporant because they prepare us for bigger things, because they show us just where we are and what needs doing.

We feel that every article and story in this number is a gem. It is difficult to single out those of most importance. But we cannot fail to say a word for J. L. Engdahl's article on The Federation Idea. It is a fitting mate to his great article on the Underground War, published last month. When you have read the Federation Idea you will have a better grasp of the onward trend toward solidarity and progress in the great Organized Labor movement. Elsa Unterman's story of the girl strikers in San Francisco and O. L. Anderson's story of the Seattle judicial farce throw new lights on the ever-current class war—and valuable lights they are. The Lilies of the Field, by Georgia Kotsch, is a gem of brilliance and logic. It handles a big subject in a big way, yet with a swing and a sweep of humor that makes it a delight. You'll like that article immensely. And there's the work of Eleanor Wentworth. But few women anywhere equal her in her concept of the feminist movement, but few can present their ideas with such beauty of form and force of expression.

Next month will bring you a table of contents equally brilliant, with—just a whisper here—with almost a certainty that J. Stitt Wilson will have ready in time for it one of the biggest and best things he has yet done.

And you, dear reader, please capture at once that elusive but ever alluring prospective subscriber —QUICK! To your branch you may say that there's no better propaganda material than The Western Comrade—in bundle lots.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1913.
(SEAL)

WILLIAMS W. ROE,
Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.
My commission expires February 18, 1917.

The Cost of Living

BEFORE THE DAWN

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

IN THE highest hill of the City of Hills, overlooking the ocean, the woman stood. It was the sunset hour, that magic hour when the innumerable enchanters of the twilight approach, mysteriously whispering or more mysteriously silent. It was that hour when the stars appear one by one like great, questioning eyes that would read one's inmost thoughts; when crickets, a thousand strong, in husky tones bombard one with the question, "What do you think?" "What do you think?" "What do you think?" It was that hour when the sea breeze comes tugging at one's hair and clothes like a shadow wraith, breathing tales of beautiful adventures into unwary ears; when the desire to escape from superficial bonds becomes all-masterful and the longing to be one's natural, good and beautiful self will not be gainsaid.

In this sweet, potent hour the woman stood on the highest hill, her arms outstretched, her head up to the breeze. Her white loose garments fluttered in the wind like graceful birds in flight. She gazed earnestly across the gleaming, undulating expanse of ocean, as if seeking there an answer to some intrusive question.

"Tomorrow it must be," she whispered ecstatically. "Surely it must be tomorrow."

As she spoke a light shone on her countenance that was like a reflection of the farewell light with which the setting sun was caressing the green hilltops.

"All you living, springing things, you children of Nature's wisdom, tell me it will be tomorrow," she cried.

WALKING closer to the edge of the hill, she seated herself on a rock and rested her elbows on her knees and cupped her chin in her hands. She surveyed every object and listened to every sound with an intent, almost passionate interest. The stones at her feet seemed more distinctly colored than usual, the pines more green and pungent, the sunset colors more extravagant, the air more alive with noises. She had never before been aware that the earth under her feet, the trees about her and the air above her teemed with such exuberant life.

"Everything seems so different tonight," she thought. "So much more wonderful, so infinitely more alive! And I see it all now because I am going to be a mother.

"What a strange thing life is and . . . I am to give this strange thing to a human being.

"I am to deliver a little beating heart into the arms of the world. I am to unfold to another the pure joy of living. I am to give to the people another mind and body to help lift the burdens of the world.

"Soon, very soon—yes, I hope tomorrow—I am to have given to me that which is dearest to women."

A smile gathered about the corners of her mouth and shone deep in her eyes. Already she felt her arms around a soft, warm body and felt a little head pillowed on her bosom.

"It will be a great gift," she thought, "and great gifts mean great responsibilities. This gift is different from all others; through it I am both the giver and the receiver. I give life to a little being; I give it to itself—and above all, I want my baby to feel that it belongs to itself—not to me or to its father. Then I give it to the world. In return I receive all the joy that may come to my child or that it may give to others."

THE darkness had by this time shrouded even the hilltop. It covered the earth like a protecting mantle, whose solemn shade was offset by the star-wreathed sky. Under the influence of the calmness which it brought, a prayer rose in the mind of the woman—a prayer to herself.

"I have waited long and worked hard that my baby when it came might be secure from the drudgery and disease of poverty; that it might never be surrounded by the dirt that makes misery more miserable; that its body might grow strong and its mind expand before the burden of labor was placed upon it. And now that the waiting is at an end, I must not, simply must not fall short of my responsibilities.

"May I always love this life that is coming, but never sear it with a jealous sense of ownership. May I always protect it, but never cramp it. May I open its young mind, but never force my ideas upon it. May I nurture in it a strong sense of personal freedom and yet implant deep in its nature a knowledge of its responsibility to others.

"May I never cease giving to it and ask as a return only the privilege of giving more."

A call from the foot of the hill startled her. It came again and then she recognized it—it was his call. Down below where the trees were thickest and the flowers sweetest, where lights were gleaming from the windows of homes like fireflies through the underbrush, he was waiting for her beside their little bungalow.

Then she remembered the dearest thing of all and marveled that she had overlooked it. This gift which she was cherishing was their gift to each other.

She flitted swiftly down the path to tell him of it.

TWO-FIFTY

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

Little Jimmie was a foundry helper.

He worked hard ten hours a day in the little shop.

Twice each day Little Jimmie helped the big floor boss carry the crucibles of melted steel to the molds.

It was hot work; terribly hot. The little lad would stagger and pant under the load in the heat. The white metal would send its glare fitfully over his face. But Jimmie kept on. He must earn money.

The crucibles were about the size of small nail kegs. They could be used with safety twice. Their cost was two-fifty.

But the little shop was hard pressed by the big shop and the order was to use the crucibles three times, even though the graphite sides were burned thin and the danger was great.

Little Jimmie stood ready to "take hold" when the crucible was hauled from the fiery oil burner for the last time of the day. It was the third trip into the fire for that crucible. It was but a shell—a shell full of white heat.

The tongs clutched the sides of the flimsy thing. Jimmie gripped with his boss. There was a crunch. The shell fell in pieces. The melted steel splashed to the moistened sand below like a cataract of flame. There was a gorgeous, blinding flash, as though a billion living stars had been hurled from ground to sky.

A man and a boy were dead, their bodies and faces pierced by the raining steel, burned and seared by the awful fire.

But the shop had saved two-fifty!

When Girls Go On Strike

By ELSA UNTERMAN

NINE weeks ago the Cloak Makers of the city of San Francisco began a strike which marks something entirely new in the history of labor troubles.

It awakened intense enthusiasm, an indomitable will to win; it made hands eager, heads keen and hearts loyal. But enthusiasm, keenness, loyalty—all these are old. They have guided other strikes. Even the cause of this strike, criminally low low wages—is as old as the history of strikes. There is something besides these characteristics which distinguishes this strike. It has one characteristic that is distinctive. This characteristic reveals the Cloak Makers' Union as one of those awful unions which are causing P. H. McCarty and others of kind a great deal of worry; it reveals the Cloak Makers' Union as a **radical union.**

But this is relating the end of the story before the beginning has been told. Let's go back for a moment to ancient history.

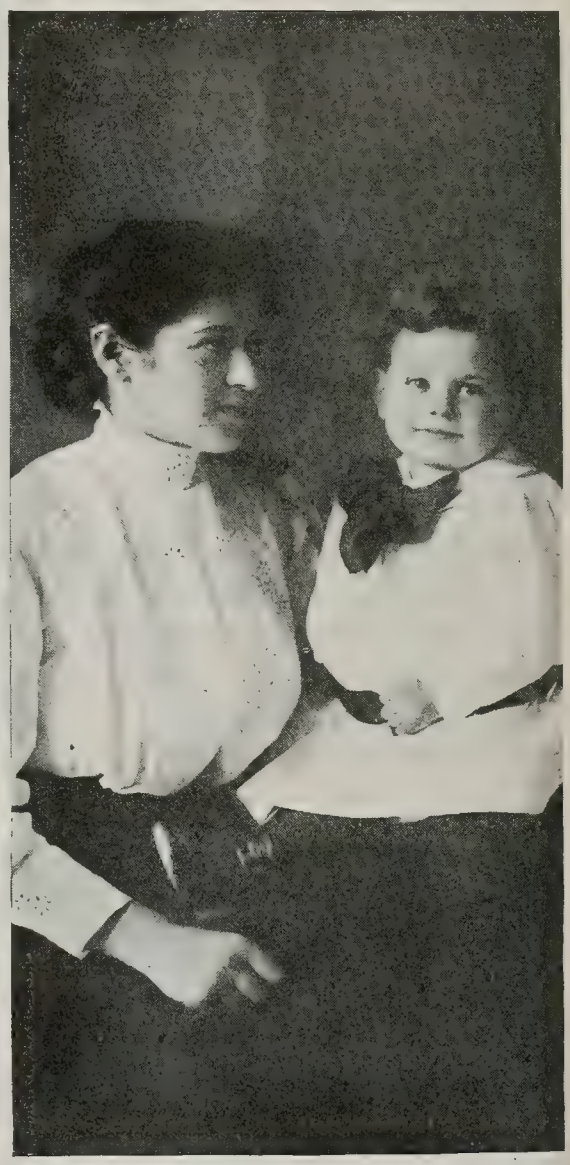
Until the last week in August the conditions of the cloak making industry in San Francisco were like the conditions of the industry in New York and Chicago before the time of the big garment strikes. The men and women worked in unsanitary, badly ventilated, badly lighted, unclean shops. The girls received wages ranging from $5 per week to $9 per week—except the new immigrants, the Russian Jewesses, who were unfamiliar with American values or with the English language. These received the munificent "remuneration" of $2 per week until they caught on and began to join the union.

As the organization of the girls progressed, the employers began to combat it. They brought in unskilled, non-union girls and paid them $10 and $12 for their inefficient work, while paying the skilled union girls $5 and $6 for their efficient work.

You ask: Why is it that the eminently respectable business men of the Cloak Manufacturers' Association keep their shops in a condition that is dangerous to the health of the workers and that threatens to spread disease among the community? Why is it that they pay girls wages which they know must swell the ranks of the prostitutes? Why is it that they attempt to destroy the organization of the girls, which is their only industrial means of defense?

They would tell you that they do it for the "glory of California." They would believe in home industry, you know. To develop home industry, they must secure to Eastern manufacturers. To secure these orders, they the orders which the large department stores now send must compete with Eastern prices. Of course, it never occurs to them that they can cut prices by cutting a part of their profits. They only see a way out of it by cutting the wages of the workers. That has been their plan for developing home industry. Incidentally, as they cornered the home trade, they would increase the number of their autos, their conservatories, their footmen, their French chefs, trips to Europe and Counts and Dukes for their daughters. These are the glittering dreams, rather than the "glory of California," which are really at the base of the insolence and inhumanity of the Cloak Manufacturers' Association.

But the Cloak Makers had their dreams, their ambitions, too. They are Russian Jews, the truly Terrible Meek, who endure and dream until endurance has hardened their bodies and their dreams have become mountains of determination. When that stage is reached, their comes a storm unexpected by all except themselves.



MRS. IDA ADLER AND HER SMALL SON

So the Cloak Makers endured and dreamed. While their fellows about them contracted consumption, they dreamed of workshops filled with the glowing warmth of sunlight; perhaps, too, of flower dotted fields outside. While here and there a girl disappeared from work to enter that profession from which none of them return, they dreamed of a time when the worker's wage will

allow a home, a heart's home, a home for children—when dens of debauchery will know him no more. They dreamed, too, mayhap, of a thing which each day grew beside them as they worked, a thing which they felt would bring their other dreams out of the realm of possibility into the realm of fact; mayhap they dreamed, too, of—solidarity.

At any rate, one day the Cloak Manufacturers' Association awakened to the fact that the dreams of the Cloak Makers had become a mountain of determination with which their own greedy dreams must cope. One fine day in the latter part of August, when the wheels of industry were preparing to go at full speed to meet the rush of the Fall trade, when a moment's delay meant an infinite loss of profits, they found themselves confronted with a strike committee presenting demands from the workers for sanitary work places, a closed shop, and, above all, higher wages for the girls.

When thus confronted, the bosses displayed the shrewdness of cowards. They said to the men, "We will grant everything you ask for yourselves if you go back to work immediately. But we will not grant the demands of the women. They are foolish, preposterous, outrageous. If they can't live on the $6 a week they make at sewing buttons, let them make a little on the side." They had met similar situations before in a similar manner and had succeeded. But this time they failed.

This brings us back to the distinctive characteristic of the Cloak Makers' strike.

Instead of accepting the offer of the bosses as many groups of men have accepted similar offers before, the men of the Cloak Makers' Union, who, unlike the girls, were well organized and compartively well paid and who might have secured the minor things they wanted without a struggle, went out to a man to fight for the women who daily work beside them. And to a man they have staid out for that cause.

Altruistic?

Not a bit of it! Just plain horse sense.

It is true that this is quite unusual conduct. It is true that until very recently the bitterest antagonism existed bewteen men and women on the industrial field. It is true that men opposed the entrance of women into the skilled trades and opposed their admission to unions. Undoubtedly they have scabbed on women as they have scabbed on children. In the past they looked down upon women workers as if from giddy heights. But was that horse sense? What did it result in?

Because the women were unorganized and unskilled, did it not begin with low wages for them and end with low wages for men—even unemployment for men? Did it not begin with sweating for women and end with sweating for men? Did it not begin with antagonism against the organizations of women and end with antagonism against the organizations of men? Did it not prove conclusively that the weakness of the weak is a thousand times more advantageous to the enemy than the strength of the strong is formidable to it?

No, the men of the Cloak Makers' Union are not superhumanly altruistic. As their brave little secretary, Mrs. Adler, said, they are just as good and just as bad as the men of other unions—only they are a little wiser. They have merely seen, as it is to be hoped that the men of other unions will soon see, that short-sighted selfishness is the surest weapon with which they can be undone.

Aside from this the men are finding that the women in action display a determination and courage which they will do well to emulate. It is dawning upon them that not only is it advantageous for men to help women when they need it, but that there may come a time when it will be most advantageous for men to have the help of women. As the strike drags on from week to week and they see mothers leaving their little children at home alone and hungry, while they go out on the picket line; as they see little girls, who have competed with nature in the attempt to keep well and happy on $6 a week, submit to arrest time and time again; as they see the women zealous day and night, selling tickets for benefits, making appeals for funds and making every possible attempt to gain the attention of the public, it occurs to them that they have acted wisely for more than one reason.

Theirs is a wisdom to be envied.

A Matter of Clothes

By EMANUEL JULIUS

THIS story commences with a sort of flirtation. You see, Herbert Montell took a sudden interest in the common people—"for sociological research" was the way he put it.

Herbert Montell was a blue-blood in every conceivable sense. He was of the select few—an ultra-exclusive.

Now, it's a funny thing, as I come to think of it, for every time a patrician decides to study the "poorer clawses" he invariably chooses a young girl for his researches. Herbert, you know, was no exception.

He went strolling along the aisles of Macy's store, saw pretty Miss Tillie Thompson, stopped before her counter, bought a pair of gloves he had no use for, and struck up an acquaintance.

Herbert Montell was greatly surprised when it gradually dawned upon him that a poor person can be interesting. That was a momentous discovery. It cut a wide swath in his well-regulated life.

Tillie sized him up with one sweeping glance. "He don't look like a piker," she thought. "I guess I'll get next."

Now then, we are taught by our newspapers that "society men are very self-possessed personages." They never know embarrassment, we are told. Well, Herbert was awkward, in this instance. In fact, he was like a schoolboy carrying his teacher's umbrella. He managed to say what he considered the right thing at the wrong moment. Once he almost remarked: "You're looking charming," but by a stroke of luck he succeeded in refraining.

The girl, on the other hand, was very sociable. Odd, don't you know?

When Tillie said:

"Would you like to go to the Fifth ward ball tonight?" Herbert accepted immediately. Would he like to go? Well, I should say!

"All right," said Tillie; "I've got tickets with me, so if you want them I'll let you have a couple—they're only fifty cents each."

Herbert Montell bought two tickets, thinking: "How odd; this young girl sells me the very ticket that will admit her to the ball. There's a psychological problem worth analyzing. Interesting, on my honor, I must say, by jove, yes."

"We'll meet at the door of the Switchmen's Union hall on Third avenue—that's where it's coming off. Be on the job at half past eight. I'll be dressed up," said Tillie.

"Oh, yes, by all means, thank you cordially;" and thinking to himself: "By jove, how odd! Meet a lady on the street! And she says she'll be dressed! How odd! How interesting!"

There was nothing to trouble Herbert Montell, except what to wear at this ball of the Fifth warders. After pondering about five minutes he decided to throw the whole matter before his butler.

It was James' opinion that Herbert Montell was far above so decidedly vulgar a thing as the Fifth ward ball—he should keep away, for it was the rendezvous of the low, the habitat of the bad and the criminal.

But, as Herbert Montell persisted, James ventured a little advice—in a word, he said it would be best to dress in his worst and look his most vicious. Now, a butler is the last person in the world to go to for information concerning the common people. He can tell you of the significance of an oyster fork or the difference between a finger bowl and a bath tub, but you may as well expect a politician to understand political economy as to look to a butler for data concerning the poor.

Herbert said, in so many words, that James' advice was splendid.

The time was flying; the hour for the ball was fast approaching—he must get ready. So Herbert Montell ruffled his hair, tied a blue handkerchief around his neck to take the place of a collar, squirmed into a tight, almost shredded pair of tan trousers, borrowed James' over-large shoes, and a coat that James used every time he supervised the cartage of the ashes.

Once upon a time the coat had been black, but now it was green. A half dozen other additions to his outfit tended to transform Herbert Montell from a blue-blood into a black-leg. He was a changed man in every sense. Herbert appeared like the conventional stage bowery—about the only thing he lacked was the proverbial discolored eye.

James surveyed his master from the top of his checkered cap to the soles of his heavy shoes, and slowly said:

"You look quite presentable for the people you are to mingle with, sir. A rough class it is, sir, and it would be quite well to be careful and go armed."

Herbert was pleased to hear he was "presentable." At eight o'clock he covered his masquerade with a cravenette and hurried from his residence. Customarily he went to "occasions" in an automobile—but this time he decided to ride in the taxi-cab of the common people—the trolley car.

When Herbert Montell alighted he found himself in a section of the city that was new—and somewhat disconcerting—to him.

A few minutes later he was in the lobby, where he found a crowd clamoring for admittance. In his cravenette, Montell passed, unnoticed.

Through the door, Herbert obtained a quick glimpse of the tumultous room. He saw the mass of gyrating men and women, swaying and rotating to the tune of ragtime music. And then his eyes gazed upon Tillie Thompson, "the daughter of the low," the real "sister of the common classes."

My dictionary defines a diamond as "native carbon crystallized in the isometric system." Describing Tillie makes me feel like my dictionary—shorthanded, unable to meet the gloriousness of my subject, literally at a loss for a suitable flow of words. I can do no more than tell you that Tillie was beautiful. Adding, of course, that she wore a gown of black charmeuse. And to set off the black she had artistically bordered the bottom of the skirt and up the side with a white fringe. The bodice was entirely of exquisite Irish lace over a combination of white and black chiffon. She was a dream.

Herbert slowly stammered:

"How charming you look."

"Thanks to you, old top. Get your coat into the check room—"

"Many thanks—" and he went off.

Tillie, ever alert and able to judge a whole by the minutest detail, immediately surmised that something was wrong.

When he returned and she saw the blue handkerchief around his neck, the tan trousers, the immense shoes, the head of ruffled hair, she placed her hands on her hips and pressed downwards, squeezing about three inches of anatomy out of her corsage. Then, she relaxed, becoming normal again.

"Well, who'd a thought you was a piker," she exclaimed, making no effort to conceal her disgust; "if you ain't of the kind what goes to affairs, what do you want to butt in an' spoil a night for one that does? You cheap piker, creep under the sink with the rest of the pipes, and mingle with them as is of your own class."

And, with a whirl, she walked away.

FREEDOM

By Dr. George W. Carey

The rain that falls in the heart of man,
Flows out through the eyes in tears;
And God's decrees in the Soul of man,
Are wrought in the Cycle of years.

The mortal thought in the heart of man,
Is the flotsam on life's sea;
And the Divine urge in the Soul of man
Is the Word that sets him free.

RENDER UNTO CAESAR

Rail not at the idle rich, ye slaves,
Bend your broad backs to the load.
Whine not because 'tis heavy,
Kick not against the goad.

Fed on the sweat of your bodies and brains
A great republic must thrive.
Rejoice that your food though scanty
Is sufficient to keep you alive.

Strive not to change conditions,
You lose every time you fight.
Take the crumbs from the rich man's table,
"Whatever is, is right."

"Unto him that hath" shall be given,
Rose strewn shall be his path.
"From him that hath not" shall be taken
The little that he hath.

This may seem rank injustice;
But the good book says it's true.
Then why complain that the millions
Make bricks without straw for the few.

Your women and little children
Must be fed to the hungry maw
Of mine and mill and factory;
For that is commercial law.

Millions of lives must be wretched,
And millions of homes be sad;
That untold wealth may be stored in vaults
For the joy of the money mad.

—George B. Richards, in Pearson's.

The Socialist Movement in California

By STANLEY B. WILSON

In this, the second of a series of articles, Stanley B. Wilson, continues his resume of the movement throughout the state of California. This chapter is filled with a dramatic interest seldom equalled—and it is also filled with suggestion for those who have the interests of the great cause deeply at heart. Comrade Wilson finds the "company town" a frequent menace to the welfare of the workers. In this chapter is an illustration of one of those places where exploitation is 100 per cent pure. His observations on the single tax propaganda are of interest. Another installment of this series will appear in next number of this magazine.

TO reach the points desired in the northern portion of the state, sentineled by Mt. Shasta, it was necessary to cut at an angle across Del Norte County and into Oregon. This was a portion of the trip that appealed especially to the senses. Except for the first half-dozen miles through the redwoods, where the sunlight enters but dimly, the road was one of the best mountain highways I have ever seen; step and narrow, with plenty of sharp turns and thrilling precipices, but remarkably smooth.

We stopped for lunch at Monumental, consisting solely of the hotel. The stage stops there daily for the noon meal. When we took our seats at the table, an elderly lady waited on us and urged us to eat, with the remark: "The more you eat, boys, the better I like it." When she learned of our being from Los Angeles, she was not so friendly, though her manner was still courteous. She told us that she was formerly a resident of Los Angeles, but that she had been swindled out of a fortune there and was compelled to go out in the big world and struggle for existence. Again was I glad of my part in the only movement that can render impossible the legalized robberies of business.

Strolling along the main street of Grant's Pass, I was agreeably surprised to see the Western Comrade displayed for sale on a news stand.

When we had reached the summit of Siskiyou and began the descent on the south side, we were afforded our first view of Mt. Shasta:

"Serene and satisfied,
Supreme, as lone as God,
Looming like God's archangel."

Our first stop was at Hornbrook. I did not have a lecture date here. Nor did I have one at any of the towns in the vicinity of Shasta. For some reason the Socialist Party has not been very aggressive in that section. A few miles from Hornbrook, on the Klamath River, the government maintains a fish hatchery.

Game of all kinds is plentiful, and as the population in that part of the state is very small, the problem of food is not as intense as in more populous and commercialized communities.

From Montague, the next town we stopped at, we took a side trip into Little Shasta Valley. Driving up to the post office, which is in a store, surrounded by a large orchard, one of the party asked permission of the old man in charge of the store to pick some of the apples lying under the trees. "Help yourself," was the hearty reply. "The hogs have more than they can eat." When we had filled our pockets and hats with the fine fruit, the old man said: "Now if you boys like plums, just go out here back of the store and help yourselves."

He explained to us that he had no market for the fruit. When asked why he did not ship it to the San Francisco commission men, "Not on your life," was his reply. "I tried that, and not only did I have my trouble and expense for nothing, but they sent me a bill for a balance to them." He said that the most he ever received for a shipment of any kind was six bits for six dozen ducks. When I asked him why the ranchers of the valley did not undertake the co-operative marketing of their fruit, he said: "Well, really, we haven't enough to co-operate. That's what's wrong with this valley. It's one of the richest spots in the world. Once —back in the mining days—this place was filled with people. But when the mining played out, instead of settling down to farming, the people flocked back to the cities. I tell you it makes me sick to see this rich valley with about a half-dozen families, when it ought to be filled with people. I am about the smallest property owner here, and I own a thousand acres."

I thought of the fish hatchery at Hornbrook and wondered why the government is so strong on fish and so weak on folks. It's well to keep the streams filled with fish, but the good people at Washington are a long time getting at the problem of filling the fertile valleys and plains with families surrounded by conditions that will enable them to live and prosper.

All through the Shasta section, I found Socialism dead, or rather absent, for it does not seem to have ever been there to die. The problem with those who have any problem is land. Single tax is the only live problem.

At Yreka, the center of the '49 days, I found single tax advocates aplenty, among them most of the county officials and school teachers. I had several talks with District Attorney Hooper of Siskiyou county, who is an ardent single taxer. He was eager to learn what Socialism had to offer as a solution of the land problem. He was with our party at several places in that section. When leaving us, he said that if I would return to Siskiyou county he would personally arrange a series of meetings for me.

It was apparent to me that unless the Socialist Party interests itself intensely and intelligently in the land problem, the Single Tax movement will take its place in many sections of California.

From Yreka we ran up into Scott Valley. This valley has not suffered from lack of population as has Little Shasta. It is one of the richest farming districts in the state. The soil is very productive, but transporta-

tion is difficult on account of remoteness from a railroad. There are some active Socialists around Etna Mills and in the mines at Clannahans. There are also a few at Ft. Jones.

I was to have lectured at Weed, but the comrades could not get a hall. Weed is Weed. That is, it is the property of a man named Weed, who owns about everything ownable. The Weed Lumber Company has immense mills and mile after mile of timber lands. I secured a copy of the minutes of the proceedings of the Board of Supervisors of Siskiyou county, at which Mr. Weed made application for a reduction of assessment on his cut-over lands—that is lands from which the timber had been cut. He was assessed one dollar per acre, and asked a reduction to fifty cents per acre, which was granted.

I met a few of the comrades at Sisson. They have to work tamely, on account of the influence of the lumber kings. The mills are at McCloud, another company town, the property of the McCloud River Lumber Company. Say, but this is a despotism with a vengeance. There is not a privately-owned home or building of any kind in the place. The company owns everything. The workers with families must pay rent to the company and purchase all their supplies at the company stores. I had to pay ten cents for a picture post card of the town. You can judge how much the workers have to spend in riotous living after paying rent and grocery bills.

This company owns all of the timber lands in Siskiyou county east of Sisson. The charming McCloud River runs through its holdings. We took a side trip to McCloud and up to Fowler Falls on the river. On this river are located the magnificent castles of Phoebe Hearst; Charles Wheeler, the San Francisco attorney, and Tom Williams, the racehorse man. Indeed, there is much to make one forget he is visiting a portion of the United States instead of some section of titledom in the Old World.

The company takes as great precautions to prevent the operations of Socialists in its realm as it does to prevent fire. Yet it did not take me long to find out that there are several Socialist firebrands in the mills and woods, who are slowly but surely adding to the great mental and moral conflagration that will one day consume the last vestige of special privilege and selfish exploitation.

Before the railroad shop strike Dunsmuir had a strong Socialist local. With the strike and the removal to other parts of many of the shop workers, the local went to pieces. But there remained a few who had red blood in their veins as well as red cards in their pockets. They continued to meet in private houses and to keep alive the agitation for that commonwealth wherein strikes will not be a necessity. They arranged a lecture for Sunday evening. We had a fine audience, in which were several rabid anti-Socialists who were never before seen in a Socialist meeting.

In nearly every community I visited, I was asked by the comrades for advice as to how to keep interest alive in the locals. My chief suggestion was to organize a study club.

It's an old saying that "Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do." The exploiter certainly gets a new lease when the Socialists of a community have nothing to occupy their minds except to quibble over some cheap question of tactics. One sincere Socialist, living and teaching the great principles of Socialism in a community is worth a hundred quibbling tacticians.

There is no more fascinating and effective means of Socialist operation than the study of its origin, history and principles and program. Interest can never wane in a local that has a good study class, no matter how small or how large the membership.

(To be continued.)

WE CALL IT WAR

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

CIVIL war is in our midst. It is real war. Nor is peace in sight. Though some may cry, "Peace, peace," there is no peace. For there can be no peace until there is no war. And there IS war.

Those who toil are in revolt against those who own but do not toil. This great struggle cannot be described in the phrase, "Labor war." It is too big for any phrase. It would take volumes to describe the great struggle, and those volumes have not been written. They cannot be written until the struggle is ended.

Smug defenders of those who Have try from time to time to convince us that there is no need for struggle, no need for war, no need for anything but harmony. Some go so far as to tell us that there is no struggle, except in the minds of a few "agitators"—terrible word.

But, if there is no war why the soldiers? Answer that for us.

If there is no war why the military prisons—the bull pens of Trinidad and Calumet? Answer that for us. If there is no war why the soldier-jammed streets of Seattle, why the troop-patrolled streets of Paterson? Answer for us those questions.

But we do not prove that there is war simply by the fact that the soldiers are on duty. No certain sort of weapons is necessary to a conflict. The weapons always are selected to fit the conflict. And it even may be that the absence of any weapons, the absence of any activity, the absence of any tools in use, denotes conflict as truly as the roll of drums, the crack of rifles, the boom of cannon and the tread of many feet stepping in time. The strike!

There is no need to gloss the serious nature of the great struggle that is on between the Have-nots and the Haves. It is serious; it is bitter. And there can be no peace until absolute victory comes to the dispossessed. Dispossession is the cause of the conflict; it forces the hosts of toil into battle and they cannot retire from the field until they have gained for themselves the right to have what they create—the right to live without being robbed.

They prattle to us of "living wages" and of arbitration and of many other things calculated to lull us into submission. But we can have none of these. We cannot stop half way, for if we do we shall be driven back to the barren plains straight away. We must go on until complete victory is ours.

So we say to the world that the world may call this conflict what it wishes—we call it war.

They chide us for our insistence in the fight; they

admonish us to be fair. They advise us to "meet the enemy half way."

Idle words; bait phrases to protect the masters and to trap us into ceasing fire. The only fair thing to do to the man who is picking your pocket is to make him take his hand out. He must stop entirely. You do not want him to merely take a little less than he intended to take. You want him to stop altogether. You want him to take nothing. That is the attitude of militant labor. It is not that the capitalist shall take a little less; it is that he shall take NOTHING—absolutely nothing at all!

And so today we have great conflicts between labor and capital. We have the battle of the copper miners, the battle of the coal miners in the East and the West, the battle of the cloak makers in San Francisco, the battle of the timber workers in the South, the battle of the cotton mill workers in the East, with hundreds of lesser battles scattered in every center of industry from coast to coast.

And, called by its right name, this is civil war—one portion of the people struggling against another, for a principle—for the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of that happiness that comes from the possession of those things that go to make life full and rich and worth while in every sense.

The fight is desperate—war is always that way, just as that hackneyed phrase of General Sherman's pictures it. Men starve, men are killed; women starve—and are sometimes killed. Little children are starved, and frequently die. And no war is anything more than that.

But it must be. It must be because the conditions that create it are upon us—have been for some time. Those conditions grow worse automatically—cumulative force. That is, unless there rises up in front of them a power strong enough to check them. And the only thing that can check robbery is the might of the man—or class—that is being robbed.

The working class is being robbed. Production is socialized. The collective tools of production and distribution are owned by the capitalist class. This is not a fight between individuals; it is a fight between classes. The working class cannot allow the robbery to continue.

Strikes come, inevitably. Strikes have for their object the protection of the worker from excessive robbery. The pure and simple unionist is willing to permit some robbery—but not COMPLETE robbery. He doesn't understand the principle behind the robbery—yet. The man who does understand that principle sees that the "just-a-little-robbery" toiler doesn't understand how far he has to travel. He has plunged into the battle—but he doesn't see the finish of it. He will, however. Having been plunged into the battle he cannot extricate himself until the final victory is won, however much he may want to.

For, while he may win a small victory and halt the robber at one end of his line he will find the robber busier than ever at the other end—and so the fight goes on, incessantly, until the final overthrow of the robber. The pure and simple unionist may get the foreign hand out of one pocket for a moment, but he will find it diligently at work in the other pocket. Incessant battle. No complete cessation of hostilities.

So it is war to the finish. Why veneer the thing? It may be ugly, but it is necessary. It may be bitter—but submission is more bitter. The term "war" may be unethical, but what has bound us to abide by the ethics of the robber? To us robber ethics are unbearable. To the worm the bird is evil. We can see no nobility in any ethics that condone robbery and murder!

To us the plea of the capitalist for fairness is ludicrous. It is like requesting the executioner to pad the straps of the electric chair with velvet. And we do not mean to be fair to capitalism. We mean to kill it; annihilate it absolutely. That is the only fairness we know anything about. We must get the iron heel off our neck completely. We must get the sneaking hand out of our pocket for good.

We are in deadly earnest. We carry no white flag. There is going to be no surrender; no truce. There is going to be nothing but one unceasing war until Labor has regained its right to life and all that life at its best can mean. This is not a declaration of war. That came long ago from sources over which we have no control. This is merely a reaffirmation of our uncompromising, unflinching attitude toward the war that is upon us.

Our trade unions stand out along the skirmish lines, sighting the enemy, halting it here and there for a moment, doing the best they can do. But looming big and menacing, with the key to the heart of the situation, the Socialist Party looms up as the great and final power that is to send the capitalist system into defeat and death, building out of the ruins as they fall the new civilization wherein the only potent power will be the power of RIGHT as voiced by a free people. The Socialist Party is the agency through which the toilers are to perform a historic mission for the world to come. It is the great agency of the revolution—the civil war of the workers against the idle possessors of the world's machines and storehouses.

Capitalism, we have no kind word for you, except that you have brought us to the door of our liberties. You have served your purpose and you must go—unwillingly, but none the less completely. We shall see to that. We are fighting you and we are going to win.

♣ ♣ ♣

DREAM LULLABY

Sydney Hillyard

Sleep, little baby, 'tis bye baby time
Thy mother will sing thee a bye baby rhyme,
Will sing of the day that my baby will see
When baby, my baby, a woman will be
The day that is dawning,
The bright golden morning,
Its sky is an awning, my baby, for thee.

No driver shall drive thee in terror or tears,
Nor judge shall condemn thee to long silent years,
No slaver, my baby, in ambuscade lies
To steal all the laughter from innocent eyes
Oh sweet baby mine
My arms shall entwine
Thy star that shall shine in the beautiful skies.

Thy mother, rock-a-baby, has wept in the night
For thy father, my baby, that's out in the fight
But a new world is making, my own little girl
Mother sees in her dreams its bright banners unfurl
For the night lies behind thee
Its chains shall not bind thee
Its ghouls shall not find thee, my sweet pretty pearl.

In the day that is coming, that's fast on the wing,
Brave men shall rejoice and sweet women shall sing
A lover is coming my baby to woo,
Mother sees him in dreamland, so strong and so true
Now he lies at his rest
On his own mother's breast
So smile in thy nest for she's singing of you.

So sleep, little baby, through bye-baby time
With this in thy dreams for a bye-baby rhyme
One day thou shalt teach thine own baby to dream
As thy mother now teaches thee, little sunbeam,
As she sings soft and low
For her baby shall grow,
Where her summers shall flow like a beautiful stream.

The Seamstress

By Adriana Spadoni

From that blithe and impertinent organ of the revolution in New York, The Masses, the following sketch is culled. Along with this culling there goes a wishing that this might have been the first magazine to publish this bit of art-thought from the pen of Adriana Spadoni, one of the numerous California writers, to hie themselves to the equally broad but less sunny shores of the Atlantic. And as just an added bit of information about this little sketch let it be known that Current Opinion liked it so well that it welcomed it to its own columns. And now, thus formally introduced, you may read on.—Editors.

THE woman laid down the skirt she was binding and listened. The street door below closed, someone went into the front room, and then shuffling feet came up the sairs.

"Are ye in? It's yur friend."

The shuffling feet went down again.

The woman rose, folded the skirt neatly, and crossing to the curtained corner took a black jacket from a hook behind and a small black hat from the shelf above. Before she put on the hat she tightened her coil of auburn hair and picked up a few loose threads from her black marino waist. She had soft, helpless hands spattered with light freckles. The black jacket was too tight and gaped in front. Above her face looked larger and paler than before, as if it had been compressed upward. The eyes, with much close sewing, were slightly red about the lids and tiny red veins netted the eyeballs. When she was ready she pulled the window down from the top, drew the blind that no one might look in across the narrow lightwell, locked the door and put the key in her stocking.

As she entered the front room below a man got up quickly from the shabby sofa in the corner. He was a tall man with military shoulders. He looked as if he should have been in uniform.

"I was afraid you might not be in," he said nervously, and the hand he held out trembled, although it was a strong hand, bony and well shaped.

"No, I've been working at home all day."

"Then you need a breath of air." He tried to smile naturally, but his lips twitched and he seemed in a hurry to get out.

"This air is enough to choke anyone," he said impatiently as they stood for a moment in the narrow hall while the woman buttoned a pair of gray cotton gloves. "Does she cook cabbage all the time?"

"Most of the time, I reckon. Unless it's the odor of the original one in the air yet." The man smiled a little less nervously and held the door open in the manner of a man accustomed to such service. At the foot of the front steps he turned to her.

"Have you any preference?"

"Anywhere. It really doesn't make any difference."

HE HESITATED a moment and then, turning sharply to the left, began climbing the steep hill before them. It was cold, with a cheerless gray mist creeping farther and farther in among the gray wooden houses. The man shivered a little, and she tried without his noticing it to button the three gaping buttons.

Block after block they walked without speaking. The man's mood dictated the silence, but there was no embarrassment in it. From time to time she glanced at him, as if looking for a sign, and glanced away again without having said anything. The man stared ahead, his dark, lean face set, as if the muscles had been worn away by nervous friction. At last the sky grew darker and a dull red glow of the city's lights spread through the low-hanging fog. The man turned.

"I didn't think it would come so soon again," he said in a weak, petulant voice. "It's not more than three weeks, is it?"

"Almost four. Three and five days."

The man shrugged wearily. "What's the good, Kathie, I can't do it."

The woman laid her hand on his arm. "Yes, you can," she said softly, and there was something in her voice like the ring of a finely toned bell. "You're better, lots better than last year."

"Kathie, I'm not worth it." The man looked at her with tired, discouraged eyes. "It's got too strong a hold."

"Let's go and have something to eat." She spoke cheerfully. "I was so busy today I didn't have time to stop for lunch."

They walked on again, silent as before. At last they came to a restaurant whose swinging electric sign cut the darkness of the block.

"I guess this will do?"

He nodded, and they went in.

AS THE officious waiter dropped the red velvet curtain of the small private box behind them, he winked at a fellow worker. The other returned the wink. "Poor fellow, madam has the face of squash." When the first waiter took in the tea and toast and strong black coffee that had been ordered, there was under the professional indifference in his eyes a faint shadow of curiosity.

The woman broke the toast delicately with her plump, freckled hands, and ate in that indescribable way of a person used to the proper thing. In the same indescribable way the man drank the strong black coffee from the thick cup. When it was almost gone he looked up.

"Do you think I'd better go in again, Kathie?"

"How long has it lasted this time?"

"Only a few hours—so far. I felt it coming on after lunch, so I hurried over to you."

"Don't you feel as if you could ward it off?" She spoke slowly, knitting the palely red eyebrows. "You're really—so much—better, I hate—to have—you go in again."

"I know." The long nervous fingers played with the saucer. "I thought it was going to be all right after the last time, and then—this afternoon—"

The woman leaned across the table with an oddly graceful motion.

"Don't you really believe you can do it alone? I hate to have you go."

"I don't know, Kathie, I don't know," he repeated helplessly. "If you could—"

The man buried his head in his arms and groaned. "I'm going to quit, Kathie, I'm going to quit. What's the use? A West-Pointer—first in the class—and now an under-draughtsman when I can keep the job. What would the folks at home say to that?"

A faint moisture glistened in the woman's eyes, reddening the network of tiny veins.

"He was proud of you, wasn't he?"

"Do you remember the first appointment, the quick promotions?"

"Yes, Bob, I remember them."

"How did it get such a hold, Kathie?" he asked plaintively. "I wasn't worse than the others at first."

THE woman's thick shoulders shook. "Perhaps it was in the blood, Bob."

"Perhaps, he answered wearily, "but I never heard of another Farthington that was a drunk—a common drunk."

"You're not. You're not that." A dull color crept into the pale, fat face. "And you're getting better all the time. Last year—"

A little hope glimmered in the man's eyes. "Do you really think so, Kathie? Yes, I guess—I am—a little—thanks to you."

"You've done it yourself, Bob. Nobody could have made you, if—"

"You made me. Somehow if I can get to you in time, that gnawing, biting thing inside goes to sleep. Somehow you bring the other back, the plantation, the slow, hot days of peace, the—"

"You will be able to do it alone soon, Bob." The heavy face was immobile, except for the shadow of a weary smile about the shapeless lips.

"When you say it like that, I believe it—till the next time."

"And soon there won't be a next time." The woman laughed softly, and again the ring of a finely toned bell came into her voice.

The man laid his strong brown hand on her's. "Kathie, if happiness ever comes back into my life, I shall owe it all to you."

The woman looked down into her plate. "Have you heard—lately?"

"She's on her way home," he whispered. "I saw it in the society news yesterday."

The freckled hand quivered. "Edgar, too?"

"It didn't say. But she wouldn't leave him in Paris alone without her."

"He must be—quite—a boy—now."

"He's almost eight."

AGAIN they were silent, until the throbbing in the woman's throat forced her to say something.

"When are they due?"

"About three weeks." The man looked up. Behind the despair in his eyes there was something flickering, trying to live. "She said a year. If I could—for one whole year—she would—trust me again. It's six months—since I was really bad—because the last time—you—"

"Yes," the woman interrupted quickly. "It's six months."

The flickering spark in the man's eyes grew stronger. "My God!" he whispered. "If—I could. Think of it, Kathie! She—would—take—me back. Beatrice would take me back. She would be my wife again. It's four years since she went and took Edgar. Four—years." The woman knew he did not see her. He was staring back down the years. "Four years—and I have tried. How I tried the first year—and the next, too. But it was no good, no good till I found you again, Kathie." Now he did see her. "Why do some women—understand, Kathie," he asked simply.

"I don't know, Bob. I suppose—it's—to even things up—for those who have no charm, no beauty."

He made no effort to contradict. "It's the lonesomeness, the awful lonesomeness. You don't know what it is."

"No," she said quietly. "I don't get much time to be lonely. I'm pretty busy."

He looked almost envious. "I wish I could find reality in mere work," he answered peevishly. "But drawing-boards and blue-prints seem so foolish without Beatrice." Again he stared beyond her. She reached for her gloves, and began buttoning the tight jacket. "Shall we go?"

AS THEY walked back the man talked and the woman listened. The heaviness was gone. With vivid touches he sketched the men at the office, repeated bits of interesting gossip, anecdotes at which they both laughed. When they reached the house he went lightly up the steps and opened the door for her. A tiny jet of gas flared in the draft. Behind a closed door someone was snoring. The man dropped his voice as he took the woman's hands.

"Thank you—a thousand times. It's going to be all right this time, too."

The woman smiled. "Of course it is. It's going to get easier and easier right along, and soon there'll be no next time."

"Do you know, Kathie, I believe that—I believe you're right. Really I have a lot of will. If Beatrice had only understood—and then after—it was so lonesome—"

The woman withdrew her hands and turned to the stairs. "Yes," she said soothingly, "I know. But it will be different now."

"I believe it will." The voice was young with hope. "I have a will, you know—only it hasn't—seemed worth while."

"I know," she said again as she began slowly mounting the stairs. "Good night. If you get good news—"

"You shall be the first to hear it, Kathie—the very first. Good night—and thank you."

As she bent to get the keys from her stocking, shuffling feet moved from the banisters of the hall above. Her room was cold and damp, for the narrow light-well drew the fog like a funnel. When she had hung the black jacket on its nail and put the hat in its box she sat down, drew the lamp close, and finished putting on the binding of the skirt.

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THESE THINGS MUST BE DONE

By J. A. Symonds

These things shall be! a loftier race
  Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flow'r of freedom in their souls,
  And light of science in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong,
  To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm,
  On earth, and fire and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
  Unarm'd shall live as comrades free;
In ev'ry heart and brain shall throb
  The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mold
  And mightier music thrill the skies,
And ev'ry life shall be a song,
  When all the earth is paradise.

These things—they are no dreams—shall be
  For happier men when we are gone;
These golden days for them shall dawn,
  Transcending ought we gaze upon.

THE FEDERATION IDEA

By J. L. ENGDAHL

POWERFUL and influential minds in the American Federation of Labor were having their say. The storm of debate dashed against and was hurled back from the question: "Shall officials of the A. F. of L. also be permitted to belong to the National Civic Federation?" The time and place—the 1911 convention of the A. F. of L. at Atlanta, Ga. Down in front someone had long been seeking to gain the recognition of President Samuel Gompers. At last he got it. Then he began to talk. It was Max Hayes, of Cleveland, O., veteran in the Socialist struggle.

He talked little of the Civic Federation nor did he denounce the ignorance of his fellow-delegates. He talked much and earnestly of the growing and multiplying power of capitalism.

"I am glad that my friend, Hayes, here, has finished his annual propaganda speech," said "Big Jim" Lynch, the next speaker, the international head of the Typographical Union.

It also happens that Hayes is a printer. Annually they sit close to each other in the councils of the American Federation of Labor. Just as often Hayes unswervingly assails the citadels of exploitation and seeks to interpret to those about him the handwriting that industrial evolution inscribes upon the pages of the years.

It has been a hard and discouraging fight. Year after year it seemed as if no progress was being made. Now it seems, however, that the big thing—America's Organized Labor—is on the forward move.

"I was surprised—agreeably surprised—at the progress that had been made," said A. A. Myrup, international president of the Bakers' Union, upon returning last year from the 1912 convention at Rochester, N. Y. Myrup had missed several conventions and was therefore able to note the contrast all the better.

After all the battle is the school of the toiler. Suffering is his teacher and delegates to annual conventions only talk and have written down the stenographic account of the lessons that he has learned.

It was in the bitter war against the Illinois Central and Harriman railroads that the Federation idea of organizing the railroad shopmen received its greatest impetus at a gathering held at Kansas City, Mo., in April, 1912.

The amalgamating of all the shopmen on all the railroads—the object sought—was called the federation of federations, and the hope was a general strike of all the shopmen in order that victory might perch upon the banners of Labor. The move was new, success has not yet come, but the struggle is still going on.

For the purpose of this article no sacred words shall be recognized. Call it federation or industrial unionism, or coin some other name if you like. "Big Jim" Lynch could refer to Hayes' effort to rouse the slumbering brain of Labor as a "propaganda speech," but the fact still remained that the purblind eyes of toil were gradually but surely beginning to see.

I shall attempt to here set down, not a hazy, speculative dream of the far future, but to indicate some of the phenomena noticeable in the organized American labor movement that spell "GROWING SOLIDARITY" in letters large enough to threaten the peace of mind of the industrial masters who even now feel themselves slowly slipping from the backs of all men, women and children who labor. I shall also dare to prophecy on what this growing solidarity means for the next few years.

Right now the American Federation of Labor is sending a pamphlet broadcast over the nation entitled, "Industrial Unionism." There is a sub-title, "Its Relation to Trade Unionism." The contents of this pamphlet is in substance the report of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor to the Rochester, N. Y., convention, 1912, in which it is declared, "the subject is fairly discussed."

The point isn't so much that industrial unionism resolutions were defeated in the last A. F. of L. convention by a vote of two to one, or that the A. F. of L. executive council has issued a pamphlet not at all favoring it. The point is that this question is before nearly 3,000,000 organized workers of the nation for discussion.

At its meeting the first Sunday of October the Chicago Federation of Labor referred the question of industrial unionism to all affiliated locals, with a total membership of a quarter of a million, with the recommendation that the locals discuss and vote on the subject for the guidance and direction of the central body. When a quarter of a million get to talking industrial solidarity over their dinner buckets at the noon hour with the reflected results in union local meetings, the outcome will soon affect city, state and national federations.

The A. F. of L. executive council argues that the trade unions are not "rigid, unyielding, or do not adjust themselves to meet new conditions and do not advance, develop or expand," as is argued by a certain type of so-called industrial unionists.

The declaration is made that "trade autonomy, according to the ethics of the American Federation of Labor, means self-government. Craft autonomy does not prohibit the amalgamation of kindred or other trades or callings. It encourages it."

It is then pointed out that the A. F. of L. has "developed the system of industrial departments which federate the organized workers of the different crafts, trades and callings and which co-operate for common protection and advancement of the interests of all."

The contention is made that "progress in the Organized Labor movement is the result of a natural development," and that the organization of the American Federation of Labor is such that it is able to meet with "the varying phases and transitions in industry."

While the organized American labor movement has no such organization as the German Metal Workers' Union, considered an industrial union of all workers in metal, it can be said that the American workers are not subdivided into crafts to the same extent as the British workers. In its last report detailing the results of jurisdictional disputes the A. F. of L. executive council reports:

"Years ago we severed the affiliation of the Ameri-

can branch of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, and declared that inasmuch as its members performed the work in several of the machinery trades, the members thereof should belong to the International Association of Machinists. The Allied Metal Mechanics' International Union became part of the International Association of Machinists, and the Machinists' Helpers' Unions have become part thereof.

"The Amalgamated Wood Workers' International Union amalgamated with and became part of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, and the American Branch of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters has had its charter revoked because it refused to amalgamate with the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners.

"In accordance with the instructions of the Atlanta convention, efforts were made to have the International Association of Steam and Hot Water Fitters and Helpers amalgamate with the United Association of Plumbers, Gasfitters, Steamfitters, and Steamfitters' Helpers. Because of the refusal of the former, we have endeavored to carry the instructions into effect that there should be but one organization recognized in the pipe-fitting industry, and that the United Association of Plumbers, Gasfitters, Steamfitters, and Steamfitters' Helpers. The United Association has within its membership those branches of the trades included in its title.

"The International Molders' Union of North America now encompasses molders of all metals, and some years ago the Coremakers' International Union became amalgamated with it.

"The Longshoremen have pilots and steam shovelmen in addition to their own workers, longshoremen.

"Blacksmiths have chain makers and helpers.

"The Lasters' International Union became amalgamated with the Boot and Shoe Workers' International Union.

"The Iron and Steel Workers are organizing the unskilled with the skilled of the trade.

"The miners have jurisdiction over all work in and around the mines.

"Granite Cutters have added polishers, rubbers, sawyers, and the tool sharpeners have been part thereof from the beginning.

"Quarry Workers have added derrickmen, boxing and strapping.

"Railroad telegraphers have added station agents, signalmen, train dispatchers, telephoners, pneumatic interlockers and staff men.

"The Journeymen Tailors' International Union, the United Garment Workers of North America and the Ladies' Garment Workers' International Union are endeavoring to bring about an amalgation of the three organizations, or to bring about a closer co-operative effort.

"So on we might quote nearly all of the national and international unions in their constant effort to a more thorough and comprehensive organization of their own fellow workers in the trade, or in kindred trades."

Internecine war breaking out as the result of jurisdictional disputes has taught the workers many bitter lessons. While this internal warfare has been going on for the most part among the better paid workers, the so-called "labor aristocracy," it has militated against the organization of the unskilled and the underpaid.

The new era now opening in the organization of American labor includes the banding together of the unskilled and marks the forming of industrial departments within the A. F. of L. The Rochester convention saw reports from the building trades, metal trades, mining, railroad employes and the union label trades departments.

Affiliated with the building trades departments are 19 international unions, 173 local councils and two state councils. This department is reported as serving as "a sort of general clearing house where the dissatisfied members might confer in regard to the conflicting trade jurisdiction and reach some mutually agreeable understanding."

"It has been the conviction of this department that joint efforts are necessary to attain greater progress in organizing industries," reports Albert J. Berres, secretary-treasurer of the metal trades department, which has now affiliated with it all eligible with the exception of one international organization, the International Brotherhood of Stationary Firemen.

In his last report Thomas F. Tracy, secretary-treasurer of the Union Label Trades Department, tells of the affiliation of 38 national and international unions with this department, which carries on an educational propaganda in behalf of the union label. The year 1912 saw the issuance of nearly twelve hundred million such labels. The Bakers' Union was in the lead with 555,-439,000 labels issued.

Impatient workers at times speak slightingly of the work done by these federations of toilers in industrial departments. They speak least slightingly, however, of the mining department, which easily brought the United Mine Workers and Western Federation of Miners together at the Atlantic convention in 1912. This department secures the active co-operation of all organized miners on the North American continent. It is now reaching out for the lake seamen and longshoremen engaged in the shipping of mine products, and the steel workers, who toil with iron ore and coal in the nation's gigantic steel industry.

The railroad employes' department does not yet include those "aristocratic" brotherhoods which still remain without the pale of the American Federation of Labor. This department relies for its main strength upon the shopmen who have suffered at the expense of better conditions and higher wages granted the more docile employes of the operating departments.

In this department are to be found the International Association of Machinists; the International Brotherhood of Boilermakers, Iron Ship Builders and Helpers of America; International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths and Helpers; Brotherhood of Railway Carmen of America; Amalgamated Sheet Metal Workers' International Alliance; United Association of Plumbers, Gas Fitters and Steam Fitters' Helpers of the United States and Canada; International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers; Brotherhood of Railway Clerks, and the Switchmen's Union, with the hope that the Order of Railroad Telegraphers and the Maintenance of Way Employes will soon be added to this list.

President M. F. Ryan, of the car men, in his recent report to his organization showed how early battles had been won by the railroad system federation idea of organization in preventing the extension of the piece-work system on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, and how a wage reduction was prevented on the Southern Railroad by the Southern System Federation, composed of both the transportation and shop organizations.

"It was almost immediately conceded by all," declares Ryan, in reporting on these successes, "that if joint action and federation was a good thing to prevent the introduction of piece-work and wage reductions, that it certainly would be a good thing for their protection in all other matters of mutual concern."

The big test came when 30,000 men were struggling

in twenty-two states against the combined financial power of all the Wall Street interests called to the rescue of the Illinois Central and the Harriman lines in their efforts to crush this "Socialistic" spirit of organization among the shopmen employed by them.

If it was good for all the crafts on one system to get together, then, it was argued, it was good for the workers on all the systems to get together. The result was the federation of all the system federations which received the name of the Railway Employes Department of the American Federation of Labor at the 1912 Rochester convention. This was admittedly one of the biggest forward steps ever taken by the railroad workers of this continent.

The industrial department idea of organization is new. It seems to be making giant strides. Whether it will be able to successfully combat the growing trusts and combinations of capital opposed to Organized Labor remains to be seen. It has already been so successful, however, that additional departments of a similar nature will no doubt be organized as soon as possible.

Such departments will be the wearing apparel department and the food department, with the likelihood of printing trades and theatrical employes departments.

The making of the nation's clothes is one of the country's greatest industries. Yet the organization of the workers in this industry is somewhat chaotic. While two organizations of shoe workers are carrying on a dual combat the Hatters' Union is having a hard time of it with the courts and big hat manufacturers. In the meantime New England gives evidence of the lack of organization in the textile industries while the cry of the child slaves is continually heard from the cotton factories of the South.

The battles of Lawrence, Mass., and Paterson, N. J., added to the repeated conflicts of the garment workers in New York City, Chicago and other large cities indicate that closer federation is needed between the workers who clothe the nation.

The capitalists are not behindhand. When the button workers of Muscatine, Ia., went on strike the factories were closed and the work transferred to factories in New York. When the silk workers of Paterson, N. J., were starving for the cause of labor, Sears, Roebuck & Co., of Chicago, the world's wonder in mail order houses, shipped silk weaving machines to the Pacific Coast, brought Japs across the Pacific from the Orient and supplied its customers as if no revolt on the part of the workers had ever taken place.

The same is true, only to an even greater extent, of the food producers of the nation. The bakers have what some call an industrial union. So have the browers. The teamster on the wagon is as much a bakery or brewery worker as he who watches the machines knead the dough or who puts labels on bottles of beer. Yet these industrial unions feel that something more must be accomplished.

"It is not sufficient to have all the men employed in the baking and brewing industries, which are only small parts of the entire foodstuffs industry, banded together into one organization," declares Gustav Mostler, editor of the Brewery Workers' Journal. "They alone are comparatively powerless against the combined forces of the food manufacturing employers' associations. In the same proportion that a strike, under the present capitalist system of production, inaugurated by a small group of workingmen in a single shop is useless; so will the inevitable struggles of the future, in strikes inaugurated by single organizations in the food industry, also prove useless and ineffective.

"A strike will only be effective in future struggles when all men employed in the food industry are closely united and when all these men, in complete solidarity based upon the identity of their common interests, are able to take up the fight against capital at one and the same time."

One of the most spectacular labor battles the nation has seen was that of the butcher workmen against the growing beef trust. Through their experiences with the growing monopoly in bread the bakers see reasons for standing side by side with the employes of the beef combine.

While tightening its claws in a firmer grasp upon the meat supply we see the beef trust dealing extensively in eggs, poultry, potatoes, fruits, grain, grapes, butterine, butter, cheese and other household necessities common to the kitchen. The Swifts have bought up fish canneries in different parts of the country. They also have pineapple plantations in far-off Hawaii. The Armours are big dealers in cereals and grapes.

When the beef trust puts its hand into the grain market, especially in wheat, it immediately gets its thumb on the flour mills, thus working around the bread industry. Thus the gigantic food trust comes into being and in order to combat it the workers in the food industry must develop a solidarity at least of equal if not greater potency.

Thus the bakers may now be said to have an industrial union. Yet they are only part of the workers in the greater food industry. And the production of food is only part of that greater system of production and distribution, which feeds, houses and clothes the people of the world. For the time being capital has gained a leap on Organized Labor in that it shows greater solidarity for the moment than the working class.

The remedy is not in hurriedly mapping out an ideal but elusive plan of organization and shouting to the working class to get aboard for immediate transportation to the co-operative commonwealth. It is rather in continuing to carry on an increased educational propaganda urging the solidarity that is necessary to emancipation. When all workers recognize that theirs is a universal brotherhood then the form of organization best adapted to every situation will come of itself.

"Industrial unionism is just beginning to manifest itself in all the departments of industry throughout the world," writes John M. O'Neill, in a recent number of Miners' Magazine, official organ of the Western Federation of Miners. "Conditions being created by the 'captains of industry' will force the working class together into an army that will yet prove invincible to 'predatory wealth.'

"The time is coming when even the champions and advocates of craft autonomy will be forced to abandon their obsolete theories of organization and stand for a system of organization that will bring labor together industrially and politically to overthrow the Samson of organized greed.

"The employers stand together as a unit to give battle to the working class, and Labor will see the necessity of organizing along class lines to end the hellish system that enslaves humanity."

And this is only an echo of Karl Marx's age-long plea—"Workers of the World Unite!" The labor movement has always progressed like an irresistible glacier and there are no immediate indications that it is suddenly preparing to take on the qualities of an avalanche.

So the militant, class-conscious worker, like Max Hayes thundering in the halls of the American Federation of Labor, must keep up the fight which will ultimately be crowned with the laurels of victory over an outgrown system of civilization that is soon to pass away.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD

By GEORGIA KOTSCH

THE lilies of the field.

Everybody is considering them.

What time the papers are not filled with rhapsodical panegyrics on the fall fashion show and the Easter demonstration, the space left from the advertising of fashions is more or less taken up with piffling diatribes against woman's dress.

Periodically members of the Business Men's Ananias Club furnish the press with the statement that woman's dress is ruining the country. As a matter of fact, I can think of few things that would be more disastrous to business and to such prosperity as there is in the country than for all women to decide to dress rationally. Many a scoffer would lose his employment in the resulting stagnation. It would be almost as cataclysmic to business as if all the working people should quit drinking and smoking and save their money.

It would be flying in the face of facts to deny that sex attraction has anything to do with the modes of dress in vogue at various times; just as much so as it would be to assert that it is the only, or even the chief explanation of them, and one cannot ignore an element of masculine perversity which lends gaiety to the subject.

Ever since that old primeval snake in the grass—a male creature, by the way—stood up on his tail and put ideas for the first fashion show into our first foremother's ear, down to the Los Angeles high school boys who have just gravely resolved that the attire of the high school girls interferes with their scholarship, man has been outwardly deprecating and inwardly adoring woman's frocks and frivols. He has cursed them and slaved for them, ridiculed and run after them. Incidentally, he has developed our business system.

Two ways of escape open to women who object to criticism of their clothes by men. Dress sensibly or wear shabby things. In either case no man will take enough interest in you to criticise you. Even though he may not know a Paul Poiret from a peplum or the difference between charmeuse and butternut jeans, the average man is, according to his light, a Josiah Allen a-runnin' after fashion.

A studious young girl who must perforce choose between pretty clothes and the furthering of certain intellectual ambitions said wistfully to a wise dame:

"Mae wears the loveliest things to school. She's got a peg-top skirt and it's slit to show her rose petticoat and her coat ties around her knees just too sweet so she can hardly walk, and you ought to see the boys swarm around her—the very smartest ones."

Mae has to wear weights in her hems, her head is so buoyant, so the wise dame said:

"And you just watch Mae walk off with the boy who will be a senator at the least. Now, you will never get a man worth shucks. You're not going at it the right way."

The young girl said, "I wonder why men are like that."

"So that ten years hence they can tell some other woman they are not understood at home, and it will be a miracle if the other woman is not a case of clothes, too," said the wise dame.

You would think just now that the subject of extremes in woman's habiliments was brand new, but that is only because it is perennially new. Formerly the hue and cry was of full, heavy skirts and every paper went into sanitary spasms over the deadly microbes which mothers carried to the nurseries of their hapless offspring after performing the civic task of sweeping the streets. Now, that no microbe is agile enough to find foothold on woman's clothes, the air is roseate with masculine blushes over the immodest styles which are betraying the mortifying fact that woman has nether extremities—quite an irresistible theme. It corroborates in a way a theological dogma, for certainly if the creator of all good had been left to himself he would have equipped woman with a roller skate instead of such immoral appendages. What a boon such a peregrinating pedestal would be, now when skirts are worn upside down, goes without saying.

If you will look in the files of the wartime papers you will find that although the soldiers could meet on the battlefield with valor they were the same querulous chaps we know so well when it came to meeting the ladies and they cried at being crowded out of the concourse by the decorous crinolines which left the method of woman's locomotion entirely to the imagination.

When dresses were cut short at the top the tumult was just as great as when they were long at the bottom, but all these were as nothing to the scare that rocked the nation when the practical costume of bloomers was advocated.

Heavens! Ankles!

Better far a Herodian massacre of the innocents, better be crowded into outer darkness, than that manly virtue should be put to the test of an exposed ankle.

Apropos of man's courage in taking risks, the parade ground of fashion in Los Angeles—the west side of Broadway—is known and spoken of as "the female side of the street," it being lined with shops which cater almost exclusively to the fair sex. Does a shocked unfair sex shun it? I have seen men standing before the revolving figures in the windows, notebook and drawing pad in hand. That is a matter of business, you say. Just so—business. Well, anyhow, I venture the assertion that if an ordinance should be passed restricting men to the east side of the street—Perdu! the oculists would be overwhelmed with a demand for distance glasses.

How can we think otherwise when a minister of the gospel has confessed from the pulpit to having "risked one eye" on a slit in a skirt. Not but what it seems to me that the cloth, of all people, should risk both eyes in a clean, open gaze on any skirt, no matter how seriously slit, since it preaches that the body is the temple of the Holy Spirit.

It must not be inferred from the foregoing that I am less harrowed than ordinary folks at the spectacle of women in swaddling clothes, like over-sized pappooses, trying to navigate Broadway, but I have seen fashion shows which distressed me more. Once a year, before we had free text-books, the mothers of young America came out to buy books on the first day of school, pathetic, apologetic figures, too ashamed of their shabbiness to hold their own with the clerks behind the counters. Needless to say the papers did not give space to their costumes.

Now, why all this froth and fizzle published about woman's dress? Why is this pretense on the part of men played up for so much more than it is worth?

For the same reason that we are deluged daily with crimes and sensations, pseudo science and false philosophy. It is to make you look pleasant while you are being held up. The papers print the dress stuff, not because they are shocked, but to mask the issues that are important to the masses of the people.

The caviling is not applicable to all, but is merely the featuring of a class of women. The majority of women have too little to be artistically, self-respectingly or comfortably clothed. It is the lilies of the field who dress in the modes. Of course the dogfennel and ragweeds do their shabby bravest to imitate them.

The lilies are an exemplification of the old saw, "Satan finds some mischief for idle hands to do." Their clothes are designed to proclaim to all and sundry that the lilies do not have to degrade themselves with work. They are the visible token of their power to compel others to work for them.

The business of catering to the lilies and their imitators is one of the largest in the world. Great fortunes rest upon it. Its advertising is the life-blood of the newspapers. The lily adopts the styles, but business creates them. I am met by the argument that if business were the arbiter of fashions they would never be scant, since there is a loss on the yards of material. I have not observed business cutting off its own nose. With the scant styles there is a subtle advance on material all along the line, which remains when they expand again. The tariff either goes up or it doesn't and accounts for the price. Underwear is somewhat diminished, but what there is, O, my ducats! You can't wear your old flour sack lingerie with an X-radiant gown nor yet with one which is donned with a shoe horn, and corsets were never so fearfully and wonderfully made—and priced.

The requirements of trade necessitate the running of the gamut from full to scant and back again, with all possible variations.

A protesting man delivered himself at one jab of a plaint against the special privileges of "the female sect" and their present bunchiness amidships by saying, "If I should go down town with my pants on hind side before I'd be arrested." That would depend, however, altogether upon whether trousers worn thus had been featured in the shop windows. Any monstrosity which receives the benediction of business becomes impeccable.

The lily of the field is not ruining the country. She is more ominous than that. Historically she has presaged the decay of civilizations, as so ably set forth by Olive Schreiner in "Woman and Labor." At a certain stage of civilization she quits work and becomes a sex parasite. This manifestation is hastened in modern life by the great wealth piled up by the use of machinery.

Great numbers of women also, who do not properly belong to the lily class, are involuntarily condemned to sex parasitism. They are not the very poor, for the very poor can always afford children to keep them busy. They are the modern cave-dwellers whom capitalism masses near shop and office work, shut up in tiny flats or apartments. They have nothing to do and no space in which to do anything. They cannot have a baby or a pig or a garden. Thousands of them pine for work to broaden their lives a bit, but if they seek it they only aggravate the cheap labor problem and crowd out others more needy. About the only outlet for their necessarily idle lives is dress and the changing fashions, and they are not to blame.

Tell me, gentle sirs who criticise, where has the young girl who leaves school after the grades and goes to work, had a chance to acquire good taste? What goal does society set before her but the catching of a man to support her? In all the literature I have read upon the minimum wage for women I have never found it to include money to lay by for old age or to help provide for a future family. It is never aught but a temporary makeshift until a man to provide these things can be landed. Dress is the bait.

I was asked by an anxious man what the dress of the future emancipated woman would be like.

"You can see that for yourself," I replied, "any time you go down the street."

"But I don't see," he averred.

"Needless to mention it," says I. "You are looking at the latest thing in skirts. There are always a few women and the streets tastefully and beautifully dressed. These are the forerunners, the few who have education, good taste and the means to dress accordingly."

I profess no seeress' vision of the number of gores and darts in the future woman's dress, but this I know: People crave the beautiful; art eternally strives for expression. When the palsying, distorting pressure of special privilege is lifted and people have a chance to develop naturally, when work is not a slavish thing of which to be ashamed, but a healthy exercise in which men and women share, with justly proportioned rewards; when we all have the means to gratify good taste, when there is no incentive to flaunt a badge of power over another, then will a dress that is at once artistic and practical evolve for woman as naturally as grows a beautiful and useful plant.

THE CHAINLESS CHAINED

By David Fulton Karsner

I look at you sitting there on the park bench reading a paper that you found. You seem to read only to kill the long hours that drag into longer days. All about you rears the tumultuous cry of commerce.

I see you smile as the hum of the subway fills your ear. I saw you sneer as you watched an old man hobble by you, his back bent under a heavy load. I saw you turn your head when an old woman came by with a huge basket balanced on her feeble shoulder. You lifted your hand to your face and caught a tear that filled your eye when you saw little children, with their luncheon under their arms, hurrying to work at sunrise.

And there you sat, in the same place, on the same park bench, all day long. The policeman passes by and you chat with him. You and he are comrades, it seems.

You are not afraid of his club for you know he would not strike you. He is not afraid of the fierce expression on your face for he knows your spirit is broken, dead. The club is used to bruise the spirit more than the flesh. Yours was bruised, oh, so many times. And no one fears you. Even the policeman pities you.

I love your physical freedom, but I loathe your spiritual slavery. I would rather be chained hand and foot in some musty cell, with my spirit free, than to have my hands and feet free to do what I decide, and my spirit dead.

Your snarl has no sting. Your bite has no poison. Your speech is without resolution. Your protest commands no answer from those who conspired against you.

And yet, my spirit can never be free while yours is enslaved. My emancipation depends upon your resurrection. Any revolution would be incomplete if it failed to revolve you into the circle of life. You are a dead weight to live spirits.

But dear brother, you too will be free with me. We are comrades in life and death.

The Ignominy of a Hobby Rider

By O. L. Anderson

"HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a—"

No, no, this is not a nursery tale but the truly true story of a man whose name and build suggest the famous couplet of childhood memory. It is the story of John E. Humphries, judge of the superior court of the state of Washington for King County. An affectionate abbreviation easily makes him Humpty; his enemies added Dumpty, and there you have the man whose name has gone the length and breadth of the United States in the last few months on account of the sensational record he has made upon the bench.

Judge Humphries, ambitious, confident, determined, mounted that famous old steed, Injunction, astride of which Judge William Howard Taft and many another, notorious and not so, judicial celebrity has ridden to greater glory and reputation; but alas and alack the day when the thought obsessed his mind, for that day marked the beginning of his undoing. Great was the sport for a while as horse and driver cavorted about. There was applause, amazement, amusement and disgust, until finally the performance wound up in a frenzy of excitement, with the snotring steed badly wrecked and the rider a-sprawl in the dust of the arena, limp and subdued.

But lest this remain as unintelligible as the ball game story to the average reader, we here check our ha--hahing spirits to tell the story of the Seattle Free Speech Fight, so called, of 1913.

It grew out of the riots incident to the Seattle Golden Potlatch, an annual carnival and street fair, organized for the purpose of coining golden dollars for sundry Seattle business men and incidentally to commemorate the discovery of gold in the Klondyke. On Friday night, of the Potatch week, the precise date being July 18, following a hip, hip, hurrah speech by Secretary of the Navy Daniels on the night preceding, a street brawl of the same night in which some soldiers and sailors had a little the worst of it, and the more than usually lying and lurid issue of the Seattle Daily Times, a mob, consisting principally of city hoodlums, but led by soldiers and sailors from the fleet at anchor at the Bremerton Navy Yard and in the harbor, abetted and applauded by military officers of the United States, sacked and set fire to various premises occupied by the different wings of the Socialist party and the I. W. W.'s.

As a result of that riot the mayor of Seattle, basing his authority on a provision of the city charter which centers police and some other authority in his hands in time of extraordinary emergency, took personal control of the police department, and, fearing the effect of possible incendiary utterances of the Times, made its issue on Saturday and Sunday conditional upon the proofs being submitted to him for his approval in the interest of public safety, at the same time also ordering the closing of the saloons for one day.

As was to be expected, the editor of the Times, known for his bluster and domineering, a veritable buccaneer on the journalistic seas, announced his determination to issue his paper in spite of all that the mayor of the city might say or do. To prevent this violation of the mayor's order, a cordon of police was thrown about the Seattle Times building, thus boxing up the edition of the paper already off the presses and in the hands of the newsboys who filled the Times delivery rooms, ready to sally forth at the first opportunity. Curious thousands stood about, lured by the greatest attraction of the carnival, to see what the outcome would be.

Here is where Judge Humphries leaps into fame or infamy as your bias may judge his conduct. Colonel Blethen, editor in chief and owner of the Times, did not intend to bow to the man whom he had attacked upon every occasion and imaginary pretext, and allow him to dictate the contents of his paper, even though in the interest of public safety. Accordingly application was made to Judge Humphries, who had previously proved himself exceedingly obliging to the Times editor's wishes, even going so far as to order the expunging or mutiliation of portions of two grand jury reports which displeased the editor, for an injunction restraining the mayor from interfering with the publication and distribution of the Times.

The judge immediately issued the desired injunction, at the same time delivering a lecture on a mayor who would stoop to such low actions as to suppress so worthy and indispensable a newspeddler as the Seattle Times. As a result the mayor withdrew the police and the times was issued as usual, filled on that and the succeeding Sunday with the vilest stuff printable about Seattle's mayor. Finding that relief, speedier than the dispenser of any patent nostrum would dare to claim for his cure-all, was obtainable at Judge Humphries' dispensary at the King County court house, the saloon keepers, one by one, sought and speedily obtained restraining orders from him, preventing the mayor from closing their places of business.

We now come to the opening skirmish of what has wrongly been termed Seattle's free speech fight. The corner of Fourth Avenue and Pike Street, one of the busiest corners in the city, had been used by street orators of all opinions, economic and religious, to propound their views to the passing crowd, ofttimes, it must be admitted, to the inconvenience of passersby and the hindrance of traffic. It is probable that the riots and false reports of insults to the flag by some of the street orators precipitated action, at any rate business men and property owners around the corner in question sought and obtained an injunction preventing meetings of all kinds at this place. This included the Salvation Army as well as the I. W. W.'s and Socialists, and it was issued by Judge Humphries, to whom that portion of Seattle's population which finds itself in need of injunctions of one kind or another, has naturally come to turn.

Parenthetically it may be stated that he has served about all the different varieties of injunctions made and invented some of his own. He even issued a temporary injunction preventing the city from enforcing its ordinance compelling fruit venders to screen their fruit to protect them from flies.

A little comedy entered the injunction proceedings of that day when an attorney called up the judge over

the telephone at his apartments late that night for further papers. "Come right up to the house," was the judge's reply, evidently linking the aggrieved property owners with the late call. The attorney and his client quickly repaired thither. Ringing the bell to the judge's apartment, a voice called, "Come on up." The attorney and his client did so, and as the door opened, shoved a paper into the hands of the judge, robed for the bed not the bench. The paper proved an affidavit of prejudice and the judge's only answer, accompanied with the bang of the door, was, "Oh, hell."

We have searched the constitution of state and nation in vain for any provision specifying it as the inviolable right of any individual to turn a busy thoroughfare into an auditorium for the expounding of his opinions at pleasure, but such was practically the view taken by the aggrieved parties to the injunction, and it was openly disregarded. Arrests followed the challenge thrown down, and thus began the court scenes which have since paled the attractions offered by the Seattle vaudeville theaters.

Dr. Hermon F. Titus, the first man to fling open defiance at the court, was arrested, and in a dramatic trial, sentenced to six months in jail and a fine of $200 for contempt of court. This was followed by a mass meeting in a down town park at which the actions of the judge were assailed and defiance hurled at his rulings. Out of this further convictions resulted and resolutions were adopted, denying the right of the judge to proceed as he had done in the street speaking injunction matter and calling upon volunteers to come to Seattle and hold meetings in defiance of the judge's orders. Ninety-nine men and women signed these resolutions of defiance, many of whom were neither Socialists nor I. W. W.'s. The resolutions, with signatures appended, were sent to the judge by special delivery and warrants were speedily issued for their apprehension and arrest. More than half of the signers could not be located, but thirty-eight were found, some of whom gave the required bail of $200, the majority being incarcerated in the county jail pending a hearing. Meanwhile the resolutions were being circulated and another list came containing more than a hundred additional names.

In the trial of those of the first ninety-nine offenders who had been apprehended, the judge blossomed out into probably the most garulous incumbent of the bench in the United States. Profuse lectures were delivered. Homilies on all subjects imaginable were served to the crowded court room. Everything that popped into the judge's brain was relevant. Everything that occurred to everybody else was irrelevant and promptly suppressed. For rising to object to a question, one of the attorneys was twice disbarred forever from practicing in the courts of the state. Two men in the audience who started to clap their hands were quickly brought forward and sentenced to long terms in jail for contempt of court.

The conduct of the judge throughout this period was such that physicians declared themselves willing to go on the stand and testify that he showed unmistakable evidences of insanity in one of its many forms. Here are some of the sentiments of which he delivered himself:

"I am the only pebble on the beach."

"I feel like the angel Abdiel, unsullied and unafraid."

"If anybody was after me I would get a gun and fill him full of holes. I am 63 years old and I know human nature. People have to be governed by fear."

"The room is full of street corner speakers. Instead of going out and killing those street speakers which business men ought to do in many cases, they come to me to get justice because they are law abiding citizens."

The judge's friends and the defenders of the judiciary and judicial dignity were getting restive under this buffoonery. The press aired his vagaries freely. Regrets were freely expressed because the legislature had failed to provide for the recall of judges. Impeachment proceedings began to be talked. The culmination came when a fire visited the Seattle Times building, Sunday, October 5. While the fires were raging the judge called up the editor of the morning paper and told him that the Socialists and I. W. W.'s who had come under the ban of his displeasure were responsible and could be indicted and sent to the penitentiary for incendiarism. So astounding were his charges that the editor would not believe them possible, giving the judge time to cool down and then insisting that he put them into writing. This he did in a slightly modified form but so extravagant as to lead the editors of three of the city's four daily papers to draft a telegram to the governor, calling upon him to end the judicial farce being enacted in the King County court house every day Judge Humphries was on the bench. As a result the governor hurried to Seattle, a conference was arranged with all the superior court judges present, when the situation was carefully gone over, the governor giving the judge some pointed advice.

Next morning Judge Humphries announced that he had nothing to say. The homilies were at an end. Sentences were remitted. Pending injunction cases were dropped. The disbarred attorneys were reinstated. Judicial dignity was being restored, and things are now as they were of the distant yore.

It need not be said that clearly the right of free speech was never squarely assailed. It was a set-to between a batty judge and hot-headed propagandists. The judge did not violate any law or constitution, but he made them both look ridiculous. His victims did not establish their claim that free speech had been abrogated for they had the right at all times to speak at innumerable places in the city, aside from the particular spot covered by the injunction.

From a tactical standpoint those who fought the judge proved too much. Judge Humphries offered the best argument in a decade for the need of a recall law. The first skirmish established the demand for that law firmly in the public mind. Later developments brought another corrective force into play. The interference of the governor showed a less expensive method to bring a rampant judge to terms than a special recall election. From the standpoint of democracy it would have been better to have stopped short of this last deduction.

LOVELINESS

By Madison Cawein

How good it is, when overwrought,
To seek the woods and find a thought
That to the soul's receptive sense
Delivers dreams as evidence
Of truths for which man long has sought!
Truths that no vulture years contrive
To rob the soul of, holding it
To all the glory infinite
Of beauty that shall aye survive.

Still shall it lure us. Year by year,
Addressing now the spirit ear
With thoughts, and now the spirit eye
With visions that like gods go by,
Filling the mind with bliss and fear,
In spite of Science' scoff, that mocks
The Loveliness of old, nor minds
The ancient myths, gone with the winds,
The soul still finds 'midst woods and rocks.

Everybody's Loaded

The World Drama

By Stanley B. Wilson

SHAKESPEARE wrote: "All the world's a stage." The figure is interesting and suggestive.

Upton Sinclair says: "The curtain is going up on a world drama, the like of which history has never shown before; and it is your privilege to be a spectator. It is a privilege I would not exchange for a ticket of admission to all that has gone before since the human race began. And alas for you if you are one of those unfortunates who sit cold and indifferent because they do not understand the language in which the great drama is played."

The plot of the play is the ascendency of humanity.

"In all the procession of the centuries gone," says Eugene V. Debs, "not one was for humanity. From the very first, tyranny has flourished, freedom has failed; the few have ruled, the many have served; the parasite has worn the purple of power, while honest industry has lived in poverty and died in despair."

"But the eternal years, the centuries yet to come, are for humanity, and out of the misery of the past will rise the civilization of the future.

"The nineteenth century evolved the liberating and humanizing movement; the twentieth century will doubtless witness its culmination in the crash of despotisms and the rise of world-wide democracy, freedom and brotherhood."

Surely this is a drama worth witnessing!

Of its development Debs says: "Now, we Socialists propose that society in its collective capacity shall produce, not for profit, but in abundance to satisfy human wants; that every man shall have the inalienable right to work, and receive the full equivalent of all he produces; that every man may stand fearlessly erect in the pride and majesty of his own manhood.

"Every man and woman will then be economically free. They can, without let or hindrance, apply their labor, with the best machinery that can be devised, to all the natural resources, do the work of society and produce for all.

Then society will improve its institutions in proportion to the progress of invention, whether in the city or on the farm, all things productive will be carried forward on a gigantic scale. All industry will be completely organized. Society for the first time will have a scientific foundation. Every man, by being economically free, will have some time for himself. He can then take a full and perfect breath. He can enjoy life with his wife and children, because then he will have a home.

"We are not going to destroy private property. We are going to establish private property—all the property necessary to house man, keep him in comfort and satisfy his wants. Eighty per cent of the people of the United States have no property today. A few have got it all. They have dispossessed the people. We will reduce the workday and give every man a chance. We will go to the parks and we will have music, because we will have time to play music and desire to hear it.

"Is it not sad to think that not one in a thousand knows what music is? Is it not pitiable to see the poor, ignorant, dumb human utterly impervious to the divine influences of music? If humanity could only respond to the higher influences! And it would if it had time.

"Release the animal, throw off his burden; give him a chance and he rises as if by magic to the plane of a man. Man has all of the divine attributes. They are in the latent state. They are not yet developed. It does not pay now to love music.

"I am not a prophet. I can no more penetrate the future than you can. I do study the forces that underlie society and the trend of evolution. I can tell by what we have passed through about what we will have in the future; and I know that capitalism can be abolished and the people put in possession.

"Now, when we have taken possession, and we jointly own the means of production, we will no longer have to fight each other to live; our interests, instead of being competitive, will be co-operative. We will work side by side. Your interest will be mine and mine will be yours. This is the economic condition from which will spring the humane social relation of the future.

"When we are in partnership and have stopped clutching each other's throats, when we have stopped enslaving each other, we will stand together, hands clasped, and be friends. We will be comrades, we will be brothers, and we will begin the march to the grandest civilization the human race has ever known."

WONDERING WILLIE

By A. F. Gannon

There is a man in our town an' he is awful kind,
Pa takes our shekels to his bank for him to bravely mind:
I wonder if we had a sheep would pa let someone sheer
Its woolly fleece an' give pa just a handful every year?

An' there's another man who comes when me or ma is ill
An' gives us nasty things to take, an' then sends pa a bill;
I wonder if he'd like t' see both me an' ma stay well?
I'm goin' t' ast him next time, but—I don't think he'll tell.

An' there's another one who talks on Sundays at the church,
About the sinners burnin' when they're left in the lurch:
I wonder if he is the one who rings the big, big bell—
An' how he knows so much about the hot place he calls hell?

An' there's a man who helped pa win, when he got in a fray
About a five-cent overcharge the grocer made him pay:
I wonder if pa likes him hard ('twas Uncle made the crack)?
He charged a hundred dollars just to get a nickel back!

EDITORIAL

THE "MOVE ON" IDEA

THE bourbon attitude toward the great social evil is well stated by John Purroy Mitchell, fusion candidate for mayor of New York. He declares that a "very good beginning" was made in 1910 when "we succeeded in getting the streets cleaned up," following which he urges that the residential sections be purged next.

The whole attitude is simply to get vice out of sight. Vice is not vicious until it leaves the shadows of the night and begins to stalk about in the day time, seems to be the idea. So, all there is to do is to drive it back into the shadows. Always driving; always pushing it from one place to another; always shuttling it around. Cure? No, not necessary. Just move it along, into some other street, some other alley, some other city.

The victims are not regarded as human. The problem is not looked upon as the result of a cause—except by the Socialists.

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POISONED FOOD

WHETHER by design or by accident, our state and national guardians of the food supply are careful not to give to the people any great amount of information as to the extent to which food poisoning is practiced for profit.

That much of it is done everyone knows. But as to how much is done and what the entire effect is, few know.

A single bulletin of the California health department gives us just a tiny glimpse at what is going on. In this one bulletin (for August) we find that almost every sort of food is being poisoned. We are told nothing at all of how much is poisoned. We are given just a list of cases and the kind of food or drink or drug that was adulterated. The layman can understand nothing of what the real facts are. The table is worth almost nothing.

Only it does tell us that a number of drugs in common use are adulterated, that a number of staple foods such as canned salmon, salt fish, dried apples and flour are adulterated and misbranded. Even frozen egg product is adulterated, so it is charged.

Month after month this goes on. There will be just as many cases next month as there were last month, just as many the following month, BECAUSE there is just as much PROFIT to be made next month and the month after as there was last month. Profit is the root of the evil.

Any person of normal intelligence will tell you that the best way to cure an evil is to destroy the source. So it doesn't do any good to merely try to punish men who poison food so long as the profit incentive is there to drive them and others to do the same thing all over again. Centuries of punishing have proven that punishment doesn't stop crime. If the lure of profit causes men to poison food then the logical thing to do is to wipe out the profit system. And, good folks, that is what we are coming to. There really isn't any other way to put a complete and final stop to this business.

If you haven't seriously considered this question so far you may some day when you acquire ptomaine poisoning from some innocent looking can of salmon or even from some deliciously tempting bit of confectionery—that is, if the dose is not fatal, as it sometimes is.

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THE PASSING BASEMENT

MISSOURI has outlawed the basement dwelling by a statute which became effective in September. The state authorities recognize that the basement dwelling is not sanitary. And they are right.

The trouble is that they do not go far enough—they are not RIGHT ENOUGH. They merely recognize the fact that the basement home IS without finding out WHY it is.

The fact is, of course, that the basement home is a product of economic conditions, chief among which is low wages. Obviously then, the real and lasting cure for improper living conditions is PROPER ECONOMIC CONDITIONS.

So it will be seen that the Missourians need to "be shown" a few more things. But Missouri is in no greater need of additional wisdom than any of her sister states. And the Socialists are doing their best to "show" the victims everywhere how to get out from under the terrible burden that exploitation thrusts upon them.

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BRITISH "LABOR TROUBLES"

HOW familiar that phrase, "Labor troubles," is in the columns of the capitalist press. Whenever Labor wants anything or tries to get anything it is always "Labor trouble."

And let it be promised here and now that the end of the "trouble" is not yet. There will be more a-plenty.

The employers themselves know what is coming and they are ready. Their very readiness is in itself a "trouble" maker of no mean proportions. The militancy of the British labor movement has brought the employers of the island up standing and their one thought now seems to be to get ready. The United Kingdom Employers' Defense Association is the name of the employers' answer. This gigantic organization of employers has, The Independent tells us, "entered the field with a guaranteed 'war fund' of $250,000,000."

For its declared object this powerful organization has the purpose to "consolidate the resources of the employers of labor to maintain their rights and their freedom to bargain (get this) individually with free workers or collectively with trade unions." And that means just what you think it means. No quibbling about it at all. It's plain.

But to intersperse a thought in passing, could there be any finer humor, any more subtle irony than is found in that phrase, "freedom to bargain individually with free workers?" Imagine it. Freedom of all of the united capitalistic interests to bargain with any little individual wage slave who may be found out alone after dark! These English employers have been learning lessons from George M. Cohan.

But they have other lessons to learn. They have to learn that war chests do not win the sort of battles they are facing. They have to learn that, powerful as money is, it cannot conquer spirit, it cannot conquer workingclass solidarity, it cannot conquer the mass when the mass knows what it wants and how to get it. The only chance it stands is in deceiving the mass—and that is a slim chance that is getting slimmer every day. It resembles somewhat an underfed toothpick.

All of this has nothing to do with the mooted question of "tactics." It is simply an effort to set forth what seems to be a condition. The employers of England are setting themselves for a jolt and they would not be doing that unless they had fairly accurate knowledge that a jolt was coming. The workers of America will await developments with interest, knowing something of the ways of organized capital after the somewhat unsavory doings of our own National Association of Manufacturers.

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WAGES AND ROBBERY

FACTS have at last driven a vein of light into the sanctum of that hard-to-classify Curtis publication, the Saturday Evening Post. Listen to what the glooms have told it:

"Increased cost of living during the last dozen years has been a worldwide phenomenon —as noticeable in Tokio as in New York; and it seems to be a worldwide fact that wages, though advancing almost everywhere, have not kept pace with the rise in commodity prices. This is certainly true of England, for the Board of Trade has lately published a very comprehensive report on the subject, which shows, in a word, that rents and food prices since 1905 have risen about twice as fast as wages."

And what does that mean? That the buying power of the workers has been reduced one-half—wages cut fifty per cent. That's what it means!

And what does that mean? That means dark, desperate misery. It means that half their former food supply has been taken away from a great mass of working people, leaving them to struggle against something wraith-like that sneaks upon their backs and circles them like the unseen tentacles of some ghost-octopus, strangling, blinding, smothering, killing.

And all of that means labor is facing a mighty big struggle to get back that stolen fifty per cent—and more, for now we want this ex-

tra fifty per cent and the other fifty per cent—ALL. Yes, Labor is facing a mighty big fight—and already the guns are booming heavy.

♣ ♣ ♣

THE BEEF FAMINE

DOLLAR beef, cry the meat barons as they gather around their $125,000 banquet board in Chicago. Yes, dollar beef! Startling enough.

So the kept press of the country, including the Wall Street Journal, begin to hunt for a remedy, carefully steering away from anything that might even remotely resemble a real remedy.

It may be that we are facing an actual and acute shortage of beef and it may be that if we do not hasten to provide a remedy we shall have practically no beef at all, except for the very rich. As it is now but little of anything at all is left for anyone but the very rich.

However, a shortage of beef is no excuse for unconscionable robbery on what little there may be. To face a beef famine without the beef trust would be bad enough, but to face a beef famine with the beef trust satiating its appetite for spoils between producer and consumer, that is indeed tragedy!

It is entirely safe to say that, left to provide for themselves under a social system in which there was no exploitation and no market jugglery, the people would see to it that there was no beef famine and no famine of any kind.

The truth is that we do not know whether we are to have famine or not until some trust tells us of it—and then we do not know whether the famine is actual or artificial. When we can get our producing and distributing machinery out of the hands of the exploiters and into the hands of the people we shall not starve because of failure to produce.

♣ ♣ ♣

ART AND THE POLICEMAN

REALLY, we should change places with the goats of the field—for we are "goats" indeed. And that may be why we "fall" for the policeman so readily.

Also consider the policeman and his ways for a moment. Also consider ourselves and the artist. The artist may have painted a wonderful picture. He may have put a great truth on canvas in wonderful colors. He may have brought forth a masterpiece of art and thought. And he hangs his picture where the public may see the product of his mind and soul.

Sauntering along with his club whirling in its accustomed eliptical orbit, the policeman, wonderful being, sees the work of art. He stops to gaze. You see him lean forward, deep in critical thought. You see he is especially fitted to criticise art because before he became a policeman he was a digger of ditches—a statement which is calculated to cast no discredit upon the art of digging ditches, a task to which the artisan brings more of honesty than the average policeman brings to his round of gayety and head cracking. And now, recovering from the digression, let us look again at the policeman who is a qualified art critic because he once dug trenches. A wave of anger crosses his noble countenance. He marches up to the man in charge—or mayhap right up to the artist himself.

The picture must come down. It is immoral. It is shocking. It will never do. "Can it out," howls the outraged guardian of the public morality.

And then he blithely saunters along, finally coming to the little row of shacks on the borderland of his beat where he proceeds to collect divers and sundry quantities of legal tender from sleepy girls and raucous madams in the interest of public morality and the general uplift—to say nothing of the continued prosperity of the Inspector and the Lieutenant at Central Station.

How lucky is America to have such noble guardians of the public weal to protect us from the horrid artists!

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PROGRESS IN EDUCATION

FOLLOWING the lead of a few of the most progressive cities Los Angeles has established an open air school. So far the school is of no great magnitude and it is only for the very young pupils, but it is a beginning. And along with the open air the children are taught by the Montessori method, which all who are familiar with the system will welcome.

A great many have long wondered why children should not do a large part, at least, of their studying in the open air. And with the splendid German open air schools as an in-

dication of the worth of the idea they have gone on preaching the doctrine of open air.

It has taken a long time, but we seem to be coming to it at last. The west ought naturally to lead in this departure, and particularly had California ought to lead. The California climate is so adapted to comfortable open air work that it may easily forge ahead, although cold weather is by no means enough to drive into seclusion those who really understand what fresh, pure air means to the body and brain.

It may be well to add in passing that most of our homes are quite as much in need of an open air lecture as are our schools. For

The nimble bacillus, the pussy-foot germ
And all of the hosts of their clan
Just curl up and die in the bright beating sun
And beat it to heaven as fast as they can.

♣ ♣ ♣

GOLF AND EYES

THE Journal of the American Medical Association is much exercised over the appalling loss of eyes on the nation's golf courses. It advises players not to look around when the cry of "fore" is heard. It is all very well to manifest an attitude of sympathy toward any human being who may be injured, but let not all the sympathy and advice be directed toward the poor and helpless golfing population. Far more menacing to the eye is the occupation of the banker who must needs work in the blinding glitter of gold all day. For these heavily burdened workers we bespeak a bit of milk of human kindness and sympathy.

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CANAL GUESS WORK

EVERY organ of exploitation is filled these days with prophesies of the wonderful prosperity that the canal is to bring. Each city fancies that it is to be most blessed of all.

Against these are those who fear a great inrush of immigration. They see hordes of low-wage workers flocking to the Pacific shores to take the place of the workers who are already here. There is some ground for their fears, but nobody actually knows to any degree of certainty how much.

The fact is that no one knows just what the canal will mean. Anyone may predict what it may mean; none knows anything definite. And those who know least of all are the ones whose sole information is gleaned from the daily press.

No one—except the capitalists—knows just what the capitalists plan to do with the canal. The capitalists are the ones who will use the canal and their one purpose will be to increase exploitation.

Of course we are certain that there will be some immigration and some commerce of other sorts, but that is all we know. And we do not know what large plans the capitalists may have in relation to the coast industries in connection with the prospective immigration.

The one thing that we may be sure of is that capitalists will seek to bend every circumstance to bear on wages to the end that wages may be reduced and living conditions made worse. So, though we have no certain knowledge of just what will happen, we must keep both eyes on the canal and what goes through it. We must, as far as we can, prevent the spreading of lies about this coast among the workers of Europe and we must formulate some constructive plan of conduct toward those hopeful ones who are lured to this western empire.

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OH, ANTHONY, BEGONE!

IF IT were not that New Yorkers stand for so very much, the fact that Anthony Comstock persists in pursuing his pestiferous hobby there would be more remarkable.

Not long ago Anthony Comstock gained fresh laurels for himself by arresting Mitchell Kennerly, a New York publisher of magazines and books. His magazine is The Forum, and the book that offended Comstock was "Hagar Revelly," written by Daniel Carson Goodman. The point of the book was that the girl "of right instincts," with a knowledge of the world, but with no money, "can go straight." Without discussing the questionable conclusion of the author, we submit that a discussion of the question is imperative.

And the sooner this Comstock person is compelled to stop his prudish yawping the less the common sense of the public will be outraged. Indeed, one could not be blamed for drawing the conclusion that Comstock is an

insidious press agent in the pay of publishers and artists who feel the need of publicity—though it would not be true.

♣ ♣ ♣

THANKS AND HYPOCRITES

IN JUST a few days various executives will be issuing Thanksgiving proclamations. These proclamations will, for the most part, be of the usual effulgent variety, setting forth the numerous things for which we should give thanks.

Various charity organizations will be begging a mite here and a mite there to enable them to provide dinners for numerous "indigent" persons. And the "indigent" persons will take that meal and be duly thankful. Of course those who provide the dinners will be thankful that there are "indigent" persons to whom to give dinners.

What a rotten hypocrisy all this is.

♣ ♣ ♣

"THE SUBMERGED TENTH"

I HAVE my own ideas about the submerged tenth," says Andrew Carnegie, "but I am not quite ready to give them to the world. At present I want to help the swimming tenth."

In this statement Mr. Carnegie has touched the essential point of difference between rational social service on the one hand and that form of charity on the other which seeks the betterment of society through palliative methods.

The statement that "Society is a chain which is no stronger than its weakest link" has become trite through oft repeated assertion, but it is none the less true. Hunamity is a unity composed of individuals indissolubly linked together for better or worse for life and for death. He who would save the social aggregate must begin where the social need is greatest. There can be no salvation for that maple tree on the lawn decaying at its root, through spraying the leaves which struggle for healthy growth in the sunlight, but are permeated with the poisonous sap that wells up from the ferment below. The healthy life of the tree can be restored and its normal growth promoted through one and only one process. The husbandman must dig about the tree, fertilize it at the roots, and overcome the conditions which have induced decay. This being done and the sources of its life purified, its restoration to health and to strength is assured.

Thus it is in human society. No amount of aid rendered "the swimming tenth" will suffice to produce health in the social organism so long as there remains "a submerged tenth" of that organism. Permanent relief is only possible to society as a whole when the conditions responsible for the submerged tenth are met and overcome. He who would prove himself a social savior worthy the name; he who would contribute to the permanent relief of his kind and the ultimate salvation of humanity, must direct his attention to that part of society where the need is greatest. Human society must be saved at the bottom if saved at all. Salvation from the top were an impossibility.

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SLAVERY IN PRISON

ALMOST quoting verbatim the words used in an article describing prison life, based on the experiences of E. E. Kirk and Harry McKee in the last issue of The Western Comrade, Thomas Mott Osborne had the following to say after a voluntary term in Auburn (N. Y.) prison recently:

"First, the prison system is absolutely a form of slavery and all the truths that Lincoln enunciated apply equally to prison slavery. It takes from the convict his own initiative and freedom of action and he becomes an irresponsible automaton, who returns to the outside world to find he is unable to resume his own individuality and guide his own destiny.

"One instance of the unintelligence of the system is the attempt to prevent the convicts from normal exercise of the sense of sight and speech."

Mr. Osborne, chairman of the state prison board, went to prison to find out what prison was like. His last day there was passed in the dungeon. Of that part of his experience he said, "I have been given a glimpse into the innermost circle of the inferno."

This castigation of the modern prison system is valuable, coming from so well known a person. It helps to pile up the evidence against the criminal punishment of "criminals." Mr. Osborne sums up rather forcefully the entire indictment in the three words, "unintelligent, ineffective, cruel."

The Woman's View

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

OLIVE SCHREINER: SOCIAL ARTIST

"All I aspire to be, and was not, comforts me."

It is in this simple manner that Olive Schreiner closes her introduction to "Woman and Labor," and yet, this simple line, used in the connection in which she uses it, is nothing less than sublime.

In this introduction she writes of a former book of which "Woman and Labor" is a very minor portion. She tells how that book, the product of eleven years of the most arduous labor, was destroyed during the Boer War by soldiers, who broke into her little cabin from which she had been cut off and which she was compelled to leave vacant during the war. Together with other of her belongings, the soldiers set the book aflame and when she returned nothing remained but a little heap of ashes.

This book containing so much labor—not the automatic, soulless labor of one who is driven, but the inspired, creative labor of one who toils for love—was more valuable to the world by far than all the diamonds in the Kimberly Mines, for which England brought on the war.

And of its irreparable destruction by the murderous talons of national greed, Olive Schreiner says simply:

"All I aspire to be, and was not, comforts me."

Aside from all else, this one instance earns for her the name of artist, for it reveals her as past master of the art of fortitude. But in addition, the merits of her works earn her that name many times over.

The sculptor sees visions and would mold them out of clay; she sees visions and would mold them out of knowledge and human flesh and blood. The musician hears wonderful symphonies and gives them to the world; she, too, hears a symphony, a symphony of human desires and she has given that to the world. The painter catches the exquisite lights and shades of nature, interprets her sombre moods as well as her glorious ones; but he is no more adept in his art than Olive Schreiner in hers, when she catches the lights of happiness and the shades of tragedy in human existence and blends them into a picture of a moving whole. Like the painter, the musician and the sculptor, who are pained by lack of harmony in things they may see or hear, so she is pained by lack of harmony in society, which means suffering for all those involved. Like these other artists, she stands out distinctly in seeing what many entirely fail to see, or seeing do not understand.

The thing which has come home to her with such force is the meaning of the Woman's Movement. While to some persons it appears a chaos and sounds like a medley of noises, to her it is a harmony. She has heard the voices of the women of the world ringing with one accord. To her, through the discord of strife and misunderstanding attendant on all periods of social readjustment, there has been wafted a song like that of a huge orchestra in which the thunder of the brass, the sighing of the 'cellos, the singing of the violins and the rippling laughter of the flutes are mingled in a melody that lifts the heart out of its own narrow environs and makes it one with thousands upon thousands of other hearts.

Unlike many individuals who have made a mark in the world, the personal life of Olive Schreiner is almost unknown, but this has only served to emphasize her

work the more. While she has lingered in some remote corner of the globe, her message has soared far and wide, gaining volume and sweetness on its way.

Furthermore, she is thoroughly imbued with that spirit, which is invariably the gift of the artist—the spirit of universality. Whether she was in smoky, noisy, suffering London, in smiling, green-clad Italy or in the wilds of South Africa, she regarded the world of people in the same way—as beings of the same flesh and blood, with the same problems, the same pains and joys, which are altered in form, but not in substance by circumstances; human beings belonging irrevocably and forever together.

She differs from the devotee of the fine arts in only one way and that is rather a difference of degree than of kind. Instead of applying herself to the pursuit of the beautiful, she has applied herself to the pursuit of the good. This marks her as a new kind of artist—the artist who was not thought of in the past, who is only beginning to be recognized at the present time, but who has the whole future to look forward to—the social artist.

BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

"TIGER"—

Even at this late day, Americans are not over the silly notion that the drama is a vehicle merely to amuse and entertain female parasites and "tired business men." This, more than anything else, has been the cause of American backwardness in things dramatic. Authors are given every possible discouragement by managers until it is now an utter act of folly for one to write a play with a purpose, one that demands intelligence and thought. I wish to confess that I am not a theatergoer. I don't believe I visit a playhouse more than two or three times a year; and I condemn myself on these few occasions for my thoughtless waste of time and money. And yet, I am a lover of the drama. And, because I love the drama, I despise the stage. I prefer to rely on printed plays for the drama of life, leaving the stage for the dilettante, the "tired business man" and the shallow-pated middle class. I get my George Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, Granville Barker, Jose Echegaray, St. John Hankin, Arthur Schnitzler, John Masefield or Henrik Ibsen from books.

I find more pleasure in the quiet of my room reading plays than I could ever hope to find at one of the local theaters. That's why I don't go to the theater. I believe that there are countless thousands of persons in America who do just as I do; they are sick of the trash peddled at theaters; they want meat, not superficiality; they want thought, not namby-pambyism; they want the issues of life to be faced honestly and intelligently: and that is why they do not go to the theater. They look to book publishers for their drama; and they are getting what they wish for. The book publishers are far ahead of the theatrical managers. Publishers like Mitchell Kennerley are doing more for the drama than a dozen Belascos. This publisher, in his splendid magazine, The Forum, printed "Tiger," a one-act sketch by Witter Bynner, some months ago, creating so much comment that he brought it out in book form. It may be had by sending 60 cents to Mitchell Kennerley, 2 East Twenty-ninth street, New York City.

As a work of art, this play is flawless. I cannot recall a single play that is so perfect as this drama by Mr. Bynner. It is, obviously, a play with a purpose; it drives home a terrible lesson; it teaches a fearful moral. The stage is overrun with sensational white slave plays of "The Traffic" type, plays that literally disgust one with the stage, but here is a tremendous play on the same phase of life. I don't remember anything which gripped me as did this play in blank verse by Mr. Bynner.

The episode in Mr. Bynner's drama takes place in a New York resort which caters to wealthy men. The keeper of the house is known as Tiger, "on account of her lithe, hard brilliance." She, Annabel, a girl of twenty-four, and "The Baron," a man of thirty, somewhat over-dressed and over-mannered, are discovered at the rise of the curtain in a room "more showy than expensive."

The Baron speaks of the girl he has marked for a victim and whom he is soon to bring to the place, saying:

"Remember now. She's young, and I'm her first
Offense. And I've been careful with her, Tiger,
Not touched her fingers only once or twice
And used good English and been sympathetic."

He leaves to bring the girl. Tiger and Annabel begin a conversation. A few minutes later, a knock is heard at the door. Annabel quickly hides bottles and glasses under the table, while Tiger puts away the cigarettes and ash-tray. The Baron enters, "leading by the hand Margaret, a simple, romantic girl of sixteen." The Baron introduces her to Tiger, whom he calls Miss Dillingham, his aunt, while the other is introduced as his cousin.

Margaret tells of how her aunt objected to "Gene"—the Baron—because he "worked in a store." "And then she didn't like his voice on the telephone—I do, don't I, Eugene!" she says.

Tiger: "And aren't you tired out? Let Annabel show you your room. You ought to rest before your marriage, dear."

Margaret is given a cup of tea "to make her sleep well."

Two days pass; it is Sunday night. In an adjoining bedroom, poor Margaret has been kept a prisoner, Tiger having taken possession of the girl's clothes.

Willie—a prosperous man of later middle age—enters. He is a regular patron, a "sport" who must have "the dainty morsels." He frankly says he must have "something new"—he is tired of Annabel and the others. He hears a moan and, on inquiry, is told that in the other room is what he seeks—"something new."

Tiger informs Willie that the girl is as "young as they come, and new to it—in fact, rebellious, dear, and fasting for her pains."

"I'll break her in!" Willie cries.

Tiger opens the door and lets him pass into the other room. There follows a "scream of mingled terror and joy from the girl, and a moan from the man."

Margaret is heard: "Father! Father, I knew you'd come! Father!"

Willie reappears and facing the women, livid: "Give me her clothes! Damn you, give me her clothes!"

Could one conceive of a more thrilling climax? Indeed, this powerful play is the most impressive bit of literature I have come across in years. Willie, father of Margaret, must "have something new;" this time, he is given his own daughter! One learns the meaning of that crude fatalism of man: he seeks the daughters of other men to satisfy his lust and only understands when he is given his own daughter; then he feels the significance of the time-long question: "Gentlemen, whose daughter?"

Mr. Bynner has done art and humanity a service in writing this amazing brilliant drama. His, of an entire raft of so-called "white slave" plays, is the only one that is worthy the attention of intelligent persons. Of this play, Edwin Markham rightly says: "It carries its lesson with more of art than any of the Brieux

dramas and is as effective—a perfect bit of work."

Plays like Mr. Bynner's are rarely, if ever, produced on the stage. The real dramas of life are not found in the theaters; they are between book covers.

* * *

THE UNHAPPY ENDING—

Many persons seem to think that a short story or a novel, to be artistic, must have an unhappy ending. Others say their reading matter may have lots of pathos and tragedy between pages 100 and 250, but the last chapter must include a hugging match. Can we say that both are wrong? Is it wrong to contend that a natural ending, an inevitable ending is the thing to be desired, rather than a determination to have the tale end happily or unhappily? A friend of mine, who earns his living by writing "pieces for the papers," once told me that persons who clamor for unhappy endings because they are "artistic" must believe that a fleeing canine with a tomato can attached to his tail must be artistic—because he has an unhappy ending.

* * *

A PLATITUDE—

There are some persons who earn their livelihood by writing essays and articles and books in which they strive to show the futility of writing books, because, they say, there is nothing new under the sun. Usually, we are told that the yearly book output, in this country alone, is something like 15,000. These anti-bookists write their books and articles because they have something to tell us. They have an opinion on a certain subject. And it is this very same desire that actuates countless writers to pen books—they want to tell us something. So, the argument of the anti-bookists is, in fact, an argument for books, more books, and still more books. We'll always want to talk, we'll always try to say old things in a new way and new things in an old way. And, when we can't find anything to write about, we'll write an essay pointing out the futility of writing books.

All of which reminds me of Schopenhauer. He spent his entire life asking "What's the use?" He worked like a slave writing ponderous profundity to prove that life isn't worth living. But, his earnestness, his patience, his hard work all tended to prove that "What's the use" is nonsense and that life, after all, is worth living.

* * *

THE COMPLETE RILEY—

Herbert R. Hyman, writing in the October issue of The Bookman, says that "the first complete collection of the works of James Whitcomb Riley in both prose and poetry, containing more than 200 poems which have never before appeared in any book, will be published this (October) month. It is often wondered why American radicals have taken such a liking to Riley's poetry, considering that there is very little radicalism in his verses, to say nothing of a revolutionary spirit. The answer, to my mind, is not difficult to find. While not a poet of social passion, James Whitcomb Riley is a democrat (with a small "d") who is of the people, who has a kindly humor and who cares more for the common daisies of humanity than the smart-folk hot-house roses. Poet of homely things and small town folk, Riley could not be other than a democrat. Of course, radicals hold that democracy is not enough. Riley is to be commended for loving the people and singing of them in his kindly manner, but radicals seem to want a great deal more than that. They want the revolutionary spirit of Socialism fused with this love for the people; in other words, they want the poet to thunder against social wrongs and inspire the people to loftier planes of existence. The poet is expected, in a subtle roundabout manner, to tell the people to vote the Socialist ticket and elect Job Harriman mayor of Los Angeles.

* * *

THE WHY OF IT—

There are many persons who go walking because they "want the exercise," while others walk for the sheer joy of it, glorying in the esthetic sensation walking offers. I once knew a dignified boy who used to go to the swimming hole because he wanted "to be clean"; but all the other boys I've known never thought of the sanitary phase of swimming; they only considered the fun, the happiness that comes to one floundering about in the water. So is it with reading. Some persons read because they wish to get a mass of facts and details; their motive is merely to learn things. The fact-seeker considers a book nothing more than a sort of postum product—brain food, "Take it home with you; Shredded Wheat is ready-cooked and ready-to-serve"—but the true book lover can take the same book and use it as an aeroplane to carry him to the mountain peak. Fact-seekers usually memorize long passages from Hugo, Schiller, Goldsmith or the "Private Memoirs" of John L. Sullivan. The fact-seeker digests books—precisely the word I have been waiting for!—digests, redigests; a book to a fact-seeker is a huge, steaming dish of corned beef and cabbage. Book lovers read for the sheer joy of reading. Turning the pages of a book, they feel wonderful sensations of suspense and surprise; they feel love, hate, fear; they laugh, they shed a tear; they feel all the passions of man. With them, reading is an adventure. It gives the opportunity Emerson speaks about: mounting to the skies by the stairway of surprise.

* * *

Advanced thinkers in Europe are now concluding that language must be revolutionized, considering that old words are still being used to express new ideas. Take, for instance, the word soul. To the orthodox theologist it means something that leaps from one's body and flies to some sort of a heavenly paradise. The same word is used by artists to express that vague something which emotion effects. God means a thousand different things to a thousand different persons. I have met many radical idealists who use the word God to signify the bright goal that beckons them to a loftier plane of existence. Confusion results when old words are used to express new shades of thought. Languages, like institutions, need revolutionists.

* * *

JUST TO FILL SPACE—

The printer tells me there is room for another paragraph in this "Books and Reading" department. "If you don't turn out enough to fill this hole I'll have to stick a poem in," he says. So, I take my typewriter in hand with much gusto lest some poet steal space that properly belongs to me. Of course, I don't intend to say anything; I'm only rattling this typewriter to kill time and fill space. And if you don't like it, you don't have to.

Amusements for the Young

By AGNES H. DOWNING

FROM east and west comes the cry that we are losing in the moral quality of our youth. Young boys are seen synical and hardened at twenty and they fill the penitentiaries at twenty-five. Young girls, in large numbers are before the Juvenile Courts with experiences and attitudes that bid bad for their futures, while the streets are filled with bold, wayward ones of both sexes.

Then come the white slavery cases, the police court cases, the hospitals, maternity and other kinds, that makes the thoughtful wonder, what for the future.

Verily in the conservation of youth we are losing. Careful staisticians the world over tell us that juvenile crime is on the increase. Lewis E. Palmer writing for the Survey says: "The surprising fact is that about half of America's offenders range between the ages of ten and thirty." **Crime and Criminals,** justly prized for its authenticity says: "While it has been shown on the authority of congressional investigation and noted experts that throughout the civilized world crime is on the increase, this increase is most marked in the case of juvenile offenders." And to be more concrete Mr. Frederick C. Howe, the great city expert tells us that more than 10,000 children under the age of sixteen years are arrested annually in New York. Other American cities have showings as bad in proportion to their populations. If this continues can the beautiful age-long symbol of the innocence of children be the type for all purity?

Even the hardest of us cannot blame the children but are willing to ask why it is and what can be done.

Most keenly does this affect women, who just coming into a position of social responsibility, find that their peculiar and special charge, their children, that nature put entirely into their keeping, are finding the dull rub of the world unbearable.

What can they do?

At present the church and school are at work with noble purpose but the obdurate facts show their lack of success. A staunch friend of both institutions, the devoted Jane Addams, says (in The Spirits of Youth in the City Streets, page 159), "We are at times obliged to admit, however, that both the school and the church have failed to perform this office, and are indicted by the young people themselves." They do not reach the children even if they were efficacious. The church reaches but a small fraction, and the schools, their fraction has been counted, the grammar school reaches about one-third of the children, the high schools about one-tenth, the colleges about one one-hundredth and the private schools and academies a negligible number. Some other way must be found."

As it is the children with the least adult care that fail most—the children of the very poor where parents do not have the time, and among the well-to-do where fashion or amusement claims too much from the elders, obviously a change that would equalize conditions would do much. An economic status that would give to the poor the comforts of life and opportunity for the care of their children, and take from exploiters the means that they waste in idle show, to the detriment of their children, would save the youth. But this requires social changes that cannot be effected in a day and the problem of the children is, above all others a problem that cannot wait. Moreover, if we reach out today to have our youth we can have the help of their fiery enthusiasm in making the world better for all.

What can we do today? The question is not so complex as might seem from a brief view, for all these children who find their way to shocking vices and petty crimes have a common starting place. Strange as it may seem the poor little one from the slums that started by stealing an apple and the petted child of the fashionable dame, had the same point of departure. They were both seeking for pleasure.

Let us right here convince ourselves that pleasure is good and necessary. It is. That is one reason why the churches and the schools do not save even their own. They cannot save the ones who have the fullest advantages of both. This is not to their discredit for they have not been organized nor are they supported to do this work. One church that put in an athletic apparatus and a tennis court for week days closes these features on Sundays. Those who support the church will not have it used for Sunday amusements, and the boys and girls for whom it was equipped go to the amusement parks and to the beaches, while the church is preserving its traditions by keeping up this puritanical severity. The minister in this case sees the mistake but the members do not.

What joy do we offer our youth? Can you name a single amusement in your city that is offered them? All is for sale for profit for the promoters. And how are they conducted? You do not know. It would take an extensive investigation to tell.

The Chicago vice commission tells in its report how amusement parks, lake front resorts, lake steamers, pleasure boats, shows, some pool rooms, many theaters and even some ice cream parlors are connected with and leading to the worst forms of vice. A recent book by Kneeland and published by the Bureau of Social Hygiene states similarly of New York. As far as investigations have been made similar facts exist in other cities. And we continue to send out our stream of youth, fresh and beautiful as the morning, but with every nerve and fibre in their bodies calling out for the normal pleasures which are their due, and we leave them at the mercy of the profit mongers.

To give to all the freedom of joy and thus to save a maximum we should have the amusements within the reach of all. We must have large municipal amusements and the motherhood of the cities must bestir itself that we get these and get them properly conducted. We are failing, we have failed, in trying to make youth good by repression on the one hand and commercialized amusements on the other. We must give to youth safe and wholesome surroundings and with it full opportunity for expression. We must make joy so easy and pleasure of the wholesome kind so natural that vicious amusements will be abandoned.

"Twill be as easy then for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living."

We may have to change some of our standards a little. Frederick C. Howe, above quoted, says that we

cut a pattern of the best man and tried to make all men measure to it. If we have done this with men how much worse have we done with women. For women we have cut a pattern from an impossible ideal and we have stoned right and left in a vain effort to make it universal. It were better far to dispense with patterns. Let each develop as best he can. Let us have the realities of life; we have had enough of the make-believes.

Nobler ideals and freedom of joy will do wonders. Of course some will be afraid it cannot be done. Always the voice of prudence, short-sighted prudence, would choke out all great social effort if it could. The cost? The poor of New York alone collectively spend $70,000,000 annually on amusements. Proportionally like sums are spent in other places. This money could be made to flow into municipal channels to the ennobling of cities by erecting athletic halls, courts, amusement parks, ball parks, billiards, baths, art, rides, and the manifold forms of expression which an awakened joy would create. It would save our youth; it would be worth the while.

CAPITAL

By SYDNEY HILLYARD

There is no such thing as capital. Anyone who starts out to define capital is a fool, and that is why all professors of economics at our various universities are so busy doing it all the time. Each new light in the field of political economy expends at least a couple of chapters in his monumental work in a fresh and manful attempt to define capital. By the time he is through he has succeeded in adding to the already heroic list of dope the poor students have to memorize one more batch of facts that aren't so.

The aim of all this century-long defining of capital is to give to the polite world the assurance that there is an inherent and essential difference between capital and labor. The stock exchange hires the classroom, as it has so often hired the pulpit, to ease its conscience and to show the ethical and moral basis of robbery. Once admit that there is such a thing as capital apart from labor and upon that foundation a good wide-awake professor in need of promotion can build a wonderful tower of light that can cover the misdeeds of a generation with a noble effulgence.

Let us take, in the consideration of this so-called capital, the familiar instance of a railroad. A railroad is commonly called a species of capital. Now what is there about a railroad which is not labor? What is there in any stage of a railroad's existence which is not labor? In order to produce a railroad we have to chop down trees, dig up iron ore, blast iron into steel, lower grades, and bridge chasms. All this is labor as any man will quickly find out who goes to doing any of it. But while this is going on the laborer who is running donkey-engines and driving spikes must be fed. And right here is where the protagonist of capital gets off a little hot air. Capital is needed, he says, to feed this horny-handed one and therefore the railroad cannot exist without capital that feeds horny-hands while he is laying the rails! But no matter how hard the hands or howsoever tough the digestion, the laborer cannot masticate gold; he cannot be shod in Common Stock nor can he drink preferred. What the man eats is bread, and bread is produced by some other laborers somewhere who exchange bread for railroads—and wind up with neither. From beginning to end, from original survey to Pullman diner, there is not one thing in a whole railroad that is not actual labor at that particular moment. The so-called "stored-up" labor which professors of economics try to call capital, the steam-shovels, cranes, pile-drivers, and the like, are all at that time a part of the railroad and of all of them the same can be shown, that there is nothing in them at any point or at any moment either in their construction or maintenance which is not purely labor—there is not one item in any of them nor in the whole finished railroad product upon which a man can place his finger and say, "Now, **this** is capital."

This is the reason why every professor of economics and labored writer of political economy defines "capital" in a different way—it is because the thing which they define has no existence. These men sweat blood trying to separate the inseparable, they call together the four winds to blow apart a natural and indivisible unity. The product of labor is the product of labor, and labor is labor, and a natural resource is a natural resource, or in other words, land is land, and there you are, while what, oh what, is capital?

♣ ♣ ♣

TRANSITION

By Anne R. Chist

Oh, brutal phase of human nature when
Man gloats in battle o'er his vanquished foe
And revels in the pain of fellowmen.
What thing hast Thou created here below?
For tho' we may not know the fateful day
Of Judgment when hath flown the mortal breath
Still dare we in Thy spotless name to slay
Till drunken in debauchery of death.

As such, Oh Lord, hast Thou not molded us
Nor sinful as the tempted Saints who fell
From Paradise to depths of Erebus
Nor as the Singer sweet of Israel
Who angered. But as Thine own given Son,
Thine offering to Heaven for release
From ways unhallowed of the warring one
That we, as brothers all, might know Thy Peace.

At last, in ev'ry land Thy workers are
Anew proclaiming that which He didst teach,
To thronging thousands who will never war—
To men whose new-born thoughts toward Justice reach.
And down the sands of Time the armies go
Of them who, ruling, have not ruled for Good
The mission of God's Socialists to show
With Him who bled, the way to Brotherhood.

♣ ♣ ♣

A NEW DEFINITION

Secretary Bryan, at a dinner in Washington, said of one of those patriots who are always talking thirstily about a Japanese war:

"Patriotism is love of one's country. Yes, perhaps. But often, too often, it is hatred of other countries.

"As for imperialism—"

The secretary waved his palm leaf fan gaily.

"As for imperialism," he said—"well, that might be defined as international kleptomania."

Public Education and Social Progress

By LEO W. WAX, B. S., M. A.

This is the second and last of a series of article by Prof. Leo W. Wax. The educational value of these articles cannot be questioned and they should be preserved for their historic value to the readers. The thorough training and education of Prof. Wax fit him to speak with authority on the subject of education.

IN THOSE European countries where traditional class divisions still prevail the children of the various classes do not mingle much. One seldom finds there peasant children rubbing elbows with those of blue blood nobility in the same schoolhouse. In this country, however, the school is a more democratic institution, and apart from the few belonging to the very exclusive set educated in private schools and boarding-houses, children of various social and economic standings occupy the same school bench and participate of the same mental food.

This equality is limited in duration, however, owing to the need of the sons and daughters of the poor to graduate early into the school of real life and assume their respective positions in the struggle for existence. The recent report of the School Board of Massachusetts shows that 74,000 children between the ages of 14 and 17 are out of school in that state alone (which is, by the way, the cradle of universal compulsory education), 40,000 of them being regularly employed in the textile and other industries. But even this limited amount of equality is causing anxiety in the minds of some of our patriotic educators and statesman when they come to speculate over America's future.

"How can a nation endure," exclaims Dean Russel of Teachers' College, Columbia University, when it keeps arousing in the masses strivings and ambitions which are naturally impossible of fulfillment?" "If the chief function of government is to maintain social order and preserve the stability of the state, what right have we to educate the masses in the same way as we educate their leaders?" "Is human nature so constituted," he asks with right, "that a man will stand calmly by watching his rival climb up high on the social ladder, especially when he does so not through altogether honest means, while he himself must remain below and cannot rise at all? Is it any wonder that we have so much trouble with our working people?"

"We are optimistic, indeed," he goes on to say, "if we see no cause for alarm in our present condition, and we are worse than fools if we imagine that our social ills can be cured by superficial external remedies. Proper legislation can furnish some temporary relief, to be sure, but it is only the right kind of education alone that can permanently save us from perdition." (Educational Review, June, 1906.)

Just how to separate the children on the school bench while still in their knee-breeches into the masses and those "destined to be their leaders" is a problem that would appear to present some difficulty. But since Dean Russel does not enlighten us on this point it must be left to speculation with the negative assumption only that he does not consider the respective sizes of their parents' pocket-books as the determining factor in this class division.

At any rate he calls attention to the existence of two distinct classes of children in our schools and in the name of social stability and safely he demands that each be given the kind of education that will fit its members for their respective future roles in society without arousing ambitions that cannot be realized. He advocates industrial education for the "masses" as the only permanent cure of our social ills.

This proposal may sound somewhat rasping in the ears of the self-complacent individual peacefully dreaming to the familiar tune so often repeated that this is a country of equal opportunities where the washwoman's child has the same chance as any-one else to work himself up and become a Rockefeller, a Carnegie or even president of the United States, if he only has the ambition. But this tune is rapidly getting out of style anyway and is sung now only occasionally in a Fourth of July oration or in a political campaign speech when the people's votes are wanted in support of the old regime, and this, too, before increasing skeptical audiences.

It will be found interesting at this point to refer back for a moment and compare this educational cure for the threatening social unrest conceived in the liberal mind of a college president of the 20th century in democratic America with that proposed for the same purpose by the above-mentioned minister of Russian education, Shishkoff, in compliance with an "ukaz" of the tyrannical Nicholas I. of beaurocratic Russia in the beginning of the 19th century. Besides revealing the striking similarity of both plans on the point of dividing public education along class lines, this comparison also shows clearly that those concerned in the stability and perpetuation of an existing regime have always and everywhere endeavored to use public education for that purpose. To bring up contented, pious, and obedient or law-abiding citizens has always been and is today the final goal and purpose of every educational system controlled by the ruling classes. The program of studies, the choice of text and reading matter, the emphasis put on some subjects and the neglect or omission of others, in a word all the work of the school is carefully planned and adopted with this final aim in view.

Every study that would reveal the faults of the existing order, every book that might arouse discontent with things as they are, every teacher that is known to entertain and profess radical ideas on the subject of government and prevailing institutions—all these are as much as possible withheld.

On the other hand, religious societies, churches, missions and the like carry on a brisk activity in our colleges and universities with the direct aid and active co-operation of the authorities.

There has been indeed a good deal of preaching,

lecturing and writing going on of late to the effect that there is no actual antagonism between science and religion; that they are on the contrary two sisters, so to speak, of the same flesh and blood. The fact that these two sisters have always been at the point of the knife, that religion has for thousands of years persecuted and suppressed her younger sister science, denouncing, anathematizing, torturing her representatives, and burning them at stake; the fact that the two are by their very essence incompatible and antagonistic, the one being based on blind faith and unquestioning adherence to authority, while the very existence of the other depends upon critical investigation and bold inquiry, recognizing no authority but that of intellect and logical reasoning—all this is being variously explained by our learned preachers, lecturers and journalists. But whatever the actual merit of these explanations, the efforts to bring about a displomatic compromise between these two antagonists of yore are already producing results. On many occasions one finds nowadays so-called science and religion clasping hands, and it is often pretty difficult to distinguish between the university professor and the ecclesiastic. Very frequently indeed he is actually one and the same person.

The church owns and controls a very great number of universities, colleges and common schools in this country as in all European countries. In some sections of this country the attendance at the parochial schools comprises as many as 75 and 80 per cent of the school population.

The relationships between the denominational and secular school have been far from friendly in former years. The authorities of the denominational schools have on every occasion denounced the secular schools as ungodly, irreligious and hence immoral. Declaring that the pupils of the secular schools are let loose into the world devoid of religion and morality, they repeatedly warned the pious and God-fearing parents against sending their children there.

The last few years, however, have witnessed a marked change of attitude between these two former antagonists. It appears that the modern tendency towards combination and concentration characterizing our industrial world has permeated into the scholastic world as well. These two kinds of educational institutions have evidently come to realize that rather than competing and dividing their forces it would be better policy to combine and feed their herds on common pasturage and with united watchfulness guard their charges against feeding on unwholesome food or drinking from impure sources.

In Canada, Mexico and in some of our own Western States this happy union between the denominational and secular schools has already been affected, in many instances, and it is to be expected that other places will follow suit.

In speculating upon the probable effects of these attempts at reconciliation between religion and science on either of the two, one is naturally reminded of the policy always pursued by the church. Whenever she found it impossible to defeat her antagonist in direct conflict, she sought to defeat his ends and gain her advantage through a diplomatic peace.

The conduct of the secular schools, moreover, in point of religion, piety and godliness has been such as to satisfy the church in all particulars, and leave her no apprehension as to her hold upon the graduates in their future lives. College education does not exclude but often goes hand in hand with religious bigotry.

Every college and university as a rule maintains a church or chapel where daily services are conducted either by one of the faculty or by a special priest maintained by the institution for the purpose, and where attendance is usually compulsory. Every university is provided with special halls and accommodations for religious meetings, Bible and mission classes and other religious organizations of various descriptions. Commencement exercises and other important college and university functions invariably open with prayer. The university of Michigan, for example, qualifies on the average six priests and missionaries out of every graduating class. Thus the school furnishes adherents and worshipers for the church and the church in turn spreads her protecting wings upon the school.

These two institutions supply the spiritual and moral foundation upon which the existing order rests. "As a police measure alone the school is worth all the money it costs the government to maintain it," observed a shrewd American statesman, whose name I cannot now recall.

The school deals with the human individual in his tender and plastic age, at the time when his character is being molded and the first determining stamp put upon his ego, when his nervous connections can be regulated and permanently fastened into habits of thought and habits of action, which the circumstances of future life are but too often powerless to alter. The average individual passes through life with the ideas, ideals, beliefs and habits imbibed in his youth. He may wander over seas and oceans, he may change skies and climates, he may settle amidst entirely new surroundings, social and political life around him may become revolutionized, his habits of thought and action will remain substantially the same. He will rather submit to inconveniences and disadvantages, he will rather suffer losses and sacrifices, he is often ready to give away his very life for the ideals, ideas and habits acquired in youth.

As a matter of fact the conservative man cannot see why he should have to change his mode of life and conduct to suit the times. He demands on the contrary that life itself should remain stationary. He laments over the "good old times" when he felt so well, when his thoughts and actions were in full accord with his surroundings. Naturally then he will strive to counteract and obstruct any change in these surroundings which would tend to make him uncomfortable.

But even the more progressive individual, of mature age, who has been brought to the realization that something is the matter, that he ought to introduce some changes in his mode of thought and action, often finds himself unable to affect these changes; he is powerless against his own self. For habit is not second nature, it is tenfold nature.

Those of the immigrants to this country who are making serious efforts to Americanize, to cast off their home habits and customs, and adopt new ones in their stead, find the task almost impossible of accomplishment. As a matter of fact they never succeed, however hard they may try, to Americanize thoroughly. On the other hand the second generation of these immigrants coming under the influence of the public schools finds no difficulty whatever in that regard.

There are cases, it is true, where a person breaks away completely from the ideals and beliefs of his youth and adopts creeds, doctrines, and modes of life in utter contrast to his upbringing. This is especially likely to happen when his education was carried on in violation of some fundamental laws of psychology. At any rate these cases are the exception and not the rule.

Besides, such transformations are usually the result of a spiritual and mental crisis, and like all crises it is

abnormal, it causes a great waste of spiritual and mental energy, and is fraught with grave dangers to the individual concerned. A person who has had all his youthful ideas, ideals and beliefs uprooted at a single stroke without sufficient time and opportunity to acquire and implant others in their stead is likely to become a moral cripple. He is likely to remain without any character, without any moral stamina. Amenable to all possible external influences, without any inward balance, he may be tossed about from extreme to extreme on the billows of life, easy to yield to any temptation, likely to turn traitor to any cause.

Hence such crises are undesirable, and a proper education should seek to avoid the possibility of such crises by sufficiently preparing the child not for the beliefs of the past, not even so much for the notions of the present, but for the ideals, dreams and possibilities of the future.

It has been firmly established by modern psychological study and research that not only is human action subject to the law of habit formation, but human thought is likewise controlled by the operations of the same law.

Roughly and hastily speaking this process is as follows: Something in the external world produces an impression upon any one of the sense organs. This impression is at once taken up by a special messenger, known in psychology as an afferent nerve, and is rapidly carried to the main station, the brain center. As soon as this message is received and interpreted, another messenger, called an efferent nerve, is hastily dispatched with a reply to some muscle or some other brain center calling for a certain action or thought. This completes the circuit and constitutes the expression corresponding to the given impression.

Should the same impression occur again it will tend to trod in some familiar path attended by the same messengers and the response will be the same, provided that the results of the first response were satisfactory. In order to make a certain expression habitual then, all that is necessary to do is to supply the impression and watch for the ensuing expression. Sometimes suggestion or direct imitation is required to call forth the desired expression. Make the results pleasurable and you are certain to get the same expression in the future whenever the same or even a similar impression occurs.

On the other hand if the expression obtained is undesirable, make the results distinctly disagreeable, and repeat the same operation until you get the expression looked for, and then continue repeating until the habit is established.

The school, having the human individual under its care at the time when most of his habits are being formed, supplying the child with most of its impressions through the process of teaching as well as through its general atmosphere, plays therefore a gigantic role in shaping the destinies of individuals and of nations, and in the enhancement or retardation of social progress in accordance with the ideals dominating its procedure and the final goal towards which its educational activity is directed.

One other significant feature characterizing public education all through its history ought to be mentioned here in conclusion. I refer to the zealous watchfulness with which public education has been guarded against external influences and unorthodox doctrines in religion, morality, or politics. Any attempt to introduce new ideas into the minds of the youth, not in accord with the old established notions, at once fell under suspicion as dangerous, and the innovator was often persecuted and his teachings suppressed.

Socrates, one of Greece's greatest philosophers and noblest thinkers, was accused of corrupting the youth and condemned to death for no other offense than that he taught the people new ideas of philosophy, truth, and justice that were not in agreement with those sanctioned by the state.

Two thousand, two hundred and nine years have passed since that time. The mighty stream of human history rolled on and on, bringing about radical changes and transformations in every aspect of life. But the watchfulness of the ruling classes over the education of the masses has not relaxed. On the contrary, it has become more systematized, more centralized, more thorough.

Only four years ago history repeated itself in the most striking fashion. The Christian rulers of Spain murdered Francisco Ferrer, one of that country's noblest men, a most devoted teacher and idealist, for no other offense than that he attempted to introduce into the minds of the youth ideas and ideals that did not meet with the approval of the church and the state.

Here we are reminded through association of ideas that church and state have always resorted to suppression by dungeon, fire, sword and all imaginable tortures in their effort to prevent innovations, check the stream of social progress, and thus perpetuate their authority and maintain their domination. But all the injury done to progress by these means of direct suppression becomes insignificant when compared with the indirect but far-reaching effects of a falsified education constantly poisoning the minds with adulterated mental food, constantly training the young into a static, complacent, uncritical, unprogressive and servile manhood.

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Stanley B. Wilson Chester M. Wright

Associate Editors

Eleanor Wentworth Emanuel Julius

Fred C. Wheeler Rob Wagner

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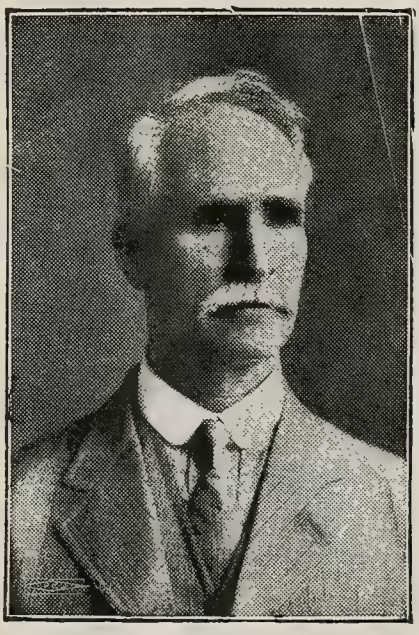
"MAN AND HIS INSTITUTIONS"

By N. A. RICHARDSON



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The Western Comrade

TWO SMASHING BIG FEATURES:

The Murderers at Wheatland

What Are We Going To Do About It?

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

Walter Lanfersiek, N. A. Richardson, Stanley B. Wilson, Chester M. Wright, Emanuel Julius, Brame Hillyard, Dr. J. E. Pottenger, Eleanor Wentworth, William Morris Feigenbaum, Harold Everhart, Charles Tracy.

A Word to Our Reader Comrades

IT IS just at Thanksgiving time that this number of The Western Comrade goes to press. And the editors feel that there is much to be thankful for. The Socialists of California find themselves in splendid fighting trim—and with plenty to fight for—which is an excellent thing.

Let us say that we are thankful because our wonderful movement is day by day forcing the powers of greed and darkness farther away from the throne of power. We are making the world better with every day of fighting. On with the fight and may our fighting spirit never grow less.

Just a word now about the magazine. We feel that we are bringing you a magazine this month for which you will be thankful. It IS a good magazine—one of the best that ever the American Socialist movement had the joy of reading.

First there's the ringing challenge on the page next following—it's a challenge in answer to a question. Stanley B. Wilson continues his illuminating review of the movement over the state and adds to it a splendid contribution on "The Simple Story of Karl Marx, the Man." You'll feel a new and more comradely interest in Marx when you've read that sketch of him.

We feel sure that you'll get a new glimpse of the System after studying Artist Tracy's picture, "A Christmas Contrast." There's also a Tracyesque humor to his illustration for the semi-serio-comic "It's Just Got to Come," written by Chester M. Wright.

The drama department is back again, with M. Louise Grant as the author and with it comes the Calcium Glow department. Eleanor Wentworth is writing a fiction story, based, however, on cold facts, which will replace for this month and next month her regular department. Another bit of fine fiction with a punch is Emanuel Julius' story of "The Rise of Frank Dunne."

And now read the magazine—from cover to cover. It's a ripping good number. But don't stop there. Hustle out and capture a subscriber or two—for really, we need subscribers, thousands of them. This magazine is TOO GOOD TO STAND STILL. It is going forward, but PUT ON MORE STEAM. Put The Western Comrade into every nook and corner TO BUILD FOR SOCIALISM!

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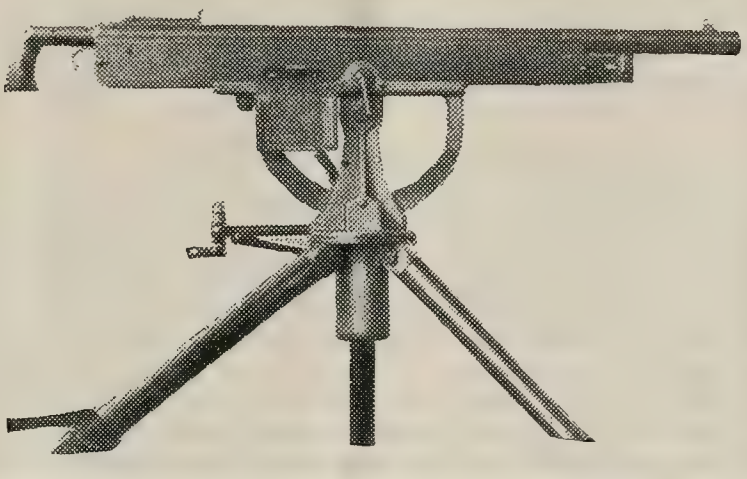
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?



THE VERY NEWEST KIND OF STRIKE BREAKER

The picture above shows the latest pattern of rapid-firing gun, in use by the mine owners of Colorado to shoot down the striking mine workers. And now for the story of John Ure:

John Ure, of Scotch birth, 63 years of age, a miner for fifty-three years, was employed at Forbes mine, Forbes, Colo., at the beginning of the present strike, at which time he joined the strikers and moved into a tent furnished by the miners' union. While standing in front of his tent on the afternoon of October 17, 1913, a mine guard approached the tent colony, carrying a flag of truce with him. Upon arriving at the tent colony he was met by a group of men and he asked them if they were strikers. They informed him that they were. He then stepped back and dropped the flag, at which signal the rapid machine gun, mounted on a steel-bodied automobile, on the public highway some three hundred yards from the tents, commenced firing at the strikers. Shooting started about 3 o'clock p. m. and continued until 5 o'clock p. m. Ure took refuge under the cot in his tent, and it is a miracle that he was not killed, as the tent has 147 bullet holes in it, and the furniture, every dish and cooking utensil bears evidence of the shots fired by this gatling gun.

Rifles to right of them,
Rifles to left of them,
Rifles in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd.

CALUMET, Trinidad, Wheatland, Indianapolis—wherever labor strikes for a little more of its product, there go the troops, horse, foot and dragoons, to the defense of the masters of the bread.

So it comes that today the United States has standing armies in the field on a war footing, contending with an enemy for supremacy on United States soil. And we of the working class are that enemy.

The men who write fables for the newspapers invariably tell us that the troops are sent into the strike districts to preserve order. They tell us that the troops are sent in to protect life and property. And that may be so, in a measure, but it is so only to that extent to which capitalist life and property are concerned. The protection of labor, its rights, its life, its property, is not contemplated in the order to march.

West Virginia is sufficient answer to the writers of the newspaper fables. West Virginia with its courts martial, its military prisons, its high-handed disregard of every right and privilege of a free people. It is answer enough.

Today the soldiers are on duty all along the great copper range in Michigan. And so openly

and indefensibly are they in the actual service of the mine owners that the owners of the great copper mines are proposing to pay the wages of the soldiers because they fear a popular demonstration against payment of those wages by the state for a service which the state so obviously does not require.

Today the soldiers are on duty in Colorado, filing through the mountains to see that the property of the coal owners is protected. "Protected" is a handy word for mine owners to have in their vocabulary. It is a common belief among mine owners that if they can get soldiers enough and get them when they want them that they can defeat labor and crush it back to the desired level.

And what about all this uniformed strike-breaking business?

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

We shall make no denial of the fact that union men have used violence and will use violence. But we shall make the assertion that they have used violence only when driven to it and that they will pursue the same course in the future. Any animal will fight when driven to bay—and it will fight with the weapons best calculated to win its release. In Colorado 147 bullets were shot through the tent of one miner by deputy sheriffs. Say, if you wish, that the miner who inhabits that tent in freezing weather is going to turn the other cheek so that it, too, may be shot away. But if he can get a gun he is not likely to fulfill your peaceful prediction. Thus is labor driven to desperation by the barons who own the property and the tools of production. Thus are excuses made upon which to base the insistent call for soldiers. It seldom fails.

In West Virginia a whole miners' camp was riddled with bullets from an armored train at night. Put yourself in such a camp in such a time—it was winter there, too—and ask yourself what your feelings and impulses and resolutions would be. If you were the average workingman, with the love of liberty and justice that courses in the veins of the average workingman, you would do just what you think you would do—and you would not be a traitor to your class.

Armed warfare is coming to be a recognized feature of every great strike. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

This much we are sure of: Even if labor really cared for that sort of war, even if it instigated it—which it does not—it could never hope to cope successfully with the forces which are opposed to it in every such case. Organized society is arrayed solidly against the outlaw—for such is the man who shoots in self-defense on the strike field against the forces of "law and order." Nor does the regularly observed and established labor policy of peace and rigid discipline bring the results desired. For in every great strike the bosses make it their settled policy to "incite to riot" in such a way that the blame can be laid at the door of the strikers. Professional thugs, strong-arm men, blacklegs and gunmen are adept at that sort of work. They act on the theory that a man attacked will retaliate in self-defense. Their task is not overly hard, nor does it require any great amount of finesse. It is purely the work of the hired bully and ruffian who is almost always the product of the city slums, which in turn are the direct creation of the capitalist system.

Armed intervention follows quickly. The troops with their rifles and machine guns are ordered to the scene of "action" and immediately their entire influence, the weight of their moral and physical strength is always thrown AGAINST labor, against the strikers, no matter how just their demands, no matter how indefensible the tactics of the masters of the mines and of the bread.

And something must be done about this thing. But WHAT?

Armed intervention as a settled strike policy is relatively a new feature of the class war, though the first instance was recorded as early as the great steel strike in Pittsburg when Alexander Berkman shot and wounded Steel King Frick. Later came the call for troops by Cleveland, over the protest of Governor Altgelt, the Illinois governor who was driven to his grave by capitalism. That was during the great A. R. U. strike. Later came the Coeur d'Alene strike, in which northern Colorado was turned into a battlefield with labor furnishing the victims for capitalistic greed.

It may be said that the use of troops as a factor in strike breaking has developed with the capitalist system and with the use of the strike as a weapon of labor. And as the capitalist system has become perfected the use of troops has become more frequent, until now it is no strange thing to have the military in service against labor at half a dozen points in the country at the same time. Of course the use of might to crush labor is no new thing. The thing that is new is the form of the thing. And greater than that is that other new thing—the AWAKENING of labor to a realization of the MEANING of the conflict and an understanding of its causes.

Today no great strike is without its complement of soldier strike-breakers, and neither now nor in the past is there a single instance where the military has been called upon to protect labor in its fight for better living conditions or higher wages and shorter hours.

Two cases on the Pacific coast illustrate precisely the attitude of the capitalist official toward the struggles of labor. At San Diego workingmen were being beaten and driven from their city. They called upon the governor for protection in their sufferings. He gave them nothing beyond a mere bluff. At Wheatland the masters called for troops to crush labor and the troops were sent to the assistance of the hop barons as fast as trains could carry them. It is ever so where capitalists rule.

What is the way out? Must we go on fighting our industrial battles against bayonets and rapid firing guns that drill through us and leave us cold and dead?

The answer is that we must face the powers that be on a field where we are supreme, rather than on a field where we are inferior. That does not mean that we must abandon our battles on the economic field, but rather that we shall BACK THEM UP with a battle on the political field where our overwhelming numerical superiority is such as to leave no doubt of the outcome, once we determine to plunge into action with the same solid front that we have displayed on the strike field.

We must relinquish none of our economic militancy, but we must augment it with a political militancy that will bring to us a final and lasting victory.

The guns of the paid thugs, such as mine "guards," are brought into use because of the open acquiescence or the passive acquiescence of the properly constituted civil authorities who gain their power directly from the electorate. The guns of the organized military bodies are brought into use because of the direction of the properly constituted civil authorities. The men that labor elects are responsible for the use of guns on the economic field. Any of these officials can, when they so will, absolutely stop the use of guns as weapons with which to break strikes and kill workingmen.

But until labor elects officials who are conscious of their working-class ties nothing like that will happen. The question, "What are we going to do about it?" can be finally answered only by voting about it. That is the simplest, easiest, most effective and only final remedy for a situation that grows more acute with every industrial conflict—a situation that must soon find a remedy or the nation will be plunged into a wide-spread conflict at arms, on the one side of which will be the militant worker fighting for his life and on the other side of which will be the slum and brothel product fighting at the command of a baron who pays what he considers the service worth.

Among all the thousands of Socialist officials in all parts of the civilized world, not one has ever issued a call for soldiery to crush labor in any battle that it has ever waged for better conditions, higher wages, or the gaining of any of those cherished liberties for which militant labor forever is striving. There is not one such case on record!

Nobody ever has heard of soldiers or police being ordered into service as strike breakers by Socialist officials. That is the answer—the only answer that really answers—the only solution of the problem that really solves. And this question, like all others, never will be settled until it is settled right.

Solidarity in the union ranks; solidarity at the ballot box; away with the deadly guns of the paid thugs and the organized military strike breakers!

THE FALL ELECTIONS

By WALTER LANFERSIEK

National Executive Secretary of the Socialist Party

ON THE fourth of November another skirmish was fought in the war for working-class emancipation. We won. The elections were of no great significance, as there were no national issues, so-called.

In spite of every handicap, the Socialist vote is very encouraging. Nonpartisan elections, commission form of government, anything and everything is being tried to force the Socialists to break party lines, and yet we forge steadily onward.

Have you ever seen men rolling sheet steel? The bar enters the mill one inch thick and four inches wide. It is run back and forth through the rollers, each time bringing it nearer the desired result. And so it is with the elections. Each time the Socialist Party forces society to come nearer to the result desired. No matter about all the hindrances, our vote increases and our gains grow greater year by year.

* * *

Ohio is first in the number of elected officials. Complete figures are not available, but no less than five cities in that state elected Socialist mayors, with a score of aldermen, councilmen, and other officials.

In New York state, we lost the mayor of Schenectady, because the old parties fused against us, but we elected no less than eleven candidates of lesser importance in Schnectady county, including the sheriff. New York city elects a Socialist to the board of aldermen for the first time. In spite of the hottest anti-Tammany fight in the history of New York, 32,000 men could not be diverted from the real issue and proved it by voting for Charles Edward Russell for mayor.

Pennsylvania reports victories in McKeesport, Altoona, Glen Campbell, Ashland, Wilmerding and Pitcairn.

Indiana comes forward with victories in four cities.

* * *

FIVE years ago such news as the above would have been considered astonishing. We would have demanded the exact figures of each election. But now we think it is hardly more than our due, and it causes no great excitement.

WE EXPECT to do big things, and we entertain this expectation because WE ARE BEGINNING TO FEEL OUR POWER. For the Socialist Party is becoming a real power in the United States. The spectacle of one hundred thousand men and women, working toward the same goal, and paying for the privilege of working together, is a new phenomenon in America. And this is the membership of the party today.

There were those who saw the disintegration of the party a year ago; yet today it is a solid, massive organization, showing a power greater than in any period of its history.

* * *

The organization is now swinging in line for the big campaign of next fall. Congress this summer has shown itself to be impossible. It is only too plain that the interests still rule, and therefore the opportunity of the Socialists will be at hand. By next fall the failure of the Wilson administration to do anything constructive for the common people will be so evident that there will be a tremendous wave toward the Socialist party.

We in the east expect California to show the stuff she is made of. You can do it. We look confidently forward to the result.

* * *

THE Party is now making fine progress and California is doing a noble share of the work. An increase of not less than 17,000 members is recorded for the past five months. We are rapidly recovering from the lethargy that always follows a national election. After each of the years 1904 and 1908 there was a relaxation of activity, and this condition may as well be expected after each presidential election in the future. There is no doubt that we will have the greatest membership in our history to meet the opportunities of next fall. Within a few months the national party debt will have been paid off, and then we can look for big things to happen.

It is a good time to live. Let us get all the fun out of life, all the glory there is in living, by becoming increasingly active in the great cause that is sweeping the nations with its promise of emancipation.

THE LAW OF THE HIVE

"Behold the little busy bee,"
Said he of bags of money,
"That by his industry and thrift
Lays up a store of honey.

"Go learn its ways, you working men,
Don't grumble at your lot,
And ask that we who have the wealth
Divide up what we've got."

"Sounds very fine," the worker said,
"To have you thus compare;
But in the hive each of the bees
Must do his lawful share.

"If in the hives of human life
The drones all got their due,
Just think a moment, if you please,
What would become of you."

—Drawn by Charles Tracy.

A CHRISTMAS CONTRAST

The Murderers at Wheatland

By N. A. RICHARDSON

Special Wheatland Investigator for the Socialist Party of California

IN GOING by the Southern Pacific from Sacramento to Marysville, some ten miles before reaching the latter, one passes through a small town in the midst of hop fields—the town of Wheatland.

This village was "placed upon the map" last August, as have been other communities in this nation, by troubles growing out of laboring conditions that affected a sufficient number of toilers to make effective opposition to tyranny possible and conspicuous.

There was a protest there on the part of some two thousand laborers against conditions in which no self-respecting human being though a savage would work and such as no state laying any just claim to civilization would tolerate.

Yet as a consequence of these conditions and the inordinate greed of one man who proposed to maintain them, backed by his subservient tools in office, four men are dead and a dozen are in prison under the charge of murder.

These conditions have been stated with sufficient emphasis in the report of the state executive committee of the Socialist Party of California. They need not be here reiterated. So likewise in that report has been discussed the personal conduct of the employer, the employed and the officials in this lamentable affair. It is not upon this phase of the matter that I want now to dwell. I prefer here to discuss briefly the spirit that actuated each party to the controversy—the capitalistic and the labor element.

A man who for years has personally known the chief actors on the capitalist side of the Wheatland tragedy and who is thoroughly conversant with the conditions that there prevailed, said to me in Sacramento: "Durst (one of the owners of the great hop ranch where the trouble occurred and the superintendent in charge at the time) is a good fellow as the world goes; but conditions there would not appeal to him as they would to you or me. The matter, for instance, of no distinction of toilets for men and women, or their inadequacy, or the loathsome, unspeakably disgusting state of such as were furnished, he would not consider a matter for serious thought. They were sufficient and good enough for that laboring herd; and it would little matter if they had none. They do not need such things. His only vital concern lay in the hundred thousands of dollars that, through what he would call economy, could be made from the yield of those acres.

"The Sheriff is a good man, a fine man; but what cares he for a mob like that?

"The dead District Attorney was as fine a man as ever was in the county, but he was in nowise dependent upon such a herd as grazed in those hop fields. From his point of view it was the welfare of Durst and the other growers of hops that was at stake; and any 'foolishness' on the part of the earth's off-scourings, such as those hop pickers, could not be tolerated."

And thus we have it; not alone evidence of economic classes, but the actual spirit of caste—the crystallized form of capitalism.

The Sheriff went to that Sunday afternoon meeting, that he himself admits was perfectly orderly and legal, absolutely inflated with the idea of his authority; went, not to deal with human beings, but with a herd of cattle. And, like cattle, when he cracked his whip and "as Sheriff of Yuba county, I command you to disperse," he expected them to scatter. What else should a laboring herd do?

If that man had done his plain duty, stepped upon the platform where the meeting was being held and told them that he, as one sworn to enforce the law, was ready to investigate conditions there, to help punish any law violation on the part of rich or poor, to look into their claims and so far as lay in his power see that they got justice; that while this was in progress, or even while it might be necessary to wait a few hours until he called in the State officials whose duty it is to attend to such matters, he desired that they return to work assured that their interests would be immediately cared for—if this had been his message, the hand of no man would have been raised against another and more than two thousand hearts would have beaten in gratitude. But what would Ralph Durst have said to such a proceeding? Sacramento is but an hour and a half away and an officer there would, in short order, have made it very uncomfortable for him. Here the rich man stood against the multitude—the rich man whose law-violation was beyond all question—and the multitude of labor who had broken no law dwindled into insignificance. Durst had called for somebody's arrest; hence, 'twas the Sheriff's not to reason why, 'twas his to do the bidding.

The entire spirit manifested by the capitalistic element was one of contempt for what to them was a laboring rabble, a mass of workers or tramps who should be thankful for a chance to qualify for the purchase of a loaf of bread.

And this is a spirit not confined to the vicinity of Wheatland by any means. Its manifestations are almost as common as the modern workshop. It is a spirit practically unknown in the day of the small concern; a spirit inconsistent with conditions when master and man worked side by side and more nearly shared a common lot. Its outcroppings are a natural consequence of developed capitalism—the total divorcement of employer and employed—the making of the multi-millionaire at the expense of a million paupers. It is this that is burning into the heart of labor the lesson of the class struggle that modern industrial methods make imperative.

But there was another manifestation of spirit there—spirit developed in the school of modern experiences and modern economic teachings. It is a product of our public schools, of the more general spread of knowledge, of at least a superficial sense of democracy

and human rights, of ideas that are sifting down to the masses through the organizations of labor, both economic and political.

There were some there who knew enough not only to sense wrongs, but to fathom something of their own rights. There were some who, to put it in homely English, "had been up against the capitalistic game" and were not to be bluffed by mere bluster and pretense of, or usurpation of authority. They knew they were acting wholly within the law and they knew when others were violating it. And they had the courage to assert themselves in the interest of their fellows.

Such attributes in a slave are always at a discount with the master; for they are the qualities of the worm that turneth.

These had no desire to kill. There was no thought of conspiracy as the prosecution charges, unless we are to denominate as conspiracies all the industrial and political organizations of the laboring class—as from the standpoint of the masters they doubtless are. But conspiracy was in this instance a non-necessity. There were those among them who refused to be trampled and spat upon, especially for conduct that was legal and with which officialdom had no right to interfere. The day for the exercise of tyranny is rapidly passing and those who attempt it must take the consequences. This is the spirit that is being cultivated in the modern worker; and it were well for capitalism to make a note of it.

In capitalism's effort to break this spirit, it is endeavoring to render the strike illegal—to outlaw the striker. That, at bottom, is one of the chief points involved in the prosecution of the Wheatland laborers. In other words, in these cases the question of the right to strike versus abject enslavement.

There is not a phase of this Wheatland trouble that does not demand our entry into the fight, and in a manner that will make our presence felt. Whether or not these laborers have as yet grasped the great principles of Socialism is not to be considered. They are of the working class; their fight was right and just —an incident in the great class struggle of the age. That is sufficient. We must to their rescue; and we must hurry.

The Rise of Frank Dunne

A Newspaper Story—By Emanuel Julius

IF THE city editor were to tell Frank Dunne to write a story about the moon being made of green cheese, he wouldn't ask any silly questions—he'd do it. He would get facts, statistics, interviews and pictures to prove that the moon is made of green cheese. And here's the funny thing of it all: he would believe his own story. He believed every fake he wrote; he believed every lie he told. Yes, Frank Dunne was an ideal newspaperman. Temperamentally, he fit in with the order of things.

A newspaper's policy was Frank Dunne's religion. The editorials were as gospel. He swore by the viewpoint—everything that the paper stood for was right, was just, was as it should be. If he had been told to cover the crucifixion he would have written a story of "a long-haired agitator paying the penalty of his criminal views;" he would have told how "a certain Jesus Christ had incited the people to riot," had said things "against the government," had "criticised established institutions and customs;" he would have given the impression that Jesus deserved His fate.

When Dunne covered a strike, the office was always satisfied. There wasn't a man on The Morning Times who could write a meaner story than this Frank Dunne. He could sneer at a mass of starving strikers, accuse them of "squandering their salaries on drink," charge them with all manner of crime and violence—yes, he was a favorite in The Times' office. Even the big chief—one couldn't conceive of a more unpleasant person—always smiled at Frank Dunne and bade him the time of day.

A rare specimen, his 135 pounds throbbed with energy, his sharp eyes were ever on the watch for stuff the office wanted, his ears heard everything; and if they didn't, his imagination would come to the rescue.

This Frank Dunne was the star policy man; whenever anything particularly dirty was wanted, the office could always rely on Dunne, who would write the stuff—and, above all, swear by it. He was extraordinarily able at stories that meant systematic campaigns of publicity, for he could write on the same subject for weeks and weeks at a stretch, and never be at a loss for something to say. A word would often give him enough material for two columns of matter. If there were some sort of a franchise the office was anxious to get for some local kings of finance, Dunne would be set to work on the publicity. He had genius for making the wrong appear right.

Considering that he was a newspaperman, Dunne was fairly well paid; he said he was getting $40 a week; of course, he lied, for I knew it for a fact that he was getting $35. Of course, he was always broke because he was always mingling with men of wealth and means and didn't fancy being considered one not of their class. He would just as soon pay for a ten-dollar dinner as not; he wouldn't hesitate to invite some wealthy friends to a champagne supper that would keep him in debt for weeks to come. Dunne loved the brothers of Have; he worshipped them, and nothing pleased him better than to be with them. He was always at some sort of an affair; and he always gave the impression that he belonged there.

Just before Dunne became the star policy man, he fell in love with a girl who worked in a local department store. She was a pretty—no, she was a beautiful girl, just passing nineteen. He took her to the theater a number of times, always treating her as best he knew how; and she, sweeet Laura Knight, appreciated him immensely. She was a poor girl and, I repeat, she worked in a big store—and that means she worked at starvation wages. I believe she got $6 a week; I'm sure it wasn't more.

Dunne told her many pretty things; he told her he loved her; yes, he even said she was "the best girl in the world." But, he didn't say anything about marriage, though, let it be said in fairness, he thought of it. He really thought it would be a splendid thing to have

her as his wife. Yes, she would be the ideal companion for life, he concluded. But, somehow, he felt that Laura Knight was a girl he could always get, so there need be no hurry about marriage. He was convinced that if he didn't marry her she would be a spinster for the rest of her days—there are lots of men who believe that. So, he concluded it would be best for him to wait—maybe a year, possibly two or three, but not longer. So, he didn't say anything about marriage. Laura Knight loved him, but she was a retiring sort of girl who didn't know how to use her wonderful charms. Not knowing how to influence him, she let him have his way about things, and as he didn't say anything about marriage, she simply played a waiting game.

Six months later, Dunne married; but he didn't marry Laura Knight. He married an insipid female, a parasite to the core, but everybody thought Dunne was a lucky fellow; not every reporter has luck enough to marry a rich man's daughter. It happened this way: While at an affair, he was introduced to a young lady who was the daughter of the unpleasant owner of The Morning Times. This owner—Bennington Fraser—liked Dunne, as I've already mentioned, and when he learned that his daughter and Dunne were friendly, he smiled. When he learned, some weeks later, that his daughter would like to become the wife of Dunne, he didn't object.

"Of course," said Mr. Bennington Fraser, "that young fellow hasn't any money, but I tell you he has a future. He knows what's what. He hasn't any money, but he has the push and go that will bring him money. That young fellow is all right."

And he blessed them. And they married. And Dunne forgot about Laura Knight. And Laura Knight cried a little, and sobbed a little more, and philosophically decided to make the most of it all.

Dunne became one of the most important men on The Morning Times; he became dictator of policy; he outlined campaigns; he ruled politics; he said what shall be—and usually he had his way. The big chief trusted Dunne's judgment.

The paper was a gold mine. Dunne was on the inside. So, Dunne became wealthy. He got mixed up in a number of questionable deals, but he wasn't afraid, for he held a mighty club over all his enemies —the club of publicity. He could drive any man out of the county, he once boasted.

He got interested in a number of propositions; he invested money in street railway stock; he bought shares in a great manufacturing concern; he even bought a quarter interest in a great department store.

Dunne found that The Morning Times was of great help in his business ventures, enabling him to get almost anything he wanted. Of course, when it came to the law-making bodies, he was a terror. All feared him.

But, some people WILL persist in being reformers, Dunne or no Dunne. And it came to pass that a number of reformers got together and formed an organization, with the purpose of going into politics. An opposition paper decided to take up the cudgels for this reform element, and as a result, circulation grew for the opposition paper.

This was a distressing state of affairs, though it didn't harm the finances of The Morning Times; this paper could always depend on the big advertisers—what more could one hope for? When campaign time came again, Dunne saw that the reformers were getting too strong. They were actually threatening to capture political power; yes, it appeared as though they would capture the powers of government. Dunne's paper fought tirelessly, Dunne himself writing many editorials.

The reform governor was elected, and then, Dunne realized that many amazing things were about to happen. The reformers, in their platform, distinctly said that if elected they would fight for the passage of a minimum wage bill. Dunne, interested in a department store, didn't fancy the idea of a minimum wage bill passing the legislature, so he fought, but, somehow, his paper didn't carry the kind of stuff he wanted.

"I tell you, Dunne," said Mr. Fraser, "we haven't got the man who has the right angle on this minimum wage business."

Dunne agreed with him.

"And what's more," Fraser added; "it looks to me as though more than half the men on our staff are for that bill and are hoping to see it pass."

Dunne had suspected this for weeks.

"We aren't getting the right kind of stuff," Fraser repeated.

"I don't know of a better man to put on this story," said Dunne, with a growl.

"Oh, that's easy enough, Dunne," said Fraser, with a wink; "we've got the right man—"

"Who?"

"You."

This was a neat compliment, Dunne thought, and it pleased him immensely. Dunne put fire and vigor into the fight. The men behind the paper chuckled, for they saw that they were getting what they needed—"the right angle."

Dunne fought like a tiger—he threatened, he bullied, he lied, he screamed, he moaned—he used dozens of cartoons, he did everything in his power to work up sentiment against the bill. He roared at the reformers, accusing them of all sorts of crimes; he made life uncomfortable for them. The headlines, day after day, week after week, counted. Dunne brought up a number of side issues to cloud the real issue. He sort of muddied the water, said Fraser.

"You're doing fine," said Fraser; "keep it up."

And Dunne obeyed. "The trouble," said Dunne, "is that we are on the defensive. Even though we are pouring the hot shot into them, they are still on the offensive." With a thump on the table, he added: "I want THEM to be on the defensive! Not me!"

Mr. Fraser liked the idea, but he didn't know just what to do. Dunne solved this problem. Attack them —simple enough. He made a number of sensational charges against the floor leaders and the Governor. He made serious charges, the kind that make people talk, and, it wasn't many days before the Governor and his fighting lieutenants were on the defensive; they literally had to fight to save their reputations—and the result was—well, that doesn't matter; the point is that the bill was forgotten; the point of attack was shifted; the issues were muddled and the girls were left where they always were, with starvation wages. This, it was generally agreed, was a master stroke on Dunne's part.

He had his way about things. He had argued that girls would "never go wrong on account of low wages if they weren't bad by nature." He had argued that "low wages do not drive girls into the street." His department store was saved many thousands dollars. Oh, by the way, Laura Knight was one of the employes in Dunne's store. That is to say, she was there until some weeks ago. Dunne met her one night and was astonished to learn that she had become a prostitute. Strange things happen, Dunne thought. "She never was any good or she wouldn't have become THAT." And Dunne might have married her! What a narrow escape!

Putting the "NOW" Into Socialism

An Interview With a Woman Wizard

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

IF A CERTAIN little woman whose physical being is housed a great part of the time in the offices at Socialist state headquarters, and whose spirit roams out over the whole wide world, ever is permitted to make half of her dreams come true, it will not be at all strange if folks come to call her a Burbank of Socialism. That's the sort of woman Marion Israel is.

Woman's state correspondent, is her official title, though why it is remains to be made plain. Correspondent is inadequate and meaningless. It does not describe an official who is aflame and fairly bursting with energy and great, big plans. But this has not to do with official titles and dry figures. It has to do with the personality and the plans and the dreams of the woman who wears the title. I think perhaps it ought to be called a story of regeneration, or of construction.

Last year the women Socialists of the state adopted the slogan, "A 50 per cent woman membership." At that time the woman membership constituted 13 per cent of the California Socialist Party. Since then it has gained until now it constitutes 22 per cent. Taking into account the number of men who leave their locals during the summer for unavoidable reasons, and who return again later, however, the probable actual increase has been somewhat less than the figures indicate. Comrade Israel thinks a fair estimate of the present woman membership is 19 per cent, a gain of 6 per cent.

But this slogan doesn't mean a great deal to the woman's correspondent. She isn't obsessed with the idea that there must be a woman in the party for every man. That doesn't mean that she isn't striving to increase the woman membership. Not at all. But it means that the spirit in which she is going about her work can't be expressed by figures. Her conception of the task is not expressed by arithmetical characters. "To say that we want a 50 per cent woman membership sounds dry and inadequate," she says. "What we want is an awakened womanhood. We want the whole of the home in the movement. I don't see how we can grow as we ought when the burden falls on half of the home. A 50 per cent woman membership indicates united homes and united sympathies."

The meaning of that seems to be that the entire family must have the same consciousness, the same ideals, the same zeal; that the home must be a unit for Socialism. That is where Comrade Israel translates cold figures into terms of living energy; that is where she transmutes them into a bond of throbbing human sympathy.

Back of this is a keen undertsanding of the wonderful part which woman may play in the social revolution, a thorough knowledge of the economic part woman has played in the past, and a fine conception of the manner in which social forces in the past have worked to fit woman for the great task that just now is before her.

Let us now get some of the ideas of this woman. They may come as something of a shock to some Socialists, but put them to the acid test before you undertake to contradict her.

"Suffrage has not changed the situation, so far as we are concerned, very much," she says. "You see the suffrage movement was mainly a movement of middle class women and women of the capitalist class. Of course there were reasons for that, and they were chiefly economic—that is, economic conditions gave to the middle class women the opportunity to make the fight."

The discussion of suffrage and its results, which Miss Israel thinks are not quite clear yet, brought out the question of solidarity and the assertion that "there is more of solidarity today in the woman's movement than there is among the women of the working class. This is so," she adds, "because the Socialist movement has not attempted to reach the women of the working class. They are new to organization; they haven't been in any fight; they don't close in on issues. The spirit isn't there, yet."

But it must never be imagined that there is anything negative about the philosophy or planning of this little woman. There is too much of snap in the eyes, too much of vitality in the movements, too much of spontaneity in the thought, too much of verve and go to the entire make-up of this person for any negation to long hold sway.

"But, you can trust woman to do the right thing, once she is awakened," she said, with a smile over her face. "You see, it has always been the spirit of woman to give; never to take. The spirit of labor is to take; not to give. That is why the social service idea is going to develop so strongly in women. I do not say this as a disparagement of labor. That is just the way things have developed; that is all. Woman has always been kept in service. She has not the spirit of gain. She has the spirit of give; the spirit of service. Of course we've been stunted and dwarfed, but all that experience is not to be lost, for now the race, or society, is to reap the benefit from the development of that conception of service for the sake of service."

I couldn't help but halt the rapid flow of ideas at that point; it was so big that I wanted a moment for digestive operation. "Yes, you might call it a great equation," she answered to my question. "All through the long ages of the past women has been held to a certain restricted sphere by the dominant male, and now the very traits that she acquired because of her age-long economic position of inferiority are to burst forth in glorious bloom to do trojan work in the conquest for race freedom!" Shakespeare should have had something like that to sing of!

But I became insistent in the quest for "How" and "Why" and "When." And Comrade Israel is just as keen about that part of the program as she is about the great dream that over-lays and mothers it.

Her answer is that we must put more "now" into the Socialist movement. There are many good and true Socialists who will scent danger here. They will

predict a straying from the straight and narrow path of the revolutionary doctrine and a compromise with reform. But they will be wrong, absolutely.

"What to do? Yes, that's the question. Now, woman has always had the details of life to attend to. She has had to make good in details. She has had to run the home, to feed the race. The best exposition of the 'now' spirit that I know of is found in the co-operative movements of Europe. I am speaking of a practical way of doing something now. Women would take to the co-operative idea. Women do the buying for the family. It is the woman who has to check over the growing grocery bill at the end of the week. It is the woman who has to make income meet outgo. If the Socialist party would take up the co-operative work it would appeal to women.

"We are going into a long and hard fight and we need a commissary department. No general thinks of taking his army into battle without a commissary. He plans his food supply. Suppose that in time of strike we could turn to the commander of the industrial army and say, 'Here, we will feed these men while they fight!' The economic pressure is bearing down so hard, its weight is increasing with such startling force that something must be done now to lift a part of the weight while we fight on toward the ultimate goal. If we can't find a way to ease the burden our peaceful revolution may be lost in a revolution of violence."

Here the quiet little person whose name is written on official records as "state woman's correspondent," flamed like a woman Moses pointing the way from bondage. "I feel like shouting to the women—all of the women—'You're the women of the revolution. Whether you are in sympathy with it or not, whether you know it or not, you're the women of the revolution!'

"There was Helen McKee of San Diego, who saw her husband go to jail and returned to her home to face the problem of feeding her family until he should be released. She was a woman of the revolution. You other women of the revolution—you have the same problem to face. You will probably not see your husbands locked in jail—you are far more likely to see them locked out of the factory—locked out of a job. You women of the revolution, you've got to keep the people clothed and fed. You've got a struggle to go through in the next fifteen years. You've got to brace yourselves for that struggle."

"And if you can take the capitalists' consumers away from them you will have touched them in a vital spot. The women will support this idea and they will bring their wealth of devotion to it."

"And what do you find that indicates a prospect of immediate action in the direction you speak of?"

"The state executive committee of the Socialist party has appointed a committee on co-operation, and there's one woman member on that committee. For the first time the party has officially moved in the direction of this great line of progress—this line that opens to woman the opportunity she longs for to show what she can do. It's the first step toward putting more 'now' into our party movement."

None of this planning for the big idea has operated to lessen the struggle for an increased woman membership. The point that must be made clear is that the struggle for a 50 per cent woman membership is not being made for the sake of numbers, but for the sake of unity. Just a few figures to show how that unity is coming. Two branches in the state have a 50 per cent woman membership. They are North Fruitvale and Rock Ridge. Last June Berkeley local had 19 women; now it has 45. East Alameda has come up from 13 to 23, and Elmhurst from 9 to 14. North Oakland has come up from none to 7, though Branch Oakland itself has lost in woman membership. In San Francisco the twenty-fourth district branch has doubled its woman membership, the twenty-ninth district has made a 50 per cent gain, as has the thirty-first. The thirtieth has doubled. Other San Francisco branches have about held their own. But the general gain is clear.

'We are urging the women to hold meetings everywhere," says Miss Israel. "Whether we balance our membership depends upon the women in the party. In San Francisco a series of meetings is being held. At these meetings the discussion is not confined to Socialism. They discuss child labor, department stores and such matters as that. It all leads to Socialism."

Here I got a surprising illustration of what Miss Israel meant when she included all women in her call to "you women of the revolution." It indicates that women are quicker to see where social justice lies than men have been; that women are more sensitive to the call for social service and that they strike more unerringly at the root of social evils.

"Let me illustrate," said the woman's correspondent. "When the last legislature was in session Los Angeles club women sent a lobby to Sacramento fight for humanitarian legislation. Among the things they wanted was a law to keep children out of street trades at night. They wanted a number of other things calculated to benefit women and children who work. And they did not get all that they wanted. They saw, just from the experience of that one session, that their real enemy was the profit system, and one of those middle class women told me, as a result of what she had seen in one legislative session, that there was no remedy except the destruction of the profit system as contemplated in the Socialist program."

Comrade Israel is trying to make the Socialist movement of the state see her vision. She is trying to make all Socialists see what the woman's movement can mean to the Socialist party—what a great devotional, sacrificing army is here to be recruitied and brought into the struggle for race emancipation. "The really essential work is to reach the whole membership," she says. Miss Israel pins her faith in women, not because she is a woman, but because she knows women, their history, their psychology, their aims and sympathies. She believes that the qualities in woman that are called essentially womanly are in fact essentially social; she believes that woman, while possibly less class conscious than man, is vastly more race conscious. And because of that she has a great amount of faith in the middle class woman who now is doing her thinking and her social work in woman's clubs and federations. But, she declares, women soon find that the profit system stands before them to halt their good efforts, thus turning them naturally to the Socialist organization. "That's why I have faith in the mass of women working for social ends and why I believe they will be a valuable addition to the Socialist movement. The only fitting sphere for the modern enfranchised woman is in the Socialist and labor movement."

But Miss Israel believes that to set this great feminine force in motion there must be established a 'now' incentive to which her energies and sympathies will naturally center. And when you see the manner in which she can summon the 'now' expression to her face, you begin to have an idea that it will be a good plan to stick around and see what happens. For there are going to be things happening. A 50 per cent woman membership? No, not exactly. A membership of equality and unity. The entire home on the firing line —and things doing now!

On the Passing of Tammany

By William Morris Feigenbaum

TAMMANY is dead! So rang the cry from city to city last November. The forces of light were jubilant. At last, chortled they, our fair city can be ruled honestly. At last we will have that greatest of all goods, honesty, efficiency and economy. And thereby hangs a tale.

The political campaign that has just closed in New York was the most remarkable ever waged in the metropolis. As a result, Tammany Hall, the most interesting political organization in America excepting only the Socialist Party, will have to undergo radical overhauling. As a result Big Business is running the city direct, rather than through agents as formerly; and as a final result, Socialism and the Socialist Party are placed in an impregnable position, with victory in sight.

Tammany was an organization of looters. There is no doubt of that. But Tammany has always believed in the doctrine of live and let live. The henchmen of the organization were always sure of protection. Hence, year after year, there was a solid, rock-bottom Tammany vote that could not be dislodged with a charge of dynamite. They knew that Tammany was with them, and so they gave loyally all they had—their votes. They never asked questions as to principles. They never inquired as to the platforms. They knew their friends, and as the hierarchy stood loyally by them, they loyally stood by the hierarchy, regardless of looting and grafting and general dishonesty.

It must be said that Tammany did yeoman service for Wall street. There is the subway, for example. That was built by the city at a cost of $54,789,023.04, and promptly turned over to the Belmont group. Meanwhile, the city is crying aloud for money, the public works are choked, and there was made a clear profit of $31,746,217.64 from October 27, 1904, to August 31, 1913, on that city property, while the city got in rent only enough to pay interest on bonds and a bit to put into a sinking fund, but not one cent for public use.

This pretty bit of financiering was pulled off principally by Tammany, and the nomination of Judge Edward E. McCall for mayor was deeply gratifying to the Interboro Rapid Transit company (Belmont) as there is now going on construction of subways six times the magnitude of the present lines. McCall is perfectly satisfied with the present method of public guarantee of private profits. So, also, by the way, is Mayor-elect John Purray Mitchel! But that by the way.

Last spring the voice of Holy Reform was heard stridently in the land, saying, as ever: "Tammany delendo est," which being translated into United States, is rendered thus: "Raus mit Tammany!" Usually it was the Republicans, the "goo-goos" and the anti-Tammany Democrats. This year there was a new element—the Bull Moose. This interesting party had polled 193,000 votes in New York City the previous fall. With such a vote, a real party such as, e. g., the Socialist Party, could write every law by the very real power of being on the outside, militant, defiant and uncompromising.

But to those gentry, Social Reform was a matter of public office, and led by Teddy and Frank Munsey, they begged Fusion for a job. They could not bear the thought of being hungry and jobless. That thought struck terror to their valiant hearts. So they traded their votes for a few nominations for minor offices and one-third of the city ticket.

There was one man who is the most informed and best qualified to tell of Tammany in its most vulnerable spot, vice and crime and the unspeakable corruption of the police. That man is District Attorney Charles S. Whitman. He was not nominated by the fusionists for mayor—for political reasons. He was renominated by fusion for district attorney, and endorsed by Tammany and the Prohibition Party! So throughout the entire campaign this eloquent voice was stilled, bought off, bribed!

John Purray Mitchell, a youth of 34, a member of an old Tammany family, was nominated because he was spurning Tammany after living on Tammany jobs for thirteen years. He early pledged himself to lower taxes to a "business" administration, and private operation of city-built subways, upon which Wall Street and Vincent Astor emitted three cheers.

But dissensions in the fusion camp led many to believe that McCall was a sure winner. But he was an egregious ass. He talked too much. He promised lower taxes, no civic centers, no seaside parks, and so on. Upon which, real estate men arose on their hind legs and cheered vociferously. Mitchell promised the same. But neither uttered a word as to schools, public health, housing, or any working-class problem!

The one thing that turned the tide was the firing of Sulzer. Murphy bit off more than he could chew. One John A. Hennessy broke loose and told all about Tammany graft and a certain $25,000 check that Murphy either did, or did not swipe. The air became blue. Sulzer shrieked that Tammany insulted his wife and, on a public platform, kissing that excellent lady, vociferated that he never hit women below the belt.

Meanwhile, a splendid ticket, headed by good old Charlie Russell, was fighting the good fight of Socialism. Millions of leaflets were distributed, thousands of speeches were made, wonderful meetings were held—and not one line of this percolated into the capitalist press.

Tammany! Tammany! Tammany! shrieked speakers, preachers, editors, until their faces and the air were blue. It was made a moral issue, this adventurous gang.

Then the votes were counted. There were various results. Enumerated they are: First, Mitchell, 350,000 votes; second, McCall, 224,000 votes; Tammany cleaned out; third, 32,109 men cut through all the fraud and pretense and red fire and voted for the working class.

That means that Tammany will have to reorganize "honestly," just as "Honest John" Kelley followed Bill Tweed. Big Business in New York requires organization. Only the "ruff stuff" must be "cut out." There will be a soul-searching time. But an honester and wiser Tammany will emerge, Phoenix-like, and stay on the job some more, until—

Until those 32,109 Socialist voters (a gain of 200 per cent since the last mayoralty election) so leaven the lump that we will be the ruling class.

The election in New York was enlightening. It showed New York to be—what it is, a lot of well-meaning, good-natured, honest-hearted chumps. And it developed wonderful Socialist strength, a magnificent vote, that will grow, that will never strike its colors, until the red flag is unfurled on City Hall!

The Socialist Movement in California

By STANLEY B. WILSON

ARTICLE III.

AN ANCIENT legend tells of a maiden sent to Alexander from some conquered province. She was very beautiful, but the most remarkable thing about her was her breath, which was like the perfume of the richest flowers. It was soon discovered, however, that she had lived all her life amid poison, breathing it, and that her body was full of it. Flowers given to her withered on her breast. Insects on which she breathed perished. A beautiful bird was brought into her room and fell dead.

The upas tree which grows in Java has an acrid, milky juice which contains a virulent poison. According to a story told by a Dutch surgeon a hundred years ago, the exhalations of this tree are fatal to both animal and vegetable life. Birds flying over the tree fall dead. No flower or plant will grow near the tree.

My sojourn in that section of California just at the point where the Sacramento valley begins, in the region of Kennet and Redding, recalled with striking vividness these stories.

Here are the great copper smelters, whose poisonous fumes have spread a scorched and withered mantle over the face of the earth. The trees on the hillsides and all forms of vegetation have succumbed to the poisonous breath of these blighting agencies of capitalism Even the moss on the rocks is unable to withstand the withering curse incessantly uttered from the throats of these monsters of the system.

Redding, surrounded by nature with some of her choicest gifts in soil and rock, with the Sacramento river semi-circling around it, is yet the deadest city in California.

I asked a business man of Redding what made the city so dead. He summed it up in these words: "The smelters. They have killed agriculture and horticulture with their fumes, and they have filled the places of American workers with the cheapest of foreign labor."

A banker complained that the only business he did was to handle the money of foreigners being sent to the old country. "How can a community prosper," he asked, "when its lifeblood is being sapped in such a manner?"

At Kennet I talked with a young electrician. He works for the smelting company there. He complained of the greed of the company, remarking that when copper was low the company urged that it was unable to pay living wages..

"Now," he said, "copper is twice as high, and so is the cost of living, but the company has not increased wages any. I tell you, I have had my eyes opened. I have found that we can't buck a great corporation like this. The only thing to do is to put such properties as mines into the hands of the people, so that the people can get the benefit, instead of a few greedy capitalists."

The Socialist locals at both Kennet and Redding are in an intensely struggling condition. It seems to me, however, that if the Socialist Party could devise some way of reaching the foreign employes of the smelting companies it would not be a too-difficult task to get them under the red banner of the world-wide brotherhood. Many of these workers are ripe for the revolution. They become inoculated with the spirit of revolt against the universal enemy in their home countries. Besides they are always eager to listen to speakers who can address them in their own language on any subject.

From Redding we went to Cottonwood, following the trail of the days of the '49 gold rush. Cottonwood is an old town, into which has come a new spirit. It is in the midst of a fine farming section. While the Socialist local is small, there are a few of the ranchers and several of the ranchless who are of the faith. There is an excellent opportunity for a Socialist organizer to build up a strong local. Single tax is making considerable headway here.

I lectured in the County Court House at Red Bluff. The comrades had requested permission to hold the meeting outside on the lawn, on account of the heat, but the county grand dads refused, though consenting to allow one of the court rooms to be used. While standing behind the railing which incloses the machinery of justice when it is in operation, addressing the audience seated in the seats allotted to the curious when said machinery is in motion, I could not get out of my mind the thought that some sweet day all such places will be used for disseminating great life messages, instead of hearing the plaints of the victims of a lawless and lawyer-infested system.

Red Bluff is in the center of a fast-developing section. There are many smaller towns where Socialist locals ought to be organized.

At Orland I found several real live-wire comrades. We had a fine meeting in a picture theater. I don't know a place with a better nucleus for a healthy Socialist organization. But, like too many places in California, it does not get nearly enough assistance from the outside.

Gridley was an agreeable surprise. A Socialist does not need to hide his light under a bushel here. The membership of the local is not large, but each member is a devout believer in the great world movement. They are all busy folks, however, and with the aid of an organizer could build up a splendid local. Found several of the members of the Mormon colony nearby identified with the movement.

Colusa, in the new rice belt, had written me for a Sunday evening date. The comrades were unable to secure a hall, so they went to the county officials and secured permission to hold the meeting on the Court House grounds. Had several warm personal friends here, among them the district attorney and a large ranch owner, who, though not Socialists, did everything they could to make the meeting a success.

It was arranged that I should speak from the steps of the county jail. When I asked the district attorney if the plan was to push me inside and lock me up, he

said: "No. But perhaps you can see the appropriateness of a Socialist speaking at the door of an empty jail." There was not a single prisoner in the jail. For two hours I spoke the message of the new world wherein the inhabitants will not be impelled by the incentives of beasts but of humanity and brotherhood.

Encountered at Chico a delightful aggregation of comrades. They had secured the high school auditorium for my lecture. In many localities the comrades have been holding their meetings in school buildings. One of the most interested of my hearers was one of the high school teachers. He remained after the lecture and discussed Socialism with me.

I can see a great future for our movement in Chico. The comrades are alert and willing to help in every way they can. This would be another splendid center for the activities of an organizer. A fine study class could easily be arranged.

Oroville, one of the oldest of California cities, is still holding its dream of gold. Several dredgers are still at work, washing the yellow particles out of the earth and from among the bowlders. Immense areas of the section have gone through the process. Most of this ground was worked by the fortune hunters in the old days, who sought principally for rich pockets.

I was greatly surprised to see large orange and lemon groves adjacent to Oroville. Some of the finest citrus fruit in the state is grown here. The crops are all gathered before our Southern California crops are ready for picking.

Socialism has not made much progress in the way of organization at Oroville. One of the drawbacks to our movement is the fact that the place is generally in the throes of a wet and dry struggle. It is dry now, and strenuous efforts are being made to make it wet. In all places where this struggle is on, our movement is making but little progress. This struggle seems to absorb all interests and activities of the people.

The territory covered in this article is an empire in itself. It is one of the richest stretches of country in the whole world. Yet the hand of progress is just beginning to touch it into development. The influence of the gold-mad pioneers is gradually being supplanted by the saner methods of agriculture and horticulture.

Here—in all this vast territory throbbing with the first impulses of a saner civilization—is, to my mind, an arena for the great world-drama depicted by Upton Sinclair, such as exists nowhere else. And yet, just think of it! There is not a single Socialist organizer engaged actively in all this expansive empire!

The Case Against Man

By BRAME HILLYARD

This article is published because of the information it contains concerning the motives and methods of a group of women who are making things quite interesting for Merry England. This magazine does not believe that feminism is anti-manism, but it does believe that it is important that the working class should be fully informed as to what is being done and on what is being believed by fighting organizations everywhere. For that reason this article is published. It disseminates knowledge that is exceedingly interesting and it is couched in terms that are, at any rate, not antagonistic to the subject matter under consideration.—The Editors.

HAVING JUST received from England a recent copy of "The Suffragette," the official organ of the militant women, with a stirring week's record of mansions, railway depots and haystacks burned down, letters in mail boxes destroyed, statesmen importunately "interviewed" at garden parties and at social functions, "great speeches" of "great men" ruthlessly interrupted, women flung out of meeting places and violently mauled by passionate crowds, and with its articles breathing the bitterness of sex—conflict unmistakably inspired with the anti-man spirit of the militants—it occurs to me that it will be useful to state, for the readers of The Western Comrade, "The Case Against Men," as conceived by Christabel Pankhurst and the fighting women.

Firstly, Miss Pankhurst is teaching English girls to avoid men as they would avoid lepers. She warns them that 75 per cent of civilized men are in a condition of loathsome venereal disease which makes them prolific centers of infection and wholly impossible as associates for girls. And with regard to those girls who, from sheer ignorance of the facts, enter into the marriage relation without first having their prospective husbands submitted to a medical examination, she adduces reliable estimates to show that 90 per cent of them are infected by their husband's diseases, and that it is to this fact that must be attributed the early loss of health and beauty, the lassitude and suffering, the category of female diseases, which almost invariably overtake them. The probability of the soundness of this view is based on the quite recent discovery that gonorrhea is not merely a local affection, but is as permanent and constitutional as syphilis, that it is communicated by contagion long after its obvious evidences have disappeared, and that women are exceedingly susceptible to it, its ravages in their case being more serious than in the case of men.

This, in a few words, is the "militant" estimate of the "creatures" with whom girls have been encouraged to "fall in love," to exalt into heroes, to whose domination, political, economic and intellectual, they have been taught to submit. And it is believed that to spread widely a knowledge of these facts amongst mothers and their daughters will do more than anything else to induce them to fling off that ancient domination and to stand on their own feet.

This brings us to the fundamental issue of the fight; for the women believe themselves to be struggling against the archaic passion of a man to dominate a

woman. A passion so clearly evidenced in the pages of history. Even those men who have themselves been mastered by other men, those who have to obey orders in field and factory, desire each of them to possess a mastered women. I had an opportunity the other day of witnessing a revelation of this instinct in its primitive form, in the case of a Mexican recently from Mexico, whose impulses were not disguised by the modern pretenses of civilization. This Mexican had been obeying all day. He had been carrying great stones, and putting them where he was told. He had been very respectful. When his day's service was done he went at night to his tent on the hillside and found his frijolas were not cooked properly, through shortness of fuel. At once he picked up a club to beat his wife, and ran after her as in terror she escaped to the mountain slope. When told that he was not allowed to beat his wife in the United States of America, he said (I will translate his bitter protest): "Surely a man can flog his own wife!" In those words that man voiced one of the oldest instincts of all men; an instinct far older than civilization and deeper, an instinct for domination, whether cruel or benevolent matters not, which they have universally satisfied, not because it was right, but because they were physically stronger than women.

But when I speak of this instinct for domination being older than civilization, I must refer also to its modernity, because even in its crude and complete form it has been indulged in until recent years. In 1869, when J. S. Mill wrote his "Subjection of Women," he was able to show that the position of women was indistinguished before the law, except in one single respect, from the position of a slave. Thus the wife took the name of the husband, as did the slave the name of his master. Not merely the wife's property but her earnings belonged to the husband, as the slave's to his master. Neither wife nor slave had any right over their children, and again obedience was (as it still is) one of the conditions of the marriage contract, and it was also a servile condition. Finally, a man could flog his wife then, just as slaves have always been flogged. Since Mill wrote his masterpiece, some of these crudities have been refined, but it is of the first importance that our minds should be clear about the nature of the origin of the present semi-dependence of women upon men. Large numbers of people, amongst whom Socialists are included, regard this semi-dependent condition as having some foundation in reason or nature, not to speak of divine ordinance. But, as Mill shows as vehemently as a man of his gentle argumentative habit of mind is capable, this view is wholly unhistorical. It is in slavery, found not upon reason but upon brute force, that we must find the origins of woman's status, the present phase of the latter being a quite modern modification of its original servile character.

How about that?

Christabel Pankhurst is even venturing a comparison of the political potentialities of this aggressive male with those of the female species, to the advantage of the female. Man being utterly foul and corrupt in his physical and mental life, he brings that corruption into politics. Women are by nature pure for the reason that their sex is associated wholly with the pure function of motherhood, whereas a man's sex is associated usually and mainly with his pleasures. A woman's every instinct is thus bound up with the constructive interests of the race, and politics are seen to be in dire need of her purifying and upbuilding influence. Right here, how does the man stand? All through nature the passion for fighting, bloodshed and destruction characterises the male species, and out of this passion has developed such male characteristics as the horns of a stag. Male destructiveness, arising largely out of the impulse of aggrandizement of personality, is placed clearly in contrast with the constructive impulse of the female, in which race interests take unconscious, instinctive precedence of personal interests, and there are two great historical figures, one of a man the other of a woman, which may well stand as types embodying the contrast referred to.

When Napoleon at 25 years of age was in the midst of the early victories of his Italian campaign and all Europe was wondering about this "wonderful youth," he was walking in a garden in Milan one evening with two of his friends. "Do you think," he murmured half to himself, "do you think I triumph in Italy to make the greatness of the lawyers of the Directory?" Silence reigned in that Italian garden, but the next years of his life reverberated with his reply to his own question. No, he triumphed for his own aggrandizement, he deliberately prostituted to that purpose the mighty impulse and idealism of the French Revolution, and in pursuing his characteristic male obsession, he drenched Europe in blood, and well nigh destroyed the French race. But for this destruction Napoleon obviously cannot bear the sole responsibility, seeing that he only made use for his purpose of that passion for destruction in the men of France in obedience to which, almost cheerfully, they nearly put themselves as a race to death. Who is there who will deny that European civilization, fully prepared with all the necessary implements, lies at this very moment at the mercy of the next Napoleon, commanding this archaic male impulse of destruction? Who knows when he will arise?

If then we may take Napoleon as a type of the male in his aspect of destroyer (not his only aspect, be it noted, what figure shall we place beside him to typify Woman the Conserver? The figure which presents to the imagination the full measure of the contrast is that of Florence Nightingale, and, of a surety, if in the blood-drunken days of Napoleon's wars, the enslaved and inarticulate mothers of France could have spoken, a Florence Nightingale would have been their spokesman.

According to reliable advices, there have been recent narrow escapes from a European war. The news columns of our papers are tense with this recurrent danger, and we can almost hear the beating of the wings of the war-demon. Socialists understand that there is an economic factor at work in this breathless issue, but nevertheless the considerations above described should hardly be ignored, and have an urgent bearing on the woman's suffrage question. It is at least interesting to note that in the very shadow of a war worse than all the wars in which men have ever destroyed one another in their ruthless history, the English Liberals are relying on the "genius" of Sir Edward Grey, and are bludgeoning, murdering, by all mean suppressing, the only real peacemakers that live in the world!

♣ ♣ ♣

The ballot is mightier than emery dust.

♣ ♣ ♣

"Philosophers have only interpreted the world differently. The great thing, however, is to change it."—Engels.

♣ ♣ ♣

Christopher Columbus dreamed of the new world. He was dubbed a visionary. But he proved his critics dubs by making his dream a practical reality. Socialists are dreamers who are building a practical reality.

Socialism and the Single Tax

By DR. J. E. POTTENGER

SINCE the philosophies of Marx and Henry George apparently differ fundamentally, I shall undertake to point out some features which are held in common and some which seem at variance. Both are seeking freedom for the individual, yet their methods seem absolutely contradictory. Marx attains it through collective action; George through competition. I do not share with some comrades who assert that George's program is solely for the purpose of conserving the middle class. It may be well to take up each main feature of Marxian philosophy and economics and compare the teaching of George.

ECONOMIC INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY.

George's writings abound in illustrations of this principle showing that economic interest determines the conservatism of those who profit from privilege. In fact the foundation principle of political economy, says he, is that "man attempts to satisfy his desires with minimal exertion." Surely no Marxian will contradict that, but will recognize at once that it is the basis of Marx' historical method, developed thirty years before George wrote his first book.

CLASS STRUGGLE.

George nowhere recognizes the class struggle as a fact upon which may be built a political and economic class movement. However, he depicts the misery and suffering of the submerged and notes its revolts. He continually speaks of classes in the Marxian sense. And yet today it is with much misgiving that the strict followers of George use the words "Class Struggle." One of their leading publications calls it the Labor War when the battle is on—a far less hopeful term. But it would not do to exploit this class interest to the end of making the workers masters of the political and industrial state. The sympathies of the Georgians however, are usually on the side of the laboring masses.

LABOR THEORY OF VALUE

George asserts with Marx that exchange value depends upon labor, but in the negative sense. Marx: "The value of an article is the amount of labor socially necessary or the labor-time socially necessary for its production." George: "Value of anything depends upon the amount of toil which the possession of that thing will save the possessor." In other words the purchaser will not pay more for an article than would cost him to produce it. George's law was undoubtedly valid during the age of hand manufacture when division of labor was unknown and abilities in production were fairly equal. But with the advent of modern machinery and the varied technical processes, which necessarily require division of labor, each worker has become dependent upon his particular knowledge and skill and cannot change his vocation readily. The more detailed his knowledge, the greater his handicap relatively. To offer him the alternative of paying the price asked for an article or making the article himself is ridiculous. This idea of value is linked up with the theory of Natural Rights, the validity of which is a moot question. George assumes that his law of value can work equitably only under a condition where land values are socialized. But even so, it seems to me that nature (from whom George loves to draw upon for all his principles) has set a barrier to the laborer in choosing his alternative. Moreover, after the laborer has attained 35 or 40 years of age, he can scarcely learn a new technical process at all. This would apply in a state of freedom as it now applies under slavery.

THEORY OF SURPLUS VALUE.

George does not discuss this at all, though he shows that much of the value created by labor and which apparently passes to the capitalist as profit really goes to the landlord for rent, or is applied on the original purchase price of land held at a speculative price. The Socialist asks: "Where does the capitalist get his means to pay the landlord or speculator if not from labor?"

We must admit that Marx did not clearly distinguish land from the products of labor. Upon this distinction is based the whole program of George. Land and other natural resources are Nature-given. Wealth results from the application of labor upon the former. The use of the former is a privilege because they are social in their nature. Hence, taxation should fall upon those who have the use of social values. As a result rent would be taken by the state and the landlord class with land speculation would be abolished. Now, as far as land is concerned, this would accomplish almost what Socialists desire except that George would leave title with the individual using the land. Communist Manifesto p. 45, says, "Abolition of property in land and application of all rents of land to public purposes." Is it not strange that the Socialist movement should have failed to evolve a plan to accomplish that which Marx places as the first feature of his program?

While we must admit that land and natural resources differ from the products of labor in their origin, we do not accept the Georgian position that only the former should be socialized, leaving all other values to the exploitation of the individual. Knowledge in general, inventions, institutions, etc., are values social in nature and these values should be exploited by and for the collectivity. George is not concerned with the enormous wastes of competition, and while his plan does not speak against cooperation, it does not necessarily include it.

His idea of the Socialist idea is very crude and he fails to get the spirit of the movement; is much concerned about the awful bureaucratic administrative state; and apparently has made no attempt to admit of Democracy in the Socialist State.

No! Socialists can not accept the Georgian philosophy but we should study its practical program of taxation, in view of the fact that it may enable us to socialize land. More urgently, since we have evolved no program of our own.

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A CAPITALISTIC GENIUS

"I wouldn't associate with him. I understand he's served a term in prison."

"That's true but it was for an offense involving a million dollars or more; nothing really disgraceful, you know."—Detroit Free Press.

IT'S JUST GOT

NEVER in all of my boyhood days did I pass more anxious hours than in the days following my exposure to measles.

"Will I get 'em?" was my continuous question, hurled at every member of the household a thousand times a day. It crept insidiously into my dreams at night and accompanied me to meals. It took the keen edge off my play and tinged every passing thought. And in due course of time the measles came.

Socialism is just as sure as measles—only more so. And it will be much more satisfactory when it arrives. But in its coming it will be a lot like the measles, coming in spots, taking its own good time to develop and then flowering out over the whole system in beautiful depths of color.

There are millions of people today who never heard of measles nor Socialism. But they are not "civilized." When civilization, which means capitalism, overtakes them, they will get both—measles first and then Socialism. Not that there is any actual relation between the two, or any similarity—but just that both come, in good time.

Millions of people today wonder if Socialism will come. They have heard of Socialism, but they don't know much about it. Some of them have heard that it is something very bad—worse than measles. Others have heard that it is something very good—too good to be true. So they just wonder along, expecting that maybe some day it will come, like rain, or a cyclone, or the July bath.

Some of these good people get interested enough to ask how we know that Socialism is coming—and that's where things get interesting. Let's take a side path for a moment and see what we can find that bears on the question.

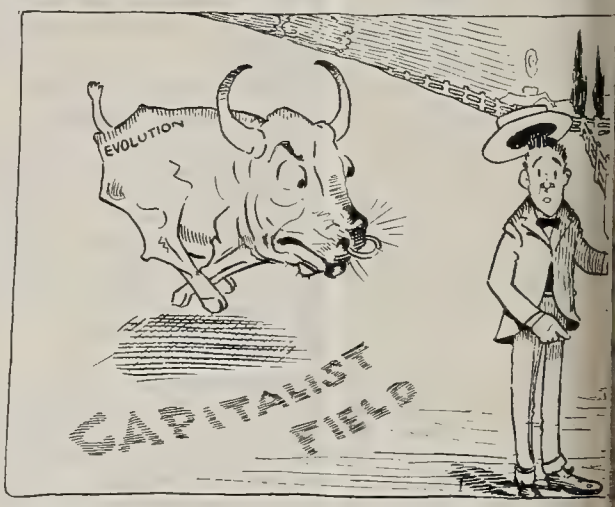
We'll likely have to forget about measles for the time being, since measles come to folks who are well, measles being a disease. Measles make a well system sick.

Our collective system is a sick system already. It has a bad disease. It is mighty sick. You can hear its groans from millions of starving throats; you can see its tears drip from the eyes of millions of bent and broken women as they toil toward untimely graves. You can feel the ache of its hardening bones if you will but get down into the army of endless work. For remember that while it requires nearly $1,000 a year to provide a decent living for a family, the average income is below $500. Remember that thousands of little children are at work in mills and mines and factories before they have reached their growth. Remember that the number of idle men and the number of criminals is increasing every week. Remember most of all, that one per cent of the people own ninety per cent of all the wealth. These things have made the social system sick. A lot of folks have come forth calling themselves doctors and promising a cure for this disease. But they have been quacks and have given the patient cheap pills of sugar and water. They didn't take time to study the disease, so they couldn't treat it. The sickness is growing worse, the pulse beats are more feeble, the breath is weaker.

Something must be done!

And that is why Socialism is coming. There isn't anything else to come.

Socialism is coming as the cure for the sickness that is upon us. Socialism is the cure of the expert for our social decay. It just has to come.



But Socialism isn't coming just because some people have studied out what ought to happen and labeled it Socialism. Socialism is coming because it is the only thing that can come. Some people have studied the situation and concluded—and likewise proved—that a certain thing will happen, and they have called that thing Socialism. They have shown us how we can help to hasten it along and how we can guide things so as to make the coming easier and safer, but that is all they have done. Some folks have been scared because they think Socialism is merely a scheme that some dreamers have cooked up and are trying to force down the throat of the world. But that isn't the case at all. Socialism is something that is coming and that has been forecasted for us so that we may know what is coming. They have proven the forecast scientifically.

The men in the weather bureau know that certain atmospheric conditions produce rain. So they predict rain. Their forecast gives folks time to prepare for rain so that the rain may be of more value to them. It gives people a chance to co-operate with natural forces when the rain comes.

But the prediction of Socialism is far more certain than the prediction of rain. Experts in social disease know absolutely that Socialism will come. They know absolutely that it is the only cure for the disease that society has. If it should not come the poor patient would die.

That is why Socialists look with such inexpressible joy to the future and the coming of Socialism. They know it means LIFE!

COME

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

The reason that Socialists, who are the experts in the treatment of the diseased social system, are so sure that Socialism is coming is that they know that certain causes will produce certain effects. If you were to see someone reach out and cut the rope that held a great iron weight suspended you know that the weight would fall. You know that if man standing beside a fence that divided two fields were to be subjected to a charge by an enraged bull the man would get into the

other field—somehow. You know that good live yeast will cause dough to rise. You know that the inquisitive little tubercle bacillus will cause tuberculosis and that aged eggs will cause disgust at the breakfast table.

You can put the case of the coming of Socialism very plainly before you by taking the case of the man and the bull. All you need do is to attach some labels to the picture. Label the man society and label the bull evolution. Then write capitalism across the field in which the man is while you inscribe the world Socialism over the field into which he is about to be transferred. Natural forces will do the rest.

However, the coming of Socialism will not be so violent in its effect on Society. It will be gentle and pleasant and the landing will be effected gracefully, as if on a fluffy pillow, rather than haphazard on the hard ground. But the transition will be just as sure. You see it is simply the result of natural causes; it can't be stopped, or swerved. And we need it, too. The field we are in has been tilled to the point where it isn't fertile any more. It doesn't support the masses of us. The few have taken everything that was good and have stored it up for themselves and the few fertile spots that are left have been fenced in so that we can't get at them. We just have to get over into that other field if we are to live.

You see I got over the measles all right—had to or I couldn't have lived. And just so society must get over capitalism For, goodness knows, the poor thing can't go on forever being sick of capitalism.

And here's hoping that no one gets mixed up about measles and the fields and the fence and the bull. Those were just terms, like the blocks the little shavers use. And, by the way, that fence; that's nothing but a seesaw pile of dead laws that are kept there by the quack doctors. Our part in getting society well is just to take down that rotten old fence and to put a moving sidewalk in its place.

UNHERALDED HEROES

By DAVID FULTON KARSNER

If it is true that "not all is gold that glitters," then it also is true that not all heroes are heralded as such. It is well that fitting recognition be made to those who, unflinchingly, face shot and shrapnel on a field of military battle.

But what of those industrial soldiers who daily face explosions, mine cave-ins, fires and "occupational diseases" on a field of commercial battle?

Every day they jeopardize life and limb. Year by year uncounted thousands of such men and women, industrial heroes, go down to unnamed graves.

Have we reached that period of social lethargy when these precious lives must be sacrificed in vain? Working men and women are daily defending their country's cause. They shed their blood for it, and die for it.

Their uniforms, overalls and gingham aprons, are no less inspiring than those of navy blue, trimmed with brass buttons and gold lace.

Fabulous fortunes are spent yearly by our government to build giant battleships and to improve our military defense on land and sea. Great care is taken for the safety of our military soldiers in times of civil conflict.

This is as it should be.

But the same government that exercises such infinite care for its military arm should not be unmindful of the care and protection it owes its industrial arm. Too many lives are wasted in mills, mines and factories.

It is one of the most hideous scandals of the age to witness young girls leaping from lofty heights to certain death to escape fire in an unprotected sweatshop. The same is true of our mines and railroads that claim the lives of too many fathers, husbands and sweethearts.

A government that does not adequately protect those who dedicate their lives to its industrial service is sailing on rocky seas. Let us hallow the ground that contains our industrial dead—the unheralded heroes for whom no funeral dirge was played.

THE AWAKENING

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

AS THE clock in the prison tower began to strike nine, a restless stirring like the fluttering of birds in the branches of trees, began in the women's ward of the Tombs. The common citizens of New York, awaiting trial for various violations of the law, were putting behind them another day reminiscent of hard, stone benches and salt-peter dosed food and were preparing for a night on the pestilent cots provided by a magnanimous city administration.

Before the clock had chimed the last stroke, the click of the electric switch sounded up and down the three tiers of cells.

In the darkness that followed, the stirring continued for a quarter of an hour or so. In one cell a newspaper was crumpled up. In another someone yawned and turned over in the cot. On the third tier where the unmanageable, incorrigible negresses were confined, questionable conversations floated back and forth in whispers.

At the end of the quarter of an hour a silence ensued. It crept gradually, insidiously over the prison like a phantom fear descending on the wings of the darkness. It crept closer and closer to the heart of the prison and clutched it with an ever tighter grasp. The prisoners lay gasping in its clutches and yet dared scarcely move to throw it off. As they lay rigid waiting for something to break the spell, it seemed that eons passed.

Still the silence continued.

Then with startling suddenness a heavy body fell with a dull thud upon the stone floor of a cell. The thud was followed by a scream. A harsh voice quavered, "It is so cold, so cold. Oh God, it is so cold!" There was another scream and the same voice reiterated, "It is so cold, so cold, cold!" The opium fiend, denied her drug, was facing a night of hideous torture. Those who heard her agonized cries felt their flesh grow clammy.

The phantom of silence was vanquished, but a more terrible one had supplanted it.

A negress on the third tier cursed volubly. "Shut up, you dog!" she called angrily to the suffering woman, who did not hear her, but merely continued her wierd shrieks and moans. The negress ejected more curses.

As the curses subsided, sobs were faintly heard, growing louder as the disturbance of the opium fiend ceased for a time. They echoed hollowly down the empty corridors like lost hopes seeking reinstatement. There were prison sobs—beyond the understanding of those who have not wept them.

The footsteps of two persons were heard in the lower corridor. They climbed to the second tier. A light was turned on; a key scraped in a grating; a door creaked open and was slammed shut; the light was turned off again—and then the footsteps of one person receeded.

The light which the matron turned on for a moment flashed upon the slight form of a girl out of whose white, childlike face there stared eyes as wide and black and wondering as the daisy's.

All night long the sobs, the curses and the screams continued, one after another or all together. Once they were interrupted by wanton laughter. The girl with the white face and black eyes of the daisy lay motionless on her cot listening to them.

At dawn, when the sunlight crept timidly through the high windows, throwing the shadows of the bars like skeleton fingers across the floors of the cells, in silent reminder of the imprisonment which vagrant dreams may have cast into oblivion for a few hours, she stirred slightly.

Outwardly the night had made no change in her. Her eyes were still as wondering and wide and black as the daisy's; she appeared as tenderly young as before. But inwardly she was a different person. The tales which had come floating to her in the noises of the night had seared white-hot across her child mind.

The tempest with its roar, its lightning and violent rain washes away the dust and debris and moistens the earth that the flowers may bloom more sweetly, tho it bows them down for the moment. So the tempest which the girl had weathered during the night bowed her down for the moment, but at the same time cleared her mind of some of the debris deposited in it by a sordid environment and a dogmatic religion, thereby making an opportunity for sweeter, broader thoughts to grow. That night caused her to doubt—and to doubt seriously—the efficacy of the justice of the punishment meted out in prisons for so-called malefactors. She began to wonder if they were the real malefactors.

When the matron came to unlock the cells, her keys clinking against the crucifix fastened about her neck, the girl remembered with surprising indifference that she had failed to tell the beads of her rosary the night before. For reasons she did not analyse, it seemed farcical to her in such a place.

During the day, which the prisoners spent together in a common enclosure, she became acquainted with a number of her fellow inmates, divulging to them the fact that she was named Ann and also that she had no father. A stout Irish woman, seeing that she refused to eat either breakfast or dinner, offered her some dainties, which had been provided by a solicitous family.

As Ann pretended to nibble at the food, they drifted into friendly confidences.

The Irish woman remarked with cheerful unconcern, "I'm in for battin' me husband. An' what're you in for, child?"

Ann drew her mouth into a hard line and hesitated before speaking. But the woman's kindliness overcame her reserve.

"We never had nothin' nice nor decent," she muttered. "Mother never had nothin' purty an' the kids never had no fun. Mother alus a bendin' her back over a tub an' the kids out on the street a sellin' papers; an' me a workin' from eight in the mornin' till six at night for four per. That's why I done it. Gosh, I guess 'twas wicked, but I couldn't help it. It's wicked, too, to let folks live so."

The stout woman placed an arm around her and said, "There, there now," sagely accepting it as logical that Ann should explain why she had violated the law before explaining how she had violated it.

"I worked in the Fourteenth Street Store in the

order department," continued the girl. "When a girl's alus got nice things around her, she can't help but want 'em; even with the priest a tellin' you every time you go to confession that they're the temptation of the devil. When a girl sees happy and strong folks a buyin' them purty things, she can't help a wishin' her folks was happy and strong too, not if she loves 'em,—an' I love my folks," she added fiercely.

"After a while I gets to thinkin' about it so much that I start to look for a chance to get some of them purty things. An' when you start lookin' for a chance real hard, you nearly alus find it. I found mine. It just come to me one day like a flash. I said to myself that it would be just as easy when I took down a customer's order to put her address on the duplicate that goes to the store and put my address on the original that goes with the goods. In that way the stuff that was ordered went to my house instead of to the customer's. I told ma that kind ladies bought the things for us, so she wouldn't worry where they come from. But the store detective caught me at it. That's what I'm in for!" Her little frame shook with agitation as she closed her narrative.

The stout woman calmed her with another "There, there now," and asked, "How comes it, you're not in the Children's Court? You're such a tiny mite. I'd hate to have my girlie shut up here right clost to the crool an' hard things o' the woruld as she'd never dreamt on before. Them polis is beasts to throw a little flowerin' childer like you in wit' all the riff-raff o' the city."

"Oh, you see," explained Ann, "at the station where they took me first, the judge asked me how old I was an' I said seventeen. So he said I was too old for the Children's Court—they don't take 'em down there over sixteen—an' said I'd have to be brought down here."

She continued in a way which showed that during her first night in prison there had been sown seeds of understanding that had already taken root—continued in a way that would have caused her priest to raise his hands in horror and her mother to stare in amazement.

"An' I don't know that there's any cause to worry about me bein' here with them others as you think so much worse than you or me. I don't know as they're any more riff-raff than I am. Maybe them that you think are worse than us just had more things a hurtin' 'em than we did."

The Irish woman shook her head dubiously. "You'll think different when you're older," she said pessimistically.

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The first day passed and others equally monotonous followed. Ann began to wonder nervously when her trial would come up. She inquired about it and learned that one girl had been waiting three weeks for a trial and another a month and still another six weeks, while one woman, falsely accused of larceny, had languished in the Tombs six months waiting either for conviction or discharge. On becoming acquainted with these facts, Ann philosophically ceased to think of her own case, except during the terrible nights, when she was locked alone in her cell. She busied herself instead in contemplating the people about her. As she did so, she found her ideas of right and wrong, of justice and injustice, of truth and untruth coming more and more into conflict with the ideas which had been expounded for her by the priest since her babyhood.

She would sit quietly in a corner and attempt to put herself in the place of various women about her. There was curly-haired, black-eyed, vivacious Rosa, with her ever-present smile. It was said of her that she was a harlot. Ann had never seen a harlot until her first day in prison, although at home she had heard vague, discreditable whisperings about them, to the effect that they were daughters of evil. In looking at Rosa, Ann thought that she did not look half so much like a daughter of evil as did the sour old matron, who had shaken her roughly by one arm when she was brought in and had said to her, "God'll curse ye' for bringing sorrow on your mother in her old age!"

There was another woman in whom Ann found herself strangely interested. She was indicted for manslaughter. A very quiet, gentle, diminutive person was this woman. With a sense of having traveled a very, very long way, Ann recalled how she would have felt a week ago had she read in glaring headlines about a woman who had committed a murder. Undoubtedly she would have thought, "What awful people there are in the world." And now she found herself sympathetic, wondering what monstrous provocation such a gentle woman must have had for such a terrible deed. Until Ann herself had been caught in the wheel, she had never given a thought to the possibility of a vindication for the deeds stamped by the law as crimes.

As she pursued her thoughts in this manner, new vistas continued to open for her straight ahead. She was passing through that state of mind through which all wanderers pass who strike out in search of a new land. She was becoming aware of the ugly disharmony of the land in which she lived.

When she had been awaiting her trial for about a week, her mother paid her a visit. The little wren-like woman crept in slowly, awed by the stone walls and black, steel bars on all sides. She paused a few feet away from the bars which separated her from Ann and looked at her in a way that was heart-rending.

"You HERE, Ann," she breathed. "You here! How could you do it!"

And then Ann wept her first tears. She had so hoped her mother would understand. She wanted her to know the new strength which had crept into her daughter's veins when she cast off stagnant meekness. But she did not understand. She merely saw her daughter as one who had fallen from grace; as one of whom the neighbors would speak with opprobium; as one who had defied that which to God and man should be sacred. It was not enough for Ann to know that her mother would forgive her. She wanted to feel that there was nothing to forgive.

As her mother stood before her, old doubts swept over her with a rush, clouding her new vistas. She began to consider whether she was deserving of condemnation after all. Perhaps it was evil, as the priest said, to strive for things which one does not possess. Conversation about the commonplace things of home and about old neighbors impressed old ideas more forcibly, until she was in a hopeless maze.

When her mother had gone, she continued to weep bitterly. For days she stumbled in a mental labyrinth, attempting to regain the point at which she had stood before her mother's visit. While she was still struggling with conflicting ideas, the news came that on the succeeding afternoon her trial would take place.

Immediately she had a different question to concentrate on. What awaited her in the court room?

On the following morning she sat bowed in a corner, counting off the dragging minutes and hours which intervened between her and knowledge of what was in store for her. As she sat thus, a girl beside her nodded toward the little woman indicted for man-

slaughter, who was being led through the iron gate by the matron.

"She's goin' to Court now," said the girl. "Gee, it's hard lines all right, an' her with a little kid."

"Tell me about it," said Ann.

"She kept boarders," continued her informant, "an' did washin' to support a drunken husband and her little girl twelve years old. One day she discovered that while she was out doin' washin', the old man turned his daughter over to one of th' boarders to use and took th' money to buy drinks with. When she found it out, she killed 'im."

The girl sighed. "It's from one to twenty years for manslaughter," she said, "an' I'm afraid the Court'll be hard on her. Alus got it in for women that kill their husbands. Seems to be sorter les majesty to 'em."

"What became of the boarder?" questioned Ann.

"He beat it."

"An' if they send her up," gasped Ann, "th' kid'll be all alone?"

"Yep!"

Ann forgot about her own trial, which was gradually nearing as the slow hours ticked by. She thought only of a gentle, sweet-faced woman, standing before a jury of men, attempting to explain to them the fire that had leaped into her body when it was necessary to strike for her young. She thought of a hen she had once seen fly into a fury and pick out the eyes of a hawk, which had killed one of her chicks. She wondered what would have been the fate of the hen had she been tried by a jury of hawks.

The more she thought of the little woman, the more completely were the old ideas pushed into the background, which had come trooping in with her mother. And for the first time in her life, her eyes lost the softness of the daisy's and became hard.

The matron came with her hat and coat and told her it was time to go. When she reached the crowded court room, she looked about for her mother, but could not see her. So she turned her mind again to the little woman, probably before a judge at that moment in some other part of the prison.

"An' the kid'll be alone," she said. "The kid'll be alone."

As she murmured this, her eyes grew soft again. Tears were dangerously near her lashes. In a moment they dropped upon her cheeks.

A young man, handcuffed, sitting beside her in the row of prisoners, nudged her with his elbow.

"Aw kid! Don't start no weeps now, please," he begged. "You'll be home wit' mudder soon. Honest."

Always afterward in thinking of her, he wondered how such simple words could have made a girl's eyes so luminous.

(To be continued.)

HANDS VERSUS MACHINES

NO ONE will deny that man can support himself by hand labor, and do it in somewhat better style than is enjoyed by most of the slum population of our great cities.

Then what will you say to this?

A recent bulletin issued by the United States government estimates that four and one-half million factory workers in this country produce the equivalent of the hand labor of forty-five million men!

That means that 90 per cent of the work is done by machinery.

That means that production is SOCIALIZED!

With that established, where is the difficulty of inaugurating Socialism?

Factory production means socialized production. But it is socialized production under capitalist ownership.

In the ownership lies the wrong. It is the ownership that must now be socialized. That is the object of the revolutionary Socialist Party.

The tools of production—the factories—have become social tools, used and needed by the social body. No one man needs to or can operate a factory by himself. It requires many men. And the product is distributed among many more men. That is socialized production.

Ninety per cent of our production is socialized, the government tells us. Capitalism is just about flowered to perfection.

Ninety per cent of socialized production means that in 90 per cent of the things we must have to sustain life there is exploitation. For exploitation and the factory system under capitalism are inseparable. Exploitation is robbery. It is that process through which men get something for nothing, by virtue of ownership of socialized tools of production.

The only relief possible must come through socialized ownership. That is, ownership and democratic management of social tools by society. In that lies revolution and the coming of Socialism.

Social ownership, under Socialism, will not mean that four and one-half million men will do the work while the balance go idle and starving. It will mean a product sufficient for all and a chance for all to produce enough to satisfy all the needs of a complete life of health, happiness and ethical fullness.

EDITORIAL

WHAT ABOUT 1914?

THE 1913 election struggles are over and the Socialists have more than ample cause for rejoicing. But, while the day for balloting has passed, the Socialist campaign goes on forever and we are now fighting toward 1914.

What about 1914? What will we do then? Every Socialist is interested in that proposition.

Next month The Western Comrade will tell you something about what the Socialist Party expects to accomplish in the 1914 elections. The Western Comrade has written to every state secretary in the union, asking for a conservative statement of the outlook for the 1914 elections. Nearly one-half of the officials written to have answered. Those answers are a tonic. Moreover, they are a threat—to capitalism.

By the time the next number of this magazine goes to press the replies of almost all of the secretaries will be in hand and The Western Comrade will be able to bring to you a resume of the outlook from the conservative viewpoint of trained officials who have been schooled through the years to expect political defeat at election time, rather than victory. And at this early date it is not too much to say that the results looked for in 1914 will surprise you. And what is more they will put you on fighting edge for your own campaign.

Be sure and get the next number of The Western Comrade, for it will be the most vitally interesting magazine you have read in many a long day.

What about 1914 We shall see, next month!

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ABOUT THE DESTRUCTIONISTS

NO MATTER what the case may be, this magazine believes it to be the utmost of folly for the Socialist organization to offer a forum to speakers whose avowed purpose is to exploit the ideas of the I. W. W.

Socialist Party branches have done more or less of that sort of thing in one place or another, and never has it resulted in benefit to the party, so far as is known at this writing.

It is all very well to say that the I. W. W. stands for industrial unionism and that most Socialists believe we should have that sort of economic organization, but as a matter of actual fact the I. W. W. stands for something entirely apart from that and for something with which the Socialist organization has no sympathy or tolerance—not that the Socialist organization is intolerant, but that it is sensible and understands economics and history.

To open the doors to the I. W. W. is to open the doors to disruption, dissension, destruction. The Socialists must learn that lesson. CONstruction and DEstruction cannot travel on the same train of cars. We are perfectly competent to provide speakers for our own forums, we are perfectly capable of arousing all the public interest that is needed, we are perfectly competent to go ahead and accomplish the revolution without any hell-raising windjammers interfering with the machinery.

Let it be made clear that the Socialist Party is run by those INSIDE and that the door is open to all who care to come in and help. BUT THERE IS ONLY ONE DOOR!

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A HARD LESSON, IS THIS

ONE of the fundamental lessons the American workingman has to learn is the lesson of organization. And to many it appears one of the hardest lessons he has to learn. It seems difficult for thousands of persons who regularly vote the straight Socialist ticket to understand why they ought to be within the organized party, paying dues and helping conduct the affairs of the party.

In California less than one-tenth of the Socialist voters are Socialist Party members. That is a condition that ought not to obtain. The average over the nation is about one party member to ten Socialist voters. The ten seem to thoroughly understand the class struggle in

all of its aspects except that of class organization for political purposes.

Just now the national office of the party is conducting a great organization campaign to bring the party membership up to 150,000. That means the securing of 50,000 new members. If Executive Secretary Lanfersiek can manage a membership campaign that will add 50,000 members he will have accomplished one of the seven wonders of politics. Not that it ought to be an especially difficult task, but that it will be a task that no one before him has accomplished. However, the Socialists have a way of doing things when they set about it—and indications now are that they are setting about this business with great seriousness of purpose.

The Western Comrade adds its word for this great campaign, the details of which have been set forth with ample attention to detail in the daily and weekly press. The Socialist voter must be brought to a realization of his isolated position outside the party. He must be made to see the necessity of getting INSIDE the party where his voice and vote and intellect may be of the fullest service in the struggle to finally emancipate the working class.

What a movement we should have in California with all of the hundred thousand Socialist voters INSIDE the party!

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THE REUTER PREDICAMENT

THE observing newspaper reader on this side of the great puddle will not be surprised to learn of the discomfiture of the Reuter news agency, English ally of our own Associated Press. The Reuter agency conducts an advertising business as well as a news business. Recently it sought to combine the two, so as to increase profits—a most natural thing to do.

Circular letters were sent to advertisers stating that the agency was in a position now and then to insert lines valuable to advertisers in its news dispatches. It offered to perform such service at so much per perform.

The deal was a little too raw even for capitalist editors, and so when they discovered what was afoot they promptly rebelled and made known their displeasure by refusing to use the Reuter service.

However, the sort of advertising the Reuter agency sought to do is not one whit worse for the working class—and probably not nearly as bad—as the sort of proselyting that is done daily for big business in the way of coloring news stories with a capitalistic shade. The simple fact is that all capitalist news services are bad from the working class standpoint and our only remedy is to establish our own sources of information—and that soon.

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A ROBBER DIES

ONE headline tells us that the price of beef is going to go higher and another tells us that Edward Morris, president of the Nelson-Morris Packing company, has died, leaving a fortune estimated at $50,000,000.

Mr. Morris having been only one of a group of "brainy men" associated in what we term the beef trust, it is fair to multiply the Morris fortune by several times and call that the exploitation in the beef industry.

Of course, no one will deny that there is a relation, and a very intimate one, between these great fortunes and the cost of beef—and other meats.

This magazine said last month that the American nation would find a way to provide its food supply if the exploitation could be removed, but it declared that we did object to both a beef shortage and extortion in connection with what supply we have.

The death of this rich packer should serve as an eye-opener to such as still slumber in the land of false contentment. It is not considered good tea-party form to speak in any but flowery terms of the dead, but we are constrained, nevertheless, to call Mr. Morris a plain robber and to assert once more that our everlasting aim is to make impossible all robbery of that sort. Revolution? Of course!

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CENSORSHIP PLUS

NOT long ago the board of motion picture censors came within one vote of putting the ban on Frank E. Wolfe's film-play, "From Dusk to Dawn," because of its criticism of the established order of things in Los Angeles.

Some time before that—under the Waldo regime—it is reported that a play called "Any

Night" was subject to police mutilation in New York. Here is what the Waldo censorship removed:

Policeman: "Say, kid. I'm sorry about the lungs."

Mary: "Oh, forget it."

Policeman: "And, Mary, after this there ain't going to be nothin' doin' in the piece-of-change line."

Mary: "That's all right, Mike—you're entitled to it, and as long as I keep goin' you'll get yours—(**half to herself**)—and the sergeant'll get his, and the lieutenant and the captain and all the rest of them'll get theirs—and when there ain't nothin' more to give up—(**smiles wanly**)—maybe I'll get mine."

And also this:

Policeman: "Can it, kid, can it. I seen her when she flagged ya—but if you want to fall fer it, go as far as ya like; I've given ya the inside info', so don't holler if the harpoon hurts. And say, Birdie, yer a new edition to me, so let me wise ya up; if yer goin' to scatter yer line of chirp along this alley fer the season, don't fergit Little Boy Blue. Got me, Baby?"

The point is that censorship is bound to be in the hands of the ruling class and the ruling class can, if it wishes, strike from any play or film, OR BOOK, any portion that too dramatically, OR TRUTHFULLY, sets forth accusations against the established order of things.

There is a constant trend toward abridgement of speech and of the liberties of the press which we, as workers fighting for the overthrow of an iniquitous system, ought to fear and guard against.

So long as you have a censor you must have a censorship that is colored by the personal views of the censor, and those views will be the views of the interests he represents.

You have your illustration in the Waldo incident quoted above. You have noticed, of course, that the portion of the play that was stricken out was that portion which criticised the police. What more natural for a policeman censor than to save himself from public excoriation through the medium of the playwright's lines?

There you have the point. We must beware of that kind of censorship. For the capitalist system moves in divers ways its dirty work to shield.

VINCE PICKS A BRIDE

THE newspapers are telling the people how perfectly lovely it is that Vincent Astor has succeeded in winning such a fine young woman as a bride. The ravings are something to marvel over. But meanwhile let us not forget that while Vincent Astor is rated as worth $65,000,000 and is going to be married to a perfectly nice young woman, he also is one of the largest owners of New York TENEMENT property. He is one of the very rich who get richer while the poor get poorer. Of course that's not his fault. It's all in the way the system works. But just the same, such cases as this help some folks to get the right sort of an understanding of what's wrong and why.

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POPULAR GOVERNMENT

IT WAS to be expected that the powers that he would undertake to gain their ends through the initiative and referendum, just as they formerly sought to gain them through legislatures and judges and other officials—and as they do yet, for that matter.

To prove that those expectations were well founded the hirelings of Big Business are to be found in every corner of the state now-a-days getting signatures to a petition to forbid any but property owners voting on bond issues.

It remains, however, to be seen whether they can get the voters to be sheep when it comes time to pass on that nefarious measure at the polls.

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SHAW AND EUGENICS

BERNARD SHAW always is supremely delightful—and more. He is keen, original, humorous, resourceful, and he has a knack of making his ideas "get across." Not long ago he delivered a lecture before the National Liberal club in London, a lecture which has since been published by The Metropolitan magazine, together with some of the comments made upon it at the same time by Liberals whom Shaw characterized as anything but liberal.

Shaw was stating "The Case for Equality," and, of course, had his say about eugenics. Shaw maintained that it is all well enough to

strive for better horses and cows and chickens, "because when you want to breed a horse you know the sort of horse you want. If you want a race horse all you care about is that the horse should be a very fast horse. If you want a draught horse, you know that all you want is a powerful horse. You do not bother very much about its temper; you do not care whether it is a good horse in the pulpit sense of the word. * * * It is quite simple because you know the sort of horse you want. But do you know the sort of man you want? You do not. You have not the slightest idea. You do not even know how to begin."

And isn't there more than a little in that? And, as Shaw continues, suppose someone is to fix a standard toward which to work; WHO will establish that standard, and will it suit the rest of us?

Shaw argues for economic liberty, in order that men and women may select their mates in response to the dictates of natural laws; for conditions that will make for a wider field from which to select a mate, for the elimination of the starvation incentive and all other incentives peculiar to capitalism. That does not mean any other sort of marriage than we have now, so far as form is concerned; what Shaw intends it to mean is a marriage that shall be a true marriage of real mates instead of a bread and butter bargain driven by people whose finest emotions are choked or dwarfed and whose opportunity for selecting the life companion is immeasurably broader than it can ever be under present conditions.

And, after all and once more, isn't there something in that. Would you care to view the human race that was bred up to a standard established by a committee of bankers, or lawyers, OR FEDERAL JUDGES? That may not be what the science of eugenics contemplates, but anyhow it's a hot tip right off the bat of George Bernard Shaw and Shaw has slipped a hot poker into more than one stagnant brain!

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ALSO, OWN THE GOVERNMENT

WHATEVER may be the popular cry of the moment, the Socialists never lose sight of the main goal, the ultimate objective. While we go on urging public ownership of utilities and monopolies, we are always on the main track, headed toward the complete overthrow of the capitalist system. We want to own the government—and we are going to. Those who stand in the way of progress can have whatever comfort they can get out of that statement. We intend to push capitalism overboard. And furthermore, forgetting all the restraining sections of the penal code, which, however, will go overboard at the same time, we shall tie a stone around its neck.

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INVENTORS AND SOCIALISM

FREQUENTLY we hear the question: "How will Socialism reward its inventors?"

We shall not undertake here to say just how they shall be rewarded. Nobody can say just what reward any man will have for his labor under Socialism, except to say that there will be absolutely no exploitation, and that each man will be rewarded with the fruits of his labor, with no profit, no interest, no rent—no gouging.

Certain it is, however, that Socialism will do better than capitalism has done by its inventors, its scientists, its great creators. As a sample of the rewards under capitalism, read the following from Collier's Weekly:

"In what we proudly call an 'Age of Science' the world still treats scientists like dogs. An appalling array of recent news notes is at hand to furnish the counts of this indictment.

" 'Poor I have lived, poor I die!' were the last words of Charles Tellier, who, half starved and in agony, died the other day in a shabby room in Paris. His experiments of half a lifetime made refrigeration systems possible. One of the many corporations that he had helped to enrich offered him in his last hours a gift of $20,000. Tellier scornfully rejected it. He accepted a ribbon from the Legion of Honor but spurned alms.

"J. H. Fabre, the French poet-entomologist, called 'The Insect's Homer,' at last has attained deserved honors—but he had to live until ninety to get them.

" 'A little longer,' he quaintly observes, 'and the violins would have come too late.'

"Yet France is no more ungrateful than other lands. The Wright brothers found quicker recognition there than in America.

"That Germany may live in a glass house, too, might be guessed from reading the story

of Dr. Diesel. His work may prove epoch making, but he died a bankrupt and possibly a suicide.

"England rewards Marconi, the scientist lifesaver whose invention has rescued hundreds at sea, by connecting his name with a financial scandal; and France has given equally shabby treatment to Madame Curie."

To say that Socialism will do better than that is not all that might be said, by any means.

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SMOTHERED IN DEBT

WHAT capitalism is doing to nations in the way of piling up indebtedness is shown graphically in a recent report issued by the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce.

The report says that the aggregate debt is upward of forty-two billions of dollars, an increase of 20 per cent in the last decade and double what it was forty years ago.

The debt of France is the heaviest of any single government. Then comes Russia, the United Kingdom, Italy, Spain, British India, Japan, Germany and the United States in the order named. The debt of this country grew a little more than one hundred million dollars in the last ten years.

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TELEGRAPH FACTS

BUT few people realize the vast amount of gambling that is done in America every day. But an investigation by a number of congressmen reveals the startling fact that more than half the telegraph business of the country is done for the gambling fraternity. Poolroom and race-track gambling and stock-market gambling furnish the bulk of the telegraph business. Were it not for the newspaper telegraph service the gambling business would be almost the entire support of the telegraph companies.

This can indicate but one thing: The telegraph companies do not aim to serve the people. Their chief business is to serve the bourgeois and the big business—crooked though it may be—of the country.

The business that the common people do over the telegraph constitutes but 10 per cent of the total. The telegraph is not for them.

While the government operates 67,000 post offices, all convenient of access, the telegraph companies operate only 25,000 telegraph offices, many in exceedingly out-of-the-way places. Just because of that fact alone government ownership would bring the telegraph almost three times as near the people as it now is. In England you may go to any post office, drop a stamped telegram into the box and it will be collected and telegraphed to its destination. The cost is a cent a word, with twelve cents as the minimum charge. As a result so-called social messages constitute from 50 to 60 per cent of the total business.

And yet, many of the "common people" gasp in holy horror at such a revolutionary idea as government ownership of telegraph systems!

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THE MONEY POWER

THAT an unscrupulous "rule or ruin" power is really wielded by the plutocracy is well shown in an editorial in a recent Harper's Weekly. While the spirit of this manifestation is not new at all to Socialists, it may be new in detail, so we quote in part:

" The power of the concentrated money interests is as great as it is hidden and smooth. A hint is given and all the forces act together. Take an example in the recent attack of Mr. Aldrich on Mr. Bryan and the currency bill. Mr. Bryan has long been a red rag to the large property interests, and Mr. Aldrich is an expert in giving the signals. When his speech was made, word was sent out at once by many of the large financial institutions to small banks everywhere to cut down credit to the utmost. They were to give it to merchants when they deemed it absolutely necessary, but they were at the same time to create a stringency in their neighborhood. A person would come into a country bank with abundant security and the bank officials would say: 'Yes, your security is ample. Yes, we have plenty of money, but we are not making loans. We are afraid the currency bill is going to plunge the country into ruin, and very likely this bank itself may be destroyed.' No wonder, with this policy pursued all over the country, Congressmen and Senators were deluged with letters."

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Every new day is a day of new opportunities for Socialists.

BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

SABOTAGE—

It simply had to come; the surprise, to my mind, is that it didn't come sooner, for sabotage impresses me as being a splendid theme for dramatists who are ever on the search for material that offers the elements of surprise, suspense, adventure, to say nothing of theory, sociology and philosophy. Sabotage is almost new to Americans, who got the word from the French Syndicalists, who, in turn, got it from the English; that is to say, the idea of sabotage, not the word itself, came from John Bull.

So new is the word sabotage that at the 1912 convention of the Socialist party, at Indianapolis, it was pronounced differently by the various delegates who spoke upon the subject, according to John Spargo in his book entitled "Syndicalism, Industrial Unionism and Socialism."

Before sabotage was formally denounced as anarchistic and individualistic, unworthy of being used as a weapon by Socialists, the delegates participated in a debate on this "Anarchism by a new name," as Delegate Victor L. Berger expressed it. "We know now why the Socialist party of the United States in 1812 made the advocacy of sabotage, crime or violence a bar to membership in the party," Mr. Spargo says in his chapter on "Sabotage as a Revolutionary Weapon." "It was an act of self-preservation. It had been supposed that the exclusion of the Anarchists by the International Socialist Congress in 1896, in London, had once and for all settled the point at issue between the advocates of political action and the advocates of direct action. But the Syndicalist movement in various countries has brought the old Anarchistic teachings and methods of warfare into the party by a side door, as it were."

Sabotists believe they can bring an end to the private ownership of the machinery of production and distribution by a campaign of destruction, deliberately disabling machinery, cutting wires, placing cement in switches, and so on. Spargo tells us that sometimes sabotage takes most amusing forms. "In Philadelphia when some tailors went on strike they are said to have left behind them specially made 'yardsticks' a couple of inches short with all the spaces likewise altered. The cutter who cut garments according to his instructions, using false measures was, of course, ruining materials, and one can imagine the most ludicrous results." Mr. Spargo says.

At the Grand Guignol, Paris, "Sabotage," a one-act tragedy, was presented recently. It was a brilliant success, causing a great sensation among the theater-goers and critics. The play, by Ch. Hellem, W. Valcros and Pol d' Estoc, translated by Andre Tridon, appears in the November issue of the Smart Set. We are told by the editor that it has caused more discussion than "any other one-act play of its generation." The editor also says that it "ranks high among the most sensational dramatic works in modern literature."

The action of the episode occurs in the home of Pierre Chagneau, an electrician. At the rise of the curtain, Pierre and his wife, Angele, are discovered near the bed of their child, Little Jeannot, who has been stricken with diptheria. The child is asleep, resting after an injection by Dr. Margy, and, from all appearances, will pass safely through the impending crisis.

Now that the child is asleep, Pierre feels that the two-days' strain has been too much for him, so he tells his wife that he must go for a walk. The conversation that ensues reveals the fact that he intends to go to the union meeting, where, he remarks, the restive workers are going to take drastic action, should their demands for improved working conditions be rejected.

He goes off, leaving his wife to watch at the bedside. She soon learns, to her consternation, that Little Jeannot is suffering a serious relapse. The child's throat gurgles in a rasping manner, and its breathing is labored. Dr. Margy, brought to the bedside, sees that an immediate operation is necessary.

Under the light from an electric lamp on the table in the center of the room, Dr. Margy begins his operation on the child's throat. At the critical moment, the electric light goes out. Left in total darkness, Dr. Margy is unable to finish the operation. When at last a candle is lighted, it serves only to bring into view a blood-soaked child—dead!

"While the mother weeps, shaken by convulsive sobs and mumbling inarticulate words," the rumble of voices is heard. The strains of the International are heard. Pierre returns to the room. "We've got it this time," he says. "This beats all the strikes to pieces. That's sabotage, that is! No more lights. I have put the dynamos on the blink. Hear the strikers marching?"

Dr. Margy: You miserable fool, look!

Pierre: Miserable fool! What's the matter?

Angele: You! It was you, murderer—you have killed my boy; Murderer! (She jumps at his throat).

In this impressive sketch, no effort is made to theorize or moralize; we are not told that sabotage is good or bad, nor are we told that political action is necessary, nor that direct action should be the weapon of the revolution. The sketch merely places a picture before us, and leaves us to draw our own conclusions —for which we are most grateful.

Pierre, by his actions, proves himself to be a rebel, an individual fighting property, not the institution of private ownership; he is unlike the Socialists who would change social conditions through class action, not individual action. Socialists who desire to bring certain changes in the ownership of industries are attaining their goal by the intelligent use of political and economic weapons. In desiring the substitution of social ownership for individual ownership of railroads, mines, factories, etc., they are, in fact, social revolutionists. Theirs is not a rebellious attempt to destroy property, to smash machines, to clog the wheels of industry; theirs is an attempt to smash the private ownership of socially useful property. For that reason, the social revolutionists are far more desirable than mere rebels like Pierre. A rebel may dynamite a building, but that act does not shatter the principle of private ownership. He may scuttle a ship, but that

does not weaken the institution of private property. He has merely destroyed a thing which can be replaced quite easily. But once the institution of private ownership is shattered, it is gone forever.

No intelligent Socialist could possibly believe that political action should be labor's sole weapon. Socialists realize that labor is robbed in the factory and that the governments are used to legalize and perpetuate that robbery. So, in addition to fighting politically to gain possession of the powers of government, the workers must also combine in a union to fight the employers who exploit the workers at the point of production. By ceaseless fighting at both places—both the legislature and the factory—labor will emerge victorious, the possessor of the industrial world, which labor created. The ballot, the strike, the boycott—these weapons labor will wield.

When a child is angry, it kicks a table, it strikes at something. Pierre "put the dynamos on the blink." Also, his individualistic propaganda of the deed, in this dramatic episode, is shown to be anti-social, for a dynamo is more than a piece of mechanism, it is a part of the social order, and when he put the dynamo "on the blink" he likewise caused the death of his boy. We all agree that property is good; we all agree that private ownership of social property is bad; well, in order to destroy the bad why should we wipe out the good?

Sabotage—as the word is commonly understood—means the wilful destruction of property. Of course, the theory of sabotage, as expounded by the French Syndicalists, takes on many forms. Spargo tells us that sabotage is a principle of action rather than a method. . . . "It may involve violence, or it may be peaceful. It may involve destruction of property or it may not. It may be based on illegal acts or it may not. It may consist of telling lies or of telling the simple truth. . . . It is essentially a furtive and stealthy policy, practiced by individual workers, having for its aim the obstruction of industry and business to such an extent that the employers will suffer a loss of profits so great as to be compelled to grant the workers' demands."

Spargo adds that no Syndicalist would include in his definition of sabotage murder, or acts which result in the destruction of human life. "Practically every Syndicalist writer insists that such acts do not constitute sabotage," says Spargo. However, in this play we see how Pierre, using sabotage, causes the death of his son. Though a sabotist may not desire to take human life, still, when he does so simple a thing as putting a dynamo "on the blink" he may take human life. Human life has been connected with the machinery of industry so that putting a dynamo "on the blink" can easily cause the taking of human life.

Break the laws and you batter your head against the stone wall of the state. Use the laws that are good and agitate for laws that are necessary and the state, with all its powerful institutions, becomes your protector. Labor needs the state to advance its cause while capital uses the state to keep back the workers; and the grim tragedy of it all is that the workers lend their ballots to the parties that use the state for the capitalists.

Rebels of the type of Pierre are unwilling to admit the value of capturing the weapons of the employers. They are not averse to going out and fighting the state. If a thing is worth fighting, it is worth capturing. There is no sense in fighting what may be captured through peaceful and legal methods. Socialists and unionists believe in law and order; they say that if certain laws are unjust, they may be changed, since political powers are in the hands of the people. Obey the law so long as it is a law; strive to change it if it is unfair.

Chester M. Wright, in a splendid article—"The Gun Is Not Our Weapon"—expresses an attitude that appeals to me. He says that he opposes destructive tactics as a matter of expediency, as a means towards attaining the goal of emancipation. He does not believe sabotage is wrong from the moral or ethical view—for the ethics and morality of our day are nothing more than the wishes of the capitalist class. The property owners tell us what is right and what is wrong, and we, like sheep, take these opinions and give them the name of morality. Because sabotage will not "get the results" rather than because it does not tally with the accepted property morality of the rich, I do not believe in it.

We can gain nothing by pursuing the tactics of a Pierre. Nothing constructive will result from "putting the dynamo on the blink." The labor movement and the Socialist Party are surely traveling a road that will lead to the capture of the machines for the workers on the industrial field and on the political field bring about the capture of the guns that now unfortunately force the producers to keep their hands off the means of wealth production.

STILL BURNING WITCHES

DOWN in Middleburg, Mass., a gathering of women the other day solemnly resolved to remain away from "suggestive plays" and to fight the introduction of sex hygiene teachings in schools. In San Francisco just a short time ago a society of women burned "Damaged Goods." "The Three Daughters of Mons. Dupont," and "Maternity." There is not much difference between the actions of such persons and the actions of the good people who burned witches at the stake in Massachusetts just a few generations ago. Indeed, some of the human race have not come so very far since the witch-burning days.

PLAYS, PLAYERS & PLAYWRIGHTS

By M. LOUISE GRANT

THE MANCHESTER PLAYERS AND HINDLE WAKES

Our country has an institution known as the stock company; England has the repertory theater company. The two terms should be synonymous, as the New Theater experiment sought, but failed, to prove. The English term, as applied in the Isles, connotes the highest dramatic art; the American, except in rare instances, notably on the Pacific Coast, quite the absence of art.

The first successful English repertory company was established a few years ago at Manchester, home of cotton mills and that remarkable literary newspaper, the Manchester "Guardian." The founder and manager of the company, Miss Horniman, is a woman of rare intellect and phenomenal artistic and executive ability. Her success is due to her extraordinarily large stock of that sense which the world ironically dubs "common." Before entering upon an enterprise of her own she spent many years studying the methods and characteristics of the best repertory theaters on the Continent.

Miss Horniman is able above all to distinguish the possible from the impossible. There are many people who know theoretically why the New Theater undertaking in New York failed, but Miss Horniman knows practically why it did, for she has seen two heavily financed attempts to establish repertory companies in London fall through, while hers, on an investment equal to a moiety only of the capital lost there, has had an unexampled success.

In the selection of plays she refuses to cater either to the elect few or to the already overpampered multitude who imagine they need something light and relaxing; but she seeks to give to the general theatergoing public plays which arouse and sustain intelligent interest. It is only necessary to watch one of her audiences from the front to appreciate how well she succeeds. Her appeal is to thinking people who look to the theater for enjoyment rather than mere amusement.

It has never been a part of Miss Horniman's program to train new recruits for the stage. Her company is composed of the best talent to be found in England. Many of the members have had years of experience in the provinces, hardest and best training school an actor can find. But while the Manchester Players from the beginning have been a thoroughly professional company, there is no stereotyped acting to be seen in their productions. Naturalness is the keynote of all their characterizations. It is the principle of the company that nothing shall be done merely for effect, but that every act and every intonation shall result from the circumstances which forced it. There is no overdoing, no unnecessary noises or movements, stage business gives way to character delineation, and the revelation of the soul is the matter of supreme importance. Careful and exact attention is given to stage setting, but the audience is likely to be oblivious alike to costuming and to properties—the personalities will hold the attention and all the appurtenances be but the natural accompaniment to the situation.

The Manchester Players might easily be considered an all-star company, were it not that Miss Horniman's vocabulary does not admit of any such expression as applied to the legitimate theater. All the members of the company are not equally good nor equally versatile, though versatility is held to be one of the cardinal virtues, but each character in a cast is assigned to that person who can most perfectly delineate it. The portrayal of a cab driver, who appears in only one scene, may be as finished a bit of art as is that of the principal who holds the center of the stage throughout four acts. In the next play cab driver and erstwhile principal may have changed places in importance. It is for the spectator to decide who are the leading members of the company, for they are never so labeled.

Colly Cibber's eulogy of Thomas Betterton's company, which comprised the most famous actors of his time—the late seventeenth century—would apply equally well to this modern company. He says, "These Actors were all original Masters in their different Stile, not meer auricular Imitators of one another, which commonly is the highest Merit of the middle rank, but Self-Judges of Nature from whose various Lights they only took their true Instruction."

A few Londoners "discovered" the Manchester Players four years ago when they paid their first brief visit to the metropolis; a second season followed, and since then the company has been so enthusiastically received and the house so uniformly crowded that a four weeks' season has been extended to eight. The Coronet Theater, which is their London home, is out Kensington way, far from the popular West End, and full houses there are much more indicative of genuine and intelligent interest than they would be in the center of the theater district.

One day in the spring of 1912, Miss Horniman's company, en route homeward after a month in Canada, dropped into Boston for a special matinee performance of John Masefield's "Nan," but that was a brief call rather than a first visit to the United States. They came again this year, and several of our eastern cities had the opportunity of seeing the individual excellence and the marvelous ensemble of the company, and of revelling in the plays which they present.

Their repertory consists of the best examples of both the old and the new schools. Shakespeare, Sheridan, or Goldsmith appear in a week's bill with Shaw, Galsworthy, Bennett, Stanley Houghton, Allan Monkhouse, or St. John Hankin. Their one-act plays are only paralleled by those of the Irish Players. Many of the finest of the new English works have first been produced by them. Two of these, both by Stanley Houghton, are now playing here, having been introduced by Miss Horniman's company last year.

Grace George is appearing in the less important one of the two, "The Younger Generation," an altogether delightful comedy, rich in human philosophy and gentle satire, which illuminates the fact that youth is not so much a matter of years as it is a point of view—an attitude of mind.

The other one, "Hindle Wakes," easily takes a place in the foremost rank of great twentieth century dramas. It has both tremendous social import and rare artistic value. It is also a faithful picture of Lancashire vil-

lage life, and should always be given in the north country dialect, in which the Manchester Players are masters.

"Hindle Wakes" is what is called an "advanced" play, which means that its logic has long been recognized by the hundredth part of the population who think, but that it startles the ninety and nine who live by custom and are governed by habit. In America we pride ourselves on our modernity, but it finds a readier expression in mechanical appliances than in attitude of mind. London loved the play at first sight and could not see it enough; New York looked at it askance and sent it out on the road!

It deals with the reduction of the double standard of morality to a single one.

Fannie Hawthorne, daughter of a Hindle mill hand, goes to Blackpool to spend the week-end during the "wakes." While there she falls in with Alan Jeffcote, son of the wealthy mill owner of Hindle, and spends the time with him. By a miserable chain of circumstances her parents learn of the escapade, and after much ado, arrange for their marriage—the only solution to the disgraceful affair according to the parents of both.

But Fannie possesses an independent spirit and a philosophy of life, and she refuses to consider the arrangement. When Alan, who had been persuaded to break his previous engagement, asks if she never really loved him, she says: "Love you?" Good heavens, of course not! Why on earth should I love you? You were just someone to have a bit of fun with. You were an amusement—a lark." The shocked Alan exclaims: "Fannie! Is that all you cared for me?" And Fannie retorts: "How much more did you care for me?" "But," protests the ancient spirit of sex-privilege, "it's not the same. I'm a man." The logical woman justifies herself. "You're a man, and I was your little fancy. Well, I'm a woman and you were my little fancy. You wouldn't prevent a woman enjoying herself as well as a man, if she takes it into her head?" Alan does not yet grasp it. "But, do you mean to say that you didn't care any more for me than a fellow cares for any girl he happens to pick up?" "Yes, are you shocked?"

Of course, he is shocked; so are the others, also some in the audience. Mrs. Hawthorn, black with rage, turns her out of the house. But Fannie doesn't mind; she has seen the light of a new day and proposes to live by it. She recognizes that economic independence is the indispensable accompaniment of sex freedom. "I'm not without a trade at my finger tips, thou knows. I'm a Lancashire lass, and so long as there's weaving sheds in Lancashire I can earn enough brass to keep me going. I wouldn't live at home again after this, not anyhow! I'm going to be on my own in the future. (To her tender-hearted father): You've no call to be afraid. I'm not going to disgrace you. But so long as I've to live my own life I don't see why I shouldn't choose what it's to be."

The Simple Story of Karl Marx, the Man

By Stanley B. Wilson

KARL HEINRICH MARX was born Tuesday, May 5, 1818, in Treves, or Trier, as it is now called, a town in the western part of Germany, in the province of the Rhine.

His father was Heinrich Marx, a Jewish lawyer, a man of great talent and learning, and highly respected in Trier. His grandfather was a rabbi, one of a long line of rabbis, unbroken from the sixteenth century until his son, Heinrich, father of Karl, adopted law instead of religion for a career.

The mother of Karl Marx, before her marriage Henriette Pressburg, was born in Holland. On her side, the men of the family served as rabbis, generation after generation, for centuries.

It has been suggested that Karl Marx owed to his rabbinical ancestry something of that wonderful exegetical power which he displayed in his work.

In 1824, when Karl was 6 years old, the elder Marx embraced Christianity, and with his wife and children, was baptized.

The family of Heinrich Marx was in comfortable circumstances.

Early in his boyhood Karl Marx displayed marked intellectuality. He was a strong, imperious lad, of fiery temper and impetuous manner and spirit. Fortunately his father was enabled to appreciate the gifts of the boy, and to undertsand his strange temperament and the perils to which it exposed him, and to guide him with wisdom through some of the most perilous experiences of boyhood and youth. He was a strong, active boy, full of mischief and fond of indulging in some boisterous, boyish fun. He was a brave, manly fellow, with a passion for achievement. Handsome, beloved by all who knew him, and successful in all that he undertook at school, he was a general favorite with his teachers and fellow pupils. His mother watched him with grateful admiration, fondly and proudly calling him her "Fortune Child."

Karl Marx was an affectionate and devoted son. Between him and his father existed a bond of comradeship that is delightful to contemplate.

In the midst of one of the greatest mental struggles of his boyhood in one letter he wrote: "In the hope that you, forever beloved and dear father, would understand the manifold moods of mine where the heart would often like to live and enjoy, but is conquered by my restless spirit, I wish you were here with me, so that I could hold you tight to my breast, and express to you all that goes on within it."

At another time he wrote: "It is almost 4 o'clock in the morning; the candle is almost burned out and my eyes pain me. An awful unrest took hold of me, and I shall not be able to conquer the feeling until I can feel your love right close to me."

In his father's letters to Karl occur such passages as this:

"You must remember that you are dear to my heart, and are the greatest hope of my life."

Shortly before his father's death Karl's mother

wrote telling of the father's condition. She asks her son to write "very tenderly" to his father, as he "reads the letters over and over again." The father added a brief postscript, scrawled by a hand so weak that the words were barely legible: "Dear Karl, accept my best wishes; I cannot as yet write much."

It was the ambition of the elder Marx that his favorite son should follow in his footsteps and take to law. While this was no doubt distasteful to Karl, as it was contrary to his disposition and aspirations, he took up his legal studies. Philosophy and history were the two studies which most appealed to him, but he studied law to please his father, "as a necessary evil," he said. He graduated in 1841, at Jena, with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

At the age of 18 he became engaged to Jenny von Westphalen. She was a childhood's playmate and four years his senior.

Her father, Baron von Westphalen, was rich and influential. He was one of Heinrich Marx's most intimate friends and very fond of his friend's children, and especially of the favorite son, Karl. Jenny was a bright and beautiful girl and much loved by Karl's parents. Her full name was Johanna Bertha Julie Jenny von Westphalen.

In the summer of 1843 Karl and Jenny were married. They were devoted lovers all through their married life, and each was proud of the other. They used to march through their home hand in hand singing a German love song.

They had six children, five of them girls. The only boy, Edgar, died at the age of 9. The child, whose body was too weak to sustain the mind, was the pride and hope of his parents.

The family was reduced to severe poverty on account of exile and the father's devotion to principle.

There were days when Marx had to go without food in order that the children might have enough to sustain life.

On one occasion while Mrs. Marx was seated trying to nurse her baby at an empty breast, rendered so by hunger, she was roused by a demand for rent due. When the money was not forthcoming two constables stepped in and attached everything in the rooms, even to the baby's cradle and the children's toys.

Indeed, it is said that three of the children died within four years, victims of poverty.

To those who contend that Socialism would destroy home and the marriage altar, let it be known that one of his friends said of Marx: "Karl Marx has three saints whom he worships. They are his father, his mother and his wife."

A charming insight into the home of the great economist is furnished in these extracts from a letter written by Mrs. Marx to a friend, March 11, 1861:

"Although I most fear that you will take me for a rather conceited and weak mother, I will give you a description of these dear, praiseworthy girls. They are both exceptionally good-hearted, of generous dispositions, of truly amiable modesty and girlish purity. Jenny will be 17 years of age on the 1st of May. She is a most charming girl, making quite a handsome appearance, with her dark, shining, soft eyes and her brunette creole complexion with its acquired healthy English tints. The pleasant, good-natured expression of her round, childlike face makes one forget that she has a stub nose, which perhaps is not beautiful in itself, and it is a real pleasure when she speaks to observe the friendly mouth with its fine teeth.

"Laura, who was 15 years old last September, is perhaps prettier and of more regular features than her older sister, whose direct opposite she is. Although she is just as tall as Jenny, as slender and delicately formed, there is something lighter, brighter and more lucid about her. The upper part of her face may well be called beautiful, with its waves of curly hair of chestnut brown, her sweet, dear eyes of changeable greenish lights that burn like triumphal fires, and her finely formed and noble forehead. The lower part of her face is less regular, being less developed. Both girls possess rosy, blooming complexions, and I often marvel at their lack of vanity, for I remember very well that the same could not have been said of their mother at a certain tender age!

"The girls are a constant pleasure to us, owing to their affectionate and unselfish dispositions. Their little sister, however, is the idol of the whole house.

"This child was born at the time our poor, dear Edgar departed from life, and all our love for the little brother, all the tenderness for him, were now showered on the little sister, whom the older girls cherish with motherly solicitude. But you could scarcely find a lovelier child, so pretty, naive and full of droll humor is she. Her charming manner of speaking and relating stories is truly remarkable. This she learned from the Grimm Brothers, who are her companions by day and night.

"We all have read the fairly tales until we are almost blind, but woe to us if we were to forget one squabble of Rumpelstilzkin or Schneewittchen! By means of fairy stories she has been able to learn the German language, which she speaks correctly, besides the English language, which, of course, lies in the air. This little one is Karl's favorite pet, laughing and chatting away many of his troubles."

Marx was a passionate lover of children. Nothing could move him to sympathy like the suffering of a child. He would break away from his learned companions to play with the children on the street. There is no doubt his love for the little ones was one of the strongest influences that impelled him to his devotion to the needy and oppressed.

John Spargo says, in "Karl Marx; His Life and Work": "During the worst days of his poverty, while he lived in Dean street, he was known as 'Daddy Marx' to most of the children in the neighborhood. In those days one might have seen in the streets a handsome man, of striking appearance, rather above the middle height, with small hands and feet and an expressive face, framed, as it were, by coal black hair and beard, with children all around him, some holding his hands, others clinging to his coat-tails, shouting merrily, 'Daddy Marx! Daddy Marx!' This love for children Marx retained to the end of his life, and during the last long illness the presence of one of his little grandchildren seemed to be his only source of comfort and consolation."

One of his daughters, writing of his love for children, says:

"Karl Marx was the kindest, the best of fathers. There was nothing of disciplinarian in him, nothing authoritative in his manner. He had the rich and generous nature, the warm and sunny disposition, that the young appreciate. He was vehement, but I have never known him to be morose or sullen, and steeped in work and worry as he might be, he was always full of pleasantry with us children, always ready to amuse and be amused by us. He was our comrade and playfellow."

Karl Marx was not an opponent of religion. While undeniably an atheist, he was wholly tolerant of the religious beliefs and opinions of others.

True, some of his apparent attacks upon Christian-

ity are very bitter, and have been much quoted against Socialism, but for the most part they are attacks upon religious hypocrisy rather than upon Christianity.

He was as bitter against the blatant dogmatic atheism of his time as he was against the hypocritical assumptions of those who spoke in the name of religion.

"Personally an atheist," says Spargo, "he took the position which is today the recognized position of all Socialist parties of the world, namely, that religious belief or non-belief is a private matter with which they are not concerned."

Marx was an ardent admirer of Abraham Lincoln. And America has yet to be awakened to her obligations to him because of his interest in Mr. Lincoln and his cause.

During the troublous days leading up to the Civil War, Marx was a regular contributor to the New York Tribune.

Mr. Lincoln was one of the very interested readers of the Marx writings and considered him as one of the masters of economics. There is no doubt that many of the splendid quotations we get from Mr. Lincoln's speeches were inspired by Marx. For instance: "Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration."

Had it not been for Marx, England would, no doubt, have recognized the Southern Confederacy, for the cotton manufacturers were being forced to the wall because of the impossibility of getting the raw cotton.

Gladstone declared in 1862: "The Southern leaders have made an army; they are making a navy; and they have made what is more than either—they have made a nation." Gladstone spoke for the English manufacturers.

Gladstone's speech greatly disturbed Lincoln and his supporters. It was everywhere interpreted as an intimation that Great Britain intended to give official recognition to the Southern Confederacy.

Karl Marx came forward and entered the battle against recognition in the South. He appealed to the British trade unions. Great labor protest meetings were held all over England until the government and the manufacturers were told in no uncertain terms, "Hands off."

Marx, an exile from Germany, France and Belgium, was well adapted to be the champion for human freedom on this side of the water.

It was fitting that Lincoln should recognize in Marx a master and that Marx should greatly admire Lincoln, which was true of both these men of destiny.

Indeed, the sympathies of Marx went out to all the oppressed of the earth. He took an active interest in the affairs of Ireland, as he did in those of Poland. He denounced the English rule in Ireland as "a government of cruel force and shameless corruption."

Karl Marx was more than a socal philosopher. He was a social constructionist. He not only analyzed social history, conditions and tendencies, but he laid down practical political policies. With Engels he insisted, in 1847, on a revolutionary working class political party with a definite aim and policy. At the congress, held in London, in November that year, he and Engels were requested by resolution to prepare "a complete theoretical and working program for the Communist League." The result was the Communist Manifesto, which has been called the birth-cry of the modern scientific Socialist movement, published in the early part of January, 1848.

The very soul of this manifesto is contained in this summary by Engels:

"In every historical epoch, the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange, and the social organization necessarily following from it, form the basis upon which it is built up, and from which alone can be explained the political and intellectual history of that epoch, and consequently the whole history of mankind (since primitive tribal society holding land in common ownership) has been a history of class struggles, contests between exploiting and exploited, ruling and oppressed classes."

This fundamental proposition of the manifesto is credited by Engels to Marx.

Marx offered no suddenly-appearing Utopia. He laid down a scientific process of "revolutionary evolution." In 1850 he tells the majority of the German Communist movement in London that it will take fifty years "not only to change existing conditions, but to change yourselves and make yourselves worthy of political power."

The battle-cry of scientific Socialism is a call to political action—a call to the workers to transcend the petty divisions that keep them apart, and stand solidly together in a world-wide economic and political phalanx: "The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win. Working men of all countries, unite!"

Marx and his colleagues were not the first to recognize the materialistic idea of history—that social organizations and the political and intellectual aspects of an epoch depend upon the economic conditions of that epoch, which in turn depend upon the methods of production and exchange. But Marx was the first to work the idea into a comprehensive scientific formula. It was in the development of this theory into a practical propaganda that marks him as one of the greatest scientists of all time.

That Marx had a well-founded optimism respecting the outcome of the class struggle to which he so deeply and ably applied himself is attested by the following from his book, "Capital":

"The transformation of scattered private property, arising from individual labor, into capitalist's private property is, naturally, a process incomparably more protracted, violent and difficult than the transformation of capitalistic private property, already practically resting on socialized production, into socialized property. In the former case we had the expropriation of the mass of the people by a few usurpers; in the latter we have the expropriation of a few usurpers by the mass of the people."

The last years of the life of Marx were filled with suffering and sorrow. The death of some of his granddaughters oppressed him greatly. In 1878 his friend's wife, Mrs. Engels, died. She was, like her husband, a very dear friend and Marx mourned almost as deeply as her husband.

In 1880, while his own health was sadly impaired, his wife was taken ill, suffering the terrible tortures of cancer, from which she died on the 2nd of December, 1881, her last words addressed to her adoring and grief-distracted husband. At the grave so shaken was Marx that he tottered and would have fallen into it had not Engels caught and supported him.

March 14, 1883, Karl Marx died, seated in his armchair in his study, where he had gone from his bed of sickness. Engels, who had been summoned on account of the grave condition of his colleague, went to the study, where his friend seemed half-asleep.

Karl Marx was not half-asleep. He was wholly asleep in that sleep called death.

IN THE CALCIUM GLOW

Charles Edward Russell, who was the Socialist candidate for mayor in New York, helped boost the vote 300 per cent. The total Socialist vote was 32,109. This tremendous increase swept the first Socialist alderman into Gotham's city hall, so, from now on, the voice of the working class will be heard. Russell was a splendid candidate, delivering the message of Socialism with wonderful force and effect. He delivered many speeches and wrote many campaign articles.

Russell is one of the many persons of fame who have been attracted to the Socialist movement. A writer of national renown, profound student of human affairs, an able critic of the shams and foibles of capitalistic society, Charles Edward Russell is of great service to the cause of Socialism.

Comrade Russell was born at Davenport, Iowa, on September 25, 1860.

His father was an abolitionist and worked hard in the cause of emancipation. He managed, in the end, to have the constitutional amendment giving the negro the right of franchise in that state passed.

Russell thoroughly learned the newspaper business under the direction of his father. One thing, however, must be understood by the reader of this article—Russell's life has not been one of ease and comfort. He has gone through an intense struggle for the position he now holds in American journalism.

At first it appeared to Russell that he would be able to grow up with his father's newspaper. This soon became impossible. Following some attacks on the Rock Island Railroad his paper was seized by the stock holding interests of that corporation.

Young Russell then found himself dependent on his own efforts for a livelihood. He reached New York, where he walked the streets for three days and nights in a search for employment. He finally landed on the old Commercial Advertiser as a reporter.

Russell then filled many positions on important newspapers throughout the land. He continued as a journalist for twenty-five years. But the magazine world attracted him. He saw a new field of activity before him; so in 1904 he resigned his position on the Hearst paper in Chicago and became a writer of reform articles.

Success followed him. His great ability in treating political and social questions soon brought him fame. He understood the political game as it is played in America; knew its corruption and fearlessly exposed it.

Russell did not stop at magazine articles. He became an author of books. Among others he is the writer of "Why I Am a Socialist," "Thomas Chatterton, the Marvellous Boy," "Uprising of the Many," "Lawless Wealth," "Greatest Trust in the World," and three volumes of verse, "Songs of Democracy" being the title of one. He has also written a number of magazine serials that have attracted wide attention. Among others are: "A Life of Charlemagne," "The Power Behind the Republic," "Beating Men to Make Them Good," "A Burglar in the Making," and "At the Throat of the Republic."

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

These articles got Russell the name of being a "muckraker." He does not object to that. "If you don't want me to rake muck why don't you remove the muck?" he often asks.

In July, 1909, Russell married a young Chicago woman, who had been engaged for some years in journalistic work on two or three Sunday papers of that city. Mrs. Russell is a chaming woman whose whole interest is in the cause of Socialism. She is enthusiastic and has energetically entered into the work of spreading the doctrine.

It is not to be wondered that Russell became a Socialist. To refrain from turning one was almost impossible when one considers Russell's character — a man whose heart beats throb for the suffering millions.

Russell learned that poverty, prostitution, unemployment, child labor, crime and all the other diverse evils of this insane system result from the private ownership of social needs—because of the fact that a small class of capitalists own practically all the industries, all the mines, the mills, the railroads, the machines and other means of wealth production and distribution.

When Russell learned this it was but another step for him to grasp the fact that the only remedy was for the workers to take possession of what is truly theirs. The only cure for society's ill was collective ownership of the industries—Socialism. Then and there he made application for membership to the Socialist Party and since then he has been a Comrade in the ranks.

THE SITUATION IN MEXICO

By HAROLD EVERHART

TO FULLY understand the situation in Mexico today, one must know and interpret the history of government, its growth and development, from its earliest inception.

To the ordinary observer, there appears very little relativity between the ancient governments of Egypt and Syria, and even of earlier peoples, and those of the Americas today; yet it is there, running through all history, from the first crude yet finely knit cohesiveness of the gens of the barbarians, to the scientific and forceful government of these United States.

Government as we know it, came into existence with the establishment of private property; at first crude and loose, as private ownership was uncertain and simple. The two institutions have developed side by side, and each is dependent upon the other for its continuance.

Government is the organized expression of the will and power of the economically dominant class, and has always taken the form which gives the fullest expression of that class: The dominant class is the one which controls the means of wealth creation.

Though government is maintained in the interest of the small minority who control the wealth production, yet the burden of its maintenance is placed upon the non-possessing classes, who, by an adroitly molded psychology, are blinded to the part they are forced to play in the governmental game.

Government then, being the expression of the will and power of a certain economic class, all struggles, whether peaceful or violent, for its control, are struggles of antagonistic classes, each seeking control of the governmental machinery that its own interests may be supreme: The great struggle throughout Europe which had its climax in the French Revolution, is the most striking example of this class struggle. There it was the rising and rapidly developing mercantile and manufacturing class, against the ancient and strongly intrenched, yet decadent land-owning class—CAPITALISM AGAINST FEUDALISM.

Another familiar instance was the struggle in our own country which culminated in our bloody Civil War. From the foundation of our government the struggle was continuous between the slavocracy, and the employers of free labor. Every important political action, every election, dealt with some phase of this contention, which ended only with the final triumph of the capitalist class over the slave-holding class.

We find that certain forms of government have usually expressed the supremacy of definite economic interests: Slavery finds its expression in a certain form of democracy. As Greece and Rome were the fullest expression of the slave society, so also are they the classical forms of independent or free government. Slavery and democracy declined together in Rome, through centuries of slow decay. The autocratic and absolute government we find usually to represent the supremacy of the land-holding class. This was the government of the Feudal era, and still exists in those nations where Feudalism, even in a mild form, continues, as in Russia, Turkey, and India. Capitalist society most easily maintains its dominance in the representative form of government, which reaches its highest development in the most highly organized capitalistic nations of the world today, the United States, Germany and England.

The situation in Mexico today is but a repetition of the struggle throughout Europe which finally closed with the overthrow of the land holding classes and their autocratic government, by the capitalist class; and the establishment of parliamentary government. In Mexico the land holders have been dominant, and demanded a government such as has been historically connected with such dominance, autocracy, and, while maintaining the form of a republic, it was, in fact, an autocracy.

The various revolts against Diaz have been on behalf of the growing mercantile and manufacturing interests, largely controlled by American financiers, who have furnished the money necessary for their conduct. The revolution which put Madero at the head of the government was a triumph of the Capitalist. Capitalism, however, had not yet reached that point of supremacy over the land owning autocracy where it could successfully maintain itself; hence the ease with which the counter revolution was accomplished, which reestablished the Diaz regime.

No settled peace can possibly come to Mexico until the interests of the capitalist class are superior to those of the land owning class. Then will peace come, and with it a reliable and staple parliamentary government. The Mexican of the working class, he who has been shedding his blood and orphaning his children, in a spirit patriotism, will continue to be exploited just as ruthlessly as heretofore, and he will be little, if any, better off economically. Mexico, however, will then have taken an advanced position. She will be so much nearer the ultimate goal of the evolutionary forces. Only through Capitalist growth and by participation in the government which represents such growth, will her people develop the intelligence and self-reliance which will eventually lead them to their own industrial emancipation.

The pressure being placed upon our government to cause it to interfere and "establish peace," comes from those American capitalists who seek control of the Mexican government that it may be used to destroy the supremacy of the land holders, who are now so heartlessly appropriating the wealth created by the working class, that they may in turn, just as heartlessly exploit them in the mines and factories.

The argument being used most strongly by those who advocate interference is, that the American capital invested in Mexico must be protected. THERE IS NO AMERICAN CAPITAL IN MEXICO: True, some so-called American citizens have capital invested in Mexico. That is not American capital, it is private capital. IF THE BLOOD OF AMERICAN CITIZENS IS TO BE SHED TO PROTECT THE PROPERTY AND CAPITAL OF AMERICAN CITIZENS IN MEXICO, LET IT BE THE BLOOD OF THOSE WHOSE PROPERTY AND CAPITAL NEEDS PROTECTION.

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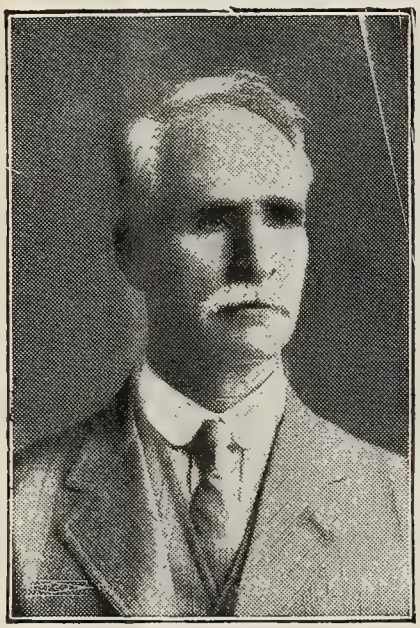
By N. A. RICHARDSON



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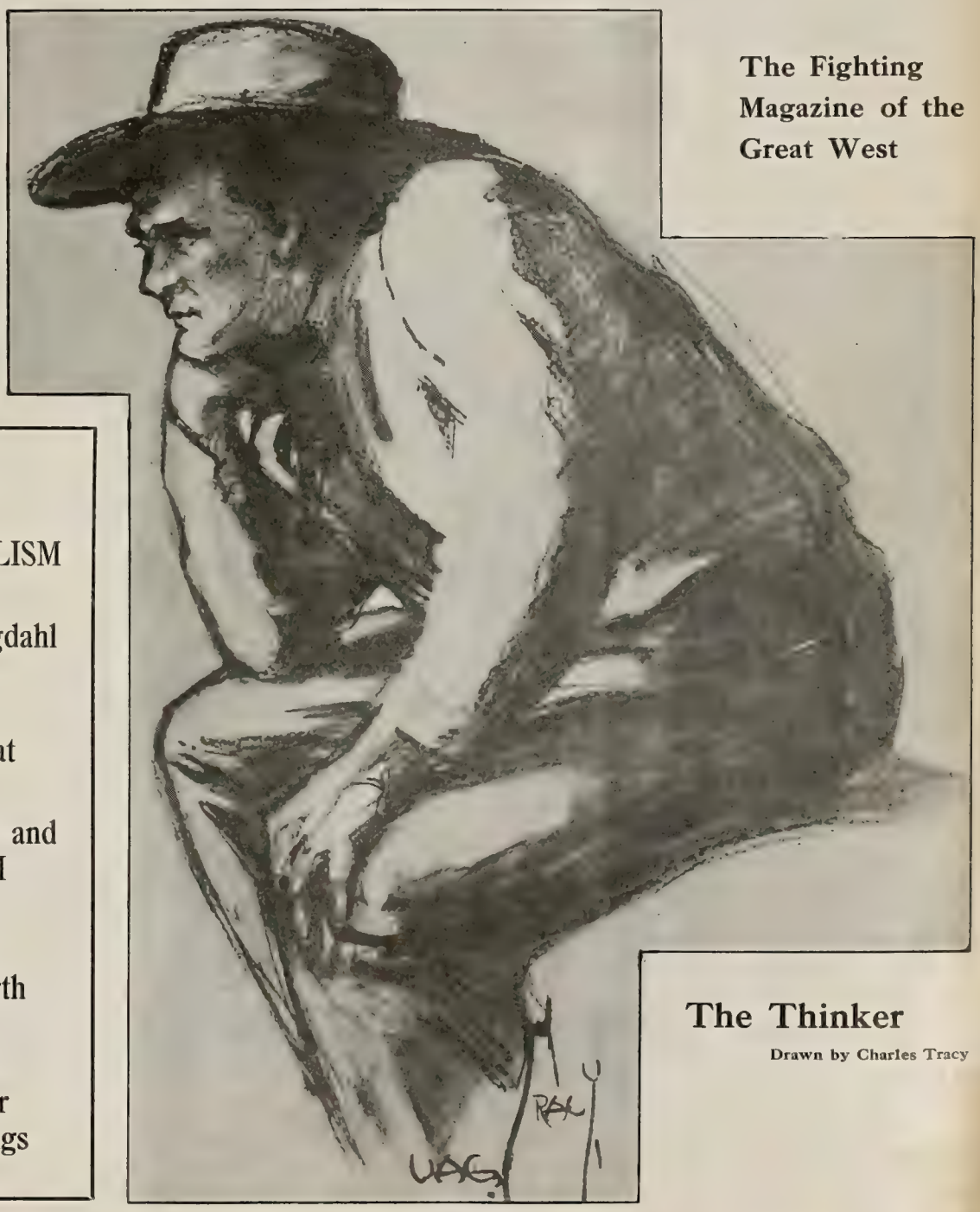

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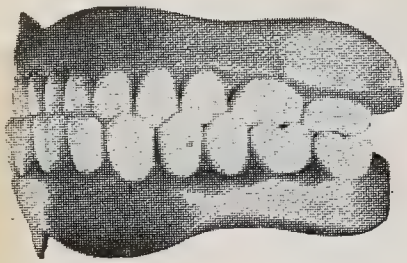

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The Western Comrade is going after every Socialist and near Socialist in the West. We want one dollar from each and for that dollar we will send twelve issues of the livest, snappiest, happiest, most constructive, best edited Socialist magazine on the map. We want YOU to be the one to get those dollars in YOUR town. You've no idea how easy it is. Ten a day is the easiest thing in the world for a live one to get. And, believe us, ten a day will get you the best eats you've had in many a long moon.

Write Us Today!

Get our proposition for this work. It'll hold you safe for the winter and as long after that as you care to keep on the job... We are making a LIBERAL proposition to ONE man or woman in every town because we want this magazine to go into every Socialist and near Socialist home in the West. We want to ginger up things for Socialism. Don't put this off; WRITE TODAY, enclosing reference from your local Socialist Secretary. None but good, steady, reliable folks on this job. It's a good job for good, reliable hustlers who can make good. If you're that kind, get your letter in the mail quick!

The Western Comrade, P. O. Box 135, Los Angeles

THE GOOD PRIESTS OF DUBLIN

WHEN it was sought to send the children of Lawrence away from the strike zone, where food was scarce, it was chiefly the pious persons who resented any such move. They didn't seem to want the children properly fed. Just recently James Larkin made an attempt to send the children of Dublin strikers to Belfast. Of course, Dublin is Catholic and Belfast is Protestant, but what of that, when children need food? That wasn't the view of the pious folks of Dublin, however, for a delegation, headed by priests, appeared to stop the children. Religion is religion, and politics is politics, and strikes are strikes, and starvation is starvation, and that's a thing that some folks never do seem able to comprehend. And when they don't comprehend they sometimes get nipped for monkeying around machinery where they don't belong.—C. M. W.

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—Knowledge means power and power means a better society.
—Knowledge in the heads of the workers means LIBERTY!

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Every book listed is a standard work. Every one should be in every Socialist library. Fill out a list of these books today and send it with money order, check or paper money to The Western Comrade, Book Department, P. O. Box 135, Los Angeles, Cal.

The New Owners of the Western Comrade
and What Their Plans Are

THE WESTERN COMRADE, now firmly established and almost a whole year old, has changed hands. This number is the first under the new management. Emanuel Julius and Chester M. Wright are the new owners and editors. This is a statement of who the new owners are, and what they plan for The Western Comrade.

Emanuel Julius is one of the most able and best-known Socialist fiction writers in America. Several years ago he was on the editorial staff of the New York Call. More recently he was connected with The Milwaukee Leader and The Chicago World. He was a frequent contributor to The Coming Nation, and his work has appeared in many other magazines. He has been one of the associate editors of this magazine since its inception, as well as a member of the Los Angeles Citizen staff. Comrade Julius will assume the business management of the magazine, as well as exercising joint voice with Comrade Wright in the editorial management.

Chester M. Wright has been in "the writing game" for almost ten years. He hails from Milwaukee, latterly known to thousands as Seidelburg. In Milwaukee he worked as city editor of The Sentinel and in the same capacity for The Journal. He established, and for three and one-half years edited, the first Socialist daily paper in America, The Manitowoc (Wis.) Tribune. That city had then and now has a Socialist mayor. Two years ago he became first editor of The Social-Democrat. Returning to Milwaukee, he assumed city editorship of The Leader, later going to The Chicago World, and returning to The Social-Democrat a year ago. He now is editor of that paper. So much for "who" the new owners are. They are jointly and equally interested in The Western Comrade, and everlastingly interested in Socialism.

As you have seen, the magazine has been changed in size. The new size was chosen for a number of reasons. First, it enables us to bring to you the same amount of reading matter in a larger size of type, a welcome change to those who read much. The editors have felt that a more attractive magazine could be furnished in the new size, as well as one more easily read. It is hoped that you will like the new style.

Just a word as to policy. First of all, this magazine will continue to stand for that constructive Socialism that is putting the great West so manifestly in the vanguard of the American Socialist movement. This magazine stands unequivocally for constructive Socialism, for solidarity in our own ranks and for an eternal hammering at the profit system. It will be the aim, however, to enlarge on two features. The co-operative movement will have the earnest support of this magazine. That must not be taken to mean that this magazine will outline any special form of co-operation as a model for all to follow. We stand for co-operation because we believe we have reached that point where we must co-operate so as to husband our strength and our resources for our political fight. We believe the Socialist movement is intelligent enough and resourceful enough to make co-operation a success and a blessing. We see no reason for the continued drain on our resources occasioned by a quiescent attitude toward the plucking process.

This magazine will champion and explain the feminist movement, not as something apart from the Socialist movement, but as a part of it—and a big part. Chief among the writers who will contribute articles bearing on this subject will be Eleanor Wentowrth, who already has done magnificent work in that direction. She now is at work on a great series on the subject, to run through a number of issues. Socialist women, AND MEN, will find a world of interesting intelligence in these articles.

In every department of effort the magazine will always maintain a high literary standard, because we believe that Socialist literature should always be high in quality. We have no sympathy with that type of propaganda which fails to grant to the reader a modicum of intelligence. We believe that the magazine in the past has maintained such a standard, and we shall endeavor to continue it.

There will be some fiction, as in the past, and good, virile art, as in the past. Charles Tracy, the noted Socialist artist, now is working on a series of cover designs.

The organized labor movement will be dealt with as one arm of a two-armed labor movement, BOTH ARMS BEING NECESSARY.

Opinions from readers are sought. Tell us what you think of the magazine, and what you think of other things. But never write more than 100 words, and never write on more than one side of the paper. The magazine promises to publish no letters, but it will publish as many as room may be found to accommodate. No letters will be returned, however.

The Western Comrade seeks the support of all Socialists who earnestly desire the co-operative commonwealth. We care nothing for those Socialists who have joined the party merely because it gives them an opportunity to talk. We are not interested in the doings of the corner grocery league. We want the real fighters who are out on the field of conflict. To every such man and woman an earnest invitation to subscribe is extended.

The Western Comrade expects to be of service to the Socialist movement, and it expects the fighting kind of Socialists to help give it breathing space. The introductions are now over. The real fight begins!

EDITORIAL

FEMINISM AND SOCIALISM

FEMINISM, like Eugenics, has been unfortunate in attracting weaklings to its cause. Dyspeptic women and namby-pamby men have succeeded in giving the philosophy a vicious twist. They seem to have this attitude: To be a feminist, a man must love his wife, but a woman can't be a feminist unless she hates her husband. The Socialist movement will not reject a good idea because weaklings have misinterpreted it. Instead, the movement is eclectic in spirit, and seeks to conserve the good in everything, even in Capitalism. The two big economic demands of the feminists (the opening of every trade and occupation to our sisters, thus enabling in a great measure economic independence for women; and equal wages for equal work) must always find the enthusiastic support of the Socialists. The feminists do not desire to injure men, but aim to better woman's position, enabling her to cease being a parasite. Above all, the ballot is not the sole aim of the feminists. To quote W. L. George's article in the December Atlantic Monthly, "an essential difference between 'Feminism' and 'Suffragism' is that the Suffrage is but part of the greater propaganda; while Suffragism desires to remove an inequality, Feminism purports to alter radically the mental attitudes of men and women. * * * Therein lies the mental revolution—while the Suffragists are content to attain immediate ends, the Feminists are aiming at ultimate ends."—E. J.

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THE ONLY REMEDY

SOCIALISM is the only remedy for existing conditions. It is the only agency through which we can ever strike off the hateful shackles of capitalism. It is the guiding star of race progress. It is not only the organized protest of labor against iniquitous capitalism, but it is the organized force that is going to wipe out capitalism and construct the co-operative commonwealth. We must have organization to win, and we must have an organization that knows how to go about it to win. The Socialist organization is the only such organization. Every class-conscious worker belongs WITHIN the Socialist party. When enough of us shall have banded together in this great organization we shall forever abolish capitalism, with all of its horrors and blasphemies. Get INSIDE of the organization. Pay your dues to support the organization and use your intelligence to help conduct it. That is the only way to be a real good Socialist.—C. M. W.

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SHE DIDN'T KNOW

A WAITRESS resented an insult. She called an officer and had the "masher" arrested. Then, she appeared against him. When she returned to the restaurant the manager told her her services were no longer required. To be curt, she was "canned." The manager wanted waitresses who "didn't mind" being insulted. A restaurant that provides pretty girls to wait upon the trade makes lots of money, provided, of course, the girls are willing to tolerate the "masher's" approaches. This waitress didn't. So, she's in the army of the workless. It isn't necessary to draw a moral. Even a dodo can see the point.—E. J.

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BAD PRISONS VS. ROTTEN PRISONS

TWO well-known men have recently raised their voices against modern prisons. One is Julian Hawthorne, the other is Thomas Mott Osborne. Both are severe in their condemnation of prisons and prison methods. Yet, neither was pursued by Burns thugs, neither was put through the brutal third degree, neither was starved, neither was tortured, neither was held incommunicado, neither was in anything anywhere near half so horrible and damnable as the workingmen now in jail at Marysville, Cal., have been in and are in. If the jails of Osborne and Hawthorne were terrible, what of the jails of California, where these workingmen have been confined? And if modern prison methods are too rotten for Osborne and Hawthorne, what of the barbarous, middle age prison methods that these Western workingmen have had to submit to? California, what about it?—C. M. W.

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ANATOLE FRANCE AND SOCIALISM

DISTINGUISHED as a novelist, Anatole France has been telling British audiences why he became a convert to the cause of Socialism. Before the London Fabian Society the noted Frenchman recently said:

"I am a Socialist because Socialism is justice. I am a Socialist because Socialism is truth, and will

emerge from the wage system as inevitably as the wage system followed on serfdom. We are going onward toward collectivism. From the slavery of the wage system to collectivism—such is the necessary progression of economic reform.

"I am a Socialist for a still more delicate and special reason, namely—out of the pleasure that we all have in our weaknesses and our indulgences. I am a Socialist because, as a Socialist, one enjoys the abuse of the foolish, the cowardly, and the ignorant.

"Finally, I am a Socialist because, in our days, we have to be for or against Socialism. Those who claim to be neither for nor against do not count. It is no longer possible now to remain neutral. We have two enemies—capital and war; two enemies united in close friendship."

It would be difficult to name a single writer of genius who is not an avowed Socialist, or in sympathy with the ideals of the movement. Socialism has won over the brains of the world, but that is not enough. To actualize the Socialist philosophy, we need the workers, the producers. They are the people who count in a revolutionary movement. Every intelectual objection to Socialism has been anihilated—and yet, Socialism as a state of society is not here. We must reach the masses, who will do what the thinkers cannot do—bring about the revolution.—E. J.

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ROOT—PRIZE WINNER

ELIHU ROOT has been given the Nobel prize of $40,000 for having been the 1912 peace man. As Secretary of State, the prize givers contend, he worked for peace to such an extent that he deserves the little cache. Suffering blazes! If favoring the suppression of the Filipinos didn't hinder Root from getting the Nobel prize, then I'll burn an orphan asylum and have a statue erected memorializing me as a humanitarian.—E. J.

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CORN ALSO GOES UP

THE latest government report on the 1913 corn crop shows a total of 2,463,017,000 bushels. This total falls below the production of 1912 by some 661,000,000 bushels. However, it will be noticed by those who pay attention to the corn crop that the 1913 crop, although considerably smaller than that of 1912, is valued at almost as much. The price went higher in 1913. On Nov. 1, 1912, the price was 54.4 cents per bushel, but on the corresponding date in 1913 it was 70.7 cents. The fact is, however, that while corn sold at a higher price in 1913, it was actually not **worth** a bit more. For a bushel of corn never is **worth** a bit more than the amount of hunger it will satisfy. That is, a bushel of corn at 70.7 cents will not satisfy any more hunger than corn at 54.4 cents, and all corn is good for is to satisfy hunger. Perhaps that is not quite the orthodox manner of figuring corn values, but it may be refreshing to look at it in that light just for once.—C. M. W.

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BEYOND THE ATOM

IT does a Socialist no harm to take a peep once in a while into the wonders of the sciences. From the scientists in other lines we may learn much that broadens our own vision. Indeed, it is not strange if, now and then, we find that our vision has been not nearly brilliant enough, and that we must use more color in our picture.

Some may not be interested in knowing that Prof. John Cox, one of the world's most noted physicists, declares that we have but reached the stage where knowledge is in the making. In his new book, "Beyond the Atom," he pulls aside the shutters that veil the great beyond of science just enough to make us pause for breath in amazement. It seems that to get "beyond the atom," and to fully understand what is there, is to unlock stores of energy so vast that the imagination fails to conceive their magnitude. An atom, or an electron, which is very much smaller than an atom, may be a most inconsequential thing to Sam Jones, who is a member of Harrangue Local, but brilliant scientists working under the wonderful conditions brought about by Sam Jones's political philosophy may be able to harness the energy that lies "beyond the atom," so that Sam Jones's foreseen economic conditions will be a thousand times more nearly ideal. The illustrious Poincare saw beyond the atom only a locked storehouse of treasure. The twentieth century John Cox sees a chance of unlocking the storehouse. And Sam Smith has the ideal within which all the energy that anybody can turn loose may be used as a blessing forever for all of mankind. We scientists must stick together.—C. M. W.

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FOR THE PEEPUL'S SAKE!

DOWN with the beef trust! Do you hear that? Down with the beef trust! How will we do it? Tut, tut! Why ask silly questions? I'm a Jeffersonian Democrat, and when I say, "Down with the beef trust!" down goes the beef trust. Remember that, fair one. How? Well, if you persist, I'll tell you, though I've a hunch that you're a pesky Socialist. We'll put beef on the free list. Do you

get that? Free list—f-r-e-e! Whoopee! That's me. We'll have Australian beef come in—and there'll be no tariff on it. Also, beef from Argentina gets a similar deal. That's what we're doing for the suffering peepul. Down with the cost of living, and once again, down with the beef trust! What's that? Repeat that statement, please. Do you mean to say that the beef trust owns the beef that comes from Australia and Argentina, and that putting beef on the free list only helps make more profit for the beef trust? There! I **KNEW** you was a Socialist, ding it all!—E. J.

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RICH PICKINGS IN CHINA

YUAN SHI KAI is holding down his job as the Huerta of China with a bayonet. Arresting senators, judges, journalists and what not, butchering where it suits his fancy, he has made of the capital an armed camp. While a few natives in Anglicised garb gather now and then, as a sort of legislative assembly, Yuan Shi Kai is the Napoleon on the job, and let none forget it. And how does such a situation suit the great "civilized" nations? Fine! For with a good, strong, husky dictator on the job there is somebody with whom to negotiate loans and concessions. And what is China—or Mexico, either, for that matter—for, if not to provide pickings for those whose business it is to pick?

However, there are just two flies in the Chinese ointment. One is that Sun Yat Sen, and the movement he represents, are not dead. The other is that Yuan may be butchered some day in some fashion peculiar to Chinese traditions, leaving the money pickers in a blue funk.

Just this much is certain about China—as it is about Mexico: If there were no concessionaires, no money lenders or no pickers looking for any sort of rich picking, China and Mexico would much more speedily find their way into the half-light of modern civilization—and perhaps quite a bit beyond that none-too-advanced stage of things.—C. M. W.

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ARISTOTLE AND SLAVERY

THE Honorable Aristotle, who was a right nice fellow, said some pretty things when he defended the institution of slavery. Slavery, he pointed out, was a necessity. But, he added, the slave owner would gladly free his slaves were he able to get work done without the aid of human energy. He clearly saw the day when all work would be done by machinery, which would mean the elimination of slavery. Slavery, in the past, served a purpose—it taught men to work. But, even today no one seems to care very much for work. We all like to do the things we like to do, but we don't call that work—it is play. The editor of an extreme I. W. W. organ will rave against work, but he enjoys editing his paper—which is work! The strong man, in the past, saw that many good things could be obtained if someone with patience and energy would perform certain duties, so he forced a weaker person into involuntary servitude, all of which wasn't a gentlemanly thing to do. However, slavery taught us to work; work has made civilization possible; and now work has created a condition of society that Aristotle dreamed of—we are doing the work of the world with machinery; the slaves have been freed, not by humanitarianism but by the industrial system. I mean, of course, that they have been turned loose, but they are not free in the true sense of the word. Before they can be free, they must be the owners of the machines—which means they must bring Socialism into being. The industrial system is a vast machine that must, of necessity, belong to ALL.—E. J.

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PRIZE BONEHEAD EDITORIAL

WITHOUT question, the prize bonehead editorial of the month is one which appeared in that prize bonehead magazine, Leslie's Weekly. We quote only a part, for lack of space:

"Who built our mills? Who built our railroads? Who redeemed the desert? Who uncovered the hidden richness of our mines and our fields? Who dignified American labor and made it the best paid in the world?

"The thrifty man with his savings built the factory. The capitalist with the courage of his convictions and willing to take the risk built the railroad. The farmer, following the immigrant trail, braving the dangers of the desert and turning the waters of the snowy mountain into irrigation ditches, supplanted the sage brush with fields of waving corn and snowy cotton. Then came the demagague.

"The demagogue has been a trouble maker for all time and everywhere. * * * But, remember that a demagogue never filled a pay envelope—and never will!"

Is it necessary to add anything by way of comment? Need it be said that a dollar never forged a hammer or drove a spike? Need it be said that nothing but labor ever created anything useful to the human race? Need it be said that the editor of Leslie's ought to have died when the Diplodocus, pictured on another page of the same issue, passed into extinction?—C. M. W.

SOOTHING THE WORKERS

AN apologist for the system tells the workers to be content because the capitalists allow the workers to make automobiles for them, thus giving the producers something to do! We are told to be glad because the Astorbilts give an army of workers the "privilege" of making beautiful garments, limousines, and glorious mansions. The parasites justify their parasitism with this bunk: if we didn't let you make machines for us, then you wouldn't have anything to do—and then, you might get into mischief; yes, you might even get intoxicated! It never dawns on the parasites that the workers could occupy their time making automobiles for themselves instead of plutocrats. Yes, they might even build palaces for themselves. The apologists for parasitism never let that idea dawn on them. Who could think of a worker making wool instead of shoddy for his own garments, making a beautiful home for his own class instead of building hovels? The idea of the working class producing decent food for itself is ludicrous. If a flea bite thee on the right cheek, turn unto him the left. For, verily I say unto thee, the flea biteth because it is his nature to bite. Thou shouldst not swat the flea, for then thou wouldst not have occasion to scratch. Be kind to the flea, for if God had not intended thee to be bitten by fleas, He would ne'er have made them. Amen.—E. J.

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PROFIT-SHARING BUNCOMBE

THE Wall Street Journal evidently takes great pleasure in stating that 40,000 employes of the Steel Corporation now own either common or preferred stock in that great corporation. This stock, of course, pays dividends. From the point of view of the Wall Street Journal this stock is a good investment for the employes who own it, and the Steel Corporation is a most admirable corporation to allow its employes to get rich in that manner.

But, right along with this statement about stock and dividends and fortunate—as well as provident—employes, we must take into consideration the fact that Steel Corporation employes are among the poorest paid in America; that the men in the blistering steel mills work outrageously long hours, and go into early graves shadows and wrecks of the strong men they once were.

It may be well enough for the 40,000 who own the stock to have the privilege of ownership accorded them. But just so sure as an employe owns stock he accepts the employer's point of view, and he becomes a traitor to his non-stock-owning fellow-worker. He thus becomes a foe to unionism and, in consequence, a foe to higher wages and shorter hours. And 40,000 men opposed to unionism can, by united and constant effort, influence a far greater number of men, thus checking social progress and menacing the welfare of the mass. Every stock-owning employe is a paid spy of the bosses—and a cheaply bought one at that. Most every soul-grinding corporation plays some such despicable game as that. "Beware the Greeks," when they come selling stock!—C. M. W.

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THE INIQUITOUS INCOME TAX

TO be sure, we workers do not get $3,000 a year, so we are not touched by the tyrannical income tax law, but that doesn't mean that we shouldn't protest. The danger is that we may, in the remote future, get an income of $3,000 a year, and then, horrors! We would have to pay an income tax! That would be awful. While it is true that only 300,000 out of a population of 100,000,000 are touched by the income tax law, we must remember that in this land of sunshine and flowers we bricklayers and piano-movers may, unexpectedly, find our incomes boosted to $3,000 a year, and then we would have to give the United States Government the price of a box of 10-cent cigars. We workers must defend the capitalist in his graft, for we must always remember that we may, at any moment, become plutocrats. Boost for our oppressors at present, so that we, in the sweet by and by, will be able to do our oppressing unmolested by meddling tax gatherers.—E. J.

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GETTING THE NEW VIEW

THE person who writes about literature and art in Current Opinion thinks that "the novel is ceasing to be a love story and is becoming dominantly 'a message'." Still another reviewer says that "love is going out of fashion" in novels.

Maybe it is so. Anyhow, the sort of love stories that most writers have written ought to go out of fashion. Up-to-date fiction ought to reflect up-to-date ideas. That is, if it be fiction about present times.

And modern thinking folks are getting over the notion that when a man loves a woman he picks her up and lugs her off to his furnished flat, there to keep her "in peace and happiness ever after."

Modern fiction, it may be, is taking into account the changing ideas regarding woman as a piece of property. Anyhow, it ought to. And we Socialists hope it is. The kind that isn't we refuse to read. And in these days, whatever doesn't pass muster with the Socialists is not standard.—C. M. W.

Winning Labor For Socialism

By J. L. ENGDAHL

SOCIALISTS in the aggregate expect much, take what they get and keep right on fighting. They may at times find victory elusive, but never impossible. They believe that hard work makes anything they set their minds upon probable.

"How much progress did the American Federation of Labor make this time?" is the annual question asked by many Socialists with the adjournment of each succeeding A. F. of L. convention.

It is the supplement of Socialist success as measured by many and devious means, after each general election that takes place in these United States. The total of votes cast at the ballot box, however, offers an irrefutable argument. Every roll call taken in the American Federation of Labor offers room for numerous contentions.

So, while even the worst enemies of working-class solidarity in the political struggle admit that Socialism is making progress at the ballot box, there are still those in the American Federation of Labor who seem to find consolation in the contention that Socialism is making no headway in the economic movement of labor.

The biggest fact about the recent A. F. of L. convention at Seattle, Wash., was that Socialism was not attacked as an intruder in that organization. Even President Samuel Gompers forgot to deliver his annual oration against Socialism and the Socialists. In the words of George L. Berry, president of the Printing Pressmen, "I find these Socialists are human, just like ourselves."

Every debate that breathed the breath of life was started by Socialists. Every measure that aimed at progress was championed by Socialists. Every hope for working class emancipation was kindled into being by Socialists. Socialism has found its place in the economic movement of American labor, even as it is becoming more and more the political expression of the man and woman who toils.

There were some few Socialists who earnestly hoped for the election of Eugene V. Debs as president of the United States in 1912. The hope was sincere, but not well founded.

There are some Socialists who each year closely watch the convention city of the American Federation of Labor, hoping to see that organization suddenly "captured" by the Socialists.

Socialism is hardly any more prepared to claim the American Federation of Labor as its own than it is to take over the conduct of the government of the United States with the opening of the year 1914.

Only when the great majority of the 3,000,000 organized workers in the United States become class conscious and intelligent in the conduct of their struggle will it be safe and timely to say that the A. F. of L. stands for Socialism. Any urging of the parent body beyond the grasp of the great rank and file can result only disastrously.

The greatest argument to show that the American worker, as an individual, has still a long road to travel on the highway of Socialism is seen in the fact that out of 3,000,000 economically organized workers, the Socialist party claims less than 100,000 dues-paying members, and a voting strength of less than 1,000,000, and considerable of this drawn from the non-organized and some from the non-wage workers.

During the past year alone one international union, the United Mine Workers of America, has added as many new members to its organization as are embraced in the entire strength of the Socialist party.

Yet, I was unable to discover one motion adopted at the Seattle A. F. of L. convention that did not open the road and aid, directly or indirectly, in winning those other millions of organized workers for Socialism. The titanic task is there ready to be undertaken.

The Seattle convention went on record in two statements of policy that must become memorable as the years go by. One of these had to do with politics and the other with religion.

Politically, the American Federation of Labor has nothing that it can present to the Socialist party on a silver platter. The Socialist party must do its own work. Numerous international unions are doing heroic work in the spreading of the propaganda of Socialism, but this cannot be expected to lighten the burden of the Socialist party. It seems to me, therefore, that there is much to ponder over in the statement that:

"We are confident that, when our present political activities have suitably matured, a new political party will be the logical result, a party in which will be amalgamated the reform and humanitarian forces, which will represent and stand for the protection and supremacy of human rights, giving legislative expression to the sound, economic and political position that the producers of wealth are entitled to their full share of the value theerof, and as opposed to a party in which may be found the forces representing and holding supreme the so-called rights of property, and whose legislative goal would be the guarantee of continuation of the system which puts the dollar above humanity.

"We are hopeful that in such a development there will be continued and greater activity to organize the unorganized

into their respective or new unions, and that in their federated relationship general political activity will be given constant and ever-increasing attention, so that with the more complete organization of labor in the economic field there will be safer and greater opportunities for the creation and formation of a political labor party, or a party pledged to the conservation of human rights, whatever the party's name might be."

President Gompers' statement that the entire matter could have been ruled out of order was somewhat significant. But the day when the A. F. of L can ignore the political outlook is past. The success of the Socialist party in establishing itself as the political expression of labor depends solely upon itself.

The statement of policy on the question of religion leaves little to be desired. It indicates that the fact that there is a majority of Catholics on the A. F. of L. executive council must not be taken too seriously. The Socialists, too, may make much of the Militia of Christ, just as they brought the National Civic Federation into the limelight; but, in the last analysis, it must be admitted that both of these organizations feed almost solely on Socialist antagonism.

The policy club of the A. F. of L., with which it will be possible to beat back Catholic intrusion whenever it presents itself, is as follows:

"Your committee is firmly convinced that nothing would be more injurious to the welfare of our movement than the injection of questions relative to religion. The American trades union movement, from its inception, has excluded all questions of a sectarian nature from its conventions, and this rigidly applied policy has made it possible to build up a union movement, which otherwise would be impossible to either secure or maintain."

The slogan of the International Socialist party is that, "Religion is a private matter." The same must hold true for the trade union movement. But when the forces of religion seek to dictate to either the political or economic wing of the working class movement, then it is time to fight back.

At this time, when Socialism it gaining greater and greater recognition from the trade union movement, the veteran Socialists in the American Federation of Labor cannot help but wonder how much greater would have been this progress had the Socialists not always been the champions of seceding and dual movements. However much these movements were justified by conditions, it was felt that much better results could have been obtained by remaining on the inside, where it is possible fight to much better advantage. The Socialist delegates at Seattle recognized the difficulty, and sometimes the hopelessness of fighting for an organization that had severed its connections with the A. F. of L., which must be recognized as the bona fide trade union movement of this country even by its worst enemies.

This fact was brought out in the struggle that was made in behalf of the Reid faction of the Electrical Workers. And this is but a repetition of the case of the seceding faction of the Shoe Workers. Some of the Socialist delegates urged the Stogie Workers to ally themselves with the Cigarmakers, and get into the A. F. of L. under any conditions. But the spirit of the rebel is a hard spirit to tame, and it must be admitted that some of the reactionary forces in the A. F. of L. have held their own on that account.

This weakening of the true forces of progress in the A. F. of L. goes as far back as the organization of the American Railway Union, followed by the coming and going of the Socialist Trades and Labor Alliance and the Industrial Workers of the World.

In this way the element working for the development of a conscious and intelligent movement of the toiling masses has been split in twain. It is felt that this is being gradually overcome, and that the next few years will do much to heal the ruptures of the past.

One of the indications of the growing power of Socialism was shown in the fact that President Gompers appointed well-known Socialists to prominent places on important committees, where previously he had huddled them all together on unimportant committees.

With the Socialist party growing strong in many of the nation's municipalities, the question of municipal ownership becomes of dominant importance. The Seattle convention showed that labor is equally interested. Take the case of the street car men. They, like the Socialists, welcome the municipal ownership of street car lines, but the right of the men to organize and protect their economic interests must be safeguarded. Capitalism in politics, as well as in industry, is not backward in fighting the workers. The street car men are going to find out where they stand, and at Seattle secured the aid of the A. F. of L. in conducting an investigation of this important problem. The same is true of the teamsters' union in handling the United States mails, and of the civil service employes in the Postal Department and other branches of federal employment.

That the time is ripe for agitation for a six-hour day was shown in the reception given the resolution on this subject introduced by the painters' union. The convention declared itself "in sympathy with the principle," but felt that, "organized labor should strive for a more general application of the eight-hour workday in all trades and occupations before devoting our energies to the introduction of the six-hour workday." This agitation is meeting with considerable response among many of the building trades, and in the miners' union considerable agitation has been carried on for fewer hours of labor.

Forced with the opening of the Panama Canal and the coming of additional hordes of foreign toilers to the United States, especially its western coast, the Seattle convention adopted a comprehensive policy on the immigration question. The convention voted

almost unanimously in favor of the literacy test, and urged that measures be taken to educate European toilers to the fact that the United States is not the land of gold and riches, wealth and sunshine painted by the steamship companies.

The American Federation of Labor stepped into the arena as a peace factor by urging the adoption of the proposed "Naval Holiday" for one year between the United States, England and Germany. The situation in Mexico was also considered.

We have today three rather well-defined groups of Socialists. One group belittles economic action altogether, pinning its hopes to the early arrival of the co-operative commonwealth through political action. Another group antagonizes the American Federation of Labor at every opportunity, and, incidentally political action, through the advocacy of an industrial panacea all its own. The third group stands for both political and economic action, political through the Socialist party and its activities, and economic through the American Federation of Labor and its activities.

It is my opinion that the third group makes Socialist progress in this country possible in spite of the other two groups. The work of the American Federation of Labor at its Seattle convention indicates that Socialists have nothing to lose by assisting and working with the two million members of that growing organization.

Feminism and the Trend Towards Democracy

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

The feminist movement, like every other modern radical movement, has its basis in a certain economic reorganization going on in society. This reorganization is taking place in the direction of democracy. Consequently, this movement finds expression, socially and politically in ideas and legislation which build for democracy step by step. To briefly outline the advance of these forces for democracy and to show their influence on certain sections of society is the purpose of this series of articles.—The Editors.

I. The Economic Causes for Feminism

"Is the Feminist Movement revolutionary?" asks the world, somewhat perplexed at the widely differing ways in which the movement expresses itself in various places and under varying conditions.

Yes, the Feminist Movement is revolutionary. It grew directly out of a radical economic reconstruction of society; its aim is to further that reconstruction. Therefore, it is revolutionary.

Specialization and the resulting increased productivity of labor are the basis of the Feminist Movement, even as they are the basis of the Socialist Movement and the Labor Movement. This specialization of labor has broken down the barriers of isolation surrounding domestic work and is with increasing rapidity drawing its various branches into the current of social production, thereby opening entirely new fields of endeavor for women, while closing to them many of the old. The change from individual production to collective production, making every human hand necessary to every other hand, has shattered the chain that restricted them to domestic labor and thrown wide open the gates to a new world.

Each time the world adopts a new method of work it creates for itself new needs. These new needs give birth to new thoughts, a new morality, new ideals, new institutions. The tremendous industrial and intellectual changes which have taken place in the last century because of the change in the world's method of feeding and clothing itself are manifested by all the science, the literature and the art of the period. If then, such sweeping changes have resulted merely from a change in method of work, how much greater change must take place when womankind changes not only its **method** but also it **kind** of work!

I will leave for succeeding articles the discussion of the profound and deep-rooted intellectual revolution which is inevitable and is already becoming apparent because women are assuming different labors. I will deal here with the new economic problems with which women are confronted in their strange new world and the relation of these problems to the world-wide movement toward democracy.

In their old world the wants of women and the wants of their children were provided by a domestic lord, whom they served in return for his support—an entirely undemocratic condition of affairs. The one great fruitful fact of their new world, created by this industrial reorganization, is that it affords opportunities for many women to be self-supporting and even forces a great many to dependence on their own purses, thereby laying the foundation for the realization of the feminist's ideal—an existence independent of the purse strings of a man; the opportunity for self-realization.

Being self-dependent brings women into direct con-

tact with labor conditions, with business conditions and with political methods which they only guessed at and felt vaguely while they were hobbled in the narrow field of domestic affairs. They discover in a very short time that economic independence must be a mere shibboleth as long as factories, stores and offices remain dens of exploitation; as long as they escape dependence on one man only to become dependent on a job. Morally they may be better off—provided they escape the clutches of prostitution—but economically, unless they are of the fortunate few who are enabled to enter the professions, they are worse off than before. Though they may be able to overcome the discriminations against their sex in the way of remuneration and opportunity, the difficulty of fulfilling the functions of motherhood and still maintaining an independent existence connot be overcome under present conditions.

As a result, marriage becomes more and more difficult for them, partly because the wages of many men do not suffice for the support of a family and partly because they have a strong distaste for returning to absolutely unpaid household duties. The women who have struggled hard and value highly any measure of freedom they may have been able to wrest from conditions so averse to free women, realize that every sort of independence—intellectual, moral, political or any other—hangs in the last analysis by the thread of economic independence. To them a marriage that necessitates accepting the support of a man is an inexcusable retrogression to a condition from which they have escaped with difficulty. On the other hand, industry is so conducted that women cannot go on with their work and care for their children. It demands the greater share of their time and gives in return insufficient wages for the support of a family. Thus they have the alternative of returning to a condition which they consider degrading or foregoing the greatest joy, the highest aim, the dearest labor of women—motherhood.

Since the passion for motherhood, efficient motherhood, strong motherhood, happy motherhood is the most powerful force in women's lives; since for that passion they will move mountains, suffer endlessly, sacrifice all, it is hardly to be expected that they will uncomplainingly endure a system which robs many of them of their right to children and tortures those who are permitted to exercise this right by smiting their little ones with the curse of hard labor and ignorance and disease.

But there are other problems besides purely personal ones which make women antagonistic to society as it is.

As they are thrown into this commercial world, heretofore occupied only by men, they have immeasurable difficulty in adjusting themselves to it. It is more than passing strange. Far indeed are its ways from the ways of women's minds and hearts!

To them it is appalling that, in factories and mines and offices and on railroads—everywhere that there is work—human beings should be cheaper than the tools they work with; cheaper than the products of their labor; cheap as dross. To them human life is more valuable than all the diamonds of the Kimberly mines, and dearer than the glory of ten generations of kings.

To them it is incomprehensible that governments should legislate for the welfare of property as against the welfare of citizens; that people should be made the servants of things instead of things being made the servants of people; that a nation should measure its wealth in dollars rather than in human happiness.

To them it is amazing that Might should mean Right; that any man borne with the same mother's pangs, fed with the same mother's milk, reared with the same mother's care as all his fellows, should be arrogated above them to feed idly on their labor; that the welfare of the group should be set aside for the selfishness of an individual.

All this is not according to the ways of women.

So they set to work with the energy and spirit of pioneers to fashion this amazing, egotistic, squandering world more to their liking, that is, more democratically.

They do not dream many dreams. Women are not much given to dreaming. They do not construct an elaborate theory and quibble over the manner in which it should be realized. They start no controversies, no factions, no revolutions over abstract ideas. Generalities have very little fascination for them.

They get down to concrete work.

They see that the present basis of society is individualistic; they would make it social. Being aware of the efforts at socialization going on everywhere, they put forth every energy to further those efforts. Their aim is to first free themselves that they may free the race. They take advantage of every opportunity, whether it be the creation of a municipal ice plant, the ousting of a bad mayor, the winning of a strike, or a fight for pure milk to further the interests of the people as against the interests of property. They creep into every crevice, climb every wall, penetrate every recess of the social structure, leaving traces of their presence wherever they go, and the trace of their presence is ever a little bit of the mother spirit.

To incorporate the mother spirit, the democratic spirit, in the institutions of society—is that not revolutionary?

NEW HAVEN ROTTENNESS

The New Haven road has passed its quarterly dividend for the first time in forty years. Twenty-four thousand middle-class and capitalist-class stockholders were bitterly grieved, of course. The New Haven is basing a powerful plea for a 5 per cent increase in freight rates, largely on its failure to pay the dividend. However, it is a matter of common knowledge that the condition of the New Haven road, as well as of some others, is not due to cost of operation, but is the penalty for stock watering and all manner of trickery.

CRAZYISMS

Sputtered and Spattered by "Vag" Tracy

THESE two fellows, Julius and Wright, may decide to hurl my masterpieces into the waste basket. In order to jolly them a bit, so that they will be nice to me, I put their pictures in with the rest of the jokes. They really don't look like this, but they may, someday.

IN a meek tone, Patient Labor asks Dr. Capital: "What's the matter with me, Doc? I feel bad." After a fake examination, Dr. Capital answers: ."You're in a bad fix. I find that there is a dollar in you. An operation is necessary."

Sometimes the patient lives through an operation, but the doctor always removes the trouble!

WHEN a business man pats me on the back
He's working me for something.
When a sweet girl smiles at me, I am cautious;
She's working me for something.
Yes, whenever anyone caters to me I feel
He is working me for something.
But when a tiny baby holds out its chubby hands to me and smiles and wiggles its feet, I fall, for I know that it just loves me;
It is not working me for something.

SAY, Mike, who's that intelligent lookin' gent?"

"Why, don't you know?"

"No."

"That's a wise guy. Can't you see he's looking at your picture in The Western Comrade?"

We're Going to Congress Again

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

IF ANYTHING in the world would cause the Honorable Champ Clark—the Honorable Champ being speaker of the House of Representatives—to get uneasy in his official chair and to dream of hobgoblins at night it would appear to those crass and uncouth members of the proletariat who go about packing red cards in their right-hand inside coat pockets that the thing best calculated to do those little things would be the sending of about a dozen Socialist congressmen down to Washington to ruffle the neatly laundered processes of the gathering known as the lower house.

About two months ago The Western Comrade sent to each state secretary of the Socialist party a letter of inquiry to ascertain, if possible, how many congressmen, how many state senators and assemblymen, how many mayors and how many governors might be elected in 1914. Really, the editors didn't expect to hear any state secretaries predict the election of governors, but they did expect to hear that a goodly delegation would be voted into the place Victor Berger filled not long ago.

Thirteen state secretaries replied to that letter. It must be concluded that the others are not enthusiastic about the chances for elecion successes in their states. For, if there is any person who will lift his voice up in meeting to shout the glad news it is a Socialist state secretary who thinks his state is going to land in the procession with a great and effective string of victories for labor at the polls. It must be assumed, therefore, that the most promising states have been heard from.

In the letters sent out emphasis was laid upon the fact that conservative replies were desired. Evidently, that request has been heeded.

It appears from the reports of the state secretaries that the Socialist party will elect anywhere from twelve to twenty congressmen in the fall of this year. Taking the same replies at face value, the party will elect approximately sixty state assemblymen, with possibly a few state senators accompanying them to state capitols. As to mayors, little is said, but about ten goodly cities are expecting red card executives.

As to governors—well, most Socialists will say that it is rather early to be speaking of Socialist governors. But Oklahoma believes there is a chance for one there, and California, to a certain extent, holds a similar belief.

From Wisconsin State Secretary Miss E. H. Thomas writes that there is a good chance to elect two Socialist congressmen, both, of course, in the Milwaukee districts. It was from one of these that Victor L. Berger was elected to congress. Comrade Thomas says that the party will probably elect two state senators and ten or twelve assemblymen. Also, there is an excellent chance to elect a mayor in Milwaukee in April of this year.

New Jersey expects to elect several mayors. "Pushing steadily forward," says Secretary W. B. Killingbeck.

"Going to elect our state ticket," declares the state secretary of Oklahoma, who also expects the party to elect four congressmen, with two additional districts close. That there will be a few Socialist mayors elected this spring is the further inspiring message from the Broom Corn state.

State Secretary M. F. Wiltse, of Iowa, expects an increase in vote, but no victories.

Pushing right up to the front, State Secretary William H. Henry, of Indiana, says there is a "good chance" to elect three congressmen, with five close districts, as well as the possibility of electing from thirty to forty members of the state legislature in the coming fall contests. He declares that he bases his estimate on the experience gained during fifteen years of party service, and calls attention to the fact that two mayors were elected in Indiana in the recent elections.

Six state representatives are expected by the state secretary of Utah, as well as an equal number of mayors.

E. A. Green, state secretary for Texas, expects the big Lone Star state to elect one or two members of the state legislature. He predicts a heavy increase in the vote.

T. E. Latimer, Minnesota's state secretary, says that the party will have candidates in all of the ten congressional districts, and that in five Socialists will be a factor, with a fighting chance for victory in three out of the five. A reapportionment of legislative districts will greatly aid the party in sending a large delegation to the state capital, unless the non-partisan law. now being contested in the courts, is upheld. If the law is declared unconstitutional, as Comrade Latimer thinks it easily may be, he says, "we should elect at least fifteen members of the lower house and five members of the senate." The party has driven the enemy to one fold in many parts of the state, and in at least a dozen districts the Democratic party is almost eliminated. If it should be revived Comrade Latimer feels that Socialist victories may be expected in those districts also.

State Secretary T. W. Williams of California writes, "We approach the 1914 campaign with confidence. We

should elect four congressmen and from ten to fifteen assemblymen, with a corresponding number of state senators."

Secretary Cannon of Oregon is looking to 1916, rather than to 1914, but he says that if a proportional representation referendum, now being pushed by the party, can be gotten through in time for the 1914 elections the Socialists "will have several representatives."

In Washington neither faction of the party hopes to elect during 1914, though a strong gain in votes is expected.

Guy Underwood, state secretary for Illinois, must have received the letter from The Western Comrade on a rainy Monday. Or it may have been snowing and he may have slipped down the "L" stairs. His reply was contained in two sentences. One sentence acknowledged the letter of inquiry. The other sentence was: "We can tell far more about such things about eight months from now, if you write to us at that time." It must be remembered, in connection with Illinois, that the party sent a delegation to the state legislature a year ago.

Secretary Robert W. Ringler of Pennsylvania is optimistic as to an increase in the vote, but does not care to make any definite statement of expectations. Recent tampering with the election machinery by frightened capitalist legislators may hamper the Socialists for a short time.

A chance to elect two state assemblymen, with big gains in the vote probable, is the outlook in West Virginia, while little Rhode Island expects a 25 per cent gain in the Socialist vote, with no election successes.

Comrade Fred E. Irish, state secretary for Maine, is positive and concise, as well as terse. He says: "We shall not elect anybody in Maine for a number of years."

There are a few fairly strong states missing from the compilation, but the situation, so far as possible or probable victories are concerned, is summed here with not enough missing territory to materially alter the result, so far as elected menaces to capitalism are concerned. It cannot be said, of course, that all or most of the victories here predicted will materialize. It is the purpose of these predictions merely to outline the probabilities; to bring to the front those places in which the element of chance is FOR Socialist success at the polls.

It is the belief that the state secretaries have been conservative in their estimates, and that those victories that they have predicted are very likely to materialize. In other words, the Socialist party actually does stand an excellent chance of having a delegation of ten or twelve men in the next national congress, and it does stand an excellent chance of having strong delegations in a number of state legislatures, as well as a fine chance of recapturing that first great American citadel, the city of Milwaukee.

And, because of those things, let us all fight our best!

IMMIGRATION IN AMERICA

By EMANUEL JULIUS

MIGRATION is common to all animal life. As inexorably as water seeks its level life seeks those regions where it can most easily and most plentifully supply its hunger needs. It is equally true of the higher forms and the lower. It is equally true of locusts, elephants, savage races and civilized races.

In America race assimilation, race amalgamation is in process of development on a scale that meets with no comparison. This country is a retort for over thirty nationalities, which it is our task, our duty, our **privilege,** to develop into a race such as has lived nowhere on earth before.

But here in America immigration is not merely due to the natural gravitation of peoples to the climes and countries where their economic needs are most easily satisfied. We have here a social phenomenon which perhaps has occurred nowhere else in history, i. e. **stimulated immigration for the advantage of a dominant class.**

We have not only the immigrants who come here of their own accord, because the conditions of their home land were no longer bearable. We have also the immigrant induced to leave the land of his birth by the exaggerated descriptions and false promises of the immigration agents of big industry; we have the contract laborer, smuggled in, despite all legislation prohibiting his entrance.

Under usual circumstances the migration of races leads to wars, to conquests, the natural result of one race infringing on the territory of another. These wars of conquest for bread through the intermingling of races which they have caused, have been one of the strongest factors of evolution. They have resulted in race amalgamation, in the crossing of strains, or, as Lester F. Ward phrases it, have resulted in a **Social chemistry** creating new and higher races.

In America the immigration of races does not lead to physical war, but to industrial war. And we have the added difficulty that, instead of needing to mould **two** races into a harmonic social organism—the con-

quering race and the conquered—we have more than a score of different nationalities of varying degrees apart. To assimilate these into a smoothly working organism would be a gigantic task under ordinary circumstances. We have a phenomenon that makes it a Herculean task—the exploitation of these racial differences by the ruling class to prevent the organization of the working class; the stimulation of racial antagonisms that keep us away from other vital problems; that keep us from seeing our true interests.

The big powers of industry put forth every effort to keep disorganized, disunited the numerous peoples that come to our shoes. They are pitted, one against the other, in the industrial field, are decoyed here by fraud to lower the standard of living of their working brothers.

The Steel Trust employs as many nationalities in its shops as possible—Greeks, Italians, Sicilians, Irish, Russians—so that an organization may be prevented. The same principle is followed out in making up railroad crews. Down in the mines of Missouri and Kansas it is almost impossible to secure united action on the part of the miners because they are composed of antagonistic races. They are Irish, Italians, Greeks and negroes. The Irishman hates the Italian, and refuses to work with him; the Italian hates the Greek, and all combine in hating the negro. Each race is always underbidding the other in the labor market—which is a fine vitriol to stimulate race antagonism.

A year or so ago the coal miners of Freeport, Ill., were out on strike. They were mostly foreigners, but belonged to the A. F. of L. Agents of the employers went among the strikers and persuaded them into believing that the officials of the Federation were selling them out; succeeded in making them think that the Americans in the union were using them as decoys to secure their own interests. The agents aroused such bitter feeling against the Americans and the A. F. of L. officials that there was danger of rioting.

The owners of the big southern turpentine camps send agents to the large cities of the North, especially to New York, to secure recent immigrants to work in the distilleries. The less the newcomers know of the English language or of English customs the more welcome they are as employes. These men are asked to sign a contract interpreted to them by the agent, as they are unable to read it for themselves, and, of course, the interpretation harmonizes very little with the actuality. When once they reach the southern camps they are herded together like cattle, receiving the coarsest rations and the poorest lodging, practically as bad as that of the prisoners on the chain gangs. They are herded with men not of their own country, and their overseers are very often negroes. A fine condition to encourage the assimilation of these races into a peacefully working nation, or an organized working class.

In the West organization is hindered by the importation of Oriental labor. Since this importation is restricted by law, the Orientals are smuggled in. These immigrants constitute the most difficult race problem we have. The more similar races are, the easier it is for them to unite, and **vice versa**, the more dissimilar they are, the greater the antagonism. The Orientals differ more radically from all the other races harbored here than any of them differ from each other —with the exception of the negroes, of course. For this reason, even if we did not have the problem of getting them organized, we would still have a race problem—one that seems almost hopeless.

So we see that East, West, North and South we have this immigration problem.

Now, all this may sound ominous, pessimistic, but it need not if we recognize what we should do regarding it. If we know how to use it, we have in the United States material to build an enlightened race, a physically strong race, a race with all the characteristics to carry it forward. We have only to compare the nations of the world to see that those composed of the most nationalities are the most advanced in civilization. Witness Germany, England, Australia, and America. All these nations are the result of the mingling of many races. The Eastern nations—China, Japan, India, Korea and Turkey—which until recently have been entirely secluded from other races, are far behind in the march of progress. This is an example of a law of Nature as true in society as in biology; namely, that variation, fresh blood, tends to increase the power of Life. This is one fact that makes our national condition very hopeful. There is another which makes it still more hopeful—the fact that **a common interest unites.**

And they have a comon interest, these many, many working men, a common economic interest. We must work ceaselessly to make this score or more of nationalities aware of their common interest. We must make every effort to organize them, to encourage them to fight together.

We must get the workers to act together, as they did at Trinidad, West Virginia, Calumet and McKees Rocks. Let them say to their employers, "You shall not make us fight brother against brother. You shall not dupe us and win dollars through our blindness. We will no longer be your cat's paw."

In doing this we shall turn to our great advantage the very thing that now threatens us with trouble. In doing this we further the day when America will be a peaceful nation; we further the industrial organization of the workers; we further Socialism. In doing this we shall have climbed one more of those steps of the ages at the top of which stands a society composing one kind, one class, **one Humanity!**

GETTING OLGA'S EYES

By Frank E. Wolfe

SILENCE!" shrieked a gong in the gloom of the rafters aloft. The rain outside pattered on the brown leaves that carpeted the little park and the sound mingled with the soft guttering of immense blue banks of the mercury tubes that swung low in a semi-circle over the "set!"

Voices were stilled along the row of ghastly masks with purple lips and glistening eyes that moved silently in the deep shadows back of the dead line.

"Lights!" roared a deep voice and two sharp clangs from above where, followed by the subdued crash and hiss of carbons as they met and flamed, blue and fiery, then settled down to actinic points and mingled their infra-red rays with the ultra violet of the pale, soft mercuries.

"Camera!" Three crashes of the brazen bell brought a murmur of approval from the row of corpses on the back line. The director leaned over, spoke in a low tone to the man beside the instrument, touched him on the shoulder, then another sound, soft and purring, steady and rhythmic, joined the hum of the lamps and the patter of the rain. It was the shutter marking sixteen frames to the second.

"It's time he run it. Four days we have stuck on this bit. The big one must be going daft," said a man who stood beside a great marble switchboard with its myriad of pins, throw switches and dials.

"You keep your lamps up and you'll break a record. The director knows what he is doing," snapped the nervous head mechanic who was no less overwrought than the electrician, who chafed under the delay that held half a hundred players and scores of stage workers in idleness.

Everyone connected with the big studio had wondered what had gone wrong with Marsden, the head director, who had spent three days on one scene and not run a foot of film. The one least concerned in the establishment was the young Russian woman, whom the director had chosen to play the lead in a feature production. She had shown flashes of such marked ability that the producer believed she had great latent talent and he had determined to bring it out. Her action in the part had pleased everybody but Marsden.

"Can't get her to register two emotions," was the only comment Marsden made, and that confidentially to his assistant, Charlie Hampden, the quiet and self-effacing man who had performed such miracles in trick work and doubles.

"Got any plans to bring her through?" asked Hampden, in the quiet of the deserted scenario room.

"Think I can make it in a day or two," said the director. "It will make a picture of mediocrity the way it is running. If Trident will only come through with something I can go ahead. I kicked him a cable a week ago. She's got a story. I got her name, and a doubtful line on location, and there it ended. She has the eyes and every other quality. It's that numbness that I can't overcome. I want her to give us her eyes and the fire that is down there. If Trident will fill in a name and place I will make a great picture, and one that will make her famous. This scene either makes or ruins a superb story."

Now that the gong had commanded "Silence, lights and camera," the assistant director moved quietly around where he could watch his chief rather than the scene.

The big, bare-armed director stood in an unusual position. He was mounted on a table drawn near the camera. His black, bushy head was three feet higher than the instrument, and as far to the left. Anyone in the scene could now stare directly at the face of the director without committing the awful breach of looking at the camera.

Quickly the actors ran through their parts. The scene depicted the rendezvous of the stranglers in the "quarter" of Paris. At tables sat a score of Apaches. Repeated rehearsals had made all performers perfect in their parts. Timing was like clockwork. The dance scene was a success, and the director had scarcely spoken a word during the action. It was "picture," and the dancers threw into the action all the wild abandon of the characters they represented. The leads worked down stage, and in the close foreground a great hulk of a man threw a girl spinning far above his head, allowing her to fall in the sawdust on the floor. Then came the fight. Down in the foreground the brawny villain drew a knife and stabbed a white-faced boy, who wore a black velvet jacket and cap. The Apaches slunk away and left the boy on the floor, and his assailant standing over him. That formed the setting when the director's voice rang out in sharp command:

"Come on, Miss Orlov! Quick, now; down stage!" Then the directors voice changed to low tense tones: "See what has happened here, Olga, you are in Odessa, there is Ivan!"

The director was down now, crouched near the floor in a line with the wounded boy.

"Look, Olga, merciful God, it's Ivan! He's been stabbed!"

At the utterance of the names the actress stopped and a look of surprise, then alarm, then horror came into her wondrous dark eyes. Long experience and training failed her under the shock, and the girl stared straight at the director, who had feared this and had crawled almost to the foreground line near the prostrate boy, just out of range of the camera lens. In the silence, broken only by the sputtering lamps and the whir of the shutter, the girl started to look around.

"Look at Ivan, Olga! Mother of Christ, he's dying! Look, look! Your brother, Ivan." It was first a sharp command, then awful pleading and infinite tenderness, ending almost in a sob. The woman turned her eyes to the white face of the boy then she started, shocked. Quickly she knelt, put her hand to his forehead, turned his ghastly face towards her and gazed intently at him. Fright showed in every gesture and every expression.

"Open Ivan's jacket, Olga! See; there it is! You find the knife wound. It's deep and deadly."

The woman shrank back with a scream of horror at the purple stain on the boy's breast as the blood oozed out at every heart beat. The purple stains were now on her hands.

"See Ivan's face, Olga! He is dying! You can't let him go. Hold him to you; speak to Ivan, Olga!"

The girl was now following every suggestion. Her wide eyes registered every poignant expression. Her hands mechanically obeyed every order.

"Don't let him slip away, Olga, he is still your little comrade, he is your vaniusha. Pray; Olga: 'Merciful God; don't take Ivan away from me now. I want to take him back to toitia, to our home in Rostov'."

Marsden was back on the table now and the girl was staring at him, her eyes brimming with tears, her lips moving in prayer. Back of the line women were sobbing aloud and men were slipping silently away.

The girl was kneeling, sobbing and fondling the boy's inert hands, whispering first then shrieking and shaking. She spoke in the Russian tongue. Her wealth of tawny hair had fallen about her shoulders and in her anguish she had torn her dress open at the throat.

"Look behind you, Olga! There's Borisoff! He stabbed Ivan!"

At the name the girl started in alarm. Her face showed wonderous change in her emotions as slowly she turned and faced the man with the knife.

"Business, Manders; don't lose your head!" said the director in a tense undertone to the actor who had held his pose with slight action during the remarkable scene.

"There's the assassin, Olga! He betrayed Ivan and the other comrades in Rostov. He sent Ivan to a Siberian prison hell. Now he's stabbed Ivan. Curse him, Olga—no kill him! Can't you kill Borisoff?"

"Work across; down stage a bit, Manders; make her face forward," said the director quietly. When the woman turned her face front she registered such rage and awful hatred that the spectators shuddered. She flung herself at the man with such ferocity that she almost carried him off his feet. Deftly he made shift to drop the knife and to kick it far off stage. He grappled with the woman and it took his utmost strength to hold her in position and to work her face to the front.

"Begin to stir, Rossi," said the director, and the prostrate boy raised his hand feebly toward his head.

"Look at Ivan, Olga! Ivan! Ivan! Ivan! He is not dead!" shouted the director.

The girl turned her eyes toward the youth. Slowly she relaxed her grip on the man's throat.

"Go to Ivan, quick, Olga!—" "Beat it, Manders! Get off the scene quick, turn there, at the door, slink; now, out!"

Again the girl knelt and the boy turned his face toward her, opened his eyes and smiled.

"Miss Orlov, listen to me now. I have a cablegram from your brother Ivan. He is in London and is coming here."

There was a change in the tone and manner of the director. He spoke in a matter of fact, business way. The girl looked up at him, her great limpid eyes filled with wonderment, then joy, as the director selected the shorter of two cablegrams he had taken from his pocket and read: "Marsden, New York—Ivan Turgenef, brother Olga Orlov Turgenef, formerly of Odessa, escaped from Siberian prison month ago. Located him in London. Am sending him to you on Imperator—Trident."

The girl, still kneeling holding the boy's head, was looking steadily up toward the director, her face registering gratitude, her eyes beaming a transport of joy. Then, as if awakening, she raised her hands toward the director and exclaimed: "Oh, you wonderful, wonderful man! I know it is true, I know Ivan is coming. I want to thank you, to kiss you, to embrace you."

"Not me," said the director, drily. "Look at Rossi. He helped in this deal. He is glad Ivan is coming, slip him the kiss."

The girl turned to the smiling, purple lipped boy and gave him a rapturous embrace.

The camera purred steadily on until the director touched the operator on the arm. Marsden was stuffing cut plug into a venomous-looking pipe. He paused to glance at the dial of the footage indicator on the side of the camera and he almost smiled as the operator relaxed and said:

"Two hundred and ten feet!" "We will break the length by two cut-backs," said Marsden.

BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

THE HUMAN TOUCH

Count all the poets, the writers and the artists of all the centuries, from the dawn of civilization to the middle of the nineteenth century, and the total will not equal the immense number of men and women who really can write, and who are writing, for our age; and yet, only a handful are doing work that is real and vital. It is estimated that fifteen thousand books are published in America each year; they are well written, show culture and training and scholarship—but still, they are not lasting. Why is this so I believe the answer is not difficult to find. Our regiments of writers are not in touch with life, and that is why they lack the clear ring of reality; they are in touch with books, but they are not in touch with people. Their philosophies come from books that lack the human touch. The writer's life, as Walter Bagelot says in his "Literary Studies," is a vacuum. "He has nothing to hear and nothing to see. He is out of the way of employing his own eyes and ears," Mr. Bagehot avers. Our writers must get into the open. They must rub elbows with the engineer, the electrician; they must listen to the sighs of the factory girl and the cries of the children; they must heed the call of man, the song of brotherhood. Art has had enough of culture; it needs a social passion. The book man must make way for the street man.

John Masefield expresses the thought in the following lines:

Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and the mirth,
The portly presence of potentates goodly in girth—
Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the earth!
Theirs be the music, the color, the glory, the gold;
Mine be a handful of ashes; a mouthful of mold.
Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain and the cold—
Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tales be told.

* * *

THE NEW INSPIRATION

Man creates, and in creating, he builds character. This desire to create finds expression in all phases of life, except the parasite class that lives by appropriating what others have made. These parasites who take what the mechanic has created also take the songs of the composer and the pictures of the artist. They live by absorbing. But, their days are numbered, for the worker is at last conscious of this monstrosity, and his philosophy—Socialism—will make producers of parasites.

The steam engine, the forge, the furnace, the ocean liner are all produced and operated by workers who are unconscious artists, for there is as much art in a beautiful machine as may be found in a symphony. These machines inspire the singers, the painters and composers, and the result is that we are about to have a new art—the art of factory, mill and mine. Of old, the clank of armor inspired poets and musicians. Today, the roar of the forge, the clatter of the factory and the hammers of the riveters inspire the artists. The greatest joy that life has to offer is the ecstacy of creation. The greatest joy that the old life had to offer was the delirium of destruction. The gun has been supplanted by the hammer.

* * *

GOSSIP

What is more powerful than a man's wish to tell a friend, or the world, what he thinks, feels, observes? What is more overwhelming than a person's desire to express himself? It seems to me as though man's greatest joy in life is found in talking—and the world's first artist was not a painter, a sculptor, a poet or a musician; he was a talker. So, we are all artists. Talk has taken different forms; and now, some talk with a violin, others talk with a chisel, a brush, a printing press. It is all talk, however; it is all expression; it is the common expression that is the basis of art; and when you bare it to its heart you come upon that living, breathing, talking thing—Democracy.

So, healthy gossip is the basis of all art; art commences in conversation; talk is the mother of poetry and literature; the artist is the gossip of the universe. He tells us things, and he tries to say them beautifully; his stories, his poems—all gossip. Gossip cannot live without listeners. Place the artist on a manless island and his art becomes a mockery, it becomes nothing. He must have the people, someone to talk to. And he must talke the language that is understood. He may conceive beautiful sounds, make them tell beautiful stories, but they cannot be art until the spectator understands and feels with the artist. That, to my mind, is why the artist would rather serve the people than the exclusive, aristocratic rich. The Greeks placed their statues and things of beauty where the people might see and glory in them. The artists of today want a similar audience; the audience can never be too large; they want the world to see and hear their beauties.

THE $40,000 SOCIALIST

IT is characteristic of the capitalist press that it should announce the winner of the 1912 Nobel peace prize and neglect to announce the winner of the 1913 Nobel peace prize, although both winners were decided upon at the same time. It is natural that one should not be mentioned—when that one happens to be a Socialist.

Probably every American school boy who has passed the fifth or sixth grade knows that Elihu Root, of whom mention is made editorially by another writer in this magazine, was the winner of a Nobel peace prize. Probably most of them believe he was the winner of the prize for 1913. It is highly probable that not many of them know that Elihu Root was given the 1912 award, and a still smaller number are aware of the fact that the 1913 Nobel peace prize of $40,000 was awarded about December 10 to Henri la Fontaine, a Socialist member of the Belgian senate.

The Western Comrade does not care to say that the great newspapers of the United States and the great press associations of the United States fail to give their readers all of the vital news, or that they distort news for the benefit of the capitalist class. The Western Comrade prefers to allow the facts to speak for themselves. The facts are that today all America knows that Elihu Root is the winner of the Nobel peace prize of $40,000, but it does not know that HE won the prize for 1912, and that the winner for 1913 was a Socialist, a fact fully as important, if not more so.

For the following concise sketch of the $40,000 Socialist, Henri la Fontaine, The Western Comrade is indebted to The Independent:

"Henri la Fontaine, who received the Nobel peace prize of $40,000 for 1913, maintains the same mental attitude to a king as to a workingman. He respects not persons, but ideas. He is a Social Democrat. Since 1895 he has sat continuously in the Belgian senate with only two years' intermission. With the exception of Cremer, of England, he is the only representative of the working classes to have received the Nobel prize, although the organized labor parties are the most persistent and practical of peace advocates. La Fontaine's life has been a life of service. With an indomitable persistence he has espoused the cause of internationalism. Were he a millionoire or a secretary of state instead of a representative of the workingmen he could hardly have done more for the progress of internationalism than he has. Born April 22, 1854, at Brussels, La Fontaine, when a very young man, began his career of doing good. In 1878 he became secretary of a model technical school for girls. In 1889 he became Secretary of Social and Political Studies, which prepared the way for the revision of the Belgian electoral law in 1903. In 1891 he joined the Socialist party, and two years later founded La Justice. In this organ and Le Peuple are to be found numerous articles from his pen. In 1894 he took part in founding Brussels University, and was appointed its Professor of International Law.

"Perhaps his most marvelous undertaking was the establishment of his model 'House of Documentation,' founded in 1897, where at an almost inconceivable cost of energy he shows how track can be kept of everything that is now said anywhere in the world or has ever been recorded. He has ever been one of the world's most active pacificists, attending all international congresses of arbitration and peace. November of the Interparliamentary Union is more influential in its inner councils than he. And now that he is president of the Berne Peace Bureau, he is the leader of the organized federated peace movement of the world.

"In 1910 Mr. La Fontaine, in co-operation with his lifelong partner of peace, Paul Otlet, founded the Union of International Associations, and during the same year a world's congress was held in which were represented 132 international organizations. The central committee of the union is now established in Brussels and is installed in a set of commodious quarters provided by the Belgian Government. With Otlet and Fried (the Nobel prizeman of 1911) he undertook the editing, in 1908, of Annuaire de la Vie internationale, and in 1912 of the periodical La Vie internationale. He is the author of Code of International Arbitratino, Documentary History of International Arbitration, Chronological History of Arbitration Since 1794 Down to 1900, Bibliography of Peace and Arbitration. In The Inepeendent of December 21, 1905, a contributor thus sums up the man:

" 'He is one of these bold intelligences which walk about the world with open eyes. * * * He looks at institutions in order to see where they may be improved; he considers conditions in order to change them. He is not to be changed by them. He is always going forward and upward.' "

FOOLISH CONTENTMENT

Sad will be the day for any man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life he is living, with the thoughts he is thinking and deeds he is doing—when there is not forever beating at the door of his soul some great desire to do something larger which he knows he was meant and made to do because he is a child of God. —Phillips Brooks.

THE AWAKENING

By Eleanor Wentworth

(This is the second and concluding chapter of this powerful working-class fiction story, by Eleanor Wentworth. While it is the second chapter of the story, it is, however, complete in itself, a point worth while to those who have not been able to secure the preceding installment.)—The Editors.

ATTRACTED by a slight commotion near the entrance to the court room, Ann looked in that direction and saw her mother there standing beside a faultlessly dressed young man, who was talking earnestly with a lawyer. After a few moments the lawyer walked to the prosecutor and conferred with him in whispers, who in turn conferred with the judge. The judge beckoned to an official and Ann's case was called. As she had pleoded guilty on being registered, a lengthy trial was not necessary. She had but to await judgment.

In a concise speech the judge made it known that, owing to the youth and to the former good character and reliability of the defendant, vouched for by prominent and worthy citizens, she would be placed on probotion.

Completely dazed, Ann was taken to an anteroom, where her mother and the well-dressed young man awaited her. Her mother immediately launched upon a lavish and impetuous narration of the goodness of the young man, which he attempted smilingly to disavow.

It was half an hour before Ann gleaned from her mother's excited words and from the occasional interpolations of the young man, that she owed her freedom to the Catholic church. Although Ann had become lax in her devotions, her little mother had never wavered in regard to the smallest detail, and was considered by her priest as one of the most pious members of his flock. Therefore, when she came to him with the story of Ann's imprisonment, it did not require very much pleading to obtain his promise to do the utmost to secure her release. In the fulfillment of this promise, he proceeded to do some wire pulling. After several excursions into the realms inhabited by politicians, he succeeded in interesting this young man, who was a member of an influential club, and was personally acquainted with New York's most prominent judges and lawyers; in fact, was a rising political boss. It was not a difficult matter for such a young man to persuade the judge that Ann should be placed on probation.

So it happened that the prophecy of the young prisoner, that Ann would soon be home with her mother, came to pass—which was good. But all that followed was not good.

Ann soon discovered that being free of the clutches of the law was not being free of the condemnation of her acquaintances. Everywhere she turned she received rebuffs. Instead of having a joyous homecoming, it was as though she had entered a strange and hostile land. Girls giggled when she passed or made disparaging remarks. Boys, who had occasionally escorted her to moving picture shows, were kept studiously away. Grown-ups frowned on her disapprovingly. The priest, to whom she was sent by her mother, lectured her severely. Reproach was ever in her mother's eyes. Her brothers reproved her in very candid words. Even the cats of the neighborhood, who had always loved kindly Ann, were estranged by her absence and avoided her.

The people of her community held that she was in need of repentance and harbored the hoary, pernicious fallacy that there can be no repentence without shame. So all who came in contact with her attempted to inflict her with a sense of shame. They harassed her subtlely, continually, mercilessly, until she began to feel ashamed in spite of herself.

"Half the time I think I'm right and the other half I think they're right," she said to herself, wearily. "An' there's never any end to the argument. It just goes round and round and round. I never know what I'm going to think next."

Had it not been that the search for employment busied her during the greater part of the day she would have become hopelessly morbid.

Brooding over her friendless state on an evening after the usual fruitless search for work in New York's downtown district, she was loathe to turn homeward. Instead, she drifted aimlessly about the city, thinking of the time she had lain in prison awaiting trial. She heard again all the tears and curses which had continually echoed through the place; saw the prisoners' faces drawn with suffering; listened to the queer philosophy of the miserable creatures who hated the poverty from which they had revolted, and yet were ashamed of revolting. The memory of it nauseated her.

"If I could only start over," she thought. If I could go where nobody knows me, and forget all about it! If I could only go where people hate being poor, as I hate it—and aren't ashamed of hating it!"

Presently she found herself before the Twenty-third street ferry. For fifteen minutes she stood on the corner watching the crowds pouring into the ferry

building, forlornly wishing that someone would give her a glance of friendly recognition.

And then a strange thing occurred. As she stood there, discouraged, dusty and tired, longing for the warmth of a little kindliness, the weight of dreary realities slipped from her shoulders like a worn-out mantle and dazzling, enchanting possibilities enveloped her.

The clumsy ferries became light-oared fairy crafts, plying across smooth waters to and from the land of golden opportunity. The hurrying crowds became exultant pilgrims. The millions of twinkling lights on the opposite bank became the beckonings of siren spirits. The horns of the ferry boats, the swishing of the river, the faint rumble of distant trains, the murmuring of the crowds became a paen proclaiming the valiant hopes of the sojourners.

Under the spell of the song, Ann forgot her discouragement and her weariness. A great hope throbbed in her that somewhere there across the dark water the least of her heritage would be the confidence of her fellows.

In her purse she had a dollar and a few small coins. She spent a nickel of this hoard for a ferry ticket and embarked on her voyage.

When she reached Jersey City, she invested further in a ticket for Paterson, remembering that she had heard it mentioned as a great mill town. She felt confident of finding employment there.

Arriving at Paterson rather late, she spent the night in the railroad waiting room, and planned to venture forth as soon as the daylight appeared.

In spite of the fact that the contents of her purse were dangerously diminished and her surroundings sordid, she was exceedingly happy. No hard bench or smoky air could lessen her relief in having escaped the mocking finger of shame which had dogged her footsteps. No pecuniary difficulties could detract from her joy in again daring to believe that she had done no wrong. No prospect of hungry days could rob her of the pleasure of regained self-respect.

At daybreak she slipped out into the deserted, untidy streets of the city she had chosen as her Mecca, and wandered amidst the grimy, sullen buildings as silently as the morning shadows. When she had gone a mile or two from the depot, she came upon a huge silk mill, staring ogre-eyed with its hundreds of soiled glass windows at the lowly houses about it. Still treading cautiously, as if awed by the morning quiet, she crept about the monstrous structure, wondering if one of its looms might supply her with work.

Hearing a murmur of voices around the corner of the building, she halted suddenly. In doing so, she fell back a step or two and trod heavily upon a board, causing it to crack loudly. At that sound a voice cried harshly, "Halloo, who's there!" and quick steps approached from the other side. As Ann leaned against the wall of the house, fearing to think what she had thrust herself into, a man appeared, wearing a deputy's star.

"An' what in thunder are you doing here this early in the mornin'," he demanded. "Fine time of day to begin picketing!"

This sarcasm was lost on Ann.

"I'm looking for work," she said, weakly. "I—I don't know where to go."

Her reply was quite inadvertant. She said the first thing that came to her mind. But it had a strange effect on the man before her. He immediately dropped his gruff manner and gave her a surprised smile.

"Oh, that's it, eh? Well, an' you must be wantin' work pretty bad to be comin' around this early in the mornin' with them devilish law-breaking dagoes out on strike. You shure had the luck av a queen to get past their pickets without havin' your head broke."

By this time they were joined by a group of men, evidently guards of the mill, among whom were several policemen.

"I say," said the man who had first appeared, "here's a little girl wot ain't afraid of bein' called a scab. We'll have to take good care of her and see that she gets a job."

Their talk about strikes and scabs created but vague pictures in Ann's consciousness. Such things had come into her experience only through the medium of a subsidized press, leaving scarcely any impression. The only thing that was absolutely clear to her was the fact that they were pleased with her for some reason, and that they intended to see that she was given work. Therefore, she felt no anxiety in their presence. She waited patiently on the steps with them until an automobile arrived, crowded with men and women, some of the men conspicuously armed. This manner of arrival puzzled her somewhat, but she made no protest as she was led inside with the others.

Within the mill the atmosphere was tense with anxiety. Accustomed to the order and precision of the department store, Ann was amazed at the chaotic manner in which the work was carried on. There was a constant buzz of conversation. In a haphazzard way girls were removed from one task to another. Automobiles continued to arrive, and each reinforcement caused a change in the plan of work. Some operators worked at a break-neck speed, while others remained idle. Ann stood before her loom for three-quarters of an hour awaiting instructions. And this confusion continued throughout the entire day.

In the evening the automobiles appeared again with their armed escorts. Ann declined to ride, as she had no definite place to which she might go. The foreman met her refusal with a shrug of the shoulders.

"You're welcome to face those yelping dogs out there," he said, contemptuously. "But don't whine around here if you get bit."

When Ann stepped outside she found herself in the midst of pandemonium. Curses, hoarse shouts, cries of warning rang on all sides. Policemen and plain-clothes men were indiscriminately beating with clubs and the butts of revolvers the heads of men and women wearing red badges, labeled "picket," who were attempting to mount the steps of the mill.

Ann hastily made her way through the struggling mass. She longed to know more about the cause of the disturbance, but in vain she stood on the edge of the crowd and gazed around, her black eyes filled with questionings. No one paid heed to her slight figure. So she walked slowly away, the disturbance becoming fainter and fainter in the distance as she proceeded.

After a time she stopped before a modest one-story cottage. A neat brick walk led to the veranda, up whose posts a scanty-leaved rose vine straggled bravely. Through the open front door came the deep contralto voice of a woman crooning to her babe the world-old story of mother love. Such a sweet and soothing contrast was this voice from the harsh clamor at the doors of the mill that Ann stood motionless at the edge of the walk, charmed by its tenderness.

Presently she noticed that in one of the windows was a placard advertising "Rooms and Board," and as this was exactly what she was looking for, she walked to the door and knocked.

The woman who appeared in answer to her summons embodied all the strength and all the gentleness of ideal motherhood. Out of her great liquid eyes, whose depths were enhanced by her dark skin, she smiled at Ann. In her arms she held a stout, curly haired youngster, upon whose countenance her smile was reflected.

"I'd like to get a room," Ann began, hesitatingly, "but I haven't enough money to pay for a whole week in advance. I thought maybe you'd let me have one on trust. I work at the mill over there, and I can pay you at the end of the week, when I get my wages!"

At the words, "I work at the mill," all the gentleness disappeared from the woman's manner. An angry fire leaped into her eyes and her body became rigid with antagonism.

"You scab!" she cried, her voice as harsh with hatred as the voices of the combatants at the mill. "You dirty scab! You come here when we're on strike and take our bread away from us and from our children, and then you want to come into our homes 'on trust.' Get out of my sight before I hit you, you coward, you cur!"

She menaced Ann with her free arm, but Ann did not move away. Unconscious of any wrong intent, she did not shrink from the woman's anger.

"Please don't be mad at me," she said. If I've done wrong, I didn't know it. I just came here, and I don't know what this strike's about. If you'll tell me about it, I'll know what I've done that's wrong and what to do to make it right."

At first the woman regarded Ann with suspicion, but she could not look into those frank, childlike eyes without seeing that she was sincere. So, holding her baby tightly with one arm and using the other to emphasize her words, she proceeded to give Ann a forcible statement about the strike.

"When we get tired of being driven at our work like cattle, so that nights we're good for nothing but family brawls, and when we get sick of seein' the kids in rags, we begin thinkin' about a strike. When our bellies get to gnawing for decent food, and when we get tired of hearing the racket of the wheels even in our sleep, and when get courage to look beyond the ends of our noses and get the hate of poverty in us—when we want to be men instead of beasts—we go on strike!

"That's what it's come to now, and that's why we're out on strike.

"An' whether we win or whether we lose, we've always got this satisfaction—that we had grit enough to fight!"

"Then, like me, you hate being poor," said Ann.

"Hate it!" said the woman, scornfully. "Hate it! Don't it kill us?"

"An' you stand together against it."

"We're learning that," was the grim response. "Some day we'll be strong enough to make law instead of break law."

"An' I can help in this strike?"

"Of course.

She did. Within twenty-four hours she had received her quota of bruises on the picket line and was once more within the clutches of the law. Again, she lay upon a cot, staring into the blackness of the night, while the sounds of prison life surged over her. But she was a different girl from the timid creature who had spent her first night in the Toombs. Then she had been torn between remorse and fear. Now she was exultant. Then she had been miserably, helplessly alone. Now she had but to listen and she heard the beating pulses of a hundred comrades. Here were no tears, no filthy curses, or cries of pain—only jubilant shouts and courageous songs and taunts at the officials as new arrivals from the picket lines filled the jail to overflowing.

The other jail had been to her a dark vault, suffocating the lone and helpless rebels confined within its walls, while this jail was the birthplace of a mighty courage—the savior of an aspiring humanity.

BE REVOLUTIONARY! If you know all the hell that capitalism has produced you cannot help but be revolutionary, if you have any manhood in you, but be sure that you have materials on hand worthy a true architect of a better world philosophy. To be a revolutionist is more than to be a destroyer.

THE GREAT AIM OF "OUR" SOCIALISM

"The great aim, therefore, of our Socialism is not merely to pass laws; not to destroy the business of the country; not to array labor against capital in civil war, but to create a feeling and a desire on the part of the prosperous to share that prosperity with the poor and the needy."

The above sentence is quoted from an editorial in the January number of Metropolitan magazine, and constitutes about as fine a bit of sidestepping as one often sees. Metropolitan should be quick about having its particular brand of Socialism patented before Kirby and Post and General Otis get hold of it. It is just about the brand of innocuous buncombe that they might easily exploit for the sake of circulation and advertising.

Metropolitan began some months ago to advocate Socialism. It seems now to have degenerated to a point where it advocates something which passes as "Our" Socialism, and does not hurt the advertising business. A little further along in its remarkable editorial Metropolitan says: "The next step will be to realize that the only way to break the vicious circle is to stop putting all the burden of higher wages on the consumer, and to let capital forego some of its reward. That means self-sacrifice on the part of the rich and prosperous."

Metropolitan seems to have in mind some plum pudding sort of Socialism that the rich and powerful are going to graciously hand down to the hard working wops of the world, with the sangfroid of a Chesterfield on a slippery ballroom floor.

Metropolitan deplores all of this class struggle agitation. "The class war is today the banner of the ignorant Socialist, who is not a Socialist at all, just as it is the weapon of the anti-Socialist," announces Metropolitan in this wonderful editorial. Continuing, it says, "How, then, can the Socialist honestly champion the war of class against class?"

So long as Metropolitan seemed to be fearlessly advocating Socialism this magazine took a keen delight in the performance. Socialists all over the nation were delighted, of course. But the Socialist movement will not recognize as a Socialist publication one that is so weak-kneed as this January editorial shows Metropolitan to be—that is, if the Western Comrade has any idea of what Socialism is.

So the class war is nothing but the banner of the ignorant Socialist! So, indeed! Karl Marx, what an ignoramus you really were! Class war, indeed! Nothing in the world but the ravings of the rough necks! Why, the class war doesn't exist any more than the Rocky Mountains or the Gulf of Mexico—at least, it hadn't ought to, Metropolitan seems to think.

We shall watch with much interest for future wobblings of Metropolitan. Meanwhile, we note with mixed feelings the fact that the very brilliant and worth-while department on Socialism which has been conducted in Metropolitan by Algernon Lee is missing for the first time from the same number of the magazine that bespeaks for itself the advocacy of a more subdued sort of Socialism.

Let us stop right here, lest we find ourselves improvising a refrain that might run something like this:

"Oh, where is our wandering 'Mag' tonight?"

And that would never do at all.

WE WANT REVOLUTION

The American people seem to like the game of bluff. They stand for it so patiently.

It doesn't matter whether the bluffing is done by serious persons, who really believe they are saving the people, or whether it is done by the Big Tim type. It is bluffing just the same, so far as it gets the common people anything.

We are told by these bluff artists that we need lower tariff; that we need commission form of goverment; that we need the regulation of corporations, regulation of trusts; that we need the income tax, and that we need currency reform. We get all these things, and we are just where we were before. One hundred people in this great nation have an income of $1,500,000 a year, and 37,815,000 have an average annual income of $601. And there it sticks, in spite of all manner of tariff tinkering, currency legislation, regulation and taxation—with the chances all in favor of the 100 getting a fatter income than ever.

The simple fact is that as long as the dominant economic power is also the dominant political power, that power will get away with the goods.

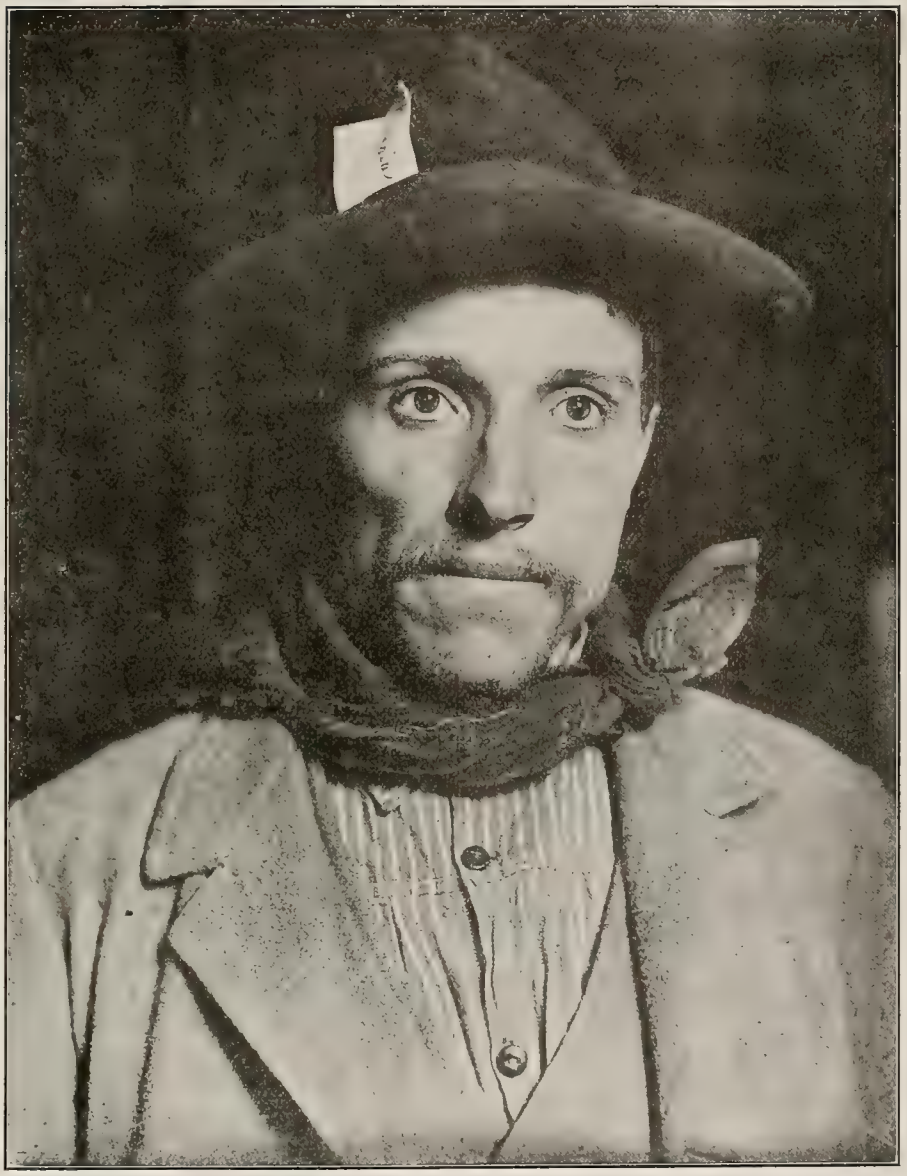
Wisconsin and California have as good railroad commissions as ever any state will get. Wisconsin has had its commission for years. And wage slavery is as tightly fastened in the saddle in Wisconsin as ever it was under the rottenest rule of the most avaricious of the timber thieves. California is but the second chapter of the same story.

Capitalism gets its pickings as handily under commission governmentment as under any other kind, and it will hold down the front doorstep as solidly under low tariff and reformed currency as it did of yore.

We have got to quit being led around after pots of gold at the end of rainbows. The only way out for us is to take the system by the seat of the neck, or wherever it is that you take a system when you want to chuck it, and we've simply got to throw the whole thing bodily into the discard.

A handful of Socialists in the Wisconsin legislature have done more for the working class in five years than regulation will ever do. One lone Socialist in the California Legislature did more for the working class last year that regulation will ever do. Reform is not what we want. WE WANT REVOLUTION!

THE IMMIGRANT



—Photo by Courtesy of the California Outlook.

By Frederick J. Haskin

I am the immigrant.

Since the dawn of creation my restless feet have beaten new paths across the earth.

My uneasy bark has tossed on all seas.

My wanderlust was born of the craving for more liberty, and a better wage for the sweat of my face.

I looked toward the United States with eyes kindled by the fire of ambition and heart quickened with a new-born hope.

I approached its gates with great expectation.

I entered in with fine hope.

I have shouldered my burden as the American man-of-all-work.

I make half of the great American problem.

And yet, I am the great American problem.

When I pour out my blood on your altar of labor, and lay down my life as a sacrifice to your god of toil, men make no more comment than at the fall of a sparrow.

But my brawn is woven into the warp and woof of the fabric of your national being.

My children shall be your children, and your land shall be my land, because my sweat and my blood will cement the foundation of the America of tomorrow.

In Black and White

KINDA PUZZLIN'

BY heck, seems to me I'm somewhat mixed in my figgers. I reckon I've got the wrong end of things, seems to me. I recollect how the Daily Trumpet told us that the Standard Oil had been dissolved, and that the Tobacco Trust was put out of business. Yes, sir, clear as a cow comin' home. And the Telephone Trust was put on the blink for all time. I ain't sure who done it. Think it wasn't the sheriff who done it. Must've been the Supreme Board or some such official. But, the Standard Oil is still oilin' and the Tobacco Trust is still trustin'. Kinda puzzlin', this whole gosh dinged business is, by heck; kinda puzzlin'.—E. J.

♣ ♣ ♣

RIDING ON CIGARS

TALKING to an American recently, President Huerta said: "What kind of a government have you in New York? I see your Governor is impeached for perjury and larceny. They tell me your police officers steal and murder citizens on the streets. What do you come down here for, anyhow, to preach to us about clean government?"

And that wasn't all, either. The Mexican added that he once rode from El Paso, Tex., to St. Louis, Mo., and was not forced to pay fare, giving the conductors cigars in lieu of cash. I did the same thing myself once, but I didn't give my cigars to conductors. I gave them to brakemen.—E. J.

♣ ♣ ♣

DR. ROBINSON'S SUGGESTION

DR. WILLIAM J. ROBINSON, the interesting editor of The Critic and Guide, is much concerned over the number of deaths resulting from bichloride of mercury tablets, taken by accident, and gives a number of suggestions, the most enlightening of which is this: Have the manufacturers place a little bell around the neck of the bottle. So says Dr. Robinson, but I believe I have a better suggestion. Have an electric button attached to the bottle which will work automatically as soon as touched by human hands. This button will set a battery in action, transmitting power over an electric wire connected with police headquarters, where a sergeant will have charge of the tablet department. He will be in touch with every bottle of tablets in the city limits, and will know the exact whereabouts of the bottle by a number, automatically registered by the electric current. He then presses a button and returns a volt of electricity to the bottle, shocking the stupidity out of the person and saving his life. I think this will work to the satisfaction of all, except the undertakers.—E. J.

♣ ♣ ♣

BATTLESHIP INSANITY

ABOUT a billion and a half of dollars in bond issues are required today by the world's great nations, say Wall street reports. Russia heads the list and Argentina brings up the end of the line. About two-thirds of the amount will go for battleships. And within ten years all of those ships will be obsolete.

Meanwhile the slum districts in Washington, New York, Chicago, St. Louis and all of the rest of the big cities are pursuing their starvation tenor as of yore, millions are without work, and underconsumption is manifest everywhere. The same condition, with variations of form and degree, exists in every great nation. Desperation and death stalk on every hand.

Of course, it is very important that we should have plenty of nice, new battleships and plenty of big guns and big shells aboard them, for one never can tell when it may be necessary to go to war, really.

But, if ever those battleships go into action, who will be shot?

Oh, mostly the same kind of men that built them and man them, and the same kind of men that go starving through the length and breadth of all the lands. Funny thing, civilization, isn't it?—C. M. W.

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IN EXPLANATION

When the present owners took over The Western Comrade they found themselves swamped in such a mass of work that it was impossible to publish the January number anywhere near on time. Therefore, it was decided to eliminate the January number entirely, which has been done. Subscribers who are paid in advance will be credited with an additional month, so that all will receive all the issues to which they are entitled.

A NOTE

By Will L. Pollard

Higher the music ascends,
And Heaven itself bends down
Meeting the tune half-way.
Thus is the poet's soul
Caught in this meeting place,
Filled with the best of the world,
Touched with the essence of God.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING ABOUT US

"The last number of The Western Comrade surely is a humdinger. I think it would be a good idea to send a copy to each of our Congressmen from California, with Harold Everhart's article, "The Situation in Mexico."—T. T. Gross, county secretary, Janesville, Cal.

"The Western Comrade deserves a dollar from every Socialist and Labor-Unionist on this coast. To show its worthiness it is only necessary to mention the names comprising its corps of writers."—The World Issue, Santa Cruz, Cal.

"It is our best magazine, and I shouldn't want to miss an issue. —Alida M. Snow, Los Angeles.

In a letter to Chester M. Wright, Frank E. Wolfe writes as follows from New York: "I just received the information that you and Emanuel Julius have taken over The Western Comrade. I am glad to hear this, and shall be delighted to find some way to assist you."

David Fulton Karsner, of Philadelphia, Pa., writes to Emanuel Julius as follows: "I am glad to hear that you have the magazine. I have stronger hopes than ever for that virile publication of the revolution. You and Chester Wright are just the men to engineer the proposition. You'll get along! There's not the slightest doubt of it. I want to tell you that I have heard many good things said about The Western Comrade by people in the East. May success and the Social Revolution crown the efforts of its editors. I will do all in my little way to aid the child of your dreams."

In part, the New York Call says the following: "Julius and Wright plan to enlarge the magazine. They have great plans that they intend to carry to success. The new editors hope that the magazine will, in time, become the most popular monthly Socialist magazine in America. The new owners are planning a vigorous campaign to increase the circulation of The Western Comrade. For that reason, Emanuel Julius intends to devote most of his time to the publication. Wright, who is editor of the California Social-Democrat, will continue his duties on that strong weekly Socialist organ. The Los Angeles Citizen, of which Emanuel Julius is one of the editors, will continue his services, though, of necessity, in a lesser degree."

"I can hardly find words to express my appreciation for The Western Comrade. It is the best Socialist magazine in America."—Phillip H. Aston, 548 Haight, Alameda, Cal.

In a letter to Emanuel Julius, R. Parm Pettipiece, editor of The British Columbia Federationist, says: "I wish to assure you that I am following you very closely in the columns of your paper, which is always looked forward to on our exchange table."

J. E. Snyder, writing in The Intermountain Worker, Salt Lake City, Utah, says: "I have been visiting quite a big with the editors of The Western Comrade, that is the new editors—Emanuel Julius and Chester M. Wright. They are both young and full of their subject, and I believe are thoroughly capable of breathing the spirit of the West. The West needs a good, live magazine. One that is up to literary standards and at the same time carries the revolutionary propaganda as the main feature. The other magazines print Socialism, but come out for the other parties. What we want is a magazine that prints Socialism and then is consistent enough to stand for the party that can make it come true. The editors are going to seek out the best writers and debaters, making the editorial page bristle with up-to-date events."

THE WESTERN COMRADE
A Constructive Socialist Magazine
Published Monthly

Chester M. Wright and Emanuel Julius, Owners and Editors
203 New High Street, P. O. Box 135
Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscription Price One Dollar a Year

Associate Editors
Eleanor Wentworth Stanley B. Wilson
Fred C. Wheeler Rob Wagner
Charles Tracy

Vol. 1 February, 1914 No. 10

The California Social-Democrat

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Special articles on timely subjects each week make the Social-Democrat a paper looked for with eagerness by every subscriber. Editorials that drive to the point give the paper a fighting tone that is a joy to the heart of the veterans and an inspiration to the new-comers.

A special department by Chester M. Wright, the editor, is one of the snappy features of the Social-Democrat. In this department the big doings of the world pass in review each week. There's a spicy slam-bang to this department that you'll appreciate.

"Great," Is What They All Say!

Comrades who know newspapers, comrades who know the Socialist movement and its needs, all join in praising the Social-Democrat. Among those who testify to the high quality and character of the Social-Democrat are National Executive Secretary Lanfersiek, former Congressman Victor L. Berger, our own J. Stitt Wilson, the indefatigable Job Harriman and many others.

Six Bits Gets It for You!

Mail your subscription for this paper today. It is owned and controlled by the Socialist party of California. A letter addressed to The Social-Democrat, P. O. Box 135, Los Angeles, Cal., will reach it promptly. MAIL YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TODAY—and say you saw the ad in The Western Comrade!

TINKERING WITH "PANIC CURES"

If anything further were needed to demonstrate the failure of the capitalism system to provide for the people we have it in the present "industrial depression."

In this present panic we are having a new—to most people—phase of the system brought into prominence. That new phase is the inability of present government to see that the people, for whom government exists, get the means with which to sustain life.

Heretofore there has not been much of willingness on the part of government to even admit that it owed any duty toward those who sought work but could not find it. There is at present, however, at least in California, a rather widespread admission that it is the duty of the government to see that there is no misery due to lack of work.

Los Angeles has made something of an effort to find a way to supply work to those who want work, but cannot find it. Of course, much of this activity is caused by the fact that the Socialist party has been very insistent, and that there has been a Socialist in the city council.

But the one fact that has stood out through it all is that the municipal government is NOT FITTED TO THAT PURPOSE. Government, as we have had it, was not devised nor intended to give the working class an opportunity to work. It has been so busily engaged in serving the master class that it has forgotten the working class, except on election day.

But now we find that even when there is something of a desire to protect the workers that the MACHINERY for doing that very thing is NOT AVAILABLE TO THE MUNICIPALITY.

"Tell us what we can do and we will do it," has been the cry from a number of terribly muddled-up officials. Of course, these officials, for the most part, are not imbued with any revolutionary ideas, or anything of that sort. It has simply

DROP THAT BOMB!

Send him instead a subscription to THE MASSES. It will do more damage! Destructive. Entertaining. Impudent. Important. A radical monthly for everybody. Ten cents a copy. One dollar a year. The Masses Publishing Company, 91 Greenwich avenue, New York, N. Y.
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Owned and controlled by the membership of the Socialist Party of Colorado; 60c a year, 35c 6 months. 850 Kalamath St., Denver, Colo.

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By the best writers in Europe and America will be found in the NEW REVIEW, which deals in an authoritative way with all phases of Socialism—not for agitation, but education. $1 per year. 50c six months. Sample copy, 10c. The NEW REVIEW, 150 Nassau Street, New York.

THE INTERMOUNTAIN WORKER

Published weekly. Murray E. King, editor. One dollar per year in adavnce. Address communications to room 234 Moose Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE PARTY BUILDER

Is the official National bulletin of the Socialist Party. Published weekly. 50c per year, 25c for 40 weeks. Address Socialist Party, 111 North Market street, Chicago, Ill.
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"The Western Comrade is doing a good work, and I wish you success," says Ray Perrin, 121 West Grande, Albuquerque, N. M.

been pounded into them that a crisis exists and that they must do something about it. They don't know what to do. And small wonder!

The only way in which ALL of the people can be given work for any length of time is for those people to be given access to the INDUSTRIES. And the people DO NOT OWN THE INDUSTRIES. The municipal government has nothing to say about the INDUSTRIES! The municipality may undergo a spasm of activity in the way of street building, tree planting, sewer digging, or something of that sort, but until the people own and democratically operate the INDUSTRIES there can be no sustained employment for ALL who want to work.

We can use panics for agitation purposes, and that is about all, unless we take charity into consideration. We may provide work for a short time for a limited number of men and women, but never can we perpetuate justice in the shape of WORK for all who wish work until we bring the SOURCES of production and distribution under the ownership of the whole people. Never can we abolish that exploitation that is the basis of all our misery until we take from the exploiters the machinery with which they exploit. Never can we stop panics until we root out the CAUSE of panics.

We can and we must use every opportunity—and the present offers such an opportunity—to show to all the people the utter folly and crime of the present system, to the end that they shall tear it down and build a better one. But, as for Los Angeles or San Francisco or Portland or Denver giving JUSTICE to thirty thousand idle men and women—IT CAN'T BE DONE UNDER CAPITALISM!

We must do what we can to relieve suffering, of course, and we do that with a glad, yet aching, heart. Meanwhile we go on pounding away at the foundation of the ssytem that, if not broken down, will soon bring us another panic.

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Readers of The Western Comrade should get the "Wilkinson" habit when they need a fountain pen. If you purchase a pen at the place of J. B. Wilkinson, 217½ South Spring street, Los Angeles, it will be kept in repairs for you free of charge. Even if it happens to be broken in a dozen places, Wilkinson, the fountain pen doctor, will fix it—because he knows how. Wilkinson will treat you right.

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It will please the comrades to hear that Dawson is back on the job at the Old Book Shop, 518 South Hill street, Los Angeles. Dawson is there with the same hearty welcome to "browse." Dawson surely has a wonderful collection of rare books. In fact, it is the largest west of Chicago. I always find it a joy to spend an hour at Dawson's wonderful book shop. I know that I'll not be expected to buy. I'll be able to browse about—something I love to do. Dawson is a book seller of the old school. Drop around and get acquainted with him. He's a good fellow.—E. J.

NOTICE TO READERS

We wish to call the attention of the readers of The Western Comrade to the advertisement on the second page of this issue. In that advertisement, Comrade Henry M. Silverberg asks for the patronage of Western Comrade subscribers. We desire to emphasize the fact that our comrades should go to this comrade's office at 452 South Hill street (Central Park Dentists) and make known their appreciation of his support of the Socialist press. When anyone is kind enough to enable a Socialist publication to fulfill its mission, it is the duty of all to reciprocate. Go to Comrade Silverberg's office and let him do your dental work. He has been in the Socialist party for more than a decade and has always been an active booster for the cause. Tell him you saw his advertisement in The Western Comrade—and tell him to keep it there. Tell your friends to go to the Central Park Dentists, where they will be treated right.

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THOUGHTS WHILE ON THE ROAD

By J. E. Snyder

DON'T hitch your ideas to a lariat pin and go off and leave them. Don't hobble your thoughts by old traditions and advices. STRIKE OUT FOR THE HEIGHTS. Give your ideas free range, your thoughts liberty.

The mountains are poems. I stood at the foot of Mount Wilson on a clear morning at Dawn. I desired to find words for a poem when it dawned on me that the Mountain was enough.

"If the sun and moon should doubt, they'd immediately go out."

What bubble are you blowing? Think you it will never burst? Bubbles blown by small boys absorb them so that they forget that bubbles burst, and are much surprised when they do. Have you not seen your bubbles grow in their orb to wonder size, take on all the myriad colors, and then collapse with nothing before you but thin air and opportunity to blow another bubble? "Men are only boys grown tall," and may find that their full blown and cherished hopes and movements are but bubbles after all; but to him who heeds the truth and accepts no other building stones will find that the past has given lasting foundation materials. He will find that all is not a bubble.

The real constitution of a movement or a nation is not written on paper. Its character depends on the members of the body politic. We canot have democracy without Democrats, Socialism without Socialists. Neither can one learn all of democracy nor Socialism in a day. It took Marx twenty years to write "Capital," and then Engles had to finish it. The reason some Socialist locals fail is because the members jump from the preparatory class to a professorshhip in economics the first week of their membership.

Beautiful Meat Market

Without question, the most beautiful meat market in Los Angeles is at Third and Main streets, and goes under the name of Christopher's Meat Market, conducted by George A. Binney & Co. This institution occupies the place formerly used by Levy's cafe. It is a joy to the eye and the mecca of epicureans.

This place can well be called a department store, so far as things to eat are concerned. If it is eaten, it is in this beautiful and sumptuous store.

Large, airy, sanitary, this meat maket stands as a model of what the future stores will be like. It is the last word in things pertaining to the dinner table. All classes of people are catered to, and all are invariably given the greatest possible satisfaction.

People who deal at meat markets like to have the stuff come from clean sources. This is the great feature of Christopher's Meat Market. The first desire of the management is cleanliness. Then comes the determination to price the goods so that only a reasonable profit will be made. In this manner, the interests of the buying public are conserved.

Christopher's Meat Market should be patronized liberally by readers of The Western Comrade. If they desire the best that money can buy, then purchases should be made at this beautiful place.

This meat market is gaining scores of friends each day because it is becoming generally known that it is the finest place in the West. It can safely be said that the entire Pacific coast can not boast of so beautiful and sanitary a place where foodstuffs may be purchased at moderate prices.

At Christopher's Meat Market the patron finds a corps of clerks on hand who understand every phase of their work and who are always anxious to give the customers the best possible service.—Adv.

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518 South Hill Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

WANT THE PICTURE?

TAKE a good look at the cover design of this issue. Want the original drawing by Tracy? You can have it if you will get fifteen new subscribers to The Western Comrade. Go get 'em and say when you send 'em in that you want the original drawing of "The Thinker," by Charles (Vag) Tracy.

THE "MOCK" NEWSPAPERS

NEWSPAPER readers cannot have failed to mark the consistency with which the newspapers have referred to the Rev. Hans Schmidt as the "mock" priest. It is one of those things that mark the serviency of the great American press.

There has been nothing to convince the public that this reverend gentleman, recently tried in New York City on a charge of murdering a girl, was not a regular priest at the time he is alleged to have committed murder.

For the newspapers to so obligingly refer to him now as a "mock" priest, giving the idea that he was some sort of an impostor, is to demonstrate the "mock" sincerity of our newspapers. Of course, the fact that this priest was charged with murder is no reflection at all upon the church with which he was connected. However, the manner in which the newspapers have referred to him serves as an excellent contrast to the manner in which the newspapers referred to the assailant of Colonel Roosevelt, who, though a Democrat and a Catholic, as well as a Tammany Hall novitiate, was referred to as a Socialist by the great New York newspapers. There was no "mock" in that instance, though there was a fine mockery of truth.—C. M. W.

ARE You One of the Wise Third?

One in every three Californians — and that includes children and aged indigents — one out of every three persons living in California, has an account in a savings bank.

Californians have always had an inclination to save. One of the reasons for this is the confidence they have in their banking institutions.

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March, 1914 Vol. 1, No. 11 Ten Cents

The Western Comrade

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Brooklyn. N. Y. JUSTUS EBERT.

HORACE TRAUBEL

Article by David Fulton Karsner, on Page 366.

EDITORIAL

STRIPES

NOW that we are presented with the problem of the interlocking directorate, many would-be reformers are suggesting the lockstep as an alleged remedy. Placing the ten-percenters in prison will not do away with the system that produces them. We must get after the rock-bottom cause; the right of one class to own the means whereby another must live; the right of a small crew of capitalists to own the means of wealth production, distribution and exchange. Instead of unlocking the directorate, or lockstepping the directors, let's do away with them altogether. Let the people own the trusts.—E. J.

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CO-OPERATIVE EFFORT NEEDED

FOR many years we have been talking about fighting with both arms of our movement—both hands, we say sometimes. Has the time not come when we must add a member to our anatomy, so that we may fight with three hands? Or shall we say that from now on we will fight with both hands and our head?

Why not henceforth state our position this way: We will fight through our economic organizations to gain higher wages, shorter hours and better working conditions now in those industries not publicly owned and democratically managed; we will fight through our political organization to protect our economic organizations and to make their struggles easier and to finally overthrow the capitalist system; and we will fight through co-operative organization to conserve our strength and our resources, so that the capitalist class may be unable to exploit us in those things that we can control within our own class, and so that we may be better able to carry on our fight for liberty in the other two organizations.

The Western Comrade stands unqualifiedly for co-operation as a necessary part of the working class fight for emancipation. The Western Comrade believes that Socialists have given all too little attention to this very important field of effort.

In the very near future a number of articles dealing with co-operaiton are to be published in this magazine. Why must the working class forever turn over its substance and its surplus to its enemies? And that is quite a sizable "Why."—C. M. W.

THE POWER OF THE STRIKE

STRIKES have become one of the most powerful means of industrial warfare. Their frequent occurrence keeps some part of the world constantly at a fever pitch. They are universally dreaded by the capitalists, universally heralded by the workers. In spite of this the greatest significance of the strike to the workers is as a rule passed over in silence.

The world measures the loss or the gain of a strike in dollars and cents. It says that the employers lost so many dollars worth of trade in a certain strike and the strikers gained so much in wages. It says that the strike in the copper mines of Michigan costs millions of dollars and the Trinidad strike millions more; that in Seattle the workers gained a raise in wages while in Chicago their wages were lowered.

But is this the greatest value of the strike—its power to act as a lever in the raising of wages and the improvement of working conditions? Decidedly not!

Its greatest value lies in its power to dispel the slavishness, the meekness—yes, even the cowardice—of the depressed workers. Its greatest power is not economic, but psychic. It binds the workers together; it creates in them a desire for solidarity and opens their eyes to the strength of organization. It is a medium through which a hundred souls, five hundred souls, or a thousand souls, previously pursuing a hundred or a thousand different thoughts, perhaps even distrusting or antagonizing each other, become animated by a single thought, a single ambition. It is a medium through which trust and love are born—more than that, through which courage is born.

Increasing courage and increasing solidarity, these are the results of the strike most valuable to the workers, for when their courage is high enough and the sweep of their solidarity wide enough, they can accomplish anything.—E. W.

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TAKING LESS LOOT

BUT few developments of the past month have evoked more comment in the press than the decision of the Ford Motor Company to double wages, making the minimum wage $5 a day. Some interesting figures have been brought forth in connection with this matter.

If Ford has doubled wages then the former minimum was $2.50 per day. Ford declares that where he formerly had a surplus of $10,000,000 per year his recent burst of generosity will leave him half of that amount, or $5,000,000. Therefore, if doubling the wages does no more than reduce by one-half the surplus profit, it is a matter of simple figuring to conclude that if Ford's surplus were wiped out altogether it would mean a wage of $7.50 for the workers.

And $7.50 a day is $2250 for a working year of 300 days, which is just a trifle below Carroll D. Wright's estimate of $2400 as the value of the average worker's yearly product.

Nor is that all that is to be said. That which remains to be said is that up to now, taking Ford's own figures as the authority, the workers in his factory have been exploited to the tune of two-thirds of their product. Where they produced a value of $3 Ford got $2 and they got $1.

We have a pleasant name for that sort of thing. We call it robbery. Legal? Of course, but robbery just the same. And now when the robber decides that he can get along by picking only half as much out of the other fellow's pockets are we to rush forth with laurel wreaths, hailing him as benefactor and philanthropist? Not on your life! He's still picking one dollar out of the three and we're after that, too!—C. M. W.

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THE NEW UNIONISM

IT'S a funny world—please pardon the bromide. Think of this: London's Trafalgar Square, the soap boxer's paradise, recently served as the meeting place for policemen who appeared determined to demand an increase in wages. They argued that $6.50 was a disgracefully meager pay for men whose duty is was to club suffragists who dared gather in Trafalgar Square. At least, the police should have gone to another meeting place—not Trafalgar Square. I am not anxious to see the London police get better pay so that they will be better fed and fattened and strengthened, thus being able to end a militant's existence with one swoop instead of half a dozen.—E. J.

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REACHING FOR THE MOON

CLAYTON HAMILTON closes his book, "Materials and Methods of Fiction," with the following striking sentence: It is well to shoot our arrows at the moon; for though they may miss their mark, they will yet fly higher than if we had flung them into a bush. What a splendid thought! And how well does he express it! It is, in fact, a justification for being extreme in one's views. We who call ourselves Socialists are often told to calm down a bit, be more considerate and learn to ask for less. Be an opportunist. Ask for a little; never too much. A whole loaf, to my way of thinking, is better than half a loaf. The best way to be sure of half a loaf is to demand an entire loaf. If you ask for half a loaf, you may rest assured you will get little more than a crumb. Thus do we Socialists demand the world. We want all of it; and if we get a bit of it as a concession, it will serve, in the main, to whet our appetites for the big swallow. Yes, we shall shoot our arrows at the moon.—E. J.

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REACHING FOR THE SCHOOLS

AS EVERY official utterance of the Socialist party proclaims, this political organization of the working class has no dispute with any religious organization—as to religion. Religion is a thing in which the Socialist party demands that each individual be given the utmost freedom of choice.

Where the Socialist party does find itself concerned with—not religion but religious organizations—is when those organizations enter the political arena in opposition to the interests of the working class. It matters not what the name of a religious organization may be, when it enters the political struggle to oppose the interests of labor it will find itself opposed by the Socialist party.

Of late the Catholic church has insisted upon entering the political field in a number of instances. Of most recent date is the case of the Belgium school bill.

The Belgian government feels a need of more thorough education. It has been proposed that government aid be given all schools, secular and religious. The Socialist and Liberal parties oppose aid to Catholic schools because the Catholic schools teach that it is wrong to vote the Socialist or Liberal tickets and their position is that if the aid must be extended to include religious schools that the teachers in those schools be prohibited from teaching that it is wrong to vote for Socialists and Liberals, a position thoroughly logical.

As if to prove that the charge made by the Socialists and Liberals is correct, the Catholic church strongly opposed the amendment. The issue is not yet settled, but there is scant probability that the Socialists will recede from their position. They know the difference between politics and religion—though some religionists may find more profit in politics than in theology.—C. M. W.

YOU ANSWER THIS

NO ONE is likely to dispute the statement that it is possible to generate from water power on the Pacific Coast enough electric current to perform all the work that it is necessary to perform, including the housework of every house. No one is likely to dispute the statement that if that power were to be owned and developed by the people, who, of course, would not care to make a profit out of themselves, the cost of living would be materially reduced and the pleasure of living materially increased. Why then do we allow capitalists to throttle a great part of it and charge what they please for the rest of it?—C. M. W.

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THE MEN TO BE PITIED

MUCH is being written now-a-days about the manner in which men view feminist propaganda and the effect it is producing on them. In The International (New York) Hutchins Hapgood writes: "There are, today, many men who are greatly to be pitied. Men are more conventional and traditional than women. . . . To these virtuous, conventional males, the feminist movement is causing the great pain of the century. Perhaps no men in history have ever suffered so much because of women as the men of today. . . . To the woman belongs the splendid Renaissance hope of our day, to the man the new, deep disturbance."

He goes on and makes a plea that these are but growing pains and, therefore, call for sympathy rather than reprobation, a plea that is entirely just.

But the men who are opposed to the feminist movement because they do not as yet see its trend and honestly think it harmful are not the ones to be pitied most. There are other men, far more to be pitied, who joyfully hail the feminist movement—some of them like wolves in sheep's clothing are even in its ranks—because they think it will lessen their social responsibility. To them the prospect of women earning a livelihood in the industrial world independent of men creates a visioning of hitherto unknown ease. They imagine they foresee a time when they may be inactive physically, mentally and morally.

These are the men who are most to be pitied, for their hopes are destined to be rudely shattered. True, when the woman earns her living otherwise than by domestic service, the man will not have to support her. But neither will the woman have to continue the petty personal service heretofore contributed to the support of the domestic throne of the male. She will no longer need to cater to his palate and to his vanity or fetch his slippers and darn his socks. Deprived of his valet, the domestic king will have to vacate his throne and be his own valet. Furthermore, what chance of marriage will there be for the man who abhors children? And what if he is fat, or stupid, or has a nose that pleases not a lady's eye Money will not serve him then, for she will not need it.

These false Romeos, singing their triumphal song before the maiden's duped—they are the ones to be pitied most.—E. W.

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MERELY REFORMS

SOME Socialists object to expending good Socialist energy for the purpose of securing reforms. The single tax is one reform so opposed. The single tax is nothing more than a reform, though it may be contended with a degree of success that it is a broad one, BUT—

We Socialists shall have to operate the machinery of government soon. The more efficient that government is when we gain control the less purely mechanical work we shall have to do in fixing up things before we can begin to get at our real work.

It must be admitted that single tax, or a tax system closely resembling it, is much simpler, much more just and much more efficient than our present bungling system. Unlike trust regulation, single tax is a reform that we Socialists can profit by studying.—C. M. W.

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"DEAR PA"

THE Outlook warns business pessimists to mend their ways, because Postmaster Edward M. Morgan, of New York City, reported that $178,069 worth of stamps were sold in Manhattan and Bronx in one day. Dear Outlook editor: I read, note and inwardly digest this item and conclude that Mr. Morgan's report does not indicate prosperity, but intimates that most New Yorkers are writing home for money.—E. J.

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"WE HAVE TRAVELED"

IN THESE busy days we have little time to spend on books of history. True, we should read them, but, to be frank, we haven't the time. Sydney Hillyard's article in this issue, which can be read in fifteen minutes, gives the reader a better picture of the conditions of the people in past centuries than any book we know of. It is brief; it tells a great deal; it is convincing. Read it. There isn't another magazine in America that prints contributions like Comrade Hillyard's "We Have Traveled."—E. J.

BERNARD SHAW AGAIN

IT WAS a brilliant jury that attended the murder trial of one of Charles Dickens' characters in London the other week. George Bernard Shaw, who acted as foreman of the jury, asked the prosecutor if it was his intention to introduce evidence. Assured that the prosecutor planned such action, Shaw declared "then all I have to say is that if the learned gentleman thinks the convictions of a British jury are going to be influenced by evidence he little knows its functions."—E. J.

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AS TO "VAG"

FAR be it from me to meddle with "Vag" Tracy's art. Our genial associate hits us in the right place, particularly when he draws a picture like "The Thinker," which adorned The Western Comrade's honorable cover last month. Alas, "Vag" on our cover is one "Vag," but in his studio—ah, that's another "Vag" altogether. Mark you, this is not an art criticism, for I do not presume to be able to pass upon impressionistic studies in cubistic futurism. I'm as a monkey—I know what I like. Sometimes I like an impressionistic study, even though my best friends, in their most sober moments, look upon me as having mislaid a screw that should be operating in my mental machinery. I agree that lots of it is good—if the viewpoint is right; and now we come to the point: It all depends on the angle of thought when one judge's "Vag's" rigamajigs. I am reminded of the dauber who was being held in cell No. 23 in the state booby hatch. "Ah," says the nut, "what think you of this masterpiece?" The visitor looks, but he sees only a huge, bare canvas. Asked what it represents, the impressionist answers: "Why, that represents the passage of the Jews through the Red Sea." "Beg pardon, but where is the sea?" "It has been driven back." "And where are the Jews?" "They have crossed over." "And the Egyptians?" "Will be here directly. That's the sort of painting I like—simple, suggestive, and unpretentious."—E. J.

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NO NEED TO WHINE

THE Socialist movement is not composed of maudlin sentimentalists or whining sobsters. Its voice is sturdy and firm. Its demands are positive. It does not beg nor does it look for pity from its enemies. The Socialist movement, which seeks to conserve the interests of the toilers, makes uncompromising demands and backs up the demands with solidarity. While the weapon of capital is the might of dollars, the fighting weapon of labor is the spirit of solidarity. Labor's salvation does not lie in pursuing a campaign of weeping and moaning. The "weeps" can bring labor nothing more than the contempt of the masters. Labor's weapon is the Get-together Spirit, and there never was a more majestic, more dignified and grander weapon. I am sure the following fable hits the idea in the right place:

An ass cried unto Jupiter, saying, "Behold, they load me with burdens till my back is like to break; from dawn to set of sun my toil continueth; and the reward thereof is blows and scantiness!"

"Very sad," quoth Jupiter.

"But canst thou do nothing for me?" inquired the ass.

"My dear Long-ears," Jupiter answered, "have I not already given thee a voice—and HEELS?"—E.J.

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A TALK WITH YOU

THIS is a direct talk with the readers of The Western Comrade, who desire to see their magazine serve the cause in an efficient, result-producing manner. This magazine sells at a price that makes it impossible for us to enlarge it, except by obtaining a number of advertisers. For that reason, we expect our people to appreciate the men who are using our advertising pages. Patronage is the thing. Go to the advertiser and buy his goods—and don't forget to mention The Western Comrade. We are glad to welcome a number of new advertisers, among whom is the California Savings Bank, to the columns of The Western Comrade. This bank has always been friendly to the labor movement; in fact, it was this bank that enabled the Los Angeles trade union movement to build its magnificent temple. In scores of ways the California Savings Bank has shown a friendly spirit. And now, the officers of this bank tender an invitation to the readers of The Western Comrade to place their money with them.

Here is what the California Savings Bank offers to Western Comrade readers: A hundred-dollar savings certificate, which may be paid for at the rate of two dollars a week. Out-of-town readers may take advantage of this offer.

This is an easy way to save a hundred dollars and to make it worth while for the bank to patronize the columns of YOUR magazine. The bank makes the first payment for you in order to interest Western Comrade readers.

Here is a chance for you to save money for yourself and to keep a long-established, reliable bank's advertisement in The Western Comrade, the magazine that fights YOUR battles. And remember this in connection with ALL of our advertisers.—E. J.

HORACE TRAUBEL

By David Fulton Karsner

HORACE TRAUBEL recently sent me a note in which he said: "I'd rather have you love me a little than admire me much. I don't care a damn about being flattered. But I care everything about being accepted as a comrade. I'd rather be in hell with anyone who loved me than in heaven with anyone who cared nothing for me."

We cannot measure a man's life by the number of years he has lived. Some men can count their years past seventy, but they can count very little for life. Others count their years only up to about thirty, but they may have lived to attain their their full spiritual manhood. Traubel counts his years to fifty-five. I count his life from the crucifixion to eternity. Mrs. Bain's little book is a beautiful personal tribute to an eternity man. ("Horace Traubel," by Mildred Bain. A brief life and study. With frontispiece portrait. Price, 50 cents, postage 5 cents additional. Published by Albert and Charles Boni, 96 Fifth avenue, New York.) It must be considered in the light of a preface to a greater, more complete book. It is the foreword of a more heroic effort.

To me Traubel is not only a personality. He is a movement. In him are welded all the forces of nature. He is a complete living testimony to the social revolution in which we are now engaged. We find him on all battlegrounds. Wherever there is conflict there, too, is Horace Traubel. Where there is exploitation, there is Traubel for justice. Where there is hate, there is Traubel for love. Where there is war, there is Traubel for peace. Where there is the church, there is Traubel for religion. Where there is a dispute about God, there is Traubel pleading for the Cause. Where there is disappointment, there is Traubel for cheer. Where there is prostitution, there is Traubel for virtue. Where there is capitalism, there is Traubel for Socialism. He is always ahead of the crowd urging it to go with him toward the perfect day. He is not a general, for we never find him in the rear of the army. We find him somewhere in the regiment of valiant soldiers, shouldering his own musket. And so I say he is a movement.

Three years ago Huebsch published the greatest book in American literature. The name of the book is "Optimos." Horace Traubel wrote it. Ten years ago Small, Maynard & Co. published the greatest book in revolutionary literature. The name of the book is "Chants Communal." Horace Traubel wrote it. In both of these books we hear the fetters fall from the slave; prison walls tumble about our ears; the cringing criminal and the hunted man walk arm in arm, with a smile on their lips, in the blessed light of justice; the palsied hand of the beggar is firm once more, and his pitiful wail for alms becomes a defiant challenge for opportunity. "Optimos" is an immortal book. It is more complete than Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," for Traubel's work is founded on an economic (the Socialist) philosophy as well as a spiritual philosophy.

For twenty-four years Traubel has published a monthly paper called The Conservator. His wonderful Collects in this publication contain the fabric of which is woven his entire economic and spiritual philosophy. They are the fountain of his dreams. Out of his Collects flow all of his theories of life. Each of his book reviews is an article containing the immortal words of life and love.

In each issue of The Conservator there is a poem, the force of which silences the material conception of life and imbues the reader with a spiritual reality of love. From its very birth The Conservator has stood for freedom—political, industrial and spiritual. And yet, in spite of the merits of this publication and "Chants Communal," Traubel has but few subscribers who are Socialist party members. The other day a comrade remarked to me that The Conservator "goes over the heads of the workers."

Traubel's message is for the heart. The most of our progress has been made through the intellect. Brains have played an important part in the alleged development of the human race. Look at our blight! Hearts haven't had a fair chance. It was principally brains that got us into the present economic chaos. Give hearts a chance to get us out. Traubel believes hearts will get us out. Warm, sympathetic hearts. Hearts tender enough to redeem even our exploiters after they are baptized in the holy blood of labor.

Personally, Traubel is a good comrade. He is kind and sympathetic. In private conversation he is aggressive. In public meetings he "prefers the shadows." He sleeps in Camden, has his office in Philadelphia, and lives in the universe. About twice a year he goes to Montreal, where he visits Mr. and Mrs. Bain. While on these Montreal trips Traubel does practically all of the writing of his biography of Walt Whitman. He is the active literary executor of the Good Grey Poet, and was Whitman's closest friend and companion in Camden for many years. The third volume of "With Walt Whitman in Camden" will appear this year. The fourth volume is already written. In the writing of the

Whitman biography Traubel is compared to Boswell, who materially helped to immortalize Doctor Johnson.

Mrs. Bain's book, while it is a worthy introduction to Horace Traubel, is at the same time inclined to be more sympathetic to Traubel's art than to his message. Traubel as a movement is the result of chaos. I am not so much interested in the technique of his poems and Collects as I am in the warm message they convey. And I admit Traubel's original technique. He is a master stylist. But I am impelled to say emphatically that Traubel's significance does not lie in his technique, but in his message. By any other style his message would be as sweet and as reassuring.

As a figure in American literature Horace Traubel will occupy a prominent place. But I am not prone to make much over that. Literary men come and go with every generation. But Traubel men remain. I place Traubel, not on a literary pedestal to be worshiped as a technician. But I place him in the human heart with Lincoln, Altgeld and Debs.

President Wilson's Trust Bluffing

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

AMERICA is hearing much of trust busting these days. And though the Noisiest American is far from the scene of action, there is another man in the White House who seems to have a program mapped out that will be put through by the Congress that he dominates.

Were it not for the likelihood that this program of President Wilson's will be carried into law the trust busting question would be no more worth discussion than it has been for the last eight or ten years.

But there seems to be an inclination to call trust busting by another name—a more accurate one, perhaps. They say that what they are going to do is to unlock the interlocking directorate. An interlocking directorate is a thing peculiar to highly developed capitalism, but not at all necessary to it. Interlocking directorates are separate directorates, composed for the most part of the same men representing the same interests.

President Wilson purposes to make interlocking directorates illegal. Furthermore, he purposes to make guilt of law violation personal. He purposes to have railroad financing supervised by a federal commission. He SAYS he is going to restore competition.

It has long been an open secret that Socialists are impertinent. At this juncture they give fresh evidence of their impertinence by making the plain and pointed statement that the Wilson program will not restore competition, and that it will not smash any trust. Moreover, so far as profits are concerned, it is not likely that any trust will be so much as appreciably dented.

One of the notable points about the Wilson competition restoring plan is that private OWNERSHIP, the bedrock of trust-building, is not to be disturbed. There will be nothing to prevent any individual or any group of individuals from OWNING all he or they can accumulate, so far as can be determined from what has been made public concerning the Wilson program. So it is fair to state that, no matter whether there is never another interlocking directorate in the world, so long as there is an interlocking, interlacing, death-defying, air-tight OWNERSHIP the directing will be done somehow. If they can't do it with an interlocking device they will find some other kind of a lock, probably a hammer-lock.

There is so far no reason for the Socialists to abandon their oft-stated assertion that the real government today is a government by capitalists. So long as government by capitalists continues there need be no fear as to the success capitalists will achieve in gathering unto themselves the product of the wage-enslaved toiling population of the nation.

As if to prove the Socialist contention while the issue was hottest, while the President's recent message on the subject was being discussed on every hand, capitalism's chief spokesmen at once joined in paeans of praise for the "sensible conservatism" of the President regarding his proposed trust leglsiation. It is important to note this, because we may be sure that if capitalists were not satisfied with what the White House was doing they and their newspapers would have said so. But they were satisfied. What is more, they were highly pleased, and they hastened to commend the President for his fine judgment, his entire lack of visionary radicalism and his wonderful appreciation of the BUSINESS needs of the country. Perhaps no man in America speaks with greater authority for capitalism and its great financial interests than Henry Clews, the New York banker. Here is what Henry Clews said:

"The temperate and conciliatory tone of the message was most commendable." He is joined in his felicitations by George Gould, who heaves a sigh of relief, saying, "I feel encouraged."

No newspaper speaks with greater concern for the vested interests of the nation than does the conservative New York Times, and here is what it said:

"It is a fair, wise and just program." Being interpreted, that means that the President's program suits Big Business.

So it appears that we may go back to our daily toil, safe in the knowledge that no railroad will be reduced to smithereens; that the great packers will not be forced into an old age of poverty and sorrow; that the great bankers of the East will not be evicted from their gilded cages, and that we will not be forced back into the ridiculous competition of two or three decades ago. The sort of history that is made when great trusts are built up is not the sort of history that repeats itself.

In order to make perfectly clear the declaration that there will be no trust demolishing and no return to that competition which the old economists were wont in their childish way to describe as "the life of trade," there is another and more important phase of trustified industry that should be borne in mind. That, after all, is the phase which would operate to make a restoration of competition impossible.

If we think a bit we shall see that the thing that vitally concerns the common people is the **industrial** operation of these great industrial organizations. In their intimate relations with the consuming population trusts are great producing and distributing agencies through which many mechanical processes are combined for two purposes: First, to produce larger profits for the private owners and, second, to make the mechanical work of production and distribution more efficient, and, ergo! more profitable. The inherent urge and drive of capitalism in its very nature forces those combinations—call them combinations of capital or combinations of machinery, as you will—into existence.

I need not stop here, in the limited space available, to prove that no administration at Washington can legislate this nation BACKWARDS into the competitive conditions of early capitalism, AGAINST all of the forces of evolution that have operated to bring us to our present position! The fact is proven by the prima facie evidence that lies as an open book before every thoughtful man and woman. Nature may have recovered from her abhorrence of a vacuum, but the laws of evolution as applied to economics not only abhor, but defy and forbid any such ridiculous program as that.

There will be no trust busting. There will be no return to competition. Interlocking directorates may be abolished. The various Standard Oil companies may be compelled to keep a few more sets of books, the steel trust may have to wriggle a bit to get into the new legal dress, and the beef trust may have to hire a fresh corps of lawyers, while the railroads may have to estrange themselves somewhat from the wild waves that have said so many peculiar things to their stock books, but those great industrial combinations that have evolved as capitalism has progressed are here to stay! And they ought to stay. There are just two things wrong with combinations now. One of those things is that the combinations are not quite mechanically perfect, and the other—and the chief thing—is that the OWNERSHIP is wrong. Admittedly, these great industrial combinaitions make for efficiency. They conserve human energy; they give humanity a better product; they produce it more quickly; they are superior in a hundred ways to the productive machinery of our fathers. To destroy them, if that were possible, would be a crime. The abuse is not an abuse of combination. It is an abuse of the economic power that is begotten by OWNERSHIP.

Though it would be folly to urge upon a Democracy that has just gotten its feet well placed in the trough, after many lean and hungry years, the cure that appeals to Socialists, with that characteristic impertinence which is ours, we put forth our claim, nay, our demand, that the only scientific cure known be applied to the trust question and to every question where those things socially, or collectively, USED and OPERATED and REQUIRED are concerned. That cure is SOCIAL, or COLLECTIVE OWNERSHIP and democratic management. That is the only cure that eliminates the only abuse known in connection with perfected trust organizations—EXPLOITATION, in all of its manifold forms.

And as a final bit of impertinence, let it be said that the American people so thoroughly understand that fact, though it may be that the understanding is yet largely sub-conscious, that no program, legislative or otherwise, that has for its object an ACTUAL breaking up of the trusts will ever be tolerated OR ATTEMPTED!

Will President Wilson smash the trusts? He will not, though he may secure some laws that will serve as an eyewash for the great American electorate in 1916!

THE CRIPPLED BOXER

SOME weeks ago, a young fighter sprained his wrist while in training a day or two before his bout was advertised to take place. Like a foolish young man, he persisted that he could "lick the other fellow" even though he would only be able to use one hand with any degree of efficiency. He was sent to dreamland in the second round. And he remained there for almost twenty minutes.

Fighting with one hand is a mistake. This applies to the struggles of labor as well as the bouts of pugilists. Labor cannot afford to cripple its political hand, nor can it hope to win emancipation by fighting only with the economic hand.

CRAZYISMS

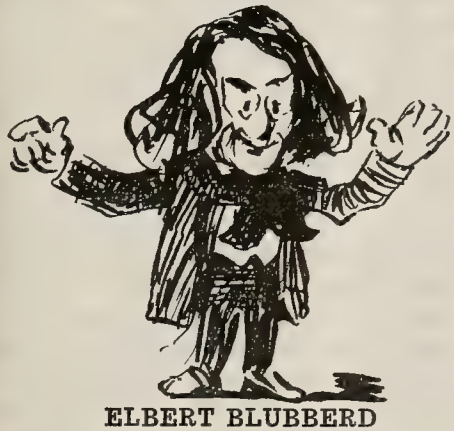
Sputtered and Spattered
By "VAG" TRACY

It's great to be an artist. You ride around in pink automobiles (in your dreams). Money panics don't worry us. And I don't care if the banks do break. I go right along painting pictures just the same. Of course, I don't get anything for it, but think how much I will get after I die. When Millet—the fellow who painted the Angelus—was figuring out all these wonderful things for you and me to feast our eyes on—the people of Paris showered presents on him and he couldn't supply the demand, they rushed him so—

yes, they did—NOT! He peddled cabbage out of his back yard to pay for paint and canvas. A friend of mine is being talked about by everybody. They say he is a wonderful artist. He has his picture in the papers. All the same I heard him argue for an hour trying to get a chap to pay him for ten bits' worth of portraiture he had done for him. The chap finally tossed him the ninth and tenth bit and stalled him along for the first eight. And so the great artist had breakfast next morning.

What cares he for the Japanese?
What cares he for the Mex?
He's rolling around the chautauqua wave
Gathering in kopecs!

A dollar a throw the wild waves say
Never no change to keep;
And the yodlers sing la-oo-le-ay,
Out on the Bryany Deep!



ELBERT BLUBBERD

ADVICE FROM SUPERIOR BRAINS

Now listen, you working jays—you're all right in your way. Just keep on working, for you never can tell, some day, if you stick around long enough, your boss may come along and see you breaking a leg or something for him and he'll raise your wages—maybe. But, don't worry if he doesn't show up the first year or two—he may have the gout or something.

You see, boys, it's like this. If you would all work overtime to make profits for your boss and you don't die before he gets around to your bench, every working mutt in the world would be promoted to boss and then there wouldn't be anybody to do the work, but I figure that you won't all do it, so—I should quibble!

MEXICO'S FIGHT FOR BREAD

By WILLIAM C. OWEN

HOW to get bread. How to supply, as easily as possible, life's primal needs and raise ourselves above the fear of want, is the one great practical question that today absorbs the energies of almost every one of us. That seems to me self-evident, and I consider that our paramount duty is to lift the whole revolutionary propaganda from the bog hole of non-essentials to the firm ground of dealing with that elemental fact.

Holding this view I have become most deeply interested in the Mexican Revolution. To me it is monstrous that any child of man should be forced to pay tribute to some parasite for the privilege, as it has now been made, of work. If we have any one right that is absolutely fundamental, it is surely the right to exercise our faculties, applying the labor of our hands and brain to that raw material, the land, on which we have been born without our asking. Whatever else may be in doubt that certainly is beyond all argument; is basic; is the foundation on which all life must rest and is the only one on which the edifice of human progress can be reared. To bottom principles the individual and the collectivity must be true, if they are to make a success of life. To bottom principles we all nowadays are false, in our tolerance of monopoly. For the overthrow of monopoly, therefore, I would join hands gladly with the greatest scoundrel who ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat. That overthrow is the special social duty of this special hour, and in the performance of that duty all are called on to bear a hand.

As an example. In the State of Yucatan, Mexico, the entire population toils at the production of hemp, for the benefit of a small ring of capitalists who make huge fortunes by exporting it to the United States. The producers have had to toil beneath the whip and have been subjected to a thousand brutalities, described with great force in Turner's "Barbarous Mexico." But those brutalities are only details, which doubtless could be matched, more or less closely, among the other sets of toilers, in the United States, into whose hands the product of the Mexican's toil then passes. The real thing is the system, which prevails alike in Mexico, the United States, England and wherever capitalism plants its wolfish paw. The real thing is the indisputable fact that the existence of that system depends on continued monopoly of the means of production and distribution. The real thing is that the system, having sunk its claws into Mexico, is seeking to fasten its collar for all time on the Mexican worker's neck. Against that he is now in rebellion; in violent rebellion. If his rebellion should succeed and our mutual enemy should receive a knock-out blow it will be the better for all of us.

Some twenty-five years ago I had the pleasure of assisting in the preparation of certain articles on conditions in famine-stricken Russia. I knew then, fifteen years before the event, that a revolution was inevitable, although the Russian peasant is fully as ignorant as and even more submissive than is the Mexican peon. Similarly, when Porfirio Diaz began his reign by giving away to twenty-eight favorites a territory as large as France, what has now followed was merely a question of time. The "Cientificos," who introduced the methods of up-to-date finance, inviting the Rothschilds, Rockefellers, Guggenheims and a swarm of lesser sharks, only hastened up the smash.

It is not my purpose to load this article with detail, for thereby I should distract attention from the essential argument. The important fact is that the Mexican Revolution is here; that it has lasted three years, and that it is today stronger than when it started. The processes that drove the Mexicans to this revolutionary state of mind are comparatively unimportant, but I will suggest one or two by quotations from hostile sources, since such admissions necessarily carry the greatest weight.

First, there is "Observer," whose articles in the Chicago Daily Tribune are attracting general attention and are being reproduced regularly in the Los Angeles Times. Under date of Nov. 29, 1913, he described the land tenure that prevailed until recent years, and the methods by which a large number of the peasants have been evicted, as follows: "The land belonging to the peons were held, as a rule, in common by villages. These villages elected a new president every year. Sometimes the neighboring proprietor would buy some of the village land from the president, and the next year the new president would claim the sale was illegal. If the president would sell, influence with the jefe politico of the district would be used to get a president who would. One way or another the proprietors gradually got the land. Not infrequently force, in the shape of soldiers or rurales, would have to be used to gain possession."

The process thus set out doubtless went on rapidly, and I pause to note that we are presented here with a picture very similar to that exhibited by English history, where we see the great landed proprietors gradually absorbing, by hook or crook, the village commons. Nevertheless the amount so torn from the former owners must have been insignificant as compared with the enormous grants to foreign syndicates; for Diaz, as William Archer remarked in "McClure's" of August,

1911, deliberately invited an alien plutocracy to "rifle the national treasure house." The result can be seen in the memorial presented to President Wilson recently by a clique of wealthy Americans interested in Mexico, who, with infinite naivete, protested against all schemes to clothe the peons with political power, since millions had only their blanket for their home. Conversely, we have had the Los Angeles Times congratulating this city on "the sudden influx of members of the oldest and proudest families of Mexico," and have seen them hawking round enormous land grants, as, for example, in the case of a former governor of Guerrero, who has been trying to dispose here of Mexican real estate valued at $50,000,000.

De we understand how many of our fellow-beings are rendered homeless by one such grant? De we understand what happens when some fourteen million men, women and children, whose lives were formerly secure—since they owned their lands in common, had free access to wood and water, and could thereby supply with ease their simple wants—suddenly find themselves outcasts, with their lives depending on their ability to get and fill jobs for which they have no training? What has come of it is the present revolution; an upheaval that, without exaggeration, threatens most seriously the peace of half the world. Mexico, which is considerably larger than the German and Austrian empires combined, is probably richer than any other country in the world of equal area; and from Mexico there are coming today neither rents nor dividends in return for the thousands of millions invested by the capitalists. No wonder that United States troops line her northern frontier. No wonder that her coasts are being patrolled by the warships of half a dozen nations.

Meanwhile even the least sympathetic critics have been compelled to admit that there can be no peace in Mexico until the land shall have been restored, somehow or other, to those who must live on and by it. Of all the ambitious spirits who have been fishing for preferment in the revolution's muddy waters, it is safe to say that none has dared to come before the people without some scheme for the repartition of the land. Madero was profuse in promises; the Huerta government has been feverishly anxious to adopt some feasible plan; Mexico City papers have stuffed their columns with a hundred and one propositions by aspiring politicians and would-be reformers. The insurmountable obstacle, however, lies in the fact that the holders of the paper titles stand pat, and call alike on the Mexican and on their own home governments to protect them. On the other hand, schemes for dividing up the public lands among the peons are not worth the paper on which they are written, for the remnant left is worthless. On that head I could furnish the best proof, supplied by the testimony of experts whose reputation cannot be questioned seriously.

No rents are coming from Mexico, and such of the great landed proprietors as formerly lived there have fled the country. That in itself implies that in innumerable cases their lands must have been seized by that peasantry which hungers for them, but was previously kept at arm's length by the law's strong hand. One may be certain that where Zapata rules, viz., throughout Morelos, and through much of Puebla, Guerrero and the State of Mexico, there have been no landlords standing between the people and their possession of the soil. One reads of Carranza being badly handicapped in military operations by the fact that expected forces were busily engaged in dividing up the land. One knows that while Mr. O'Brien, sales agent in Los Angeles for Yaqui Valley lands, has been petitioning Washington for protection, three thousand Yaquis have settled down on the land, confiscated a large crop and served Maytorema with notice that they now acknowledge allegiance to no one, having taken back the properties promised them and being once more free men. For further details I have no space.

To make a too long story short, here we have a distinctly economic struggle, in which the House of Want has been ousting the House of Have. Incidentally in doing so they have overthrown two governments, those of Diaz and Madero, while the third, that of Huerta, is obviously tottering to its final fall. This has been and is the work of peasants; of men generally ignorant of letters but wedded to the soil; of men, therefore, who know and care nothing about politics, but who do care enormously about the one thing they know—the land; of men of pure Indian or mixed Indian blood, and with all the Indian's proverbial tenacity of purpose; of men with all the Indian's hatred of authority and dislike of working for others; of men, finally, with that great element of strength which constitutes the simple man's great force—simplicity of purpose. His goal is clearly in sight and to it he drives straight.

Naturally he, the poorest of the poor and without either weapons or the skill to use them, has found himself faced by the authorities armed with all the latest instruments of death. This position he has had to meet. He has had to get arms as best he could; by brigandage, by alliance with rich men who sought power and place, even by joining the regular army and deserting from it at the earliest opportunity. This has been his necessity, which knows no law. It alters not one whit the basic factor, which is his determination to get back his land; that he may lead once more his former independent life and escape from that wage slavery which is to him a hell and worse than death. As such he has my profoundest sympathy; and if, under the whip of the Money Power, our Government, or any other, shall try to force him back into wage slavery, I trust it may be my own happy lot to offer him something more useful than mere sympathy.

WE HAVE TRAVELED

By SIDNEY HILLYARD

IN THE midst of the thousand anathemas that are being hurled at the living conditions of the present day it is well worth while to pause to point out that these conditions of life are vastly improved over what they were in any previous period of which we have any knowledge. It is equally well to show just what forces have brought this change over the scene. We cannot help but suppose that if we are entering upon an age of complete social regeneration, such an age would assuredly throw its shadow before it, and the institutions of today and the human life of today, would catch the glimmer of the rising sun.

True enough, the denizens of the slum districts of the cities of England and America are fully as ill-situated as have been the wretchedest of any creatures of which there is record, but we must also realize from what has been done in the German cities that, even in the present age, the slum can be done away with. And with the slum abolished human life is, as it now stands, a more valuable commodity than it has ever been.

It is, of course, through history that the comparison must be made between the past and the present, and it must be admitted that the reading of European history before bedtime is more calculated to induce a perspiring nightmare than a supper of flapjacks and hot buscuits.

Not the school and college primers of history—these are not nightmares. The school history is a calculated travesty on truth written to glorify the actions of a few selfish and cruel men, written by intelectual cheapjacks as a rule, but always written by men who are drunk on the noise, and who wallow in the mud left by other men's personal success. The school history always fails to reflect the real condition of the people at any time. Research into old records that are particularly not intended for working class perusal is the only thing that can reveal that.

If we would know the real condition of the France, the Germany, the Italy, of almost any time from the Gothic Invasions to the French Revolution, we could get it by a visit to the Balkan Peninsula at the present time. Failing this, it would be well to read the report of the international commission now sitting on the condition of the Balkans, when that report is published. It will be a pretty true picture of the Europe of the Dark Ages.

Some of the pictures of Medieval Europe bear an unpleasant comparison with what we know of the California farmer and laborer.

The condition of the Italian laborer is hard to depict. He was, in medieval times, the servant of so many ugly masters by all and each of whom he was severally and individually harrassed, robbed, beaten, and outraged, that for long periods he was worse off than the beasts of burden. What with the Austrian, Saxon, Burgundian, French, Spanish and Sicilian Emperors and Kings continually claiming him as theirs, and persistently endeavoring to prove their claim by grabbing him and his land; what with the Pope siezing temporal power, and him, the laborer, along with it; what with the Italian cities fighting all outsiders, and also in the interim, when there was any interim, fighting among themselves and burning each other down; what with the petty dukes and counts—always the most accursed pest of the peasant of them all; and finally add to all the foregoing variety show of tormentors, robbers, wasters, rapers, and murderers, the Saracen host—and one lays down his book to plaintively ask what there was left to fight over.

And, indeed, it was a sorry bone. The wretheed peasant crouched dumb at the feet of every lord, priest, and invader. All rulers were alike to him. He served in any army for clothes and bread until they shot his limbs off, nor did he know any such thing as nationality. He was an international hired-beast, a thing to shoot arrows into when on the battlefield, a thing of infinite contempt with a bent back when on his lord's field. He lived like a ground squirrel—trying to hide from everything that passed. If he had a few coppers he hid them and lived in rags as before. The tax collectors never found anything that could possibly be hidden, so they siezed everything that could not. Again and again in the history of every agricultural region the best of the men were driven into the armies, the women were left to live or starve, always the prey of every passing band of soldiers or robbers, and the children were sold into slavery.

The English histories make great glory over the "Black Prince," whom English boys are taught to adore, also over the battles of Crecy and Agincourt. Youth is not told that during and after the "Hundred Years' War" the French and English soldiery lived on the peasantry, extorting from them everything they possessed by floggings and tortures, and so destroying many of the country districts that the peasants themselves abandoned their farms and took to robbery as the only possible means of subsistence. During and after this same war, which lasted through four generations, and at the time when our gentlemen-historians prate of chivalry, knights errant, and the Holy Grail, outcast children whose parents had been murdered in

the wars were eaten right in the streets of Paris by wolves, dogs, and semi-wild pigs.

Our school books fairly resound with the lustres of "Louis Quatorze," "Louis le Grand," "Le Grand Monarch," and other names they find to give this booby enthroned. Under this creature the peasants, just freed from a century of religious wars, had to pay taxes to the government out of which were defrayed the pensions to the innumerable court nobles and prostitutes; then they paid rents to the own liege lord for his expenditure at court; then they paid all the tithes and fees of the clergy. In addition, they had to keep up all roads without pay, their horses were always at the king's service without pay, and the liege lord's crops had to be harvested free of charge if the peasant's crop rotted on the stalk. Again, we lay down the book to ask, "What was there left to steal?"

And, inded, it was a sorry bone. The laborer was never sure of himself nor to whom he belonged; his wife was never sure to whom she belonged; if he had a prety daughter she was taken as lady's maid to the liege mistress and concubine to her mistress' sons; his own sons might go into an army or bend to the hoe.

As to Germany, the tale is either just the same or worse. Our histories make great play of the thirty years' war, of King Christian, Charles V., Gustavus Adolphus, and Wallenstein. But where do we read that the "glory" of these "great" so ruined the workers that the starving peasants dug up corpses in the graveyards and ate them; and that soldiers had to be stationed at the burial places of the nobility to prevent the dead aristocracy becoming food for the wretched laborers they had ruined.

Poland and Hungary lived in the light of burning fields and in the sound of wailing mothers, and as in other countries, whether in war or peace, always the laborer was at the mercy of soldier, robber, and priest —and there was no mercy. Nor were his miseries the sacrifice to patriotism, liberty, or progress. Selfish ambition on the part of others accounted for them all. The laborer was crucified through the centuries for the lust and cruelties of this and that chieftain, in whom he could have no possible interest whatever.

Compared with all this, the situation of the California fruit grower, dairyman, market gardener, or even common field laborer is almost a paradise. He does not go by day in mortal fear of his life; by night he does not listen tremblingly for the knock on his door that bids him turn out into his stable that soldier or robber may take his bed. He needs not live in a pigsty in order to make the taxgatherer pass him by, nor does he need to dress his children in filthy rags lest someone should steal their clothes.

What has changed? So far as we know human nature has not. Priest and preacher have been trying to change it since the beginning of time, but we know of no case of success. There has come over the western world a certain measure of co-operation. There has appeared a modicum of the concept of Socialism on the international political and religious field. Men want to **know**; they refuse to **believe**. Belief is no longer a virtue; it has become a vice. Virtue lies in knowledge. Men draw empires together by power of exchange, commerce, invention and travel, and not by the sword of aggrandizement. Herr, Messieur, Signore, and Mister, are exchanging commodities, drawing men together and keeping them so by constant inter-co-operation, while H. R. H. this, Lieutenant-Colonel that, and Lord Admiral the other were forever separating men, and destroying any vestiges of co-operation that might inadvertently spring up.

There has been wrought a great change. It is an economic change. The American farmer holds up his head; the medieval farmer hung it down. The peasant of the past was the servant of all. The farmer of today is the equal of any and the laborer of tomorrow will be the master of all.

A change that is not economic is not a change; it is only a variety of the same thing. But where so great a change as this has been made in so short a time its economic foundation is not hard to trace. The Socialist historians are tracing it. A. M. Simons, in his "Social Forces in American History," has done a fine and notable work on the history of this country, and the story of Europe is being treated by many others in the same way. Progress toward a co-operative ideal has been made. About this there can be no manner of doubt. The thing now and for us is not to rest satisfied with anything, but to use our present standing-ground as a toe-hold from which to raise the race up onto the plateau above.

A FEAST OF PIFFLE

NOW that the Mona Lisa is discovered, we patient sufferers must endure rehearing an awful amount of senseless piffle about Leonardo da Vinci's picture. Really, Mona Lisa just bores me to distraction. Her face, to me, is plainly stupid. To think of all the years the painter spent in "getting" that smile! And when he got it, lo and behold, what a smirk! And yet, this woman has caused art critics to rid themselves of heaps of piffle. I sincerely believe the following by Kane S. Smith, of the University of London, takes the bacon: The painting is "one of the most actively evil pictures ever painted, the embodiment of all evil the painter could imagine put into the most attractive form he could devise. It is an exquisite piece of painting, but if you look at it long enough to get into its atmosphere I think you will be glad to escape from its influence. It has an atmosphere of undefinable evil."—Please pardon me whilst I take unto myself a yawn.—E. J.

Feminism and the Trend Towards Democracy

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

II. The Achievement of Social Consciousness

THE existence of Democracy necessitates a harmonious society. Democratic thoughts and institutions cannot survive where there is no strong consciousness of social unity. A society divided into classes or sections whose interests clash must always be subject to inequalities and injustices. There is no such thing as Democracy for a part of society. It must exist universally or it cannot exist at al. Athens attempted to build a Democracy for her free men, but she built in on slave labor, and so it died. Rome, too, aspired at one time to have a Democracy for a part of her people, but like Athens, she laid her foundations on insecure sands and they were swept away like tiny pebbles before a devastating sea of tyranny. The bourgeoisie of France cried to the skies for Democracy before the Revolution of 1789, but only for the bourgeoisie, and when the workers demanded a share in it, Democracy was drowned in rivers of blood, so that today not even a semblance exists. Democracy is like the air. Shut off from the open world, it becomes polluted.

Te become democratic, therefore, a society must first of all rid itself of antagonisms between its various groups. An important step in this direction is a recognition of the essential unity of society—a thorough understanding of the fact that what injures one individual, can and will injure all others; what crushes one class will in the end crush the rest; what enslaves woman will inevitably enslave man—a knowledge of the fact that we human beings, like the cells of our bodies, are so closely linked together that the infection of one person or one group with any social disease threatens every other person or every other group.

In other words, Democracy necessitates the awakening of a social consciousness. We need to feel, as Wordsworth has expressed it, that we are "free because imbound." We need to combat the narrow, individualistic views, bulwarked by thousands of years of class distinction and privileges and countless cruelties of man to man and man to woman, which dominate us today. The motto, which has for so long typified the average mind, "Me and my wife, our son John and his wife; us four and no more," must be discarded and in its stead we must sing:

"And everything that's mine
Is yours, and yours, and yours—
The shimmer and the shine!—
Let's lock our wealth outdoors!"

This battle between the individualism of the past and the new social impulses just awakening, as a result of our modern collective working and collective living, is perhaps the most intense battle of the day, whether it is waged silently and unseen in the mind of an individual or openly and noisily in the factional fights of organizations.

In the winning of this battle the Feminist Movement has an important part to play.

Every effort which it makes is a telling stroke against the enemy; not a one of its demands that does not make for a greater measure of Democracy, a widening of the social circle.

The first move which women made away from the undemocratic past was the move toward organization. Tyranny thrives ever on the isolation and unorganized condition of its victims. That is why the tyranny which has ridden brazenly on the backs of women through all the centuries of civilization was never once shaken in its seat as was more than once the case with the tyrannies which crushed down the workers. For the isolation of women was an isolaiton par excellence. Each woman was ensconced behind four walls, from which seclusion she scarcely dared to peer without becoming "unwomanly." The episode related about Frederick the Great to the effect that he beat a woman with his cane for being on the street, and said to her that all good women remained in the house, aptly illustrates the absolute lack of organization among women. Still more forcibly is this illustrated by the clamps and ducking stools of Old England, applied to housewives who were not as meek as they were required to be.

Previous to the middle of the nineteenth century organization was practically impossible for women, and, as is always the case when the oppressed are disintegrated, they distrusted each other a great deal; all womankind was divided against itself. But as soon as organization became possible, this was changed. Oppression lost its sure foothold, women ceased to distrust each other, and learned to love each other with a mighty love such as they had never dreamed of. With that love awakened the first glow of social consciousness, which had lain dormant in them since the time they were taken from the open fields and campfires of the communistic tribe to labor in the lonely abode of the despotic patriarch.

Although, in the beginning efforts to organize women were extremely slow in bringing results, largely because of prejudice, today no other organizations grow with the same rapidity as do organiza-

tions of women. In the last twenty-five years there has been a radical change in the attitude of women toward women's organizations, and a still more radical change in the attitude of these organizations toward society. At first they were meek voices asking fearsomely that women be accorded human rights. They asked for colleges for girls; for property rights for married women; the privilege of speaking on a public platform; a few daring ones even mentioned the ballot. But they never asked more than that the chains be stricken off and women be allowed to walk in the world.

Today they are no longer timid. They have ceased to be content with asking that women be allowed to walk in the world. They now demand the right to make the world, to mould it. It is in attempting to remake the world that they revive the social spirit which shone so resplendently in the long ago time of which Morgan and Bachofen and other anthropologists have given us such vivid pictures.

Since their isolation from the industrial and political world of men has in a large measure prevented women from being imbued with class motives, they have no obstacles to the development of their social spirit. Their organizations have no class lines; their aims are not based on class interests, but human interests.

It is this fact that causes the militant women of England to fight for the ballot with a vehemence that seems so startling to frightened onlookers. No abstract idea of their right to vote causes them to disturb the peace and destroy the property of a nation, but an intense longing to combat the terrible degenerating evils of a man-made class system, of which the bondage of women is only one manifestation. It is the picture of the ragged, decrepit citizens of London's East Side, whose lives never gleam to the full, but glimmer faintly like street lamps in a fog, that drives them on; pictures of the little children growing gnarled from labor in their youth, and those who are born deformed because their mothers labored too heavily while they bore them. They hear not only the bitter cry of the children, but the bitter cry of the world, and they go to answer it.

The same motives that direct these English women direct the women of every other nation who are active in their organizations. Once they knew only that they needed the world. Now they know also that the world needs them—not merely their own sex, their own class or their own group—but the whole world.

They have learned that every problem, whether it be a man problem, a woman problem or a child problem is universal in its reach. They know that if prostitution ruins the lives of the women driven to it, it also brutalizes the men who associate with these women, as well as making morol cowards of the so-called "good" women who marry the men; if child labor physically degrades little children, it morally degrades their parents and their employers; if exploitation weakens the workers, parasitism weakens the capitalists; if poverty breeds disease and makes wrecks of human beings, excessive wealth does likewise; if the slavishness of the oppressed is the enemy of progress, so is the brutal intolerance of the oppressors; if women are enervated physically and stunted mentally by a narrow environment, their children will be enervated and stunted also. They know that social deficiencies travel in a circle, and must be eliminated from every section of society or they will not down. These women know, as they know two and two make four, that society is a unit.

But the class-divided, strife-ridden world at large does not yet know it—scorns the idea, fights it. It divides itself artificially in politics and in industry; it even establishes a moral code by which it seeks to delude itself into believing that it is justified in its folly and declares, in the words of Blake:

> Mercy would be no more
> If there were nobody poor,
> And pity no more would be
> If all were as happy as we:
> And mutual fear brings peace;
> Misery's increase
> Are mercy, pity, peace.

In answer to that organized womankind puts forth a greater effort to inculcate into school and state and workshop the idea of social interdependence. Through the medium of magazines and newspapers, from the public platform and through such legislation as they can secure, women attempt to impress upon caste-blinded mankind the fact of its common bonds.

Even as the workers are doing, they are striving to imbue the world with the fire of Democracy, the spirit of Democracy, which must precede any economic readjustment.

Like the workers, they are singing the song of Robert Burns:

> It's coming yet for a' that
> That man to man the warld o'er
> Shall brithers be for a' that,

and are urging the mass to take up the refrain.

enemies are not invaders; they are our best citizens; they are in the household. It is our mission to search out our enemies from within. They are more dangerous than threatening outsiders—granting there are such. Nothing is more stupid than the patriotism that says this is the best country because, as Shaw puts it, you happened to be born in it. The true patriot is one who is frank enough to admit his country has faults; that it has no democracy, and who adds, by God, these conditions must change!

BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

REVIEWING THE REVIEWER

The first impression "Reviewing the Reviewer" gives the reader is that I am going to review myself, but even though I am capable of so impertinent a procedure, I am to do nothing more than speak of Charles Vale's review of Jack London's "John Barleycorn," which appears in the January Forum. I review Charles Vale's critique and praise it with all my powers, because it's the kind of reviews I would write if I only had the time.

Nothing so frank and sincere, and therefore clean and beautiful, has been written for a long time, says Mr. Vale. "For Jack London is not merely the author of many ridiculously successful books," the writer adds. "He is a man, and a poet."

Mr. Vale asks: "Could any other have given such a picture as this of the delirium of a child of seven?" He then quotes:

"All the content of the terrible and horrible in my child's mind spilled out. The most frightful visions were realities to me. I saw murders committed, and I was pursued by murderers. I screamed and raved and fought. My sufferings were prodigious. Emerging from such delirium, I would hear my mother's voice: 'But the child's brain. He will lose his reason.' And siniking back into delirium, I would take the idea with me and be immured in madhouses, and be beaten by keepers, and surrounded by screeching lunatics. * * *

"One thing that had strongly impressed my young mind was the talk of my elders about the dens of iniquity in San Francisco's Chinatown. In my delirium I wandered deep beneath the ground through a thousand of these dens, and behind locked doors of iron I suffered and died a thousand deaths. And when I would come upon my father, seated at table in these subterranean crypts, gambling with Chinese for great stakes of gold, all my outrage gave vent in the vilest [illegible] of years of class distinction and privileges and countless cruelties of man to man and man to woman, which dominate us today. The motto, which has for so long typified the average mind, "Me and my wife, our son John and his wife; us four and no more," must be discarded and in its stead we must sing:

"And everything that's mine
Is yours, and yours, and yours—
The shimmer and the shine!—
Let's lock our wealth outdoors!"

wherein the seven-year-old boy is in the company of a number of drinking Italians. It follows:

"One young Italian, Peter, an impish soul, seeing me sitting solitary, stirred by a whim of the moment, half-filled a tumbler with wine and passed it to me. I declined. His face grew stern, and he insistently proffered the wine. And then terror descended upon me—a terror which I must explain.

"My mother had theories. First, she steadfastly maintained that brunettes and all the tribe of dark-eyed humans were deceitful. Needless to say, my mother was a blonde. Next, she was convinced that the dark-eyed Latin races were profoundly sensitive, profoundly treacherous, and profoundly murderous. Again and again, drinking in the strangeness and the fearsomeness of the world from her lips, I had heard her state that if one offended an Italian, no matter how slightly and unintentionally, he was certain to retaliate by stabbing one in the back. That was her particular phrase—'stab you in the back' * * *

"Here was a treacherous, sensitive, murderous Italian offering me hospitality. * * * He had those terrible black eyes I had heard my mother talk about. * * * Perhaps he had a few drinks. At any rate his eyes were brilliantly black and sparkling with deviltry. They were the mysterious, the unknown, and who was I, a seven-year-old, to analyze them and know their prankishness In them I visioned sudden death, and I declined the wine half-heartedly. The expression in his eyes changed. They grew stern and imperious as he shoved the tumbler of wine closer.

"What could I do? I have faced real death since in my life, but never have I known the fear of death as I knew it then. * * * I threw back my head and gulped the wine down. * * *

"Looking back now, I can realize that Peter was astounded. He half-filled a second tumbler and shoved it across the table. Frozen with fear, in despair at the fate which had befallen me, I gulped the second glass down like the first. * * *

"This was too much for Peter. He must share the infant prodigy he had discovered. He called Dominick, a young moustached Italian, to see the sight. This time it was a full tumbler that was given me. One will do anythinig to live. I gripped myself, mastered the qualms that rose in my throat, and downed the stuff. * * *

"Dominick had never seen an infant of such heroic caliber. Twice again he refilled the tumbler, each time

to the brim, and watched the contents disappear down my throat. By this time my exploits were attracting attention. Middle-aged Italian laborers, old-country peasants who did not talk English, surrounded me. They were swarthy and wild-looking; they wore belts and red shirts; and they ringed me around like a pirate chorus. * * *

"How much I drank I do not know. My memory of it is of an age-long suffering of fear in the midst of a murderous crew, and of an infinite number of glasses of red wine passing across the bare boards of a wine-drenched table and going down my burning throat. * * *

"I was fronzen, I was paralyzed with fear. The only movement I made was to convey that never-ending procession of glasses to my lips. I was a poised and motionless receptacle for all that quantity of wine. It lay inert in my fear-inert stomach. * * * So all that Italian crew looked on and marvelled at the infant phenomenon that down wine with the sang-froid of an automaton. * * *"

And so the child passed on to the dreadful aftermath.

"My brain was seared forever by that experience. Now, thirty years afterward, every vision is as distinct, as sharp-cut, every pain as vital and terrible, as on that night.

"I was sick for days afterward. * * * My mother had been dreadfully shocked. She held that I had done very, very wrong, and that I had gone contrary to all her teaching. And how was I, who was never allowed to talk back, who lacked the very words with which to express my psychology—how was I to tell my mother that it was her teaching that was directly responsible? Had it not been her teaching that was directly responsible? Had it not been for her theories about dark eyes and Italian character, I should never have wet my lips with the sour, bitter wine. And not until man-grown did I tell her the true inwardness of that disgraceful affair."

Read "John Barleycorn," says Mr. Vale, "whether you live—voluntarily or regretfully—in a dry state or a wet one. For, though you are reading an autobiography of Jack London, genius, you are also reading a biography of mankind, in the making, and in the marring."

PRAGMATISM AGAIN

IN "The Larger Aspects of Socialism" William English Walling has revived the question, "What is the philosophy of Socialism?" and inasmuch as he has prodded out of their state of philosophic introspection a few of our worthy Dietzgenians, thereby bringing to the foreground the works of Joseph Dietzgen, which of late have lain unmentioned in the libraries of a few, to the great harm of the Socialist movement, he has done a praiseworthy thing. But when it comes to passing off a composite of Stirner-Nietzsche-Ellen Key-John Dewey philosophy as "The Larger Aspects of Socialism," he has essayed a thankless task.

To quote Marcus Hitch, one of the aroused Dietzgenians:

"It almost seems as if the book were an attempt to claim for Socialism the brilliant writers of the Individualist-Anarchist school, to whom proletarian literature is an abomination. . . .

"We were not aware that the pragmatists had distinguished themselves in the Socialist movement in any way, not even by showing the usefulness of their philosophy to the working class. . . .

"No doubt some of the sayings of the pragmatists could be interpreted favorably to Socialism; no doubt such was not the intention of the pragmatists themselves. Pragmatism is a philosophy of method only, without a goal."—E. W.

ARE WE A DEMOCRACY.

WRITING in a recent issue of Reedy's Mirror, Orrick Johns repeats the questions: Are we a democracy? Is the constitution a charter of popular liberty or a private contract in favor of the owners? Old questions; and many editorial writers always ask them when subjects become somewhat scarce. Here is what Mr. John Macy says in his book, "The Spirit of American Literature": "America is not a democracy; it is a vast bourgeoise." Of course, we radical Socialists have been saying this for years; it is often consoling to have a conservative say you are right, though you wouldn't want that to happen too often. While Mr. Johns reaffirms his faith in American democracy he, for a moment, appears concerned over the absence of patriotism; but, he waves it all aside with this: If America were threatened with invasion, radical and privileged fop would stand together to defend it. True, but Mr. Johns should remember that the real enemies are not invaders; they are our best citizens; they are in the household. It is our mission to search out our enemies from within. They are more dangerous than threatening outsiders—granting there are such. Nothing is more stupid than the patriotism that says this is the best country because, as Shaw puts it, you happened to be born in it. The true patriot is one who is frank enough to admit his country has faults; that it has no democracy, and who adds, by God, these conditions must change!

The Lost Strike

By EDGCUMB PINCHON

A Great Poet of the Revolution

EDGCUMB PINCHON is destined to take his place with the great poets of the revolution. Were he never to write another line, the collection of eight of his songs now in the hands of The Western Comrade for exclusive publication, would entitle him to rank with the very truest interpreters in song of the spirit of revolution and the ascendant brotherhood of man. To have brought Pinchon's songs before the public is an achievement of which The Western Comrade is more than proud. Years ago Pinchon wrote songs of a different kind—capitalist poems. Then came the awakening ten years ago. He vowed never to write another line. For ten years he repressed the music in his soul. And then, like flood waters these new songs burst from his lips. As he himself puts it, "These songs are the result of ten years of repression." "The Lost Strike" has been selected as the one to be given publication first. The others will follow, a collection of gems of the purest ray, for the Socialists of the great, inspiring West.—The Editors.

THE strike is lost? We laugh at you, you conquerors of a day!
Our unfed bellies shake with laughter at you!
So seriously you puff and strut and prate of victory!
Your little policemen with their tiny clubs,
Your pretty jingling Cossacks, neat and trim, like nursery toys,
Your spitting Maxims on their polished motor-cars,
Your puny panderers, hired in a brothel, decked with sheriff's star—licensed to brue their hands in workers' blood.

YOUR comical injunctions, writs and ordinances,
Your mimic courts, your doll's-house jail,
Your clockwork press ticking off clockwork lies,
Your tricky sticks of dynamite, your planted bombs!
—These are your gods! To whom you turn in time of need; to whom you pray, whom you adore!
Fit gods are they for YOU!

THE strike is lost? A lie! No strike is lost, nor ever shall be!
We don our chains again—uncowed, and wait—and laugh.
You and your little gods have done some ill—broken some heads, blasted some woman's ears with foul abuse;
But in the hands of that which guides the universe—your little ill has wrought a mighty good.
We struck—a thousand mutinous slaves;
We lose—a thousand warriors, pledged to the social war—rapt in a social faith—brothers and sisters compact in holy solidarity.

THE strike is lost? We laugh at you, you conquerors of a day!
Our unfed bellies shake with laughter at you!
So seriously you puff and strut and prate of victory!
Look forward five—ten years! Your hour has come!
Call out your gods—and bid them roll the tide of evolution back!
Call out your gods—and bid them bind the stars!
Call out your gods—and bid them with their tiny bludgeons batter the heart from Labor's mighty breast!
Your hour has come!
Great Labor laughs—and with one careless, jovial sweep of his broad hands hurls you and your dear gods—your little gods—into the noisome vat of Nature's excrement.

WANTED: A SHORT STORY

By EMANUEL JULIUS

'D LIKE to write a story," said Albert F. Scott, glancing up from a letter which had just been delivered.

"A nice story?" his wife asked, smiling at him.

"No; any kind of a story," Albert answered, gravely. "He tells me I may say anything I care to say. That's tempting, I must confess. It's not every mail that brings me an offer like this."

In mock seriousness, she said:

"While the editorial sun shines on you, it is wise to make hay and keep the pot a-boiling."

"Yes, my dear, I would like to let this dear editor have something, but the trouble with me is that I'm as dry as the Sahara desert. I really can't write a story; I haven't an idea in my mind."

"Oh, come," she laughed; "it's not so serious as that, for this story writing is a simple matter. Let us see if we can't get something that will make a story. A letter like this isn't to be sneezed at."

"Good!" exclaimed Albert, seating himself at the table and placing paper before him; "help me get a story; and if it goes, I'll divide the spoils."

"Very well; now then, what shall it be?"

"What shall it be?" Albert repeated.

"Oh, I see; I'm to do it all," with a bow; "very well, I'm willing to try."

For a full miniute she remained in deep thought; then, her face lighting up suddenly, she said, quickly:

"Once upon a time there was a foolish little man, who had a foolish vocation. This foolish, little man wrote foolish, little stories to help support his foolish, little self and his foolish whims."

"I don't know what you are driving at," Albert drawled, "but, I must confess, that's a pretty good lead. I may use it."

"And," she continued, "this foolish, little story writer had a fairly good memory, a quick eye and a well-oiled typewriter, and managed, in quite a passable manner, to express other people's originalities—not a bad word—originalities—you might use it. So, this foolish, little story writer succeeded in selling lots of his foolish stories to editors whose business it was to print foolishness in magazines that were read by thousands of foolish women.

"One folish woman wrote a letter to this uninteresting story writer, and, to her surprise, she receivied an answer. It was a short, sweet note, offering thanks for her praise of a story that really didn't deserve it. And, as she was a silly woman, she wrote again."

With an impatient wave, Albert said:

"Oh, I anticipate; you are going to make it very commonplace. She, a foolish woman, writes again; they meet, and, there is a mushy scene; they talk about going through life together—he working for fame and glory, she helping him by doing his typewriting and rolling his cigarettes; they marry, are soon divorced, and live happily ever after."

"Nothing of the sort," she snapped; "how could you think me guilty of such a crime,"

"Then he is married; he meets her, hoping to get a story; she falls in love with him. Then comes the startling climax—ye Gods!—'I am discovered! She knows I have a wife, and am father of a chee-ild!' She screams: 'In spite of all your writings and fame you are a scoundrel and a deceiver, Mr. Fountleroy, and I hate you, I hate you! Go back to your wife and writings and write of the heart you have broken.' "

"Oh, Albert, how you slander me," said his wife. "He wasn't married at all—quite single; but she—she was married—so she couldn't have been deceived; she was the one who began the thing in the first place."

"Well, what happened?" Albert asked, quickly.

"Of course, they met—"

"To be sure, they met—there couldn't be a story if they didn't meet. But what happened? That's what I want to know."

"They met, and the foolish little story writer smoked a cigarette in a perfectly insipid manner. She stared at him—well, she was a foolish woman. It was inevitable that those two fools should fall in love—the wonder would be if they didn't. Well, he told her he loved her, and she let him kiss her; and as they sipped wine in a cafe, they looked into each other's eyes and seemed to say: 'Ah, we belong to each other; let us rid ourselves of this pest of a husband.'

"Things moved rapidly—they always do when two fools get together. They met a few times, and talked a few hours, and soon convinced themselves that God had made them for each other. As for her husband; bah! They would leave—go to Paris—yes, yes, gay Paris—Ah, this foolish, little story writer would write love stories of Parisian studio life; he would surely sell much to the foolish editors—yes, it was all very simple.

"So, the day was set for the following Saturday; tl is foolish writer of silly stories and this simple-minded woman were to go off—to Paris.

"But news—that is, gossip—travels fast—it got to her husband—gossip always does. The world is full of anonymous letter writers, who believe it their sacred duty to keep husbands informed. He got a letter. But, he wasn't a foolish husband; there are some sensible men in this world. If he had been a

foolish husband, he would have run for his revolver, and then, another newspaper story. But, he wasn't of the shooting kind. I said he was a sensible husband.

"So, he found the foolish young writer of foolish stories in his apartment—the foolish writer even had all his trunks packed; he was ready to go. That was quite a predicament for the husband of the foolish, little woman; but he smiled—he had a sense of humor—like all sensible husbands. So, he shook hands with the foolish literary fellow and wished him a pleasant trip.

"He told the writer of silly stories that he had long been hoping to get rid of his wife. 'I've been wanting an excuse for a divorce action, but I've never had luck enough to have her do something—I always was unlucky.'

"This was strange, and it upset the foolish young writer. But, the husband of the foolish, little woman wasn't finished. He had more to say. 'I only want you to grant me a favor,' the husband said; 'will you be kind enough to allow me the use of your name as correspondent. I wouldn't care to do it unless I got your permission.'

"And to this, he added:

" 'I wish you all the luck in the world, my dear sir; but no man can say I ever played him a mean trick, so, to clear my conscience, I have decided to come to you and honestly warn you of your danger. I am not going to be specific: I simply wish to tell you that I have not tried to deceive you into running off with my wife; I want you to know that I have warned you.'

"And, in addition, this husband remarked that he wished the pair would have a pleasant journey; he hoped they wouldn't get sea sick, and that if it wasn't asking too much, would they kindly send him a few picture postal cards when they got on the other side?

" 'I've been saving European postals for years,' he remarked; 'they are so much better than ours.'

" 'And,' this husband said, 'you will understand that from this day I look upon you as my best friend; you are going to do me a great service. It shows that some persons are willing to do their fellow-man a favor once in a while.'

"That husband shook hands with that silly writer of foolish stories, and left him. The foolish story writer smoked another cigarette, bit his lips until they bled and then wrote a note to the foolish, little woman, telling her that he regretted he couldn't make the trip."

Her story at an end, she asked:

"Don't you think that ought to make good fiction?"

Albert shook his head and said:

"No, you are too late; that story has already been written."

"By whom?"

"By that foolish writer of foolish stories."

Names That Don't Apply

THE skilled workers, who call the unskilled "anarchistic" and the unskilled workers, who call the skilled "capitalistic," unite in calling the organizations of women "bourgeois." They judge them as they judge each other—from their own point of view, having in mind their own conditions and problems and not those of the women. The skilled workers, who know that their method of fighting must be different from that of the unskilled, and vice versa, the unskilled, who know they must fight in a way different from the way of the skilled, cannot conceive of the same thing applying to women; that their economic position, social position and political position being different from that of the mass of workers, the psychology with which they have to deal being different, they must, therefore, organize differently and fight differently, being none the less genuinely radical for all that.

But I am inclined to be optimistic and so believe as surely as I believe that the cat will come home again that before the crack of doom, the workers will come to see that women are no more "bourgeois" because in their conventions they do not wear out a couple of sets of Roberts' Rules of Order or violently throw out a few delegates than the skilled workers are "capitalistic" because they keep agreements with employers or the unskilled are "anarchistic" because they don't.

In climbing the Alps one needs an Alpine staff, in traversing the Sahara, a good supply of water, and in wading through the everglades, a preventive for malaria. He who went into the desert or up into the mountains loaded with quinine or into the everglades with heavy water bottles strapped to his back would justly be scoffed at as a foolish one. "Sabe?"

—E. W.

THE MERRY GO 'ROUND

By C. M. W.

ZOOLOGICAL ECONOMICS

Capitalist Worm to Proletarian Worm: "Here's a nice comfortable hole I'll rent you for ten leaves a day, payable in advance."

Proletarian Worm: "Say, who dug that hole?"

Capitalist Worm: "You did."

Proletarian Worm: "Who's going to pick the leaves now to pay the rent on the hole that I dug?"

Capitalist Worm: "You are."

Proletarian Worm: "I don't see how you worked it!"

Capitalist Worm: "Superior brains, old chap, superior brains! That's all."

THE TIK TOK ARMY

An advertisement tells us that there are Ingersoll watches in the pockets of 32,000 Americans.

And yet some say there are no classes.

GOTHAMISTIC CULTURE

Mayor Mitchell announced that New York City had been "cleaned up," but within twenty-four hours rival gangs of gunmen had clashed in a saloon with two fatalities. —News Item.

If a body meet a body
Loadin' up wi' rye
If a body bean a body
Need it worry you or I?

RELIGION A LA CARTE

"Unto him that hath shall be given."—Sermon text for Highbrow pulpiteer.

"It shall be easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."—Sermon text for Lowbrow pulpiteer.

"Suffer little children to come unto me."—Sermon text for Alabama pulpiteer.

"Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."—Sermon text for Fifth avenue (New York) pulpiteer.

THREE CHEERS

All in one day a woman, thirty-five years of age killed herself because she could find no work, California broke into the Social Register, a bunch of gamblers were liberated on $10 bail bonds each, a poor bum of a vag was given ninety days, a rich auto speeder was apologetically given a fine of $10, and the president of a Chamber of Commerce predicted that prosperity was back among us. Who DARES criticise capitalism?

PICKING ON ASTOR

Vincent Astor, our richest young man, has declined the invitation of Upton Sinclair to espouse the cause of Socialism and dig up his coin to aid in pushing the propaganda of revolution. About the only comment needed is the obvious remark that for a lad of his years Vince shows a whole lot more sense than Uppy, who, as John Spargo says, seems to have his Socialism considerably mixed with his fiction. Considerably is putting it mildly, at that.

Says a newspaper headline:
"JAIL TRUST LAW VIOLATORS," SAYS WILSON."

And yet we are told that newspapers are printed for the purpose of publishing NEWS!

1914 NURSERY JINGLES

Little Bo Peep
Has lost her sheep,
And don't know where to find them.
Poor little Bo,
She doesn't know
That Armour's gone and canned them!

Little Jack Horner
Grabbed off a corner
In oats and wheat and rye.
He stuck 'round awhile
And cleaned up a pile
Off of sheep such as you and I.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get for herself an egg—
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare.

Poetic license here allows the plain statement that the egg was at that moment in the Historical Museum.

ELASTICITY!

A railroad train hit a rotten rail and went into the ditch. Half a hundred persons were killed.

The trust that sold the rail knew it was rotten.

The railroad that bought the rail knew it was rotten.

On Sunday the trust magnate and the railroad magnate sat side by side in their beautiful church.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," they sang in unison.

MARY JANE

A Wisconsin legislative commission has discovered, so it is reported, that girls in what is called "domestic service" form a major percentage of those who fall into ways that are evil. Irregular hours of work and the lack of normal opportunities for pleasure are given as the causes. Regular hours for those engaged in housework are recommended. Department store owners will receive this bit of news with great glee, it is likely.

WHEN REVOLUTIONISTS MEET

An interview that should forever have a place in some special niche in the revolutionists' hall of memories took place just a short time ago in New York. Helen Keller there met Dr. Maria Montessori, the famous Italian educator. Neither could speak the language of the other, but there were friendly souls to translate. Miss Annie E. George, head of the Montessori schools in Washington, translated from Italian into English the words repeated into Miss Keller's hands by Mrs. John Macy, her teacher.

The story of the interview is told by the New York correspondent of the Boston Herald:

Dr. Montessori embraced Mrs. Macy and Miss Keller and there was a confused greeting in Italian and English.

"Say to her," said the Dottoressa, to Miss George, "that I am too much moved to express what I feel."

Miss Keller stood with her hands on Dr. Montessori's shoulders. Then she said distinctly: "Blessed are the feet of her who comes across the sea with a message of liberty to the children of America."

"How clearly she speaks, and her face is lighted with her soul."

"I am glad," said Miss Keller, "that your lecture last night was so successful; they say the hall was crowded."

"Not all the thousands," replied Dr. Montessori, "mean one-tenth as much to me as this meeting."

"I myself am a product of the Montessori method," and her hand sought the lips of Mrs. Macy, who smiled and nodded emphatically.

"Does she know," asked Dr. Montessori, "that I have written a dedication to her for my new book?"

"She knows that you have dedicated the book to her, but she does not know what you have written."

"I have said that I have learned from you as pupil learns from master."

"But," replied Miss Keller quickly, turning to Mrs. Macy, "you should have said that of her."

"Of both, for you are one. She is the creator of a soul, but you had the soul to be created." Then she murmured to Miss George and Miss George translated: "She is using an Italian word which cannot be rendered in English. It is a combination of 'precious' and 'tender.' "

"I have followed your career for years. Professor Ferreri told me much obout you. Do you remember him " Professor Ferreri is an Italian teacher of the deaf who some years ago read a few stanzas of Dante with Miss Keller.

Miss Keller's face lighted. "Oh, yes, I remember hiim.

"Dottoressa," asked Miss George, "don't you want to tell her something about the children in the house of childhood?"

"Tell her this," answered Dr. Montessori, "that my children understand her; they know the triumph of the soul over difficulties. But the children of the future, the men of the future, will understand her even better than men do now, for they will be liberated and will know how the spirit can prevail over the senses."

"You," said Miss Keller, "are fighting for the freedom of children. We are fighting for the freedom of the parents, for the industrial revolution."

"But it is all one," said the Dottoressa. "The complete revolution is external and internal, too."

"How wide and far-reaching and many-sided," exclaimed Miss Keller, "is the Montessori system!"

"I began," explained Dr. Montessori, "as a sympathizer with politcial revolutionists of all kinds. Then I came to feel that it is the liberation of this, what we have in our hearts, that is the beginningi and end of revolution."

"But, surely," said Miss Keller, "we never can have the Montessori system or any other good system of education so long as the conditions of the home, of the parents, of the workers, are so intolerable."

"Certainly, certainly, that is true. But we must educate children so that they will know how to free themselves and others from bondage. And the first thing is to bring our children under the care of worthy teachers. You and Mrs. Macy symbolize such education, the education of the future, the development of a soul by the union of an inspiring teacher and the child whose soul has grown freely with such stimuli as it needs and without the stimuli that debase and hinder growth."

"When you think of the appalling conditions," said Miss Keller, "under which people live, it sometimes seems a miracle that the children grow up at all to intelligence and decency."

There was a moment's pause, during which everyone seemed to be thinking of the enormous mountains to be moved. Then Montessori said: "The Queen Margherita is much interested in you."

"I have heard that she is a sweet and noble woman."

"Indeed she is."

"And they tell me the King, too, is a good man. All the same we must get rid of all kings."

Mrs. Macy laughingly explained that Miss Keller was an uncompromising revolutionist and naturally opposed t ohaving such officials as kings. The interview proceeds, with Dr. Montessori speaking:

"Because of you the world has a greater sense than ever of the possibilities of the soul."

Miss Keller pressed the Italian woman's hand, and said simply: "Blindness and deafness have their compensations if there is someone to help. I cannot begin to tell you what my teacher's coming meant to me. She was almost blind herself. She came to teach me amid strange surroundings. Her eyes did not permit her to read. She knew almost nothing of educational theory and psy-

chology, but taught me, as we say, out of her own head."

Dr. Montessori was studying Miss Keller's face. "In spite of all you say, Mrs. Macy, all your explanations of how she was taught, I do not see how her spirit has such vision. She seems like a special revelation of God."

"Every child," said Miss Keller, "can be a special revelation of God, if he is tought properly and is allowed to live under right conditions."

"Helen," said Mrs. Macy, "was a revolutionist before I was. Two or three years before I cared for them, she had all these ideas. You see, I could have molded her in my own likeness, I could have made her a copy of myself. But I left her free to think."

"That is it. Liberty to think."

"Did it ever occur to you, Dr. Montessori," asked Mrs. Macy, "that the same ideas spring up in many parts of the world at about the same time? I did not know of your work nor you of mine. What is it? Is it the spirit of the age manifest here and there in one and another individual?"

"It is all in what we want," said Miss Keller. "We ought to want more, for what we want we get, if we want it hard enough. For evample, women want the vote, men want better conditions of labor, and children want more freedom. And remember, what we really want we get."

"You will come to see our schools in Rome some time?"

"Oui je feraii cela avec grand plaisir," replied Miss Keller.

"Oh, she is speaking French."

"Yes, I speak it a little, not very well."

"But you are tired," said Mrs. Macy.

"No, no, only too much moved to say all I would. I have known of you for years. This summer, when I came closer to you through Mr. Macy, I felt it a great privilege, and when you sent me your picture it was one of the happiest moments of my life. And now I meet you. I am sorry that you had to come to this hotel to see me. When I first came to America I felt that I must rush to you to render homage."

"I hope," said Miiss Keller, "that the next time I see you I shall be able to speak with you in Italian—at Rome."

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ME AND WOODROW

President Wilson seems to have the idea that the government is wise enough to provide paternal guidance for the railroads in their financial meanderings, but that it lacks that indefinable something necessary to provide the same wise management in the event of government ownership of the roads. In other words, Uncle Sam is a fine stepfather, but it wouldn't do to remove the step. I have tried nobly to suppress my own feelings in the matter, but I can't do it any longer. The end of my suppressing ability is at hand. I herewith announce in this brazen and public manner that I disagree with the President. I don't like that sort of relationship.

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WHY MARY LEFT HOME

By Allan L. Benson

Washing by hand should be made a misdemeanor. The hand-ironing of flat work should be made a misdemeanor. In each case the husband of the offender herself should be punished. He should be punished not as a criminal, but as a dangerous heap of stupidity—dangerous to his wife in particular, dangerous to society in general; because power laundry machinery is not so expensive that people in ordinary circumstances cannot afford to buy it, whereas washing by hand is so hard that no woman should do it. It makes no difference who the woman is, whether she is a housewife or a servant, washing is too hard for her. In the winter, it invites pneumonia. At all times of the year it is drudgery. And if bending over a washboard were not a crime against a woman's body, the fact that it is a crime against her right to be happy would be enough to condemn it.

Hand-washing can never be anything but a drudgery. A drudge can never be happy. Necessary drudgery must be endured, but the drudgery of the washboard is unnecessary. No man worth his salt would spend a seventh of his time at a tub. If washing were suddenly put up to men there would be a greater demand for laundry machinery than there is for automobiles. In fact, a great many gentlemen who are now thinking of buying automobiles would buy their washing machines first. Cost would not matter. Two facts would fill the eye. One fact would be the horrible washboard would go. The gentlemen would look on while electricity or some other form of power did the work. And a year or two later, they would discover that the machinery had actually cost them nothing, because it had paid for itself.

This is not mere flapdoodle. I know what I am talking about. I walked through my laundry one day, three years ago, and exploded. I saw a washerwoman breaking her poor back. In the exasperation at-

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tendant upon the birth of an idea that had long been generating in my mind, I told my wife that women were idiots. I told her that they were doing their housework almost as they had done it for a thousand years. I told her that every house should be a factory. I said that electric motors should wash, wring, and iron clothes, wash and dry dishes, clean floors, run sewing machines, and turn ice-cream freezers. I made as fine a bluff as I knew how, and after it was all over I crept over to New Jersey and asked Edison what he thought about it. He said I was right; that he could never understand why women had been content to drudge along in the same old way, while machinery was tapping on their shoulders begging for an opportunity to do their work. Since that time electricity has done our laundry work, washed and dried our dishes, cleaned the floors, turned the sewing machine, and performed a few other odd jobs.

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THE TEMPLE OF GOLD

By Rabindranath Tagore

"Sire," announced the servant to the King, "the saint Narottam never deigns to step into your temple. He is singing to God's praise under the trees by the open road. The temple is empty of all worshipers. They flock round him like bees round the flagrant white lotus, leaving the golden jar of honey unheeded."

The King, vexed at heart, went to the spot where Narottam sat on the grass. He asked him, "Father, why leave my temple of the golden dome, and sit on the dust outside to preach God's love?"

"Because God is not there in your temple," said Narottam.

The King frowned and said, "Do you know twenty millions of gold have been spent on that marvel of art, and the temple was duly consecrated to God with costly rites?"

"Yes, I know," answered Uarottam. "It was the dread year when thousands of your people lost their homes in fire and stood at your door for help in vain. And God said, 'The poor creature who can give no shelter to his brothers would aspire to build my house!' Thus he took his place with the shelterless under the trees by the road. And that golden bubble is empty of all but hot vapor of pride."

The King cried in anger, "Leave my land!"

Calmly said the saint, "Yes, banish me where you have banished my God."

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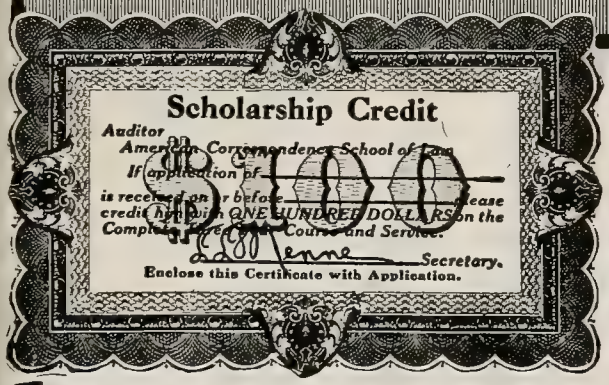

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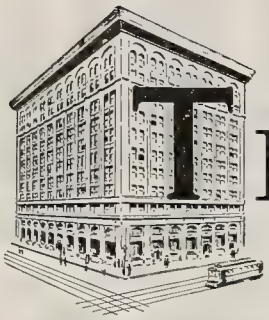

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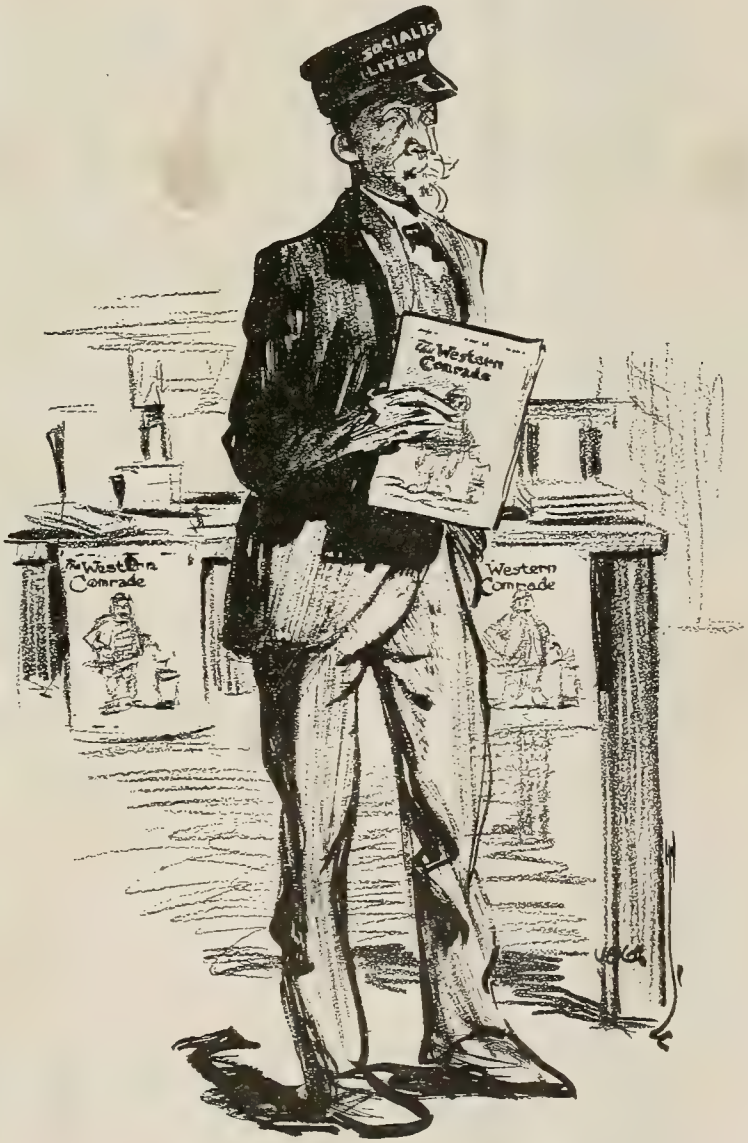
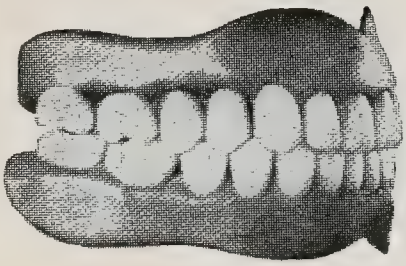


J. A. WILLIAMS, A "JIMMY HIGGINS"
(See editorial, page 395)

—Drawn by Charles (Vag) Tracy

If Your Teeth Are Aching; If Your Teeth Are Decayed; If Some of them are Missing



—in fact if you have no teeth at all, come to us. We can make yours look as beautiful as the accompanying picture wihout any pain.

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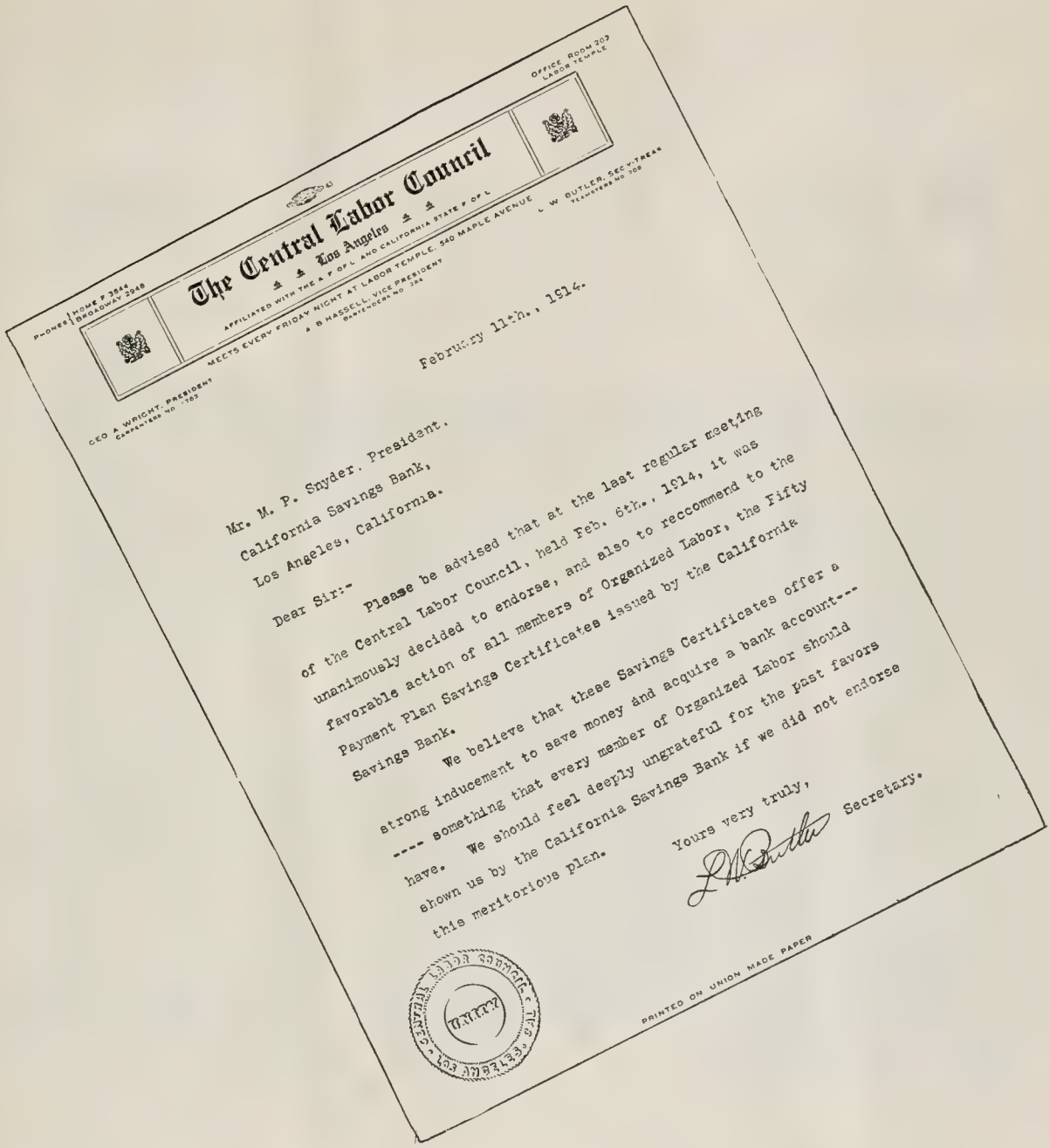

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The Central Labor Council
Los Angeles

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MEETS EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT AT LABOR TEMPLE, 240 MAPLE AVENUE

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L W BUTLER, SEC'Y-TREAS TEAMSTERS NO 108

February 11th., 1914.

Mr. M. P. Snyder, President,
California Savings Bank,
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Sir:-

Please be advised that at the last regular meeting of the Central Labor Council, held Feb. 6th., 1914, it was unanimously decided to endorse, and also to reccommend to the favorable action of all members of Organized Labor, the Fifty Payment Plan Savings Certificates issued by the California Savings Bank.

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Yours very truly,
L W Butler Secretary.

CENTRAL LABOR COUNCIL LOS ANGELES CALIF. U.N.I.O.N.

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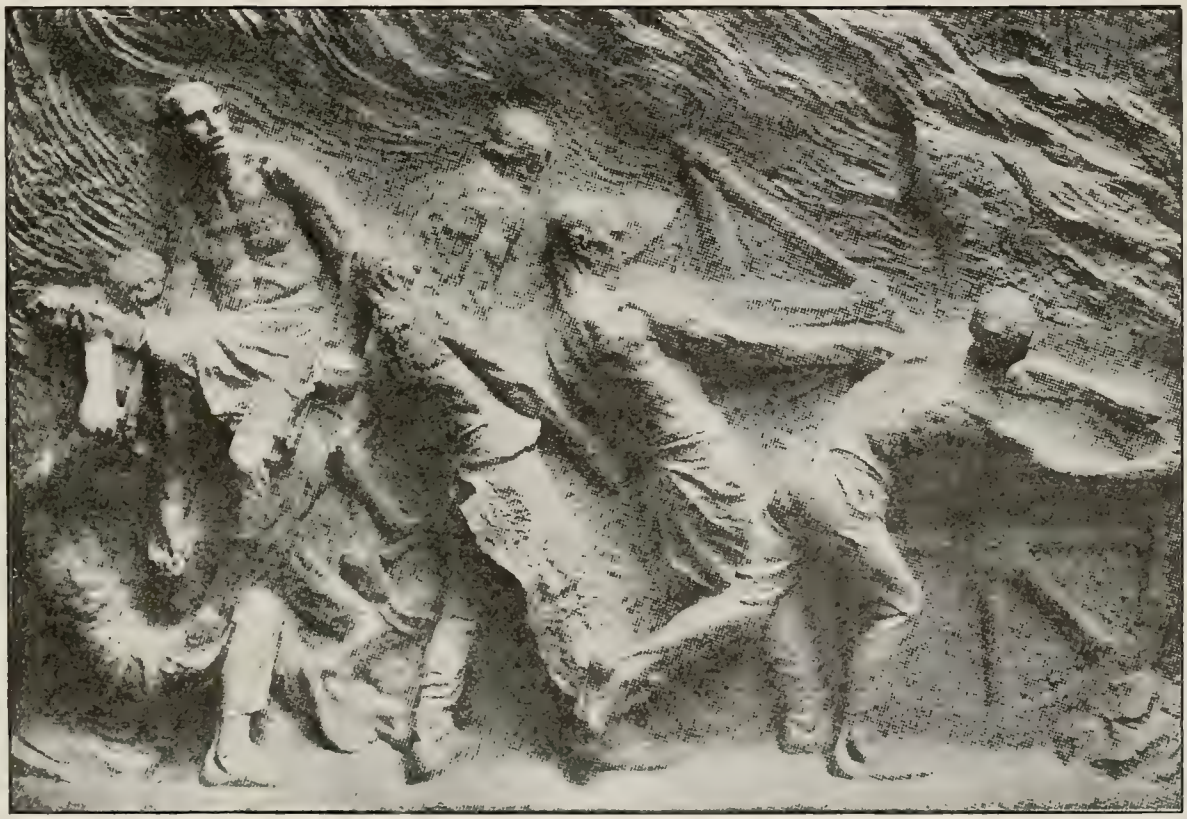

INDUSTRY

Article by C. M. W. on Page 414

EDITORIAL

CAPTURE THE BRAIN

JUST a word to those who accept the vote cast as their sole barometer of social progress. The vote means nothing; it's the brain behind the vote that means something.

There may be many reasons for a man's voting for a Socialist, and unless he has the vision in his mind he may vote for Socialists a dozen times yet never vote for Socialism.

Floyd Dell, in a recent number of Harper's Weekly, states it well:

"It does no good to capture a man's vote in behalf of a new program, if his mind is full of antiquated notions which contradict and nullify that program."

Education is the foundation of the co-operative commonwealth. Without it there will be no co-operative commonwealth, even though we get all the votes in Christendom!—C. M. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

MAETERLINCK AND THE POPE

WITH a muffled pop, the pope has placed Maurice Maeterlinck's works on the Index Expurgatorius, which means that the faithful must not besmirch their minds with "The Blue Bird," "Monna Vanna," or "The Treasure of The Humble." Surely, Maeterlinck is losing little sleep over this blow, as its result, if anything, will be that the publishers will dispose of more of this author's works, for that is what happens when the pope decides against some knight of the typewriter. To condemn "The Blue Bird" as heretical would be like treating a hummingbird as a bird of prey, says one writer.—E. J.

♣ ♣ ♣

THE POSITION OF SCIENCE

RECENTLY a well-known professor of the University of Wisconsin again expounded that lurid falsity, which well-known professors of well-known universities seem so fond of expounding, namely that science is the precursor and basis of economic progress.

In reality the exact opposite is true—economic progress is the precursor and basis of science.

Elaborate theses on bricklaying do not precede the painstaking and frequent demonstrations of the humble artisan of the trowel, nor does intensive farming become a science until its practicability has been proved by the farmer. Economic progress is the result of the experiments made and the knowledge gained day after day by each human being in the performance of his or her round of labors. This knowledge is passed from generation to generation, and when it is classified and condensed, it becomes a science. From the science of medicine to the science of pedagogy, every science has arisen in this way. In this manner the making of pottery graduated from its simple, primitive methods to the highly complex methods of today. In this way the manufacture of cloth developed from the bone needle and reed threads of the savage woman to the spinning wheel and to the modern loom. The practical science of the world has come from the woods, the farm, the mine, the workshop and proceeded to the university, not vice versa.

To say that science is the cause rather than the effect of economic progress is like saying that political economy is the creator of our present economic system instead of an interpretation of it.—E. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

HEALING THE SICK

IT MAY be surprising to many of the good Christians of California to know that if Jesus were to come to California and if he were, while here, to perform the healing miracles with which he is credited in the Bible, he would be thrown into prison. Yet that is a true statement.

There are today many drugless methods of healing. And the works of some of these drugless practitioners would be nothing less than miraculous, viewed in the light of the medical knowledge available in the time of Christ. And not only that, but the medical practitioners of the modern drug schools appear to view them also in the light of miracles—of the impossible, or at least dangerous, variety.

In this list is to be found the chiropractic school, effectively barred from practice by the last California legislature. It is one of the crudities of capitalism that legislators who know nothing of science are left to deal with the most important of our sciences, having it in their power to either make their benefits available to suffering humanity or to make the conferring of those benefits a crime. The Massachusetts colonists who outlawed various "dangerous doctrines" were not so very much more reactionary than our present day legislatures.—C. M. W.

"JIMMY HIGGINS" WILLIAMS

WE MIGHT have a frivolous and frilly picture of a meaningless face on the cover of The Western Comrade—but we don't. The pictures that are placed on that cover are pictures that mean something to the working class.

So this month there is on the cover the picture of a veteran comrade, known to hundreds of Socialists. His name is J. A. Williams. For years this gentle old soul has been selling Socialist literature. He began to distribute Socialist literature when it wasn't as easy as it is in these days of growing respectability. But the fact that the tide is beginning to sweep in full and strong isn't stopping him. He is taking no vacation. Nothing will satisfy him but the complete inundation of capitalism. He goes on selling literature.

Williams is twice a veteran. He is a veteran of the Civil War, and a veteran of the world-wide revolution of the working class. He is seventy years of age.

His home is at Sawtelle, and he has placed thousands of pieces of literature in the hands of the other veterans in the National Home at that place.

In Los Angeles Williams has a literature stand on Fifth street, near Maple. But though his stand is there, his business is everywhere. "Old Man Williams," he is called by hundreds who know him and love him for himself and for the work he has done and is doing. And to have yourself known affectionately as "Old Man Williams" is just about all one might wish for in the way of man's relation to mankind. And in many a home this sketch on the cover will be treasured by some one of the family, who will look at it now and then and say, "Yes, that's Old Man Williams; I got my first Socialist reading from him back in '93." And we're proud of "Jimmy Higgins" Williams.—C. M. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

THE VISION IS OURS

THIS afternoon I strolled over the hills with Her and the Wee Him and the Wee Her. There was just the hint of a gray haze hovering like pearl mist in the air. Everything was in half light. The dreamer could make what he would of land and sky and horizon. We came upon the rounding crest of a hill, all green and velvety and peaceful. There we saw what we had come to see. Far over the low lands rose the mighty, majestic mountains, the work of the Greatest Sculptor. Today they were of a deep blue, soft, alluring, mystic, yet abiding, powerful, superbly strong. Over there in those mountains one might have looked back to see the valley, and perhaps the little hills such as the one upon which we stood, but one could not have seen the mountains. Over there in the mountains the glory of the limitless range of towering peaks and crags would have been lost and we should have seen only the insignificance left behind; the little spot upon which we might chance to stand. In this life there are some things that we must admire from afar. And it is our privilege, though our own station may be a very humble one, to behold many beauties and splendors that are lost to those who live all of their lives amid splendor and luxury. So, while we plod on in the struggle that sometimes bids fair to crush so many of us, let us not forget the vision of the mountain peaks ahead—and there are many, many kinds of mountain peaks. That vision is always ours. And it is most beautiful and inspiring to us, because we see through the eyes of all the people in social vision. Yes, though they take the food from our mouths and the roof from over our aching bodies, our vision is always ours!—C. M. W.

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MAKING WALL STREET POPULAR

THE powers in Wall Street are beginning to see the way things are going; they are realizing that they are, to use a bit of classic slang, "in bad." What think you! Yes, yes; they are striving to "purify" Wall Street. Listen unto these words uttered at Washington by a powerful member of the New York Stock Exchange, Mr. William C. Van Antwerp:

"Heresies and schisms come and go; man-made laws appear and disappear; but the human heart does not change, and in the last analysis we come to know that only righteousness exalteth a nation. We of the Stock Exchange know this today better than we ever knew it before, and we intend to live by it thru the years. We shall make many mistakes, no doubt, but we shall stick to our standards and rejoice in them, and some day—mark my words—this great market place will earn the admiration and respect of the whole people.

"We are determined to show our critics by our deeds that the Stock Exchange means something vital and vitalizing in America, that it is an important adjunct of the new Wall Street—a broad highway from ocean to ocean, doing its utmost to meet the needs of a happy and prosperous land."

This, if you will pardon the bluntness of our proof-reader, is plain, unadulterated bunk, or, better still, to quote our "copy" boy, is "ish-ka-bibble" talk. Can the lion "earn the admiration and respect" of the lamb? Can the rooster convince the worm that it should love the lord of the barnyard? And can that rooster, in turn, be convinced that it is his

duty to love and honor the threatening hawk? I wonder.

Of course, it is easy to convince workingmen that they should respect the owners of their jobs, the monopolists who have become the owners of this country, and almost every other country. They seem to like landlords, capitalists, exploiters and parasites of all sorts. The working people have always voted just as Wall Street desired. That, however, is an old, old story—as old as society. The slaves of the Southern plantation owners would still be chattels if allowed their own way, for they seemed to love their bondage. The American slaves of today, black and white, have permitted the money lords in Wall Street to monopolize the railroads, factories, mines, telegraph and telephone lines—and they seem to like it.

Out of the supreme goodness of their magnanimous hearts, the angels of Wall Street are going to purify Wall Street and eventually make it as respectable and attractive as Christian Science, as white as a lily, as sweet as a rose. The high-minded, gentle, scholarly editor of The Independent (N. Y.) believes that "the Stock Exchange, under the leadership of a group of progressive, public-spirited, self-sacrificing men, is and has been for some time past making itself over."

This ought to enthuse us all. Only a rank, narrow-minded Socialist could possibly sneer at the lofty motives that actuate the virgins of Wall Street. They should be given scant attention and little regard. They are the pestiferous sort who tell the worm to be suspicious of the idealism of the rooster. They even have the monumental audacity to say that Wall Street should be turned into a huge bathhouse, that the people, not the capitalists, should own the machinery of wealth creation and that the stock certificates and dividend coupons of the Saints of the Exchange should be used to plug up the holes in Si Perkins' old barn. What folly! Little do they realize that all will be well since the Lords of Wall Street are going to sprinkle a little holy cologne into their sewer.—E. J.

♣ ♣ ♣

SPEARING A BISHOP

AS USUAL, we had to wait for Bernard Shaw to come along with the keenest, most direct blow at the bourgeois tendency toward over-censoring our enjoyments and pastimes. And it was against no less panoplied a personage than the Bishop of Kensington at whom Shaw hurled his javelin.

The Bishop had suggested, in a letter to the London Times, that after plays had once passed the censor nothing new be permitted in the lines or action. He argued that this would summarily halt "suggestive" and "objectionable" incidents.

"He uses the word 'objectionable' as if there were a general agreement as to what is objectionable and what is not," replies Shaw, striking the keynote of the opposition to the fiendish manner in which those clothed in a little brief authority seem to seek out each opportunity to demonstrate their superior moral fiber and their better judgment, always to the seeming disadvantage of the "common herd." Lay on Bernard!—C. M. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

TOO WEAK TO BREAK STRIKES

THE London Nation, according to William English Walling in The New Review, is concerned on account of "the weakness, the poverty, the physical and intellectual anaemia of the masses." One often wonders how the organized workers of Great Britain can carry on such magnificient battles, such result-producing strikes in a country where so many wretches are always to be obtained to take the places of the strikers. The fact of the matter is that the British people are so undermined physically and intellectually as a result of awful poverty that the skilled workers know when they go on strike their places cannot be taken. This proves that capitalism has so weakened the masses that it has given labor a stronger weapon with which to defeat the powers of wealth. To put it directly: England hasn't strike-breakers because it has starved the efficiency out of the unemployed. That, in a great measure, is the reason for so many labor struggles and victories in Great Britain.—E. J.

♣ ♣ ♣

A CO-OPERATIVE PROGRAM

IN THE first issue of this magazine controlled by the present owners it was definitely announced that The Western Comrade would espouse the cause of co-operation. At once a number of articles on co-operation were received for publication. Careful study of them proved them unsuited to the purposes of this magazine. The Western Comrade was seeking something more fundamental, something that rang truer than the sort of thing we have known as co-operation. In short the magazine was seeking for the principle in co-operation that might be put forward as the ultimate. The magazine was seeking for the scientific principle that must underlie that co-operative program which is to triumph. To endeavor to further the work of those co-operatives, with the wrecks of which the path of history is strewn, however sincere and sacrificing their exponents may be or may have been, was unthinkable.

And the waiting has borne fruit. The study has

not been in vain. In the article published by The Western Comrade in this issue we believe Edgcumb Pinchon has laid down the scientifically correct principle of co-operation. We believe this article marks an epoch in the progress of the working class toward emancipation. It takes nothing from the value of those weapons with which the workers have been fighting, but it opens a path straight down the line between those two and sets them up in their proper relationship, each to the other and each to the co-operative endeavor. With Labor operating through organic co-operation to erect within the old shell that new civilization to which our faces have been so long turned, the political and the industrial organizations find their fields enlarged and revivified to an astonishing degree.

So it is that The Western Comrade feels something of the pardonable pride of the one who discovers a discoverer. Comrade Pinchon makes no claim to being the discoverer of the principle of organic co-operation. In fact there appears to be a spontaneous outburst all down the line of Labor, with this great new idea as the inspiration of it all. But, however modest Edgcumb Pinchon may be, he must be acknowledged as the first to lay down the complete theory in a manner scientifically correct.

The Western Comrade, on the field of co-operation, is definitely committed to the theory of organic co-operation, feeling that no other kind of co-operative effort is entitled to be classed as revolutionary and fundamentally correct in principle.—C. M. W.

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AS TO LESLIE'S

ONE soon learns to expect all the stupidity that mind is capable of in the editorials of Leslie's Weekly. Indeed, it is The Los Angeles Times of the weekly periodicals. Its efforts to justify the capitalists in their exploitation are funny. "Let the thinking people rule!" is the motto of this reactionary sheet. Should be changed to read "Let the cunning people rule." That is the only sentiment that fits its policy—or rather, lack of policy.—E. J.

♣ ♣ ♣

"CELEBRATING" PEACE

THE proposal to "celebrate" the hundred years of peace between Great Britain and the United States meets with sarcasm from Bernard Shaw, who says it would be like two gentlemen celebrating the fact that they had not punched each other's nose. Furthermore, hé adds, Uncle Sam and John Bull have been participating in bloodless strife for the past century, there being bad feelings on both sides, making a "peace celebration" a ridiculous farce. Of course, this is somewhat extreme, for though there has been little brotherly love there is little likelihood of a fracas. But, one thing is certain, the Britishers have good cause for feeling irritable, considering that the Americans invariably accuse the English of being without humor—a most silly charge. Because the English do not roar over an American's puns or play on words, our brothers across the pond are accused of being humorless. But, if war were declared on this issue, both countries would prove for all time that they are without a sense of humor. War and humor never make bedmates. One Bernard Shaw will insure more peace than a hundred dreadnoughts. —E. J.

♣ ♣ ♣

THE CRAZE FOR FREAKISMS

AMERICAN newspapers are no longer interested in news. There was a time when editors looked upon life in a sane manner; but, no longer; they crave for "features." A dog may bite a man—possibly it will get two lines. A wise reporter takes that story, gives it a twist and has the man retaliate by biting the dog—and it gets a column. Miss Lind-af Hageby, well known lover of animals, was interviewed recently by a number of New York reporters, who fired questions at her. She answered to the best of her ability, and now, she complains that the reporters paid little attention to her answers. "Have dogs souls?" she was asked. The woman said she believed they have souls; and here is what the papers printed: "Miss Lind-af Hageby says kippered herrings have souls and warns the American people not to eat them in case the herrings' souls come back to haunt people." All of which makes an unhappy combination of poor English and a lie.—E. J.

♣ ♣ ♣

HOLY MONOPOLY

IN AN editorial, The Outlook says "the two evil extremes of commerce are unrighteous monopoly and unfair competition." This leaves it to be understood that there is such a thing as "righteous monopoly." Will Johnny, in the third grade, kindly rise and set the editor right? How can the beef trust ever turn its monopoly into a righteous institution? A question, indeed. The only "righteous monopoly" that we know of is when the people own the trusts. Any other monopoly is wrong and is damned to oblivion. And, by the way, how can there be such a thing as "unfair competition" when we have "unrighteous monopoly" and when, like the snakes in Ireland, there ain't no competition? Rather an involved question, but pertinent, nevertheless.—E. J.

WHAT DO YOU SEE?

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

HAVE you ever wondered how adequate your vision of the Coming Time is? Have you ever soberly set yourself to picture to the full the glories, the great, impressive artistry of the Life to be lived in the Tomorrow?

Our work, whensoever and wheresoever we would do good, is to open to men the gates of life.—George D. Herron.

Does the coming of Socialism mean simply to you a work day of but four or five hours? Does it mean to you just a guarantee of a job? Does it mean to you only a more secure existence? Or, with those things, do you picture the Morning of Mankind something as Philip Green Wright visioned it when he wrote:

> Art shall revive when men shall do for joy
> And not for hire; all labor shall be art,
> And art shall be man's labor in that day.

Somehow, the song of this poet brings breadth to the vision; it brings that soul satisfaction without which the Dawn cannot be complete. If not all of us can picture it in just that way it is because the terrible wrenching and grinding of Today has choked the music in us and blinded our eyes to the beautiful; because the strain of the struggle has deadened our souls to the inspirations that come with liberty.

And this freedom will be the freedom of all. It will loosen both master and slave from the chain.—Edwin Markham.

But after we have rested a bit in the Budding Spring we shall awaken again to the strong, deep strains of music that run through all labor and bind all humanity. 'Tis strange, perhaps, that we turn back the pages of Time's Writings for proof, but strange or not, we find it there. In the wonder creations of the workingmen of old, the unbound men who wrought in song before money gripped the world, we find the choicest soul expressions of all time. It was then that were fashioned the most beautiful structures; the cathedrals that cause wonderment among us today; the fabrics that our Money Masters bring to decorate their homes in preference to the slave creations of today; the deathless sculpture and canvasses; the classic lines of Goth and Greek in stone, after which we can model, but upon which we cannot improve, though millionaires strew their dollars to the world's ends in search of brains for hire; it was then that mankind created most beautifully.

Oh, Morning of the Morrow, bring us a chance to work, bring us security against want, bring us here and there a rest time and a play time, but above all, surmounting all, overshadowing all, bring us LIFE. Let us turn loose our souls and let us sing into our daily work the songs that have been crushed back into us for lo, these many weary ages. Bring us LIFE, oh Tomorrow! Then will we show to the gods what a world we can build!

Lo, before us gleam her campfires! We ourselves must Pilgrims be. * * *—James Russell Lowell.

UNEMPLOYED!

By Sydney Hillyard

AMIDST all the hot air that is blown on us by mayors, legislators, congressmen and the like about the unemployed, and amidst all the charming advice which the charity organizers pass across along with the old shoes and skilly, there is one thing they never seem to find time to discuss, and that is, what is the half-crippled laborer to do?

Up the highway and down the track go the unemployed. They pack a roll of blankets through the rain, and sleep in them under a warehouse floor or in a deserted backhouse at night. Amongst this solemn funeral procession are many who, though they can work a part of a day, cannot work a whole day.

What is such a man to do?

Our glorious country is happy to furnish hundreds of thousands of eight-hour jobs, ten-hour jobs, twelve-hour jobs, hard jobs, bad jobs, worse jobs, and no jobs. But where is their partially-crippled man to hunt for his two-hour job, four-hour job, or six-hour job? What shall he do when it comes time to eat?

Our magnificent railroads, in the twenty-one years from 1888 to 1909, injured 812,181 men. This does not include the killed. Add another 82,000 injured in coal mines. Add a similar maiming and crippling going on in every other great industry, and then put the question: Where are they?

They are right here, reverend brother, looking for a job they can tackle, and there isn't one. They need four-hour jobs; we have nothing but tens and twelves to offer.

Rheumatism, lung trouble, swollen veins, weak heart, partial paralysis, anaemia, lumbago; add these occupational diseases to the accident list and it becomes a safe bet that very few of your unemployed on highway and on track are physically sound.

Thousands of these men can stand to work four hours, who, at the end of twelve hours, would drop from exhaustion. **In Heaven's name, how many business men in California's Chambers of Commerce are fit to do a twelve-hour day in the steel mills, or a ten-hour day in dripping, soaking mine, or an eight-hour day with a pick and shovel under a July San Joaquin valley sun?** And yet, if they chance on a laborer who cannot, they bawl out, "Hobo!"

Private enterprise cannot masticate the flotsam and jetsam of society. It eats up only the best food. It's teeth are so rotten and so uneven that it can't chew cripples. It has to spit them out.

But California needs roads. She needs them badly. And these tens of thousands of maimed men and half-men can boulevard every road in the state. Can we not, even without a Socialist Governor (although we won't have long to wait), demand that the state employ **every** man in road building who asks for work? Road camps in every county should employ by the hour, pay by the hour, feed by the meal, house by the night, and let every man be his own arbiter as to how long he can work. Only thus can your half-crippled laborer have a chance. Only when he has established this may your business man begin shouting "Hobo!"

If society can use the man who can only work two hours, four hours, or six hours, why should he wander around in aimless, wasteful idleness? Someone has to keep him anyhow. Is that not so?

An Interview With August Bebel

By LUELLA TWINING

WHEN the International Socialist Congress adjourned, we left immediately for Berlin, where Alexander Kollanty, a brilliant Russian comrade, offered to show us around. Naturally, we first sought August Bebel, but when we arrived at the Reichstag he was not there, so a Socialist deputy conducted us to the gallery to wait for him. I forgot our mission from the excitement of seeing so many Socialist deputies in parliament. Suddenly I was recalled. Something had happened. The people rose excitedly in their seats. "Bebel! There's Bebel!" came from many persons. Everybody leaned over eagerly to see him.

Then, I saw an old man with magnificent white hair walk up the aisle. Comrade Abe Cahan, of the New York Vorwaerts, said Bebel's wonderful white hair attracted him first. It made Bebel's head the most prominent one in the Reichstag.

We supposed he would be too busy to see us, but sent down our cards, more for the pleasure of it than the hopes of seeing him. Imagine our delight when we received word that Comrade Bebel would see us in the lobby! We rushed down and soon saw him approaching. He looked exactly like the pictures we have of him, so by imagining the white hair one knows exactly how he was. His plain face was illuminated by the smile with which he greeted us. Kindliness and simplicity was the atmosphere.

I must say the conversation was carried on with difficulty. Comrade Bebel spoke not a word of English, while my German is remarkably pigeony. He was kind enough to say he wished he could do as well in English, but that was no consolation, for I was anxious to draw out of that deep well of knowledge and experience inspiration for a lifetime. I knew I would never see him again after leaving Germany.

I thanked him for his "Women Under Socialism" and told him how much the American comrades appreciate that great work. He smiled. "It cost me the most labor of anything I ever undertook," he said. What inspiration to women Socialists everywhere that the great Bebel considered the organization of women so important that his contribution to them was, in a manner, the apotheosis of over fifty years of arduous labor in the revolutionary movement!

We chatted with him for nearly an hour, notwithstanding we felt guilty, knowing he was really needed.

The following, in regard to leaders, lingers in my memory as being thoroughly characteristic of the man: "The German Socialist movement has no leaders now since Paul Singer and William Liebknecht are gone," he said.

"In the United States we think you are the German leader," I replied.

He shook his head, smiling. "Well, we do not need leaders. Years ago the German Socialists used to look to leaders, but now the rank and file leads itself; and that is the way it should be," he said, triumphantly.

"How do you account for the changes?" I asked.

"Education and organization, literature, Socialist schools, newspapers and magazines are the lever."

As he talked, he grew enthusiastic. His face was aflame. I saw the man who has so influenced German society.

While in Europe, I saw that simplicity is the keynote of greatness. Did you ever notice that people shout in the inverse ratio in which they are great? It is apparent even in the cemetery. In Highgate (London) unknown persons are remembered with long poems, while Karl Marx and Herbert Spencer rest under marble slabs upon which are inscribed only the name and date of birth and death.

Comrade Bebel held American women in high regard. He thought they led the world. I wish we deserved it, but I honestly believe the women of Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland are much more able.

Bebel began to tell us of the extent of Socialist sentiment in the German army when a deputy announced he was needed, so we bade Comrade Bebel farewell. He invited us to call him out whenever we wanted to, but suffice to say we did not avail ourselves of his invitation. However, I did call on him a few days later, and when I asked for Bebel I was ushered upstairs with as much ceremony as though he had been the Kaiser.

Comrade Bebel is gone. In service of more than fifty years, he built a monument not of stone, but of hearts, of truth, and of the solidarity of the working class. He is not dead, but lives in the spirit of the working class.

HE WONDERS WHY

He built the road,
With others of his class he built the road,
Now o'er it, many a weary mile, he packs his load,
Chasing a job, spurred on by hunger's goad,
He walks and walks and walks and walks
And wonders why in Hell he built the road.

The New Factor in the Class Struggle

By EDGCUMB PINCHON

IT is now some sixty-six years since Europe shook to the thunders of the Communist Manifesto of Marx and Engels. That Manifesto is the most important document in history, the fundamental Charter of all future civilization. It revealed, in a blinding flash, the yawning chasm which rends society asunder into a master class and a slave class. It revealed the origin of that chasm, traced the history of its ever-widening development, and announced the historical mission of the slave class to be the total abolition of that yawning chasm between class and class, and the welding of men into the Co-operative Commonwealth of Man. In its enunciation of principles it is a document of all time. But in its enunciation of the measures by which those principles were to be wrought into actualities, it was necessarily the reflex of the particular social conditions obtaining in Europe in 1848.

What were those conditions? The discovery of steam as a source of power, and the application of coal to its production, which began towards the end of the eighteenth century, gave rise during the ensuing fifty years to a tremendous growth of manufacture by steam-driven machinery, and to a corresponding decay of the old hand-tool methods of production. The workers, unable to own for themselves these large and costly machines, and unable to compete with them by their old-fashioned methods of hand-tool production, were compelled to leave their more or less independent state as craftsmen and seek employment in the mills and factories. Thus the mild and petty exploitation exercised by the master-craftsman upon his journeymen became the drastic and thorough exploitation exercised by the capitalist mill and factory owner upon large masses of employes. The new and vast avenues of wealth which the use of steam-driven machinery opened up to the new capitalist class created in them a frenzy of greed. Mills and factories sprang up as if by magic in every city and town, and the now workless craftsmen, their wives and even their children were compelled, in order to sustain life, to offer themselves as slaves to these new masters. Each such former craftsman, now a mill-hand, created by the aid of this machinery, a hundred times more wealth than he had created formerly by his hand-tools. But he did not receive this increased wealth. The owner of the machinery regarded this wealth as his private property and paid his employes a wage sufficient merely to keep them alive for his further use.

Fifty years of this process had culminated, in 1848, in the creation of a new class of workers—the industrial proletariat. Without education, save the most rudimentary, often, indeed, without the ability to read, without books, without a labor press, ground beneath the pitiless heel of the wildest competitive capitalism, without rights and without a voice, without unions or any form of industrial organization worth the name, without a poiltical party, with wages so low that they sufficed only for the barest necessities of life, the industrial proletariat of 1848 sounded the lowest depths of human slavery, wretchedness and helplessness.

Out of such conditions as these sprang the Communist Manifesto—a Manifesto breathing in every line the bitter revolt of the enslaved, **who saw before them but one possible avenue of redress**—the ballot, which their masters had been compelled to give them for purposes of their own.*

Political action was, indeed, the only hope, the sole conceivable recourse, of the revolting proletariat.

Let us now consider the condition of the working class today, with more particular reference to the working class of the United States, and seek to discover whether changing conditions on the field of production show any indications of producing changing conditions on the field of the class struggle; seek to discover, in fact, if modern conditions have produced any new factor in the revolutionary process.

From 1848 to 1914 is sixty-six years—every year of the sixty-six an epoch, a complete link of evolution in itself. Never in the history of the world has there been a period of such bewildering and gigantic development. In terms of economic progress, **and, therefore, in terms of working-class action on the field of the class struggle,** the Centralized Capitalistic society of today is as remote from the Competitive Capitalistic society of 1848 as was that society from the feudal society of the thirteenth century.

It is needless to recount the enormous, imagination-defying development of power-driven machinery, or the marvellous inventions in productive processes or the equally marvellous developments in the organization of production, which took place in those sixty-six years. We are concerned solely for the present with the changed condition of the working class which has resulted from these developments.

For the darkness of ignorance and the widespread illiteracy of the workers in 1848, we have today uni-

(*Political democracy, it must be remembered, was instituted by the capitalist class itself, as a weapon of defense and offense against the power of the old feudality.)

versal free education for the workers from the kindergarten to the university. For the lack of books and general lack of enlightenment in 1848, we have today splendidly equipped public libraries in every city, town and even village. For the lack of communication between worker and worker—an all-important fact—which characterized 1848, we have today the 2-cent post and a Labor or Socialist journal, or both, in every community of over 50,000 inhabitants, in addition to numerous national and international working-class publications. For the almost total lack of organization of the workers in 1848, we have today an International Socialist Party polling more than 20,000,000 votes in the world, and more than a million in the United States alone, and we have likewise international and federated unions numbering more than three times that number of adherents.

But vast as are these changes in the condition of the working class since 1848, they sink into insignificance beside another great change which has occurred concurrently with them—**the change in the financial power of the working class.**

It is impossible to speak of the financial power of the working class in 1848. There was no such power. **Today the financial power of the working class is a world power, soon to become the dominant world power.**

For the wretched starvation wages doled out to the unorganized and defenseless workers, both skilled and unskilled, in 1848, and the consequent entire lack of anything which could be correctly described as "working-class funds," we have today in the United States, for example, a scale of wages for skilled labor which, in many instances, exceeds the income received by prosperous professional men and middle-class merchants in the days of Marx; while even unskilled labor today receives a wage sufficiently large to permit of small savings. Marx prophesied the increasing impoverishment of the working class, and from the data at his disposal at that time, he could not possibly deduce any other conclusion. He could not possibly foresee the magical productivity of modern machinery and the equally magical efficiency of modern business organization which, in conjunction with the vast growth of labor organizations, is responsible for the comparatively high modern wage. In a certain sense, however, the position of Marx still holds true, for the worker today receives a **relatively** smaller share of the wealth he produces than he did in 1848, but the amount he produces is so vastly greater than the amount he then produced, that this **relatively** smaller share he receives today is yet larger, considerably larger, in actual amount and purchasing power, in spite of the increased cost of living, than the actual amount of the relatively larger share he received in 1848. And herein lies the only possible answer to the much-vexed question of the increasing impoverishment of the workers, which,

Edgcumb Pinchon

under the name of the "revisionist controversy," has raged so foolishly in the Socialist ranks of late.

The proof of the correctness of the position here taken is to be found in the savings banks statistics of the last half century. In 1848, in England, there were no savings banks. There was no possible function for them to fulfill; the working class had not sufficient surplus to make its conservation and use by the capitalists, through the medium of the savings bank, a warrantable undertaking.

Today, in Germany, the deposits of the working class, considered alone, total, according to the official figures, no less than $225,000,000. If the figures for the United States were available, it is safe to assert that, in view of the higher wage scale of this country, the figure representing the total amount of working class deposits in the savings banks would be even more impressive. In addition to these enormous deposit funds of the workers in general, there are, according to Carl Legien, of the International Secretariat of Berlin, over $60,000,000 representing union funds on deposit in the capitalist banks of the world.

Again, in Germany alone, the working class holds an interest of $550,000,000 in the government insurance reserve, and an additional $4,500,000,000 in private insurance companies. And since the prosperity of the

working class in Germany is no greater than the prosperity of the working class in England, France, Scandinavia and Italy, and is less than the prosperity of the working class in the United States, it is safe to assert that the working class of the world, in deposits, in union funds and in insurance, owns literally hundreds of billions of dollars of **operating capital.** And, even if we consider the organized revolutionary working class of the world apart from the working class as a whole, it is self-evident that its **financial power** is a tremendous reality.

This completes the comparison between the condition of the working class in 1848 and its condition in 1914. Between the two conditions—how vast the gulf! As Socialists and students of history, we know that every change and development in the mode of production produces corresponding changes in the social, intellectual and ethical life of society, **and corresponding changes on the field of the class struggle.** Competitive Capitalism gave rise to political democracy and the political action of the working class; Associated, or as it might be termed, Semi-Competitive Capitalism, gave rise to Industrial Unionism. And shall not a new development arise on the field of the class struggle corresponding to modern Centralized and Monopolistic Capitalism? Shall not this great new power of the working-class—its organized financial power—become an ever-expanding factor in the revolutionary process?

Proof that such a supposition is not merely warrantable **in theory,** but amply corroborated by fact, is to be found on every side.*

In September, 1912, the representatives of the British Trade Unions, the British Labor Party and the United Board of the British Co-operative Societies met in joint session to discuss the possibilities of concerted action in diverting Labor's funds to Labor's use.

Immediately following this conference the General Confederation of France appointed a committee to examine and report upon the same proposition.

In June, 1913, in Evansville, Indiana, was founded an organization of Socialists and Union men dedicated to the proposition that Labor should conserve its funds to its own use.

In December, 1914, the officers of the International Unions with headquarters at Indianapolis, decided to withdraw their funds to the amount of $5,000,000 from the local banks as a protest against the brutal tactics used against Organized Labor by the capitalists of that city.

(*As a result of the writer's articles upon this question during the last eighteen months, letters have reached him from all parts of the United States, disclosing a widespread and intense interest in this question, particularly among the better-informed Socialists and the more-aggressive Union men. And the Unions of Los Angeles have already committed themselves to a policy of conserving their funds, which includes the founding of a bank and the establishing therewith of co-operative industries.)

In February, 1914, Carl Legien, of the International Secretariat at Berlin, in commenting upon this incident, said, "This should provide new propaganda material for the establishment of their own **bank** on the part of the trades unions .

In England, as these words go to press, is being carried on a vigorous discussion and investigation of this question of the use of the working class **financial power.**

It would be easy to continue this recital to the point of weariness. Enough has been said to prove that theory and fact are at one in this matter. Today comes the new world-wide awakening and a new Manifesto —the Organic Co-operative Manifesto. Labor, slowly, but with ever-increasing speed, is sensing the fact that a great new weapon for its emancipation lies latent in its hands.

There is no conceivable doubt but that within the next few years the organized working class of the world will have awakened to its new power, will have clearly visioned the pitiful folly of yielding up to its exploiters the use of its hundreds of billions of cash capital, and will have evolved a scientific use of that cash capital for its own relatively immediate emancipation.

The next article of this series will endeavor to show that there is but one possible system by which the organized workers can make scientific use of their organized funds—a system already perfected to the hand of Labor by Centralized Capital itself.

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Meunier, the Sculptor of the Revolution

By C. M. W.

REVOLUTIONISTS find many vehicles with which to bring to the world their message. They speak in many tongues. And perhaps that is why some revolutionists do not always recognize other revolutionists.

Wagner thunders his message to the world in music. Millet put his message on deathless canvases. Hugo, Zola, Whitman, Carlyle, Debs and a host of others have put theirs on the printed page, some in verse and some in prose, but all in eternal fire.

Constantin Meunier has given his message to the world in enduring bronze. As Ruskin said in words, "All social evils and religious errors arise out of the pillage of the laborers by the idlers," so Meunier has said in bronze, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

Meunier is of more than usual interest to the working class of America at this time by reason of the fact that his work now is being exhibited in America.

The significant thing about this great Belgian is the fact that he was a product of Labor and in his work an interpreter of Labor. Meunier is just a hint of what Labor yearns for and of what it will produce when the chains are finally cast off and the tired feet set free to tread the paths for which they are destined. He is just a first glimpse into the inner soul of the proletariat—a promise in the first budding of its fulfillment.

Maeterlinck, that other great Belgian, has said of Rodin and Meunier that they are "in our day the sole sculptors who have succeeded in seizing a few of the significant moments, the sublime movements."

And no one can gaze on Meunier's magnificent "Dock hand" without realizing that here, truly enough, the sculptor has caught and held for all of us to see, one of those significant moments. His "Industry" is at once a glorification and a perpetuation of those sublime movements of which the artist is the interpreter, though Labor may in truth be the unconscious creator.

Meunier gives to Labor a subtle atmosphere of enduring might, he lends to the work-shop movements of the worker something of basic importance. He tears away the pretenses of the enemies of Labor and makes the toiler stand forth as he truly is, the sturdy and everlasting foundation of society. You seem to feel as you never felt before that here, in the tense muscles and the straining sinews are the base throbs of the universe; that if these men stop nothing will move.

But greater, historically, than the work of Meunier is the manner of its doing. Here was not a man standing upon a hill to look down upon the scene he wished to portray. That was not his way. Says Christian Brinton, in The International Studio, "It was in factory and forge, in plate mill and before blast furnace, in coal pit and quarry, that Meunier found his types and courageously cast them into the mold of enduring plastic strength and symmetry." Day after day he crouched in the mines that he might portray the miners and their underground toil.

And it is the same writer who brings out so well the particular thing that gives to Meunier's work its social value, that reveals the artist's true appreciation of the Men of Toil in the terrible struggle of today. Of this phase Brinton says, "The apostle of work in its every form and phase, he preferred man when he appeared as an integral part of that vast fabric of effort, mortal and mechanical, which enmeshes so much of his time and energy. He conceived his laborer and artisan as component elements of organized endeavor."

Of Meunier Robert Hunter, in "Socialists at Work," says: "In the black country he would lose himself in a mass of miners rushing home from their work or watch at night superb figures before the flaring furnaces. . . . I know of nothing in sculpture that seems to me more god-like than the head which he calls 'Antwerp,' symbolizing Labor; for that is what Antwerp meant to him. It is quiet, yet it breathes of action. . . . It is the face of a conqueror obeying a cosmic instinct; the symbol of the indomitable spirit of Labor which creates from the raw materials of hill and valley the necessary products of civilized life."

The love of the Belgian workers for Meunier is a part of Belgian Labor history. They did much to help him over the trying earlier years of his life, they took him unto their inmost places as one with them—as he was. But however intimate may have been the bond between Belgian sculptor and Belgian Laborer, the workers of his native land were not alone in their appreciation. It is not so long now since the workers of Genoa, voting their Union funds for the purpose, purchased his "Le Debardeur" in tribute of his memory.

Just now Meunier's work is being exhibited in Avery gallery, Columbia University, but we are told that it is not to remain there, for that would be a sad loss, indeed, to the rest of the nation. The more a nation can pour into its soul the inspiration that flows in its own mystic way from works such as these, the nearer it is brought to that time when the world shall be a picture and every stroke of work an added high light on the Great Canvas.

Looting the Nation's Copper Chest

By LUCIEN SAINT

THE copper lands on which the Michigan copper barons have established a brutal industrial feudalism do not belong to the Michigan copper barons, but to the people of the United States. This is the single most important piece of evidence laid before the House committee in its investigation of the Michigan copper strike. If Attorney General McReynolds has an atom of consistency in him he will institute a suit for the recovery of those lands on the sound legal grounds that the Michigan copper barons have no legal title thereto.

So not only have the Calumet and Hecla interests been robbing the workingmen of the "unpaid wages" which are their due, but they have been robbing the people of the United States of the rich natural resources, the conservation and exploitation of which by the Government would have meant not only fewer Boston millionaires, but also less misery and fewer murders done in the name of law and order.

The statement that there exists no legal title to more than 68,000 acres of good copper lands is being verified by the executive council of the American Federation of Labor, by the House committee and by certain well-meaning but powerless officials of the Government itself. The records are all available; they are the records and documents of a former Congressional committee and the report of William A. J. Sparks, one time Commissioner of the General Land Office, as well as former Secretary of the Interior, Lucien Q. C. Lamar. The whole story is told in these two quotations:

First, from page 35 of Sparks' annual report for 1886:

"Lands which had been designated by the United States as 'mineral' prior to March 3, 1865, were excluded from the grant of lands made by the Act of Congress of that date for the Portage Lake and Lake Superior Ship Canal. Notwithstanding this express exception in the granting act, upward of 68,000 acres which had been designated by the United States as mineral before March 3, 1865, including some of the most valuable lands in the copper range of the upper peninsula of Michigan, were certified and approved by this department for the benefit of the Ship Canal Company. Suit was recommended by this office June 9, 1886, to recover said mineral lands to the United States."

Second, from a letter written in the same year by Secretary Lamar to the Chairman of the Public Lands Committee of the Senate:

"I concur with the views expressed by the Commissioner and the conclusion arrived at by him relative to the institution of suits."

Of course, however, the suits were not started, and of course Commissioner Sparks was fired from the Government service.

Today the Government is suing the Southern Pacific Railway Company for the recovery of a billion dollars worth of oil lands in Southern California on precisely the same grounds as those which Sparks presented. If the Government wanted to, it could tomorrow sue the Calumet and Hecla people for the recovery of the lands they have been exploiting, and it could recover them, run the mines as Government property, and thus end one of the fattest grafts which exist in the nation.

The Government will act if it hears from the people on this. Write to your Congressman, ask him to sit up and take notice of what is going on, and see the wheels go round. If your Republican-Democratic-Bull Moose Congressman won't do it (and he probably won't), elect a Socialist next time.

These and Those

By EDGCUMB PINCHON

Joyous girls, lightsome girls, reveling in merry joyance in the surf!
Plunging—diving—laughing—splashing—your lithe limbs gleaming pink and warm!
Sun-plash'd, wave-splash'd, laced with sea-weed, decked in purling foam!
And then anon—with sparkling eyes and lilting feet racing with the sea-gulls in a sunny frolic on the beach!

Joyless girls, sunless girls, wrestling in weary labor at the loom!
Trembling—drooping—speechless—speeding—your frail limbs bloodless, gray and cold!
Gloom-plash'd, tear-splash'd, laced with iron, decked in clinking chains!
And then anon—with listless eyes and faltering feet stumbling down dark alleys to a charnel basement in a slum!

What the Other Half Writes

QUITE AN IDEA

THE editor of Life is not as brilliant as the editors of The Rip-saw, of The Menace, or of The Melting Pot, but, nevertheless, he hits upon a good idea from time to time, which enables me to pardon him for his peculiar views on women, vivisection and Jews.

The editor informs us that the Foreign Missions Conference has given out figures which show that the United States gives more money to foreign missions in the aggregate than any other country.

Anxious to make a very conservative estimate, the editor then places five millions in this country below the poverty line. "Why not inaugurate a movement to export them into heathen lands?" he rises to require (which is the funny way Hashimura Togo talks).

Quite an idea, Mr. Editor. You hit me in the right place when you bump forth the opinion that they (the five millions) could be "helped by our foreign missionary societies without encroaching upon their principle—namely, that charity begins on the other side of the world." This idea should be copyrighted before Mr. Bryan sees (and steals) it. Mr. Bryan would most likely make this great principle an issue in the next presidential campaign. And it ought to be accepted enthusiastically by the American temperament, which seems anxious, invariably, to cross the street by way of China.—E. J.

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RARE SYMPATHY

THE Outlook (N. Y). states some facts that are compelling and draws a conclusion that is too sweet for words. The average term of service of the 125,000 telephone girls in the United States is only three years, says The Outlook. Then follows:

"The average number of calls they must respond to is 140 per hour; and each call is accompanied by four flashes of light. The continual flashing frequently results in eye-strain, and this in headache, dullness, and exhaustion."

The Outlook does not recommend, like Socialists, that the telephone girls should work fewer hours, thus conserving their lives. It does not stand for higher wages so that they will be able to purchase better food, wear better clothes and live in decent homes. Nothing of the sort. "Considerate telephone users will bear these facts in mind and speak gently to the operators when things go wrong," is The Outlook's conclusion. Really, such radicalism is amazing. Such revolutionary doctrine will lead to the destruction of our institutions and the demoralization of our social order.—E. J.

♣ ♣ ♣

EDISON, FOLDING BEDS AND UNIONISM

WHILE it is manifestly absurd for a person to go to an optician to have a horse shod, or to visit an astronomer for an authoritative opinion on the tariff, still our American editors do that very thing when they desire to get "copy" on things doing. For instance, take Thomas A. Edison's interview in The Independent, wherein the wizard is given the task of answering a number of questions on many subjects. Because Mr. Edison is able to discuss technical problems, it does not follow that he can be very convincing on social problems; and yet, Mr. Edison talks about unionism with a confidence that leads one to conclude he must be talking about some sort of carburetor. The editors will not hesitate to take a man well posted on the science of flying and have him answer questions on Christian Science. Listen to Mr. Edison:

"The inventor tries to meet the demand of a crazy civilization. Folding beds are primarily due to the operation of the trade union trust, who have raised wages by force, work one-third less time and do about one-third of the work they honestly should do, and then go on a strike one-fifth of the time. This raises the cost of houses; more people have to be crowded therein to make it pay; and thus arises the demand for folding beds."

Mr. Edison should know better than to make such absurd statements. He should remember that folding beds are out of date, having been supplanted by disappearing beds. However, he is not being accused of insincerity; just plain foolishness.—E. J.

♣ ♣ ♣

A PROFOUND REFLECTION

A BRILLIANT, sparkling editorial writer objects to the coal porters of London, who struck while "it" (meaning the weather) was cold. To be courteous and obliging, coal porters should go on strike in the summer months, when they will "inconvenience" no one. Coal porters who strike in the winter time show lack of culture and refinement. Ice wagon drivers should strike in January; snow shovelers should take their strike votes in May or June. It should be added, of course, that sailors should never think of unionism until the oceans dry up.—E. J.

THE ACTION THAT WINS

By ELSA UNTERMAN

IN "The Call of the Carpenter" Bouck White extols the remarkable balance between intellect and emotion in the person of the Nazarene, attributing to that balance his phenomenal success in appealing to the working people of his time. Possessing a master mind, he possessed also a master soul, which, through its wide sympathies and passionate desire for liberty, drove the mind to action.

This splendid balance, so rarely achieved, between the emotional and intelectual natures, as exemplified in Jesus of Nazareth, is the thing needed to create a mass movement that will not only be powerful, but productive of a better society as well. Sociology teaches us that the emotions are the motive power behind mass movements, and that the intelect is the directive agent. As Lester Ward says, "Intellect is not an impelling but a directing force. Feeling alone can drive on the social train, whether for weal or woe."

In the past, feeling drove on the social train far more for woe than for weal, because it was not united with intellect. The intelect of all former mass movements, religious and political, was centered in the persons of a few leaders, priests, soldiers, or adventurers, who played upon the emotions of their followers, generally to their own advantage, at the expense of progress. Practically all religious wars, while doling out death and endless suffering to the masses, imensely enriched the rulers. The thousands aroused to heights of fury against the Mohammedans and persuaded to join the Crusades by Peter the Hermit gained nothing by their religious zeal, except the knowledge that they piled up wealth in the coffers of their lords. The mass of the people, by the fire of their passion, won the French Revolution for the bourgeoisie, but not for themselves. The workers won the Revolution of 1776 for the American middle class, only to have the burden of exploitation strapped the tighter to their backs.

The control which religion has exerted over the masses, simply because it controlled their emotions, is a matter of common knowledge. Religion has been a dynamo which caused countless wars, hideous bloodshed, the reorganization of empires, the erection of temples, but added nothing to the material or intellectual welfare of the world. The stupendous power of the emotional energy concentrated in religion is the world's greatest marvel; its wrong expenditure the world's greatest tragedy.

Had each of the followers of Jesus possessed, as did he, an equal share of social passion and intellectual insight, the Christian movement could not have been changed by a mere political trick from its proletarian nature to a religious tool of the Roman Empire. Had the mass of the people possessed, in addition to the propelling power of their emotions, the discerning power of intellect, there could have been no Inquisition, putting countless thousands to death, seizing their property at the same moment that it piously declared it killed them only for religious reasons; there could have been no ruthless destruction of the Albigenses; no massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day; no Thirty Years' War, all enormously enriching the Church or the rulers while desolating the hopes of the people.

On the other hand, had Plato and Aristotle been endowed with emotional power as great as their intellectual power, they could never have been satisfied with a society upheld by slavery. Were the intellectuals, the scientists of today, moved as deeply by human sympathy as by the desire to accumulate, co-ordinate and classify facts, they would make a valiant effort to create a society in which the knowledge they have accumulated would get to the people, when it would be of benefit to the world, instead of lying unused, as it does now.

The proletarian movement of today must heed what is written in blood on the path of history. It must avoid both the intellectual and the emotional extreme. The impetus which it needs to carry it forward, it cannot hope to get from intellect alone, because a mere intellectual concept is impotent to arouse action. To awaken the fervor necessary to the success of a mass movement, it must be bulwarked by a strong emotion. Neither can the proletarian movement hope to be carried to success by merely prodding the feelings of the masses, for without the guiding light of reason, the feelings are just as prone to lead to a deeper abyss as to lead out of the present one.

An ocean liner, plowing toward its goal on a dark night, relies equally on the engines propelling it through the waters and on the beacon light illumining its way.

The proletariat, to reach the goal toward which it is striving, needs its emotions as a driving power, and its intellect as a guiding light. If undue stress is laid on the one or the other, it is doomed to failure.

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BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

THE 1914 REVOLUTIONARY ALMANAC

There has come to my desk a strange book of iconoclasms which is called "The Revolutionary Almanac," edited by Hippolyte Havel, and sold at 50 cents by The Rabelais Press, 27-29 Bowery, New York. It contains many interesting drawings in the style of the extremely modern school by artists of compelling talent, poems by good, bad and indifferent poets, and articles by men and women who can write, who can think, even though they do not always convince.

Here are some of the writers who have "pieces" in this "Book for Rebels in Social Life, Art, Science and Literature," to quote the advertisement writer:

Lafcadio Hearn, Mark Twain, Benjamin De Casseres, Maxim Gorky, Victor Hugo, James Huneker, Maurice Maeterlinck, George Gissing, Walt Whitman, Margaret H. Sanger, Frederich Nietzsche, Ricardo Flores Magon, William C. Owen, Theodore Roosevelt, Henry George, Richard Wagner, Gustave Herve, Peter Kropotkin, Emma Goldman, Elisee Reclus, Alexander Berkman and Remy de Gourmont.

Probably the almanac's most delicious bit of satire is "The Guardian of Morals," depicting beloved Anthony Comstock in a most ludicrous light. The artist dresses the pestiferous Saint Anthony in an amusing costume with a fig leaf at the place Anthony appears determined to keep it. The picture is a joy. If I ever meet the artist I shall buy him a chocolate ice cream soda.

The worst thing in the almanac is an abortion under the caption of "Election." It is crude, silly and offensive. The artist who conceived it was unwell, and the editor who passed it was asleep on the job.

Of course, rebellious individualism runs riot in this almanac. Lots of the stuff in this book is the usual matter that comes from Anarchists—stuff that leads nowhere. This book, if it does anything, helps prove that Anarchists are Intellectual Pollywobbles. But, in spite of its crude anarchism, its poor press work, its stupid proof-reading and its contempt for the union label, the almanac is a very fine piece of work.

* * *

THE NICE STUFF—

The only real, worthwhile appreciators of art come from the working class. The dilletante, the capitalistic seekers of superficial pleasure, middle class amateur philosophers and fashionable female parasites may always be seen at symphony concerts, exhibitions, lectures on ponderous abstractions and stage productions of Ibsen and Shaw, but these persons do not count. I repeat, the only real lovers of music and literature are those who come from the producing class. Workingmen create the music—usually they are members of labor unions, and they are so conscious of their position that they are not averse to becoming affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. George Brandes, in his thought-provoking essay, "On Reading," justly says that "outside the ranks of scholars, a strong and passionate love for reading is felt, in the main, only by those who have neither the time nor the means for it—the lower middle class artisans and workmen. Among the latter there is still to be found that thirst for education which distinguished the wealthy bourgeois classes a hundred years ago, though it was so quickly slaked. The same might be said of the workmen's passion for music. The non-producers are great book and art collectors (because they have the means) but they are poor book and art creators. They leave that little task for the producing class.

Superficial thinkers are inclined to the opinion that the arts are products of the so-called cultured classes; the view is erroneous. The cultured classes—so-called—obtain their culture by dabbling in the creations of the poets, composers, musicians and artists of the working class. So far, art, while produced by the workers, has been the pleasure and pastime of the rich. Painters have conceived soul-inspirinig pictures, but they have been taken from them and placed in the palaces of the rich. In other words, the joys of a class have been taken to make easier the lives of the rich. Art has been stolen from the workers. But all this is changing, and where art has been aristocratic, it is now being democratized. Musicians do not care to create beauties for anyone but the people; artists would rather see their paintings hang on the walls of public galleries than in the homes of the rich; sculptors would rather see their statues adorn the highways and avenues of cities than have them used to merely beautify the lives and homes of capitalists and aristocrats. The rich book collectors have given way to the public libraries. Poets would rather have their books circulate among the people than have them merely decorate the shelves of the dilletante. In all ways, art is being democratized.

Five Hundred Libraries Our Goal

THE WESTERN COMRADE is engaged in a task that should bring to it the support of every thinking Socialist in the West. These two facts are with us constantly: The printed word is of service only when it is read; to get it read it must be put where there are people to read it.

Nowhere else do reading people congregate in such numbers as in the public libraries. The first flash of this thought came when a comrade sent a dollar all the way from Salt Lake City, asking that The Western Comrade be sent to the public library in that city for a year. That comrade **knew how to fight.** And the lesson has not been lost on us.

For now we want The Western Comrade placed in 500 libraries in the West—and yes, in the East, too, for that matter. But especially do we want to have the magazine placed in 500 Western libraries. Especially is it our appointed task to help in the winning of the West.

The public libraries offer a great opportunity. Thousands and thousands of non-Socialists visit public libraries every day in every city. They go there to read books **and magazines.** We want The Western Comrade there when they go there. Nor are we alone in that wish. A comrade who wished especially to express his appreciation of the magazine, after reading the last number, ordered the magazine sent to twenty-five libraries, and he paid the bill. Twenty-five libraries for a year! Splendid! But there are libraries all over the West to be reached, and twenty-five is but a starter, though a fine one. Later on we shall publish the names of all libraries to which magazines are sent by earnest Socialists, and we shall publish the names of those who do this great work. Meanwhile, the essential thing is that the work be done. This month we should add an even hundred libraries to the list. Will **you** subscribe for **one** library? Will **you** put **one** missionary in the field? Let us hear from you **at once,** so that we may begin the subscriptions to these libraries **now** with **this number.** The sooner we educate people to Socialism the sooner we can throw the capitalist off our backs. Will **you** send a missionary? It's only a dollar per missionary, and the missionary will stay on the job for a whole year. Will **you** start **your** missionary off for the field of action **today?**

Feminism and the Trend Towards Democracy

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

III. The Peacemaker

"It is opposition that brings things together. The hidden harmony is better than the open."—Heraclitus.

THE general conception of Feminism is that it is a philosophy, a movement bent on creating disharmony between men and women; the Feminist is thought of as a woman striding mightily across the earth, hatchet in hand, a scowl on her countenance, scanning the horizon for a glimpse of that baneful miscreant—man. Even persons who are best informed on other subjects think that this modern woman's movement is based primarily on hatred; that its chief purpose is to awaken sex antagonism. Far, indeed, are they from discerning the real spirit behind it. Their eyes are still so dazzled by the new light that they do not see that this woman, the Feminist, carries not a hatchet but an olive branch.

Since the earliest beginnings of recorded history, there has been no real harmony between men and women. Bitter antagonism does not need to be awakened. It already permeates the relation of the sexes. The supremacy which men enjoy in human affairs they achieved by antagonizing the interests of women. Man-made ethics denied to women equal freedom of action and equal opportunity for development and expression; man-made laws declared that the persons of women and the persons of their children belonged to men; man-controlled industries were surrounded by barriers which excluded women from every kind of labor except low-grade labor. The ages of man's domination have been ages of separation and misunderstanding for men and women. The thought world and work-a-day world in which men lived was unknown to women. The narrow physical world in which women lived perforce was despised by men. Each sex was ignorant of and unsympathetic with the life of the other, except as they were brought together by a physical emotion.

The greater the subjection of women, the less the sexes have in common. During the latter days of the glory of Athens, when the lives of its women were most hedged in, the sexes had so little in common that even the primal emotions scarcely bridged the chasm between the intellectual men of the time and the average

women. Between the men and women of the Orient there is no bond except the harem; of common striving, common hoping, common working they know nothing.

Only historians of more than average ability and unusual tenderness of conscience give us any hint of the tensity in the relation between men and women. It took a John Stuart Mill to frankly reveal the network of laws required to chain down the antagonism caused by crude injustices. It took a Mary Wollstonecraft to tell the world that the boasted "harmony" between men and women was of the sort that exists between a hold-up man and his victim while the former has his revolver firmly pressed against the ribs of the latter; was of the sort that existed between the Romans and the Jews of Palestine while the Roman soldiers had their weapons drawn; was of the sort that existed between the negro slave and his master while the rawhide hung in the air.

The Feminist says with Heraclitus that the hidden harmony is better than the open. She cares not a fig for the harmony that to become apparent must be announced with the flare of brass and cymbal. Rather does she hope for a harmony in life like the harmony of a summer's night when a myriad creatures declare with the quivering voice of silence that there is peace.

The lives of the men and women whom we see about us daily, amply demonstrate the presence of very marked antagonisms. Our modern drama and fiction, as though to atone for the long silence concerning the true state of affairs, devote three-fourths of their time to picturing the intense suffering caused by lack of common ground upon which men and women may meet in their married life and also to the friction caused by the submersion of the woman's life in the man's. In the field of the drama we have Ibsen, Strindberg, Shaw, Brieux, Masefield, Suderman and countless others depicting various phases of the difficulty. Fiction writers dealing with the subject are innumerable. In passing it is only possible to mention a few of them: David Graham Phillips, Booth Tarkington, Elizabeth Robins, Cicely Hamilton, Charlotte Perkins Gilman are among the best known. Among the poets Max Eastman and Max Ehrmann are not to be overlooked.

Since disharmony already exists between men and women, it cannot be said of the Feminist Movement that it comes to create disharmony. On the contrary, it comes to bring peace. That it intensifies the situation for the moment, none can deny. But it does so in the same way that Androcles for the moment intensified the pain of the lion as he drew the thorn out of his foot; in the same way that a doctor for the moment intensifies the pain of a broken arm by setting it. It comes to set aright the disjointed relation of the sexes. It comes to bring democracy into that relation as other movements have done to bring democracy into our political and industrial relationships.

Where the man and woman have been separated by different labors, he leading the world with his achievements, while she of necessity hobbled slowly behind, performing dull tasks with duller tools, the Feminist Movement comes to create a splendid solidarity—men and women working side by side for common aims, inspiring each other. Where they were separated by different ideals, he pursuing the elusive phantom of personal glory, she measuring the world by the narrow boundaries of her house, it comes to awaken a common ideal—a joyous humanity.

The Feminist hopes for the time when human beings need not look to the love life of the hummingbird and the oriole for sweet comradeship. She anticipates the day when men and women will say to each other with glorious confidence, as Pandora said to Prometheus,

"Whither thou goest; there even now I stand, and cry thee to me."

A WORD ABOUT MUSICIANS

Beethoven—greatest of all music-philosophers—came from the German peasantry. It was Beethoven who refused to uncover in the presence of royalty, though his companion, Goethe, doffed his hat, we are told by James Huneker. Bach earned a meager living as organist in a humble church. Richard Wagner participated in the German workmen's revolt at Dresden. Luckily, he escaped, while his companions, Roeckel and Mikail Bakunin, were imprisoned. Wagner's operas express the aspiration of labor; they sing the philosophy of revolution.

A COMMENDABLE MOVE

THE Central Labor Council of Los Angeles has, by unanimous vote, given its endorsement to the savings plans of the California Savings Bank, and recommends that members of Organized Labor should not hesitate over taking advantage of the splendid proposition offered by this popular bank. The California Savings Bank has always been friendly to the labor movement, never missing a chance to lend all possible aid to its many ventures.

It is not often that a bank is endorsed by a labor body, but this action is not surprising, considering the many favors the California Savings Bank has done for projects furthered by the labor unionists of Los Angeles. As Mr. L. W. Butler puts it, it would be sheer ingratitude for the body to withhold its endorsement of the plan.

The Secret

By Emanuel Julius

IT WAS embarrassing for Albert Rastall to face Herbert Kindle, the husband of the woman he loved. But, what could he do? He would simply have to face the music.

"What is it you came to see me about?" Albert asked, quickly.

"About my wife."

Albert's face flushed, but in a moment he regained his composure.

"Your wife?" he repeated.

"Yes," slowly, "she's dying."

Albert started violently.

"Dying!——"

"Yes; and she begged me to bring you. She says she must see you before it is all over. I—I—h-hope you'll come with me——"

Soon, they were on their way to the station.

* * *

When the two men arrived at the room, Mr. Kindle was forced to face a scene the like of which he had never known.

His wife's face brightened when she saw Albert.

Mrs. Kindle slowly raised herself until she was seated upright.

"I—I'm so glad you are here, Albert," she gasped; "I'm going to die——"

"Oh, no, my dear, don't think of it—you'll live," came from Albert Rastall. Seating himself beside the bed, he took her limp hand and kissed it again and again, adding:

"You'll pull through."

"No, no; it's impossible," painfully, "it will soon be over, and I'm ready. You've made me happy; the happiest woman in the world."

She turned to her husband, saying:

"Good-bye, Herbert, good-bye——"

She fell back into bed.

* * *

Herbert's brain was in a whirl of doubts and suspicions. He could hardly believe his own senses. His wife had loved this man! His wife! She had admitted it! And in his presence, too! What could it mean? Wasn't it all clear?

"Mr. Rastall," Herbert announced, emphatically, "I expect you to do some explaining."

"There can be no explanation," Albert ventured.

"I demand——"

"You demand?"

"Yes."

"And if I ignore your demands——"

"You'll suffer the consequences!"

"Suffer ——"

"Yes, suffer; I am desperate, Mr. Rastall; Beatrice was my wife for ten years—we've been happy—at least, so I thought—fool that I was. And now, when she dies, comes this——"

Herbert hesitated.

"Come, finish; I am listening, Mr. Kindle."

"——this shame."

Albert Rastall laughed. It was a soft, sad laugh.

"You are laughing at me!" shouted Herbert, growing furious.

"Pardon me; this has become really complicated and somewhat serious—I must set your mind at rest——"

"Then, you'll explain?" Herbert inquired, quickly.

* * *

Albert seated himself in one of Herbert's library chairs.

"Your wife was a widow when you married her, wasn't she?" Albert asked.

Herbert nodded, adding:

"That has nothing to do with this affair——"

"It has, Mr. Kindle; I assure you—that plays an important role in this little tragic-comedy——"

"Comedy!" Herbert cried, growing angry again.

"Calm yourself, Mr. Kindle," suavely, "let me tell my story."

Herbert swallowed hard two or three times, but remained silent.

"When you have listened to me for a minute you'll be satisfied that I have done you no wrong."

Albert hesitated before he added:

"I said you married a widow. You agree to that? Yes? Well, I want you to know that right there is where you are misinformed——"

"What do you mean?" Herbert questioned, unable to restrain himself.

"I mean that you married my wife!"

"What!"

"You married my wife, Mr. Kindle, remember that——"

"Are you out of your senses, man?——"

"No; I say you married my wife. Listen to me——"

"I—I'm listening——"

"Twelve years ago I went to Africa. I was lost to the world for two years. When I returned I found that my wife had just married you. I thought she would die of fright when she first saw me. She explained that I had been reported dead—she even produced newspaper clippings to that effect. And so, Mr. Kindle, you were living as the husband of my wife!"

Herbert was dumbfounded.

Sure of no interruptions, Albert continued:

"At first, I determined to assert my right—I swore I would arrest her for bigamy. But, she literally threw herself at my feet, begging——"

Albert stopped talking. He looked at Herbert for a full half minute.

"I can see by the expression on your face that you have a question to ask. You want to know why I didn't regain my wife. Isn't that so?" Herbert nodded. "Yes, I thought so. Well, I'll also explain that. You see, Mr. Kindle, I learned from my wife that she loved you more than she loved me."

Herbert's face brightened. The truth was beginning to dawn upon him.

"She even went so far as to say that if I announced the truth she would kill herself—so much did she love you, Mr. Kindle. And so, I stepped aside, for I saw that it was all for her happiness——"

"But——"

"But what?"

"Her first husband's name was Richardson, your's is Rastall——"

"Ah, that, too, needs a word, Mr. Kindle. I obliterated myself entirely for the sake of my wife's happiness. I changed my name and the sphere of my life completely. Every fact—everything connected with my past was killed. I was reborn—a new man—all for my wife's happiness—and now, Mr. Kindle, you are the only living person who knows me to be the late Mr. Richardson. It has been my secret all these years, and I would have kept it unrevealed had you not demanded it. That was my sacrifice. Not for you, Mr. Kindle, for I hated you. It was for my wife. Are you satisfied, Mr. Kindle?"

"I am, Mr. Rastall; I want to shake your hand."

They clasped.

"And now, Mr. Kindle, I must bid you good night."

* * *

When Albert Rastall reached the sidewalk he laughingly muttered:

"Poor fool! He believed all of my lies!"

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WHO IS CONCERNED WITH ETHICS?

IN A RECENT issue of **Everyman** there appeared an imaginary interview with Tom Mann, which began as follows:

"Now as to your ethics—" I began.

"Search me"—he (Tom Mann) laughed. "I've been so busy getting food and such. It's not ethics that we're after, but higher wages, shorter hours, and better conditions for working people."

As this is only an imaginary interview, it is impossible to say whether Tom Mann would have expressed himself in these words. This fact remains, however: many persons hold the opinion that the workers are not concerned with ethics, thereby betraying an erroneous conception of the matter. The science of ethics is not an evil weapon in the possession of the ruling class, to be used only for purposes of exploitation. It is the science of right conduct of man to his fellow men—one of the sciences most essential to human well being—and can be developed rightly and sincerely only by those who have this well being at heart.

The ruling class, busy devising means by which it may remain the ruling class—is it concerned with human well being?—with ethics? Certainly not. It is no more concerned with true ethics than with true political economy.

But the workers fighting against the encroachments, the wrong conduct of the ruling class; fighting against poverty, against profit, against the poison of overwork—the ever-moving masses of creators, striving to end our anti-social system, undismayed by obstructions or defeats, trudging tirelessly toward the light they see, day-dreaming always of a happier time—they are vitally concerned with ethics, with human wellbeing, which depends upon the right conduct of man to his fellow men.

Most emphatically do I say it: Only those who are concerned with revolutionizing society are concerned with ethics.—E. W.

THE MERRY GO 'ROUND

THE BIG SLAUGHTER

SOME time in the very near future there ought to be a big slaughter. Really, we should have a national holiday to witness the event. Nobody has described with keener sarcasm just what this killing will be like than Senator LaFollette, who says in his weekly:

"There was just a fine assortment of well-fed, prosperous bankers commissioned by the new currency law to find and slay the Money Dragon. And they have destroyed it. That is, they will destroy it—later.

"It was a great piece of statesmanship; this idea of turning the job of destroying the monster that controls capital and enslaves credit over to the bankers. They know its habits and its haunts. Watch them crush it! . . . It will be thrilling!"

Yes, it will be "some" slaughter, doubtless.—C. M. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

GETTIN' EDDICATED

THE following advertisement appeared in a recent issue of The Harvard Crimson:

"Letters of all kinds written to order. Requests for checks you have hesitated to ask for—letters pacifying irate fathers—letters of acceptance and regret—letters of apology—bread and butter letters, etc. Any little love affair we can fix up? We succeed where the individual fails."

So goes it. Young America begins by having someone hand him a milk bottle. Later, as a reward for inborn talent, he is sent to school, where someone writes his letters for him, takes his examinations for him. Finally, the kind, aged professor is influenced, in some subtle, mysterious manner, to give the lad his diploma.

Then he goes into the world to strike out for himself. He marries a banker's daughter in order to obtain a financial basis upon which to build later successes. This enables him to shine in society, where he delivers after-dinner speeches, written by a twenty-dollar secretary—often the same youth who wrote his love letters for him. He then gives interesting interviews to the newspapers, in which he advises the working lads to save money and climb the ladder of achievement. Of course, it is needless to say these interviews were written by the same modest secretary. Often, these pillars of society write books that contain many interesting ideas; in fact, these books are so original that the pompous, dignified "author" learns many things from reading his own books, which is another compliment for the unassuming secretary. And when the famous man dies, the papers are certain to inform us that one of the "leaders of thought," one of the "beacon lights of progress," one of the "heralds of the dawn" has cashed in and gone to heaven with the rest of the angels, while the secretary, who didn't have sense enough to marry a banker's daughter, or to write love letters for himself, goes to—well, what's the use of rubbing it in?—E. J.

♣ ♣ ♣

ON THE SIDE LINES

RUNNING from Now into the Future there is one strong, deep current. That is Socialism. But paralleling it, running into it here and there, at times giving it volume, at times lending warmth and color, are lesser, but by no means unimportant streams. Of many of them most Socialists know and care little.

There is at present a world-wide social movement toward better things. While Socialism may be the center of this movement, yet it does not, in the sense in which most Socialists view Socialism, include the whole movement. Of course, to the wide-visioned the Socialist MOVEMENT does include the whole line of advance.

In the world of education giant strides are being made. As Socialists most of us are not even cognizant of the greatest departures in education. Among Socialists, with the usual exceptions, of course, there is but little real interest in the wonderful buddings that are going on in the realm of education. Yet have we not the right to consider that the work of Montessori is collateral to the Socialist movement? Have we not the right to consider that the great sweep toward right relationship between education and industry is akin to our own dreams? Rightly there is no department of life in which we are so keenly interested as the educational. What leads so quickly toward our own goal as correct education of the young and growing? Can we afford to be anything but experts regarding education? Can we afford to be ill informed? Yet we are. And education is but one of many collateral lines upon which we are not fully in touch with current progress, to say nothing of exhibiting leadership! Feminism, first brought prominently before the Socialists of the West by this magazine, is another. Still another is the drama, in a certain sense. Of similar import is much of the literature of the day, not Socialist propaganda so labeled, but Socialist information, shall we say?

For one to have the Socialist ideal in one's brain is not an excuse for one to fold that brain up and put it to sleep.—C. M. W.

The Most Conspicuous Socialist

Raging in his towering might as the center of the anti-militarist section of the French people, Jean Jaures occupies a position so conspicuous that all European eyes are watching him. Paris Temps calls him the most conspicuous Socialist now living, and probably because of the fact that Jaures holds this unique position of prominence Current Opinion is moved to publish a two-page sketch of him, including an excellent photograph.

Just now Jaures is creating a sensation by charging President Poincaire with playing into the hands of Rome. Through Humanite, which he edits, Jaures charges that, as a result of this courtship of the Vatican, appointments to positions of high command in the army go only to those men who could be relied upon in a coup de'etat.

But it is concerning the personality of Jaures that the sketch in Current Opinion is most interesting. And because this sketch comes from non-Socialist sources, yet seems to picture so vividly a man loved by his fellows and a man so powerful in the might of his own brain and personality, its interest is, if anything, enhanced:

What follows is taken from Current Opinion:

Infinite rhetoric has been expended in French dailies on descriptions of the personal appearance of Jean Jaures. His elephantine limbs, short and sturdy, his tremendous feet, the pendulous and quivering paunch, the flowing white whiskers and the florid fatness of the face, blend in one arresting, irresistible impression which no cartoonist has ever adequately conveyed. Physically, Jean Jaures is a living caricature, observes the Paris Lanterne —one that no artist can approach. No line is comical enough to register such contours, no crayon can reach the exaggeration of their reality. Everything is in motion. The eyes rove incessantly. The lips part enormously. The great brows lift and drop. Even the gigantic ear seems to act independently of the head. Every gesture is terrific in its energy. M. Jean Jaures is much addicted to embraces in the French political manner. He hurls a pair of arms around a victim and precipitates his bulk remorselessly, often shedding tears of joy the while. One never knows whether or not he affects a necktie because of the flowing whisker. The aspect of the man is one of animal health and strength. He has a stomach of iron, shoulders of granite and lungs of brass. Yet he looks his fifty-five years.

Enemies of Jean Jaures accuse him of a weakness for money. His wealth has been computed by the hostile at the equivalent of half a million dollars, made, it is hinted, by exploiting the labor of children. There was never a word of truth in such gossip, affirm the radical papers of Paris. Jean Jaures has his flat in the capital, his little bit of property in the country, a cottage by the sea and some shares in a patent right. His interest in the Socialist organ he edits so violently could not be sold for a song. He depends upon his official salary, upon a small dowry he got with his wife and upon the income from one or two lucky speculations in commerce. His shrewdness in money matters wins him sarcastic praise from the Debats, but he refrains from principle whenever invited to invest on the Bourse. He is thought to be "near," despite his easy mode of life. M. Jaures cannot contemplate with equanimity the waste of a piece of string. He tears off the unused sheets from letters and saves them religiously for memoranda. His garret is filled with odds and ends of broken plates and discarded furniture which he will not throw away. He wears a pair of trousers until they grow shiny, and it gives him pain to abandon a frayed collar. This is the famous French thrift.

No one has ever wept so copiously in public as Jean Jaures, but the wonder of it is less to the Lanterne than the fact that when he weeps all weep with him. A thousand people, at least, will weep in public every time Jean Jaures sheds tears on a platform. The consolation is that he can also set them all laughing heartily in a very few moments. It is the Jaures "touch." It embraces passion, repose, hatred, scorn—all the moods, which he imparts, we read, as if they were the measles. This must be set forth definitely unless one is to miss the secret of the rise of Jean Jaures to greatness. It means something more than incisiveness of phrase, or mere artistry in diction. The physique of this man conveys his message as much as do his words. He is no mere mob orator. Nor is he simply the artist of speech. He has a highly contagious temperament. The vast vocabulary, the nimbleness with which he seizes the right word at the right time, the resonance of the voice, would all fail without the Jaures gesture and the Jaures aspect. Despite all his gifts he spent seven years in the study of elocution before he ventured, we are told, to make a speech before an audience. He was crude, stiff, unnatural, when he entered politics. He is now his own amazing self perpetually.

With reference to the distinguishing feature of the oratory of Jean Jaures—its abundance—we read in the French dailies that he talks at his meals, talks when he is going to bed, and talks when he sleeps. His verbiage resembles Niagara. Its quantity, as the Temps admits, is no impeachment of its quality. Perhaps, this paper says, Jean Jaures,

from the standpoint of the technique of the art he has mastered so completely, is the greatest orator alive anywhere in the world. His utterance is fortified by his gesture. The expression of his ideas gains energy from his aspect while expressing them.

If eloquence be the power of moving masses of men by speech, adds our Parisian contemporary, Jean Jaures has that. His hearers are more sensitive to his appeals than his readers could be. The roaring, bellowing voice can decline into a whisper at just the right time. The strong arms never suggest a windmill. The flash of the eye authenticates a rage or reveals a mood of sarcasm. Simply as a spectacle, Jaures the orator is as well worth seeing as if he were Coquellin the elder. He studied elocution in his youth with care, nor has he forgotten a single lesson; but his art conceals itself behind the amazing power of a giant's personality.

More amazing than his oratory to the critics of Jean Jaures is his appetite. He dines jovially in public like Gambrinus or Falstaff, says our authority. He lets nothing pass him by—pates, salads, "rosbif a l'Anglaise" and slices of tomato in oil and vinegar disappear as he laughs. Poor Poincare can drop in after a great dinner only for a sip of coffee, for his digestion is not of the best. Jaures, it is said, can eat anything. His presence is betrayed by the roar of characteristic laughter or the napkin tucked about his neck in the German fashion. He can bury his nose in a beaker of sparkling Macon and raise it slowly upward to drain the last drop, smacking his lips in perfect happiness. Every now and then he spies a friend at the other end of the table, to whom he roars at once every good wish imaginable. Or he will rise unexpectedly to pound for silence with a tankard while he communicates a political idea. He is the jolly god everywhere, the eyes twinkling and the arms moving. It is his business to know everybody and to make the conversation general. When he chooses to make remarks he has but to raise his voice above its conversational tone a trifle to roar everybody down—a feat achieved with perfect good nature and in the most natural style imaginable.

Among the misfortunes of his career to Jean Jaures is the piety of his household. The eldest daughter goes to mass regularly and Madame has a portrait of her patron saint on the walls of her boudoir. Water from the River Jordan was used at the baptism of a son. M. Jaures has to relieve his feelings, says the Matin, with a portrait of Voltaire over the fireplace in his study. Those who decry his atheism ought to know about his faith in a Supreme Being. He has done much reading in philosophy since the time when, as a young lawyer, he penned his satirical farewell to God. Few French politicians have dipped more deeply into the literature of their country. He brings bits from Racine, Corneille and Moliere into his speeches naturally, inevitably, even epigrammatically. His French is deemed exceedingly choice and pure—no slang, little colloquialism. Everything is in the grand manner rhetorically. The use of a Germanism or of an Anglicanism like "bier" or "five-o'clock" causes him the keenest anguish. His pronunciation is so correct, so distinct and so deliberate that foreigners in Paris get free lessons in French by going to hear him. His ordinary conversation is compared in elegance with that of Bossuet.

By temperament Jean Jaures is a "romantic." The Figaro, to whom he is a comedian who missed his true vocation, vouches for that. The supreme Socialist of this age cannot see life in terms of a common man's experience. To him there are always conspiracies, treasons, plots. The political and financial atmosphere swarms with the population of the Jaures imagination. The plain tale of a new loan becomes in his teeming brain more elaborate than a historical romance by Dumas. The art with which Jean Jaures invests ordinary politicians with the characteristics of a Richelieu, a Mazarin or a Vidocq renders his party polemics more exciting than any serial. He is forever discovering some new "affair," perpetually seeing a Machiavelli in some matter-of-fact banker or business man. The uncharitable ascribe a genius for slander to Jaures. The truth, insists our contemporary, is that the great Socialist does not know how prosoic is this work-a-day world. He never discovered the average man. All things are romance, acting, melodrama. Life to him is a theater, behind the scenes of which he believes himself to exist. He is always "coming on," with farcical results of which he has no suspicion. People think he poses, but he is simply the unconscious comedian. A crisis like the present in the affairs of France enables Jaures to exploit his dazzling eloquence and his terrific personality in all their wonder. The land will echo with his denunciations of high finance, his declarations that France is betrayed. At the right moment will come exposures in his Humanite, discoveries that the political situation has reverted to Boulangism. The din will fill all Europe; but high above it, predicts the Debats, the world will hear the raucous and insuppressible roars of Jean Jaures.

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MORE OF TRAUBEL

By Mildred Bain

(Editor's note—Mrs. Mildred Bain is the author of the book on Horace Traubel which was reviewed in The Western Comrade last month. We are inclined to the opinion that Mrs. Bain has taken Comrade Karsner's statements too literally. We believe that while Comrade Karsner may have been a little too extreme in his views, he was, in substance, correct.)

David Fulton Karsner says in his interesting article in the March issue of The Western Comrade, that he does not place Horace Traubel on a literary pedestal to be worshipped as a technician. He places him in the human heart with Lincoln, Altgeld and Debs. And he implies, in fact states quite plainly, that I am one of those technique-worshippers, inclined to be more sympathetic to Traubel's art than to his message. In my book, which Karsner rightly regards as in the nature of an introduction, I do, it is true, deal at some length with the form of Trauble's work. My motive is to get at the principle which has made this man one of the world's greatest originals. Traubel and his written word are one and the same thing in a degree unusual in literature. This singular unity is well worth thinking about. In fact, to understand the man it is necessary to approach him through his expression of himself. And to comprehend the writer, we need the illuminating personal truths. I an interested in the way Traubel says a thing, as well as in the thing he says. But I certainly never put the letter above the spirit in Traubel. I know very well that the letter, however brilliant, would be nothing if the spirit was not everything. But the fact remains that the manner of his delivery of his message is significant, and must be considered and respected.

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says. You can't disassociate the two things. Mr. Karsner has no deeper appreciation of Traubel's significance in the labor struggle than I have. But we will find that Traubel's spiritual attitude toward the labor struggle would not be listened to probably at all. Certainly not be regarded as so virile, if it was conveyed in some weaker vehicle of expression. Mr. Karsner says: "By any other style his message would be as sweet and as reassuring." I don't agree with him. And there are many who even feel that his message would be much sweeter in some other style. They don't realize how identical and inevitable Traubel's style and message are. This is not a case of the rose by any other name. I have studied his processes from the start, and have observed how gradually but surely his literary style has developed.

He has not himself seemed to be aware of his remarkable verbal gifts. I have tried saying some of his things to people in casual and weakened language, and while they were listened to, they produced no decisive effect. I have taken the same things and given them out in his direct and vivid fashion and found them to be at once received and understood. His style therefore gives what he says its emphasis. This is not putting that style first. If there was nothing to say then I would not care how that nothing was said. If my book gives any one the impression that I value the verbal dress above the spiritual substance, then there's something the matter with the reader or with me. I have either stated myself feebly or been unsympathetically construed. I have always been conscious that Traubel's style, so called, was late in developing because he as a man has always been more interested in life than in his written interpretations of life. I have seen him under many conditions, both private and public, and have always been struck with his utter indifference to literary show. He has instead, I think, been unduly careless in that direction. He writes inspirationally. He often seems to be entirely unaware of what he has written. I quote him his own sentences. He'll say: "That sounds good. I agree with that. Where did you get it?" We can't make light of style. Other men may have had the musical visions of Wagner. But no man has clothed them in such a glory of sound. The other men recognize the visions as their own, but they have not been able to communicate them. Wagner had the voice as well as the spirit. The same is true of Traubel. He has the voice as well as the spirit. I am not prepared to take extreme ground in a matter so delicate and so unprovable either way. We know how much more the same story means to us told by one man than by another. The way a story is told is a vital part of the story that is told.

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Thank goodness! The editors of The Western Comrade discourage long-windedness!—Harry Walton, Grants Pass, Oregon.

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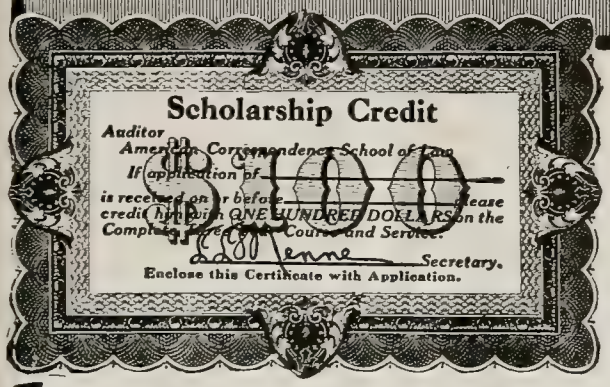

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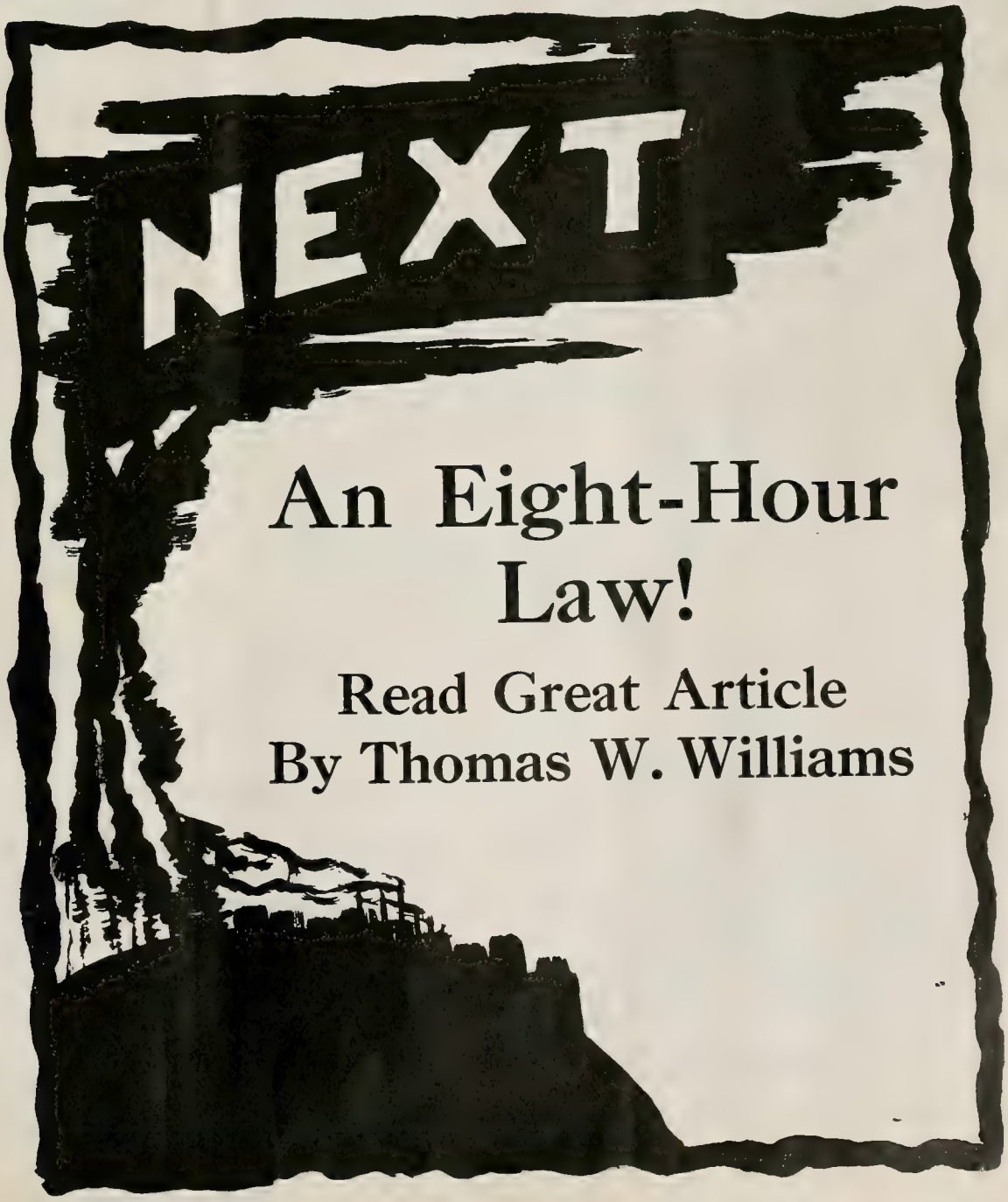

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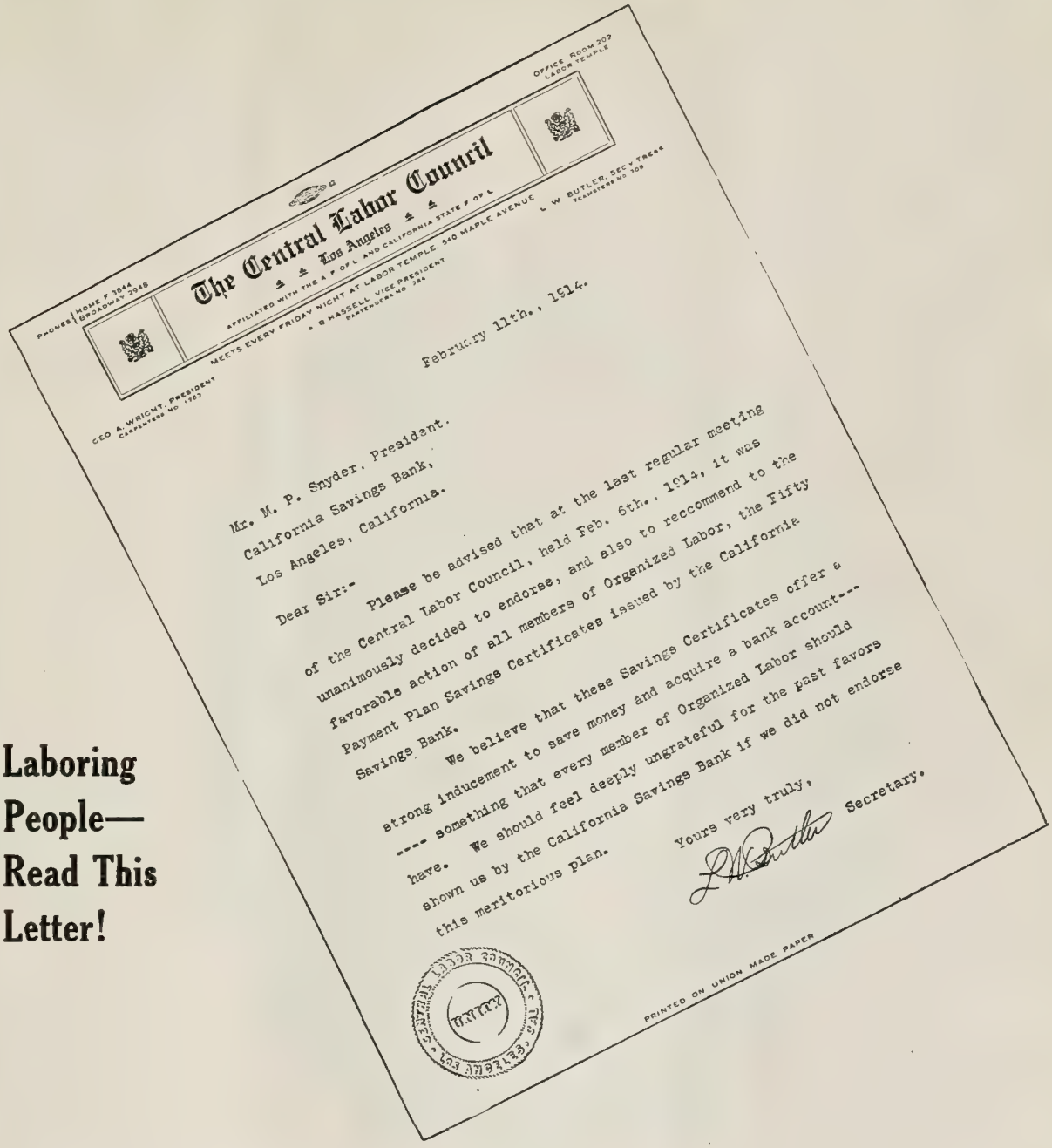

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The Central Labor Council

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AFFILIATED WITH THE A. F. OF L. AND CALIFORNIA STATE F. OF L.

MEETS EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT AT LABOR TEMPLE, 540 MAPLE AVENUE

GEO. A. WRIGHT, PRESIDENT CARPENTERS NO. 1563

S. B. HASSELL, VICE PRESIDENT BARTENDERS NO. 284

L. W. BUTLER, SEC'Y-TREAS TEAMSTERS NO. 208

February 11th., 1914.

Mr. M. P. Snyder, President.
California Savings Bank,
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Sir:-

Please be advised that at the last regular meeting of the Central Labor Council, held Feb. 6th., 1914, it was unanimously decided to endorse, and also to reccommend to the favorable action of all members of Organized Labor, the Fifty Payment Plan Savings Certificates issued by the California Savings Bank.

We believe that these Savings Certificates offer a strong inducement to save money and acquire a bank account--- ---- something that every member of Organized Labor should have. We should feel deeply ungrateful for the past favors shown us by the California Savings Bank if we did not endorse this meritorious plan.

Yours very truly,

L. W. Butler Secretary.

PRINTED ON UNION MADE PAPER

Laboring People— Read This Letter!

This Strong Letter Endorses the Saving Certificates Issued by this Bank

$100 Saving Certificates are sold on the easy payment plan of $2 a week for fifty weeks, and the

Bank Makes the First Payment for You

Thousands of these Saving Certificates have been sold the past two months—thousands of people have appreciated the fact that not only are these Certificates a wise investment, but an easy, sure way to save $100.

LABOR MEN—Investigate this plan. Call or write for information.

California Savings Bank

Spring and Fourth Sts.

"A Tower of Strength"

INTO THE LIBRARIES WE GO!

IN the April issue of The Western Comrade we asked for contributions to a Library Fund. Anxious to place The Western Comrade in the reading rooms of 500 libraries, we told our subscribers to decide whether or not this is a goal worth attaining. Judging from the immediate response, we conclude that the comrades are anxious to carry this important work to success.

That the librarians welcome The Western Comrade is proven by the fact that they are writing letters expressing their appreciation of the work being done. The following, signed by M. Louise Hunt, Assistant Librarian of the Public Library of Portland, Oregon, gives one an idea how The Western Comrade is welcomed:

"The April number of The Western Comrade has been received. We shall be very glad, indeed, to keep this magazine on file in our periodical room, and are grateful to you for your courtesy."

This means that for an entire year The Western Comrade will do missionary work for Socialism in a public library that is frequented by thousands of persons. Is this not a work that is truly worth while?

Dr. J. E. Pottenger, of Monrovia, California, responded to our call for contributions to the Library Fund with a check for $25. Through his kindness The Western Comrade has been accepted, for an entire year, in the public libraries of the following cities:

Seattle, Wash.; Portland, Ore.; Boston, Mass.; Pasadena, Cal.; Chicago, Ill.; Bakersfield, Cal.; Exeter, Cal.; San Bernardino, Cal.; Sioux City, Iowa; Kansas City, Mo.; Tacoma, Wash.; San Pedro, Cal.; Beaumont, Cal.; Spokane, Wash.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Hollywood, Cal.; Berkeley, Cal.; Monrovia, Cal.; Fresno, Cal.; Modesto, Cal.; Salem, Ore.; Phoenix, Ariz.; Denver, Col.; Ventura, Cal., and Oakland, Cal.

Dr. John R. Haynes, of Los Angeles, comes forward with a contribution that pays for subscriptions for ten libraries, as follows:

Philadelphia, Pa.; Dallas, Texas; Schenectady, N. Y.; Des Moines, Iowa; Little Rock, Ark.; Bisbee, Ariz.; Eureka, Cal.; Dubuque, Iowa; Galveston, Texas, and Butte, Mont.

Sydney Hillyard, of Paso Robles, pays for the public library at San Francisco, Cal. A. R. Holston, of Los Angeles, helps in the good work by subscribing for Crookston, Minn.

A. N. Luker, Santa Barbara, Cal., writes: "I like your idea of sending The Western Comrade to the public libraries." The library in his city wll get The Western Comrade for an entire year.

Mrs. Mary E. Garbutt, Los Angeles, Cal., enables the library at Turlock, Cal., to place The Western Comrade in its reading room.

Mrs. E. Hildebrand, 2318 East Sixth street, Los Angeles, supplies the wherewithal to place the New York Library on the mailing list, while J. Sherman, 224 Santa Monica boulevard, Santa Monica, Cal., gives The Western Comrade to his home town library. Capay, Yolo County, California, will get The Western Comrade because C. F. Haskell, Cornell, Cal., contributed.

San Diego's Library will be visited regularly by The Western Comrade because Roy L. Terrell, 830 Twelfth street, San Diego, sent a dollar. The Paso Robles Library will entertain an agitator for twelve months for the simple reason that Fred C. Wheeler and Esther Yarnell footed the bill.

E. K. Foster, of Los Angeles, contributed $3, which is enough to pay for sending The Western Comrade to the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C., and the city libraries at St. Paul, Minn., and St. Louis, Mo.

A total of 47 public libraries is on the mailing list of The Western Comrade. We asked for 500. Will YOU help us toward our goal? Will you help swell the library fund? Send a dollar to The Western Comrade, box 135, Los Angeles, Cal. Do it today!

Socialist Progress in Europe

By JOHN KELLER
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

AT the last election in Italy the Socialists polled 822,280 votes, or 20 per cent of a total of 4,380,000 votes.

Thirty-eight representatives to parliament were elected by the Socialists in Bulgaria. Formerly they had but one delegate to the national body.

The Socialist party membership in Switzerland last year advanced from 21,580 to 31,384.

In Sweden, the Socialists now have 64 delegates in the lower and 13 in the upper house of parliament. The membership of the party has increased to 60,000.

Out of a total of 725,171 votes, the Socialists in Finland, at the last election, polled 310,000 votes. They elected 90 members to parliament, 12 of them being women.

Throughout Europe women's participation in the movement is increasing wonderfully. Ten thousand women joined the German Socialist Party last year, according to the annual report.

THOMAS W. WILLIAMS
Secretary of the Socialist Party of California

See his powerful article on page 10

EDITORIAL

PECULIAR WAYS

THE voters—most of them workers—have strange ways. Indeed, they are much like the "Heathen Chinee." Exasperated over the arrogance of Republican politicians—what does he do? Turns to Democratic or Progressive henchmen of the Capitalist class. The Democratic or Progressive official clubs and oppresses him as readily as the Republican. And so, the game goes merrily on! You ask what that has to do with the Chinaman? Let me tell you. When the Mongolian suffers a great wrong at the hands of an enemy, he avenges himself by seating himself on his enemy's doorstep and disemboweling himself!—E. J.

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A BOLD STROKE COMING

WE have grown accustomed to exposures of the corruption of the capitalist press. We are familiar with the pictures of the great gray blanket of advertisements that cover and smother the truth in the capitalist daily and periodical press. But we have not yet faced the situation that exists within our own ranks. Many of the most powerful Socialist publications are filling their columns with disgraceful, if not actually fraudulent, advertisements. If you think that a clean and noble cause demands a clean and free press, read the next issue of The Western Comrade. In that issue will be found an article by Chester M. Wright, dealing with this important subject. It may surprise you; it may leave you with a feeling of shame; but it will also leave you with a determination to do your part in a necessary house cleaning.—E. J.

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UNIONIZING BANK EMPLOYES

PARISIAN bank employes are making strenuous demands for a weekly day of rest, Saturday afternoon off, increased wages, payment for overtime and a shorter workday. More than 21,000 of the Parisian bank employes are enrolled in the union, and, judging from their enthusiasm, will strike if their demands are not granted. This helps prove that because one works (or, rather, slaves) in a bank, a person does not cease to be a member of the working class. However, American bank clerks still appear to be under the impression that they are potential capitalists, destined, in the very near future, to occupy the seats of the money lords. Poor souls! Let's hope they will wake up soon!—E. J.

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OUR REJECTED FEAST

IF a criticism which has nothing to do with Socialism may be permitted, why are so many who live in the very midst of climatic luxury so averse to a complete enjoyment of that luxury? Thousands of Californians shut fresh air out of their homes as though it contained the germs of a plague. Why is this? Why deny to our lungs that which they crave?

In California closed windows at night should be unheard of. That should be true of every climate, but especially true of California. Here it entails not even inconvenience.

There are two things to be had from open air—a state of mind and a state of health. Perhaps these are not two things at all, but let us call them so. And that state of mind and health that comes from constant life and sleep in the open air is, in the absence of contrary overwhelming influences, inspiring, bouyant, conducive to self-reliance and wholly to be desired. Knock the walls out of your sleeping quarters if you can. If you can't do that, at least open the windows wide. Clear brains and clear eyes are assets to any cause.—C. M. W.

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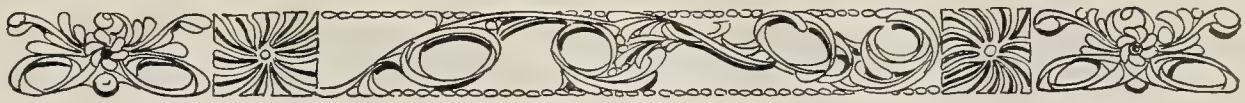
OUR LIBRARY FUND

HERE is what C. E. McLenegan, librarian of the Milwaukee Public Library, writes: In reply to your letter saying that you have sent us The Western Comrade, I beg to say that we shall be happy to place it in our reading room, as you request.

This is but one of the many letters we have received from librarians, showing conclusively that it is very easy to get a Socialist magazine like The Western Comrade into public libraries.

Readers who desire to help in this good work should contribute to the Library Fund. There are 200 libraries in California that are open to The Western Comrade. Why shouldn't we use them?—E. J.



IT HAPPENED IN ITALY

THROUGH reliable sources, the report reaches here that in Italy the feminists have allied themselves with the Socialist Party, because, as the report puts it, "of the recognition of the fact that the Socialists (of Italy) are carrying on a more effective fight for women suffrage than the feminists are able to conduct by themselves."

The Italian suffragists helped, in no mean degree, to send 80 Socialists deputies to parliament, where they are pledged to fight for the extended franchise.

This co-operation will bring great results to both the feminists and the Socialists, for while the feminists have a noble cause, they lack organization. The Socialists, whatever their shortcomings on the woman question, appreciate the value of organization.

In Italy the Socialists do not say: "You women are all right, but wait until we get Socialism and then you will get what you want." Women who want economic independence, the right to enter all professions and trades, equal pay for equal work, political rights and participation in the enactment of laws, do not want to be told that all will be made perfect by the men when the men are free; they are firm in their demand for the right to break their chains here and now.—E. J.

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HYPOCRITES

BEN TILLETT, the English labor leader, recently said: "The Church makes an awful fuss because a French comedienne powders her legs on the stage, but never says anything about the thousands of women in Dublin who haven't enough money even to dress their legs." This applies in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, as well as Dublin. Pulpiteers will rave against split skirts, but say nothing when faced with the real problems of modern life.—E. J.

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POLITICAL POWER

THE value of political power has been nowhere more forcibly demonstrated than in the great Colorado and Michigan strike fields during the few months just passed. The great force that has beaten upon these great armies of strikers has been an armed force directed by political power.

Police and soldiers operate under direction of those vested with political authority. Even hired thugs and private detectives operate, if not under political authority, at least by sufferance of those who have political power.

If the governors of Colorado and Michigan had been Socialists—which means representatives of the working class—there would not have been the disgraceful, criminal butchery that has disgraced those two states. Can you imagine Comrade John Brown, governor of Colorado, sending state troops to Trinidad to shoot down striking union men? Or putting Mother Jones in jail?—C. M. W.

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AT TOP SPEED

THE speeding up craze has left scarcely a phase of life untouched. A typewriter company has this line in one of its big national advertisements:

"It speeds up the human workers, improves their output and cuts the cost."

Oh, for a rest from this driving age! But no, there is no rest; there can be none now—the machine "speeds up the human workers" and we **have to** keep up with the machine. A race owned and driven by levers and wheels and pulleys and belts, all running like mad! Inspiring, isn't it?—C. M. W.

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FRENCH SYNDICALISTS

JOHN A. DYCHE, editor of The Ladies Garment Worker, tells of a visit to the office of La Bataille Syndicaliste, the organ of French revolutionary syndicalism. After studying the situation, he says that "the syndicalists proper, or the revolutionary unions, in France have no permanent organization. They are represented by a group of able and some of them very honest and otherwise, journalists and orators, who in time of trouble and controversies, or strikes, will jump in and create a movement which may continue for a while until it subsides. Their newspapers are read because of the ability and brilliancy of the contributors, more than for any other reason. Mr. Monnet is the ablest of them all, who can always command an audience.

"These gentlemen here will talk to you a good deal on Labor and Labor Problems," Dyche quotes a friend, "but they know no more about the labor question than the man in the moon, and, I believe, they do not care to know. They have never been

inside of a shop, and, in fact, are not interested in the labor problem in its real form. They are a set of brilliant dilettanti, who have a theoretical and an emotional interest in any revolutionary movement, which they are pleased to call the Labor Movement."

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PINCHON ENTHUSES LABOR

THE Los Angeles Central Labor Council recently gave its platform to Edgcumb Pinchon, a Western Comrade contributor. He briefly explained the principles of organic co-operation, telling how organized labor, by using its funds in a constructive manner, could, in time, bring about an industrial democracy.

Pinchon showed that labor has permitted the capiatlist class to use its own funds to break strikes, continue lockouts and in every conceivable manner keep the producers in a position of industrial slavery.

The delegates were never more enthusiastic. They applauded liberally as Pinchon drove home his facts and conclusions. Lots of things have begun in California. It looks as though organic co-operation will materialize right here in the Golden State.—E. J.

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POSTOFFICE TYRANNY

THE U. S. Postoffice Department has been gradually taking to itself powers that will eventually become a serious menace to freedom of expression. The New York postmaster didn't care for the cover on The International—"beauty unadorned" was offensive to this paragon of virtue, so he ordered the magazine thrown out of the mails. The editor then desired to blot out the lady and add this on the magazine cover: "Censored by the Postoffice," but the postmaster said he would not permit this.

To quote George Sylvester Viereck, we have introduced a new crime into the statute books — the lese majeste of the Postoffice Department. Only after the covers had been torn off would the postoffice bureaucrats permit the magazine to go through. This leads Mr. Leonard D. Abbott to say: I object, in the strongest possible fashion, to being told by postoffice officials what I shall or shall not like in the matter of pictorial art.

William Marion Reedy, in the Mirror (St. Louis), puts it this way: We hear a lot about the New Freedom these days. All very well, but there's a lot of Russianization in progress in the Postoffice Department. Mr .Reedy then delivers himself of this wallop: And it is carried on by men whose minds, to judge by the things they condemn, must be screaming vortices of lutescent lubricity! Surely the postoffice cannot survive this solar plexus. "Screaming vortices of lutescent lubricity." I don't know what it means, but it's an awful harsh thing to say.—E. J.

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JOHANSSEN'S LAUGH

WEARING Labor Party colors, sporting a red flag, using the word "scab" and "blackleg" are punishable offenses in South Africa, according to the International News Letter. A man got two pounds or fourteen days for looking "sneeringly" at a policeman! There is no limit to the audacity of the labor-hating forces. They go to any extreme to "get" the workers who dare questions the authority of the exploiters of the producers.

Some weeks ago Anton Johanssen, of the California Building Trades, told us how, on one occasion, he upset the dignity of an entire capitalist court. He didn't know how to express his contempt for the capitalistic henchmen, except by giving vent to a loud, long laugh. Anyone who knows Johanssen knows what that means, for that amiable labor official has the loudest, hair-raising laugh one could hope to hear in a century. His "haw-haw" is a wonder, awe-inspiring, volcanic.

And when the jurymen, the prosecutors and others heard that thunderstorm, they soon reached the conclusion that Brother Johanssen is a criminal. For a half hour they examined volumes of law; they searched and searched, but finally they had to confess that there is no law against a man being happy! —E. J.

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U. S.—RAILROAD BUILDER!

BEFORE long there will be a governmentally-owned railroad in Alaska. Built by the people, it will be operated by the people. And when the people capture the government from the powers of capital, the railroads will be operated for the people. If it is right and practicable for the government to build and operate a railroad in Alaska, then Uncle Sam should take over the Southern Pacific, the Santa

Fe, the Great Northwestern, the Pennsylvania and the New York Central railroads.

It won't be more than five years before the people will grow tired of having a handful of capitalists owning the railroads. They will force the government to step in and become the owner of the railroads. When the working people, through their government, become the owners of the means of wealth production and distribution, and when those utilities are operated by and for the people in a sane, civilized, democratic manner, for use instead of profit—then, why, to be sure, we shall have Socialism!

Government ownership isn't Socialism, but it is a long step toward it. It is easier to democratize the industries after they have been taken over by the government, especially when we have the ballot to direct the policies of our government. Realizing that Socialism will come as an evolutionary growth rather than by a cataclysmic revolution, we can gain our end better by encouraging government ownership with a view toward capturing the government for use by the workers themselves. This is expedient, if nothing else. Hair splitters will find many objections to this, but the fact remains that common sense will get us more than a stubborn determination to take unto ourselves a shattered cranium.—E. J.

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THE CZAR'S TOOL

CANADA, at this time, seems anxious to truckle to the Czar. In order to pass the Canadian Immigration Authorities it is necessary for Russian Emigrants to be provided with a passport from the Russian Government. Imagine a political refugee, after a dangerous fight for liberty and justice, returning to the Czar and asking that gentle, Christian philanthropist for a passport.—E. J.

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DUKES A DOLLAR A THROW

MUCH of the glamor that hovers over titled heads is disappearing in the midst of unsavory revelations being made by British newspapers and by British peers as well. It seems that Tammany Hall methods have crept across the waters and that titles are handed out to those who "come across" in liberal fashion to the campaign funds in times of political stress. The London Times complains that "far too many honors are unquestionably the outcome of an indefensible cash transaction. * * *" Of course, this peeves those who have not thus gained their titles, because it tends to lower—if that is possible—the worth of titles. If everybody can have one, what's the use? This will be sad news to our American heiresses, but since most of us are not heiresses the ripple that excites Atlantic City and Palm Beach probably will not get very far inland. Perhaps all this may be of slight interest to Marxians, but, even so, why shouldn't we have our little look in on the doings of the dukes now and again? Why not, for sure? And then, again, it may serve to remind us that the American senate and the Chicago stock yards are not the only rotten places in the world, anyhow. —C. M. W.

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CHURCH AND LABOR

ONCE upon a time the maximus pontificus was the master bridge builder. Today he is a pope. Once upon a time the deacon was a waiter at the communal table of the labor union. Today he is as likely to be the head of a trust. Once upon a time the disciples of Christ were labor union members. Today they may be the worst labor haters in the land. And while Solomon's Temple was built by union labor we are not always so sure about what sort of labor builds all the temples today. Yes, the world moves!—C. M. W.

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WILL YOU BOOST?

THE WESTERN COMRADE is meeting with enthusiastic welcome wherever it goes. Many letters come to this office, and most bear the information that The Western Comrade is "just the thing" the comrades have been waiting for. But this magazine must have something more substantial than praise. The best way to show your appreciation is by going to your friends and getting them to subscribe for The Western Comrade. Will you make it a point to get The Western Comrade a few more readers? Show this issue to your friends—they will subscribe.—E. J.

Next—An Eight-Hour Law!

By THOMAS W. WILLIAMS

"CALIFORNIA INVITES THE WORLD!"

This state is looking forward to a great exposition, in celebration of the opening of the Panama Canal, and the ushering in of a new era in industry and commerce for the Pacific Coast. We are about to play the host at a gathering of the nations—a spectacular world event.

In another sense, also, California invites the world. The ignorant, the downtrodden, the unorganized, helpless, unsuspecting poor of the world, California invites!

It will mean business, industries, profits, power! It will mean long hours, low wages, tenements, slums, sickness, crime! California is waiting.

Although still an agricultural state, California already has its battlefields in the labor war. Los Angeles witnessed the struggle of the machinists for higher wages and a shorter workday in 1910; also, the brewery workers' magnificent victory in the same year. The long conflict between the carmen and traction companies of San Francisco, with its deeds of violence and brutality by tools of the corporations, is not forgotten. Scarcely a year ago came the electrical workers' strike; and fresh in our memories is the red field at Wheatland!

Labor's struggle the world over, from the early days of the wage system to the present, has been largely a struggle for shorter hours of work—shorter hours to conserve health, shorter hours in the interests of the home, shorter hours to preserve the happiness and well-being of society. England, Australia, New Zealand, Germany, France and the United States—all have had their working class movements for a shorter work day, dating back to the latter part of the eighteenth century, when the hours of labor were practically unlimited.

In California Organized Labor has been making an heroic fight for shorter hours, and the fact that skilled labor in this state now enjoys an eight hour day is due to this concerted action on the part of the workers.

Hence, it is not without anxiety, not without some fear, that Labor in California awaits the arrival of that army of strange workers who will come to us through the Canal. These people are accustomed to a coarse and meager diet, with hovels for dwellings, and hours of work that have practically no limit.

This is the prime reason for the effort now being made in California to insure the permanency of the eight-hour day by legislative enactment. This has already been done for women in all but one or two occupations.

Early in 1913, Assemblyman C. W. Kingsley, the only Socialist in the legislature, introduced a bill providing for a universal eight-hour day. The Socialist Party, through its organ, the California Social-Democrat, called upon the workers to petition the legislature to pass the Kingsley bill. The result was a petition three-fourths of a mile in length, and containing some seventy-five thousand names. This was presented by Kingsley in the assembly. The vote on the measure was 30 for and 37 against.

In the meantime a bill was prepared within the Socialist Party for initiation by the people. Petitions were circulated, and by the close of 1913 the requisite number of names had been secured to place the measure on the ballot at the coming election.

Here is the bill:

An act to amend the penal code by adding a new section thereto, to be numbered 393½, limiting the hours of labor of employes and providing a penalty for violation of the provisions of this act.

The people of the State of California do enact as follows:

Hours of Labor

"Any employer who shall require or permit, or who shall suffer or permit any overseer, superintendent, foreman, or other agent of such employer, to require or permit any person in his employ to work more than eight hours in one day, or more than forty-eight hours in one week, except in case of extraordinary emergency caused by fire, flood, or danger to life or property, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined not less than $50 or more than $500, or imprisoned in the county jail not less than 10 nor more than 90 days, or both so fined and imprisoned."

Already the fight is on! The Merchants and Manufacturers' Association and corporations of California have combined in a vigorous campaign to defeat the measure. The attacks on the bill fall naturally into two main arguments, one representing the business and the other farming interests of the state.

"Business in the state of California cannot be conducted profitably in competition with the East on an eight-hour basis." This is the statement of a banker which appears on a poster now being distributed by the corporations. It is representative of commerce and industry throughout the state. The history of the eight-hour law in other states and abroad, however, does not vindicate his statement.

In 1874-1880, legislation was enacted in the state of Massachusetts limiting the hours of women and

minors to ten hours per day, or sixty hours per week. The manufacturers of Massachusetts then said they were unable to compete with manufacturers in New York and other states with employes working eleven and a half hours per day. They succeeded in securing an investigation on this point by the State Bureau of Statistics of Labor. Carroll D. Wright was then at the head of that bureau. His report stated that "Massachusetts with ten hours produces as much per man or per loom or per spindle, equal grades being considered, as other states with eleven and more hours." Bliss' Encyclopedia of Social Reform states: "In 1870, four years before the enactment of the ten-hour law, Massachusetts had 39.5 per cent of all the cotton spindles in the North Atlantic states; six years after the passage of that law Massachusetts' proportion was forty-five per cent. It is difficult to see what clearer proof could be demanded of the beneficial results of the Massachusetts short hour laws."

Mather and Platt, of Balford, England, are among the largest manufacturers of machinery in Great Britain, employing 1200 men. A few years ago they reduced their working hours from fifty-three to forty-eight per week, with so little diminution in the output of their factory that the British government decided to make a like reduction in the royal arsenals.

Henry Ford, who recently reduced the hours in his immense automobile factory from nine to eight, is quoted: "Our men are doing as much work now in eight hours as they did before in nine. In the motor assembling department the men were turning out eighty-five motors an hour when they were working a nine-hour day; since we changed to eight hours, those same men, without any change in numbers or methods, have been assembling one hundred and five motors an hour."

Professor Clark, of Columbia University, sums up the question for the employer of labor very truthfully in these words: "If you want a man to work for you one day, and one day only, and secure the greatest possible amount of work which he is capable of performing, you must make him work twenty-four hours. If you would have him work a week, it will be necessary to reduce the time to twenty hours a day; if you want him to work for a month, a still further reduction to eighteen hours a day. For the year, fifteen hours a day will do; for several years, ten hours. But if you wish to get the most out of a man for a working lifetime, you will have to reduce his hours of labor to eight each day."

Industry will not be paralyzed if the eight-hour law is carried. Skilled labor in California has already been operating on an eight-hour basis for several years; women have been working but eight hours for three years. And California's industries are still growing. Undoubtedly employers of labor in this state hope to do away with the eight-hour day in many industries when the Panama Canal is opened and the labor market is flooded with the immigrants from Southern Europe. The eight-hour law would make it impossible for them to manipulate the labor market in this fashion it is true, but the working class of California need not look to see Big Business "fold their tents like the Arabs" and steal away to other states, leaving them jobless.

From the farming districts comes a pronounced opposition to the bill. "The passage of the eight-hour law will drive us out of business," wails a rancher. "Shall we have to sub-let to the Japs?" And a fruit-grower adds, "There is no power possible to hold back the maturing of fruit and vegetables from 5 p. m. Saturday until 8 a. m. Monday. How are we going to harvest if the eight-hour law is passed?"

Perhaps the cigar manufacturers of the country could tell them what they could do in such a contingency. The Cigar Makers' Union has no overtime. When there is more work than can be done by the regular number of men in forty-eight hours per week, they are compelled to hire more men. If it is necessary that fruit be harvested every day in the week, they will be compelled in the height of the season to hire more men, and to arrange shifts so that each man may have one day off each week. And if the fruit grower in the state of California cannot stand the additional financial burden imposed, let him remember that it is not because he is paying so much for labor, but because the middlemen and the railroads are charging him extortionate prices for their services. The farm laborer has borne the brunt of this gouge too long, in low pay and long hours.

As to selling out to the Japs, it is because the Japs are willing to work long hours that they are able to underbid the ranch owner as well as the farm laborer. The universal eight-hour law will aid both owner and laborer in this respect.

The hospitals, too, have entered a protest on behalf of their profits. "It is impossible to regulate sickness," they assert. "Therefore it is impossible to regulate to the eight-hour basis." They offered the same objection to the extension of the eight-hour law for women to include nurses; but that extension of the law went into effect, and the hospitals KNOW that they can regulate to the eight-hour basis, to the benefit of the patient as well as the nurse.

There is one more argument against it, namely, it includes domestic servants, and the household routine in many families will be disturbed if someone is not on duty all the time to minister to the family needs. "Shall the household have their breakfast at 8 a. m.?" is the indignant query, "and their dinner before 5

(Continued on page 24)

BRAINS!

By Sydney Hillyard
Paso Robles, California

A SUCCESSFUL young business man was discussing, the other day, the kind of brains which it took to be a successful young business man.

It appeared from his account to require a very peculiar and very exalted type of brains, and many of them. All persons not naturally endowed with these were of unworthy intellectual timber and perenially open to the condemnation which must fall upon the life and efforts of all whose cranial cells are not of the ultra-gray.

Not only this, but it seemed that those who possess the cell, fibre, fissure and convolution of the commercial brain were omnisciently ordained to the judgment seat, for the reason that they are able to do all of the things which common humanity can do, whereas it seems that common humanity can in no wise do the things which the commercial brain can do—nor can even understand how they are done!

It is refreshing to turn from this swansong of the financial glee club to the byways of real life.

In a little old country school a little old country teacher is handling a class of beginners in reading. It is astonishing to note, as we sit at the back and watch her, how many tricks the lady has at her finger ends looking toward the furthering of this prodigious accomplishment. This little person has to teach written language to the human consciousness, and at the same moment she has to wrestle with thirty children of other grades, each one of which is a separate psychological phenomenon.

Could our real estate brokers, our traveling salesmen, our bucket shop operators placed in the little old teacher's chair do any better?

Here is a small farmer on an irrigated patch of land. He must know how to farm, how to irrigate, how to market crops. Here is a machinist working with greasy hand in a garage. He must know an old trade and a new one and be picking up fresh knowledge of both every day. Such men as these must use the **constructive** side of their brains all day long, and yet they are despised by these brothers of the market who never use anything but the **competitive** side.

And there is the difference! This business brain of which we hear so much does not differ in its quality, but in its use. It is used to fight other men's brains. The brain of teacher, machinist and farmer is used to fight inert nature and make her respond. Which does the greater work?

And now comes an issue of the "Metropolitan" with a most profoundly interesting article on co-operation in Denmark.

This little country has been changed from a condition of medieval beggarliness to one of widespread affluence, an affluence which is reaching to every peasant in the field. Denmark is a barren rock with a dense population, and yet abject poverty is unknown. To what super-gray matter in what business brain does Denmark owe this? Who was he?

Turning to the article we are struck to notice that no man's name appears at all!

What? No great giant financial intellect behind all this commercial success?

Apparently, no! No brain behind this transcendant metamorphosis but the despised headpiece of the man with the hoe! While in this whole article no man's name is mentioned at all, yet this peasant union has blotted out half a dozen malignant trusts which were **organized and operated by the mercantile super-brain.**

Denmark might be called the only really successful nation in Europe; it is rapidly becoming a co-operative commonweal; but it has become what it is, with the opposition of, and in no case with the aid of, the shrewd Threadneedle Street and Wall Street brain. It could very definitely be asserted that there has never lived a business man whose so-called genius could ever have produced such a result in the face of such apparently insuperable barriers.

All that the shrewd brain does is to stuff money into purse. It creates nothing. It really wins nothing.

By a mysterious system the laborer is despoiled of most of his product. This product goes to a few tricksters who control the system.

The tricksters fight or gamble with each other to see who shall inherit the earth. The winning trickster is your friend with the ultra-gray brain cells. The laboring class that produced the spoil is simply an also-ran.

How much better, how much more intelligent, we shall be when our business men rise to the status of the co-operating Danish peasant! It isn't a question of how can a swelled head produce a swelled pocket, but of how can we all forget the size of our heads in the general service of the human race. The Danish field laborer is showing the road; all that the modern successful young business man has to do is to walk in it.

The New Factor in the Class Struggle

Organic Co-operation

By EDGCUMB PINCHON

THE concluding sentence of the last article, "There is but one system by which Labor's funds can be conserved to Labor's use and ultimate emancipation —a system perfected to the hand of Labor by Centralized Capitalism itself," is the keynote of the present chapter. In a later chapter I propose to show that all existing co-operative "schemes" are the sheerest puerilities from the point of view of modern effective business organization—mere toys beside the splendid mechanism of the Capitalist system itself, and that these "schemes" are not only not helpful to the highest interests of the working class, but are positively detrimental to its advance; that they are not only not revolutionary, but are insidiously reactionary, and utterly without promise for the future.

For the present I propose to show that, whether we like it or not, the splendid mechanism of Capitalism itself is not only the most efficient we could possibly conceive as a means of socializing production and distribution, but is the only one that we possibly can use, and that this mechanism now used for private ends may be, and inevitably must be, collectively used for Labor's ends with the most astonishing and revolutionary result, culminating, in fact, in the establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth by the almost automatic action of working class productive effort, independent of education and theory.

This adaptation of the mechanism of Centralized Capitalism to the collective use of the organized working class constitutes what I have termed "Organic Co-operation" as fundamentally and unalterably opposed to the various "inorganic" co-operative "schemes" at present encumbering working class revolutionary effort.

This mechanism of Centralized Capitalism consists of the Bank, the Funding Company and the Funding Company's Subsidiary Corporations.

Speaking in general terms, the Capitalist class, by means of the Banks, Savings Banks and Trust Companies concentrates and conserves to its own use the cash capital of society. And it is worthy of emphasis that the larger part of this **cash** capital of society is composed of the savings deposits and insurance premiums of the working class, to say nothing of over $60,000,000 of Union funds. Thus, the Capitalist class has the monopoly not only of that **fixed capital,** which is Unpaid Wages, but has also the monopoly of that **operating capital,** which is Unused Wages. It is with this latter monopoly that I propose to deal here.

The group of international financiers usually referred to as the Money Power, who own and control the Banks, also own and control Funding Companies which operate on the funds supplied by these Banks. The function of these Funding Companies is to inaugurate, finance and develop a series of Subsidiary Corporations in all branches of industry, and to conserve the profits of these Subsidiary Corporations for the founding of yet new Subsidiary Corporations, and thus for the further exploitation of Labor. Standard Oil, for instance, owns and controls chains of Banks financing chains of Funding Companies, which in turn own and operate chains of Subsidiary Corporations, and these Subsidiary Corporations, whose profits accrue to Standard Oil, are engaged under fictitious names in every industry known to man. **Imagine for a moment that for "Standard Oil" we have "Organized Labor" employing its own organized members with its own organized capital, and you have, in brief, the Organic Co-operation of the future.**

As a mechanism of collective production this mechanism is practically perfect; as a weapon of class oppression it is unparalleled in history. Our quarrel is not with the mechanism as such, but with its class ownership. The same mechanism used to a social end by the organized working class would be no longer a weapon of oppression unparalleled in history, but a weapon of working class emancipation unparalleled in history.

How could such a mechanism as the Bank, Funding Company and Subsidiary Corporation be used to a social end by the organized working class? The answer must be obvious to every thinking mind.

Capital in lands, machinery and buildings, i. e. **fixed** capital, lies today totally in the hands of the Capitalist class, but cash capital, i. e. **operating** capital, lies to a vast extent in the hands of the working class itself. To quote from the previous chapter on this point: "Today, in Germany, the deposits of the working class, considered alone, total, according to the official figures, no less than $225,000,000. If the figures for the United States were available, it is safe to assert that, in view of the higher wage scale of this country, the figure representing the total amount of working class deposits in the savings banks would be even more impressive. In addition to these enormous deposit funds of the workers in general, there are, according to Carl Legien, of the International Secretariat of

Berlin, over $60,000,000 representing union funds on deposit in the capitalist banks of the world. Again, in Germany alone, the working class holds an interest of $550,000,000 in the government insurance reserve, and an additional $4,500,000,000 in private insurance companies. And since the prosperity of the working class in Germany is no greater than the prosperity of the working class in England, France, Scandinavia and Italy, and less than the prosperity of the working class in the United States, it is safe to assert that the working class of these countries, in deposits, in union funds and in insurance, owns literally tens of billions of dollars of **operating capital.** And even if we consider the organized working class apart from the working class as a whole, it is self-evident that **its financial power is a tremendous reality.**

Obviously, therefore, the first step to be taken by Organized Labor in adapting the mechanism of Centralized Capitalism to its own use is the founding of a Labor Bank* for the conservation of these vast funds.

Such a Bank will act in two ways. It will withdraw from the Capitalist banks a vast operating capital, and to that extent begin, and continue, to drain the very life-blood of Capitalism at its source; it will conserve this vast operating capital to Labor's own business of self-emancipation.

As far back as September, 1912, I made the assertion that the dominant fact in the world of Labor within the next five years would be the Labor Bank of America. And as I write this chapter (March, 1914) there lies before me the report of the recent convention of the Bricklayers' Masons' and Plasterers' International Union. That report, and I say it with profound conviction, is the most important document in modern history. For in its pages it is recorded that, by unanimous vote of the delegates to that convention, a resolution was carried **instructing the Executive Board to proceed to the establishment of a Labor Bank.** Honor to the B. M. & P. I. U. It has given the world the Magna Charta of all future civilization!

I now cheerfully relinquish the task of proving the necessity of a Labor Bank, and of prophesying its ultimate appearance, and rest on the fact that such a Bank **is here,** born in due season out of economic conditions ripe for its birth and nourishment.

Thus, again and with absolute confidence I assert: The dominant fact in the world of Labor within the next three years will be the Labor Bank of America. And by its inevitable operation, by its own efforts at self-preservation as a business institution, it will bring us into the borders of the Co-operative Commonwealth within ten years.

In my next chapter I shall endeavor to prove this seemingly bold assertion from a purely **business** standpoint, and independently of any social theory or ideal.

*In a later chapter I shall show that this Bank will take the form of a Trust Company as a matter of business expediency.

We Are Forcing Better Laws

By PATSY O'BANG

SOCIALISTS have long maintained that the best way to force the Capitalist law makers (Republicans, Democrats and Progressives) to pass measures favorable to the workers is by organizing for the purpose of demanding the complete surrender of the Capitalist class. In other words, demand the earth —and the sun, moon and stars!

The Capitalists, realizing the great power of organized labor, will be willing, with but little argument, to make concessions to the workers, granting laws that will, in a great sense, protect the lives and limbs of the workers.

See what the workers last year were powerful enough to wrest from the powers of organized greed:

Many states passed new or more stringent laws as regards accidents on railways, in mines and in the factories, as well as by lead poisoning, etc.

The most important demands of the child labor laws were for shorter hours, higher minimum age and prohibition of night work.

Twenty-two states have enacted laws providing compensation for the workers. During the last three years in the states of Massachusetts and Michigan the law is liberally extended to those falling victims to occupational diseases.

Texas has now joined the 24 states which have fixed the working day for their employes at eight hours per day. The factory maximum working time has been fixed at ten hours per day in Oregon.

Immigration legislation has come to a deadlock, especially on the Pacific Coast where, however, the opening of the Panama Canal has brought this question again to the fore. Whilst California, Oregon and Washington united in their demands to the government to exclude all Asiatics, California appointed a commission to deal with the legal and industrial protection of all immigrants.

Three states established unemployment bureaus, while five states went into the question of the irregularities existing in private bureaus.

The trial minimum wage law for women and children in Massachusetts of 1912 has been copied by eight states. The eight-hour day for women was introduced in Arizona and Colorado.

ONE YEAR OF WILSON

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

NOT in the memory of the younger generation has there been a president of the nation whose first year's record was of such general and deep-seated interest to so many people. Perhaps this is because we, as a people, are just beginning to formulate a real national thought along constructively radical lines. Whatever the cause, it is a fact that there is today going on over the land a vigorous discussion relative to the work of President Wilson during his first year in the White House.

President Wilson has done a number of things that other presidents have not done. For having created a portfolio of labor, naming William B. Wilson, long-time trade unionist, as its chief, let us withhold no measure of credit, even though the concrete results of this departure may not be apparent at the moment. The working class can have no criticism to offer as to the President's policy of watchful waiting in the case of Mexico. We cannot but wonder what Roosevelt would have blundered into ere this, were he the White House occupant. However, as to the hope of the President for a solution of the Mexican imbroglio in the overthrow of Huerta by some such personage as Carranza, the critics may be pardoned for suspicion. If President Wilson really understands the agrarian basis for the Mexican situation he has succeeded admirably in keeping his understanding from the public—and no one who does not understand the basis of Mexico's woes can ever know what the solution will be. But for the "hands off" policy so far pursued, labor may be honestly thankful. If labor were as well served in every case labor's lot would be easier. That is not to mention the doubt that labor ever entered the President's mind in connection with Mexico.

Aside from Mexico there are the tariff, anti-trust and currency measures upon which public attention has been closely fastened. Chief of all the Wilson measures, labor is interested in these. First of all, the tariff. For it the greatest promises were made; it was first through the legislative gantlet and first under the palpitating presidential pen, an alliteration for which pardon is humbly begged. If prices were found tumbling down as the result of the tariff bill we should undoubtedly find the reactionary press howling in great pain and predicting the downfall of our institutions of business. But there is no such howling. In Leslie's Weekly, one of the organs of back-tracking, we find this illuminating paragraph:

"The pledge of the Democratic party and the promise of the President himself and all of his associates, on the stump, that the reduction of the tariff would lower the cost of living, will not be realized. Six months have elapsed since the revision of the tariff, but can anyone point to a single necessity in common use which is selling at a lower price today than it was six months ago?"

Every consumer in the land must answer in the negative. Leslie's goes on to point out that, while the price of one or two articles of import has been reduced to the large dealer, in no case has the reduction in cost reached the ultimate consumer, all of which is an eloquent tribute to the solidarity of business and the failure of tariff tinkering to benefit the common people in the face of monopolistic capitalism.

So, while we may acknowledge that the President and his Congress did the only thing they could do with the tariff, as Democrats, what they have done was merely by way of finding something to busy their hands with, without advancing the cause of the common people to any degree. As an accomplishment for the working class, we may set tariff revision down at zero.

As to the banking act and the currency juggling, there has not been time to determine just what will happen. But we may rest assured, in the conclusion, that if business interests could gather to themselves all of the fruits of the Democratic tariff revision they will be no less sure in their harvest of whatever fruits banking and currency legislation may bear. For the working class, nothing but more ciphers.

Nor is the working class to fare any better as the result of the administration's anti-trust program. The Wilson attitude toward big business is largely the attitude of little business. It is in no sense the attitude of intelligent labor. The Wilson program contemplates the elimination of interlocking directorates, we are told. It contemplates a return to something approximating competition. And if those things mean anything at all they mean going back into what we have come out of. Just as we thought we were about to take a new step forward we find our national life commanded to retrace.

One of the President's principal measures for the control of business is the bill to validate railroad securities through the Interstate Commerce Commission, a piece of sheer bunco legislation, intended to bolster business and to foster the waning public confidence in the theory that railroads and water will mix. The President's attitude toward the railroads has been shown in a number of ways, and it is not an attitude that is calculated to satisfy those wild-visioned persons

who honestly expected something progressive from President Wilson. The railroads have before the Interstate Commerce Commission a plea for a 5 per cent increase in freight rates. President Wilson is known to favor this increase, and, according to Pearson's Magazine, was at one time on the point of summoning the commisisoners before him that he might instruct them to hurry and give the roads what they wanted. He was dissuaded, however, by certain senators who saw what such a move would do to the political fences in the back-home districts.

Nor is that all the dignified, scholarly President has tried to do for the starving, suffering railroads. He sent to the Senate the name of one Daniels for membership on that commission, with orders that it be rushed through to confirmation. It was not rushed through, however, owing to the fact that Senators Cummins and LaFollette discovered that Daniels, as a member of the New Jersey (Wilson's own state) Public Utilities Commission, had rendered a decision to the effect that a public utility corporation was entitled to 8 per cent profit on all its tangible property, and an additional 8 per cent on an added 30 per cent to cover intangible values. Thus, are the newspaper stories of faithfulness to the public trust rudely done to death.

However, there seems little doubt that regulation of big business must fetter us for some time yet. As a nation we evidently will be forced to dart into every blind alley before we will consent to take the open road that lies directly before our eyes. We do not seem to care to do the thing which obviously we should do. The Wisconsin Idea and the California Conundrum will have to be inflicted upon the nation before we shall have had enough. So the President finds ample applause for his plans to steer a machine that somebody else owns and occupies. It must be noted that nowhere in the Wilson anti-trust program is there a single sentence that menaces the owners of the nation's resources—its means of production and distribution. The program is truly one of bourgeois reform—and as such foredoomed to abject failure. Still the working class is collecting ciphers where it was promised full market baskets and a "New Freedom."

There are some other points that protrude in the Wilson record. A drastic stock exchange bill, one that would have put the great New York stock exchange—purely a gambling institution—practically out of business, has failed utterly to gain the expected support of the President. Then, following previous radical utterances regarding corporate greed, the President is found pleading for greater fairness toward the railroads and business, and this actually done in his message to Congress on trusts. That, more than any other utterance, convinced big business that it had nothing to fear from Wilson. In the immigration bill the President made no objection to a clause which aimed directly at the political refugees from other nations—refugees who should be welcomed to our shores as the stuff of which our greatness is made, spirit of our spirit. America is no longer their asylum.

The complete omission of the slightest reference to labor in the President's last regular message aroused comment from all parts of the country. On the other hand, we find the administration sending commercial agents to extend American trade abroad, these agents working as a part of the Department of Commerce. In fact, the entire concern of the President appears to be one in which business strikes the dominant note —if not the only note. Labor is expected to derive its benefit from the administration's manipulation of the business system—a benefit that labor is finding very vague and related not at all to the problem of wages, hours of labor and working conditions.

There is excellent authority for the statement that there are today fifteen millions of idle men in the nation. If that figure makes the customary omission of the number of idle women it but makes the total larger. There is no reason to believe that this number is anything but larger than it was a year ago. We have in American today no more vital problem than that of the unemployed workers. And yet the Chief Executive of the nation—a man professing concern for labor and a desire to improve general conditions—has given no utterance bearing on this situation, and taken no action to alter it. That is the cipher that leads the silent column of nothing that labor has gained by the election of a Democratic President and a Democratic Congress. In our national life we still deal with institutions, leaving men to suffer as the prey of those institutions; leaving them to suffer and to die. Our national aspiration is still expressed by the letter "S" surmounted by two perpendicular and parallel lines.

These enumerations do not complete the Wilson record for the year. Among the remaining matters there is the Alaska railroad bill, evidently good, providing for a government-built railroad in Alaska. While this road may be leased, it is not expected that it will be. Should the President, in whose discretion it lies, decide for the leasing plan, he will have undone half the good made possible by the bill as it stands. There is the matter of extending more of Philippine control to Filipinos; there is the controversy which has raged hot and heavy concerning the overthrow of the civil service in the foreign service, and there is the situation regarding Japan. There is no need to review those matters here. Nor is labor vitally concerned with Mr. Bryan's chautauqua work. Better far that many more of our public officials had given more time to the lecture platform and less to the secret conclave with men bringing large checks books.

Also, there is the matter of woman suffrage. Here

is one of the largest blots on the Presidential record. It is fortunate for those who are watching the Presidential record closely that the President was forced to take his stand on the suffrage question at a time when he was about to make his pronouncement on the Panama Canal tolls question. It was to a large delegation of trade union women that the President firmly declined to take a stand for suffrage. The notable thing about that interview was the President's declaration that since his party platform did not demand suffrage, he could not make such a demand as the head of his party. He was explicit in placing the emphasis on his adherence to his platform. Yet, how ruthless was his assault on his party platform a few days later, when he read his canal tolls message to Congress. His party platform reads, "We favor the exemption from tolls of American ships engaged in coastwise trade passing through the Panama Canal." The President's position, which he will without doubt force through Congress, is exactly oposite to the platform expression. He demands tolls from American ships exactly as from foreign ships.

Much is being said, pro and con, about this tolls situation. The papers that generally line up with the President declare that the treaty with England guarantees equality for all nations in the matter of tolls, and maintain that free tolls would belie our treaty assurances and constitute a breach of faith. Other newspapers claim that to levy toll on American coastwise shipping is to obey the wishes of the railroad interests, to which free tolls would be damaging. Lucien Saint, Washington correspondent of the Socialist Party Press Service, is among those who take that position. It is interesting, at least. But to many the most interesting feature is the ease with which the Presdent flings away one platform plank and the scrupulous care with which he places both feet solidly upon another with the declaration that he is solemnly bound by it—the one being a plank about business; the other being a plank about humanity.

And those are the high spots of a year's work, summed up. Legislation nearly always is either for business or for humanity nowadays. Real, fundamental, earnest, honest and rock-bottom legislation for humanity is not overly conspicuous in this record of one year of Wilson. It is admitted that Wilson is a good man, and that open corruption is repugnant to him. It is admitted that he is what we know today as a reformer. And, like all other reformers, he is proving by his actions that reform does not actually touch the welfare of humanity at any vital point. It may concern the middle class—the small business class—to a certain extent, for reform is a child of the middle class. But in every essential aspect reform leaves the capitalist system exactly as it found it—an exploiting machine for the aggrandizement of those at the top.

So it comes that we of the working class have gone through a whole year of the administration of the nation's leading reformer without having had a single, solitary thing happen to us—or for us. Business is reassured, Rockefeller still has enough money to keep a hired man, the food poisoners are still at work, and the young Mr. Morgan is still able to keep his electric runabout. As for Bill Smith—well, he'd better stick tight to his union and vote like hell for Socialism next time!

GERMANY'S "CHURCH STRIKE"

By EUNICE EVELYN BRIGHT

OUR brave German comrades are carrying on a vigorous fight against the alliance between the church and state in Germany. The latest battle cries in Germany are "Massenstreik," "Massenboycott" and "Massenaustritt," and the meaning of these cries is that labor terminology and labor tactics are beginning to invade the church.

Since 1906 the state churches have lost more than they have gained. In 1912 they lost 17,788 and during 1913 they probably lost more. The maximum number of losses was in 1908, when it amounted to 27,150.

The Social Democrats are not officially indorsing the new movement, but many Socialists are taking part in it. Dr. Karl Liebknecht, the son of the great Socialist pioneer, Wilhelm Liebknecht, has evinced a phenomenally energetic activity. In a recent meeting he declared: "I direct my blows against the stepmother—that is, the church; but they are intended for the stepfather—that is, the state." Meetings of the radical elements have been held by the dozen in Berlin, many at midnight, so that the waiters, coachmen and others who are not at leisure earlier in the evening, could attend.

The Chronik der Christlichen Welt, of Tubingen, which in recent numbers contains the fullest reports of this noteworthy propaganda, draws attention to the fact that the church has a good deal to learn from the movement and must be "up and doing" if she is to hold her present position. The Tubingen paper points particularly to the disheartening statistics of church attendance in Berlin and other great centers of population.

DEADWOOD

By Edgcumb Pinchon

You dull, unhallowed mass of stunted souls!
You terrible progeny of a million crawling years!
You bloodless, sightless, soulless Things!
You blight upon the Tree of Life!
You choking pall upon the spirit's energy!

Yet there is That in you which is not so;
The Living Flame is lurking in you—
Ready to make of you (despite your heritage)
—great souls, great gallant souls—
—the warriors of humanity!

Despite your heritage—I say, but not despite yourselves.
The Dawn's at hand! Come make your choice!
See here a Hell deeper than reverend pagan's naive imaginings can paint you!
See here a Death—the crawling corpse is fair beside it!
This living Hell is you—unbrotherly!
This living Death is you—unsavory!
Yes!—you—who rot in life,
—who never caught the vision of a choiring earth,
—who never quivered with a thrill of fellowship,
—who never strove to right the mighty Wrong of Inequality,
Who bow to Baal, who chant Success, and never in the great loathsome paunch of plutocrat divined—
The scrawny bodies of a hundred starveling babes.

Awake! Awake! Awake!
The fast-rotting carrion of your dead selves cries out for burial!
To wake is painful? Yea, the birth of soul is more terrible, more splendid than birth of babe!
But better die like medieval monk beneath unpitying self-flagellations:
Better to die—brute food for cannon in a huckster's war:
Better never to have known the womb
Than live ignobly—
Live like you.

The Psychology of the Mob

By EMANUEL JULIUS

HENRY L. MENCKEN aimed to give The Atlantic Monthly readers an article on "Newspaper Morals," and missed his mark—in a sense. In its place, he did something really worthwhile, for through his entire paper in the March issue, this compelling Baltimore newspaperman (and book critic for The Smutty Set) gives a keen study of the psychology of the crowd—particularly the American mob. As a newspaperman, Mr. Mencken has had countless opportunities to watch "the molders of public opinion" at work. The tricks—nothing more than tricks—to befuddle the mass mind, to excite the emotions and passions of the people, are exposed in an unmerciful manner.

Throughout his article, Mr. Mencken appears to be giggling and smirking over the clever stunts he has learned; he seems proud of his ability to make the people think as he (or rather, his masters) would have them think.

Aspiring to become a dramatic critic, Mr. Mencken asked an "oldtimer" to tell him "what qualities were chiefly demanded by the craft," and this is what the ancient scribbler told him:

"Knock somebody in the head every day—if not an actor, then the author, and if not the author, then the manager. And if the play and the performance are perfect, then excoriate someone who doesn't think so—a fellow critic, a rival manager, the unappreciative public. But make it hearty; make it hot! The public would rather be the butt itself than have no butt in the ring. That is Rule No. 1 of American psychology—and of English, too, but more especially of American. You must give a good show to get a crowd, and a good show means one with slaughter in it."

Mr. Mencken adds hastily that he "fell into a long succession of less æsthetic newspaper berths, * * * but always the advice of my ancient counselor kept turning over and over in my memory * * * and whenever I acted upon it I found that it worked."

In order to catch and inflame the people, Mr. Mencken observes, "all argument for principle" must be translated into "rage against a man." The writer continues: "In brief, he (the newspaper editor) knows that it is hard for the plain people to **think** about a thing, but easy for them to **feel**."

Let us imagine a "peepul's paper"—one of those organs that appear willing, always, to further the common interests. Yes; one so radical and progressive as to demand that the city council pass an ordinance to do away with "unsightly billboards;" all for the sake of "the city beautiful," you know. Of course, the real reason is that when billboards are eliminated, newspapers obtain a greater volume of advertising—but that is a horse of another color. The City Beautiful—that is the goal. It is ever the aim of the sagacious journalist to foster "a sense of personal participation," Mr. Mencken says. "The wars that he wages are always described as the people's wars, and he himself affects to be no more than their strategist and claque. When the victory has once been gained, true enough, he may take all the credit without a blush; but while the fight is going on he always pretends that every honest yeoman is enlisted, and he is even eager to make it appear that the yeomanry began it on their own motion, and out of the excess of their natural virtue."

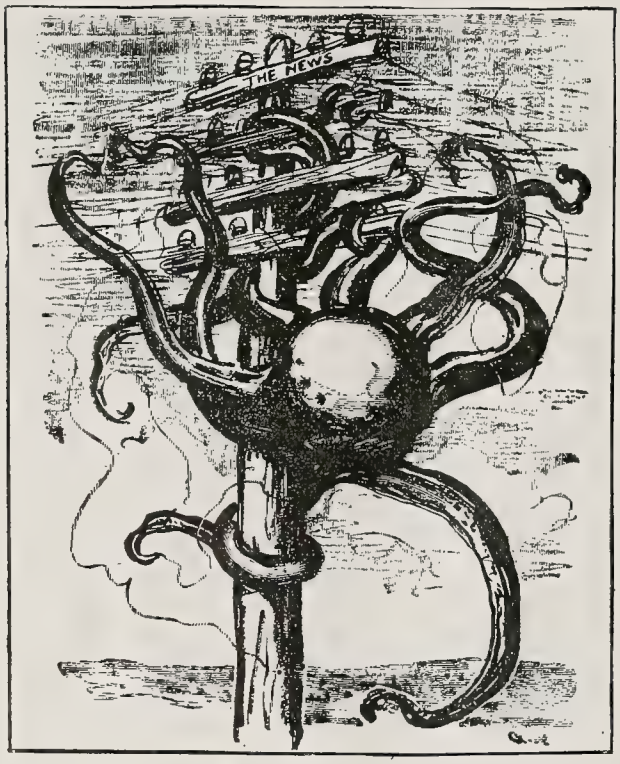
Mr. Mencken frankly confesses that capitalist newspapers always appeal to ignorance and superstition; in other words, to the "unreflective majority" instead of the "reflective minority." He says: The truth is that it would usually get a newspaper nowhere to address its exhortations to the latter, for in the first place they are too few in number to make their support of much value in general engagements, and in the second place it is almost always impossible to convert them into disciplined and useful soldiers. They are too cantankerous for that, too ready with embarrassing strategy of their own. One of the principal marks of an educated man, indeed, is the fact that he does **not** take his opinions from newspapers—not, at any rate, from the militant, crusading newspapers. On the contrary, his attitude toward them is almost always one of frank cynicism, with indifference as its mildest form and contempt as its commonest. He knows that they are constantly falling into false reasoning about the things within his personal knowledge—that is, within the narrow circle of his special education—and so he assumes that they make the same, or even worse errors about other things, whether intelectual or moral. This assumption, it may be said at once, is quite justified by the facts.

Speaking of the "unreflective majority," in his easy, candid manner, the writer tells how to hypnotize the masses. "His (the average person's) daily acts are ordered, not by any complex process of reasoning, but by a continuous process of very elemental feeling. He is not at all responsive to purely intelectual argument, even when its theme is his own ultimate benefit, for such argument quickly gets beyond his immediate interest and experience. But he **is** very responsive to emotional suggestion, particularly when it is crudely and violently made, and it is to this weakness that the

newspapers must ever address their endeavors. In brief, they must try to arouse his horror, or indignation, or pity, or simply his lust for slaughter. Once they have done that, they have him safely by the nose. He will follow blindly until his emotion wears out. He will be ready to believe anything, however absurd, so long as he is in his state of psychic tumescence."

This is plain talk about the plain people, and exposes the tricks of the mob-masters in a manner that should rouse the ire of those respectable gentlemen. The writer tells us that newspapers never swoop down on a man and try to smash his position with one blow. They work slowly, but steadily. The editors know it is just "a slow accumulation of pin-pricks, each apparently harmless in itself, that finally draws blood; it is by just such a leisurely and insidious process that the presumption of innocence is destroyed, and a hospitality to suspicion created. The campaign against Governor Sulzer in New York offers a classic example of this process in operation, with very skillful gentlemen, journalistic and political, in control of it. The charges on which Governor Sulzer was finally brought to impeachment were not launched at him out of a clear sky, nor while the primary presumption in his favor remained unshaken. Not at all. They were launched at a carefully selected and critical moment—at the end, to wit, of a long and well-managed series of minor attacks. The fortress of his popularity was bombarded a long while before it was assaulted. He was pursued with insinuations and innuendoes; various persons, more or less dubious, were led to make various charges, more or less vague, against him; the managers of the campaign sought to poison the plain people with doubts, misunderstandings, suspicions. This effort, so diligently made, was highly successful; and so the capital charges, when they were brought forward at last, had the effect of confirmations, of corroborations, of proofs. But, if Tammany had made them during the first few months of Governor Sulzer's term, while all doubts were yet in his favor, it would have got only scornful laughter for its pains. The ground had to be prepared; the public mind had to be put into training."

Our masters have turned the task of misleading the people into an exact science. Yes, even an art. Getting you to believe black is white is as measured and mechanical a proposition as supplying their automobiles with gasoline. They know how—and they boast about it. And to this black art, Mr. Mencken gives the name of "Newspaper Morals." Morals! Ye Gods! What irony! Newspaper editors have ousted the priests—and they have given us a more dangerous mental chain. One man, at a desk, can poison an entire community!



Why the Public Mind is Poisoned

BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

Anthony Comstock

For over forty years, Anthony Comstock has been fighting for the "suppression of vice," causing a great deal of alarm among artists, writers and publishers with his raids on the book shelves. The clamor makes one believe that Anthony has done much damage in his forty years of meddling. And now, in a book on Anthony Comstock, by Charles Gallaudet Trumbull, we learn that in his years of work to "suppress vice" Comstock has succeeded in "destroying nearly fifty tons of bad books." What's that? Just one little freight car could hold the whole outfit captured by this loud, but resultless, meddler. Anthony is at the end of his activities, and he has shown, for all time, that you can't suppress anything. Fifty tons! In forty years! And all this howling against Anthony! Shucks! Let him suppress for ten thousand years! What difference will it make? Anthony is a failure; his biographer proves it. He couldn't B. V. D. Art! His nonsextarian religion has gone kerplunk!

* * *

Charges Are Dismissed

Max Eastman and Art Young, Socialists, were arrested some time ago, charged with libeling the Associated Press. Now comes the report that the charges are dismissed. Is it possible that the New York District Attorney concluded that it would be impossible to libel the news agent of big business? To merely attack the Associated Press for its misrepresentations of labor struggles could never do much material good. The thing remaining to be done is simply this: The Socialists, the labor unionists and all other fighters for better living conditions must build up their own news service, so that the public will know the truth. Also, we must build a powerful press. Then, instead of being arrested for libeling the Associated Press, we will put it out of business.

* * *

Through Hindu Eyes

Rudyard Kipling is discussed by A. R. Sarath-Roy in the February North American Review. Sarath-Roy is a Hindu, who handles Kipling without gloves. "Kipling is **NOT** an authority on India, or things Indian," he says. "He is only a writer of the life of foreigners in India—not of Indian life." He continues:

"In describing the native, Kipling evidences all the virus and prejudices of his countrymen. He considers the Bengalee a coward, because that vegetarian gentleman is peace-loving and anxious to avoid "trouble," as Mulvaney puts it. Centuries of Hindu philosophy, of Hindu religion, and Hindu civilization have cast his mind into the mold of Peace. Also his food and the hot climate are not conducive to give his physical and mental propensities a bent toward aggressiveness and fighting. The Bengalee may not possess a spontaneous physical courage, but he commands a mental or moral courage that can enforce a physical courage, as late developments have proved. This mental courage does not make him less a man or a person unworthy of respect. This Kipling overlooks. Nor is his ridicule original. Englishmen for many years have been making fun of the courage of the Bengalee, and Kipling just swims with the current."

* * *

The Party Builder

Begun less than two years ago, The Party Builder now has a circulation of almost 20,000. Persons who understand the newspaper business appreciate the fact that this is a remarkable showing. The Party Builder (published by the Socialist Party, National Office, Chicago) is a weekly paper for Socialist Party men and women. It is interested more in organization than propaganda. It doesn't spend much time discussing abstract Socialism; it prefers to make the Socialist movement more powerful and efficient. Walter Lanfersiek, editor of The Party Builder, succeeds in giving the organized Socialists of America a quick exposition of what is doing in the Socialist ranks, and what remains to be done. It is, primarily, a paper for Socialists.

* * *

Socialist Editors and Libel

Hardly a day passes without learning of a Socialist editor arrested (and usually convicted) of libel. In many cases, to be sure, the comrades are persecuted; but, careful examination of hundreds of exchanges every week, leads me to the conclusion that the real wonder is that more Socialist editors are not arrested and convicted.

Many of our small Socialist periodicals are edited by well-meaning comrades, who think they are not

serving the cause unless they call somebody a liar, a thief and a grafter. Often, these charges are based on nothing but the statement of another person.

Instead of striving to brand every opponent as a horse thief and a briber, it would be well for Socialist editors to be a little more careful in their statements, and not be afraid to do some investigating. At any rate, Socialism doesn't gain much when we aim merely to give opponents the task of proving themselves honest (and sending Socialists into capitalist courts). By a patient and persistent exposition of the principles of Socialism, rather than exposing the shortcomings of personalities, our cause makes, with inevitable certainty, great forward strides.

THINGS AS THEY STAND

A SENSE of reaction has come over the labor movement of America. This, it must be admitted, is only a reflection of the mental attitude of the entire American people. The people, while in great need, do not seem to want anything—at least, they do not appear anxious to get anything. A hungry man who would reject food and prefer, in its stead, baseball and ragtime, would be considered a strange sort of lunatic. And yet this seems to be the attitude of our people just now. They have nothing—not even half-decent jobs—and they don't want anything.

While the unions of San Francisco voted almost solidly to endorse Hiram W. Johnson's administration, while these unionists were deciding to advise the working people to vote for Johnson at the coming election, that clever, slippery politician was at a Sacramento hotel directing the state's henchmen in their raids upon the unemployed. Strange! After having Johnson batter at labor's head, the organized workers present their craniums for another blow!

This is but an instance of a reactionary humor that has taken hold of the American people. They are relaxing their hold, permitting the minions of Capital to crush down those who have a semblance of fight in their starved bodies. Who seems to care about Ford and Suhr, convicted outrageously at Marysville? A handful! The American people don't seem to care. Let Suhr and Ford spend their lives in prison cells, what matters it? The important question just now is: who is going to pitch for the Giants this summer?

Governor Johnson has it in his power to pardon Suhr and Ford. How can a sane person expect him to order their release when the organized workers do not seem interested enough to make known their indignation over this travesty on justice? Governor Johnson has the endorsement of the San Francisco unionists; why should he bother his head? The unionists in Los Angeles, it appears, will follow the lead of organized labor in San Francisco.

Throughout the country the people seem to have been lulled to sleep. President Wilson, by far the shrewdest president this country ever had, has hypnotized the workers. Having told them that the government will **NOT** fight Big Business, they appear convinced that prosperity must, as a natural result, prevail. Strange logic!

Not long ago the police of Los Angeles deliberately precipitated a riot at the Plaza, battered hundreds of heads, killed a Mexican and arrested scores. Did anyone protest? Another handful! A capitalistic judge stepped in and sent about fifteen men to prison for terms, in the main, of two years. The men are in prison. Nobody seems to care, except a handful. The masses are sleeping soundly. And, from appearances, they are having pleasant dreams!

And this unfortunate lethargy is giving the Socialist press a severe blow. Weeklies and monthlies are suspending. The labor press that has the courage of its principles is in a precarious state. And, as it appears as though baseball will be extremely popular this summer, it will be interesting to watch developments.

Austin Harrison, editor of the most thorough magazine in the world, The English Review, comments on the British mind, and, judging from facts facing us, his criticisms apply with complete force to the American people. He calls it "the Ragtime attitude," which, in his opinion, "reflects the spirit of amateurishness which is the keynote of the day. Everything is a Rag. The serious man or book is a 'nuisance.' The fact is we are not really in earnest. It is not good form to be in earnest. It is not even the tradition. * * * An enormous working-class population which does not maintain and read its own Press is not likely to band itself together, like the women, and die for a principle. * * * What remains is the foundation of a Socialist Press. And that is an innovation which, if it does not lead to revolution, may yet lead to reform which may be revolutionary enough in its manifestations."—E. J.

Socialism and the Land Question

By DR. J. E. POTTENGER, Monrovia, California

THE Socialist movement has been and still is in the formative stage, educating the working man to see that if he would better his condition he must associate with his fellows, politically and industrially. Had we in years past dealt with reforms to the exclusion of work which has been done, we would have no movement today. However, we are now at the threshold of political success, and it is necessary for us to indicate what we shall do when power is given us. Moreover, with the Initiative in our hands in this state, we can accomplish something even though we fail to obtain political control. I assume, then, that the Socialist Party of California must necessarily maintain a list of Immediate Demands.

What then is the most important Immediate Demand? Let us turn to our Communist Manifesto (page 45, Charles H. Kerr edition), where we find: "Abolition of property in land and application of all rents of land to public purposes." It is evident that Karl Marx considered the land question of such importance that it should be placed at the head of the list. Marx did not offer a plan to carry out his proposition, and, so far as I know, no Socialist since his time has filled the need.

Marx recognized land as a social value. Henry George, writing twenty years later, apparently unfamiliar with Marx' writings, took the same position. He went further and developed a tax plan which he claimed would solve the question. His plan was the Single Tax—the taxation of lands at their full value and the appropriation of all increase of value by the state. Now, since this is the only remedy offered for the solution of the land question, and since it has a great many advocates, it is urgent that Socialists become familiar with the method, for we may find that we can use it in some degree to accomplish what we desire.

Indifferent to Taxation

Should one inquire of the average Socialist his view of taxation and reforms in methods of taxation, one or more of the following or similar answers will be given:

"I have little interest in the subject, for it matters not who pays taxes or upon what they are based, the working class pays all taxes ultimately."

"Socialists have no business meddling with the subject; we had better hew to the line and not bother with reforms."

"The Single Tax is a scheme for the conservation of the interests of the small capitalist in his struggle with the large capitalist."

If one questions the comrade sharply regarding the Single Tax, he will likely admit that he has not studied the question.

Socialists on the Land Question

A. M. Simons (American Farmer) deals only with the changing tenure of land, the tendency to tenantry, the altered processes of production, and the tendency to division of labor and larger production. He welcomes the proletarianization of the original owner as a boon to the political movement of the working class. He offers no plan to destroy land privilege.

Karl Kautsky (Die Agerfrage) fails likewise in a practical plan.

Arthur Morrow Lewis (Ten Blind Leaders of the Blind), in his chapter on Henry George, contents himself with ridicule of George and his system, but fails to give us what we need most—a practical land program.

Victor L. Berger (How to Reach the Farmer, Chicago Daily Socialist, May 20, 1910) said: "The greatest Socialist minds have spent years on this questions. Kautsky wrote a book of 500 pages, and it is the poorest book he has written. He came to no conclusion. The greatest trouble is that Marx fell down on the question of agriculture. We have to admit it."

Importance of the Problem

An illustration which differs only in degree from what may be found elsewhere may be given. Forty years ago the whole of Los Angeles County was worth less than twenty million dollars. Today the market value of the land is at least one billion dollars, every dollar of which was produced by labor during that time. The present owners are permitted to reap a harvest from rent, say of 10 per cent annually, which means that the 150,000 workers in the county must pay $100,000,000 as rent, or nearly $700 per capita in increased cost of living and low wages. From what other single cause does the worker lose so much?

Shifting of Taxes in General

Perhaps the well-known ability of the strong and powerful to shift taxes to the consumer or laborer, in the form of low wages, accounts for much of our indifference to the subject of taxation. The income tax, which might be confiscatory under certain conditions, will not be so under existing conditions. All business men powerful enough to do so, will add it to their expenses and shift it to the consumer or laborer. There is no escape. Consider the recent ridiculous act of

the German Social Democracy in voting for the war budget, wth the justification, "If the rich insist on preparation for war, let them pay for it. The cost will be defrayed by taxes on their incomes." This blunder has done untold damage to anti-military propaganda, and the taxes will be shifted to the working class as before. On the other hand, we will find that under a land value taxation plan, taxes cannot be shifted at all, or to only an insignificant degree.

Need of Definite Land Program

After we study the question for some time I am sure that we will insist on the California State Program Committee inserting as Immediate Demand No. 1, a drastic land value tax measure which will restore the land values, social in origin, to those who produce them, and abolish speculation forever.

* * *

Editor's Note—In forthcoming articles Dr. J. E. Pottenger will show how land value taxation may be used by Socialists to accomplish, in quite a measure, what they are after. Also, he will give succinct analyses of Henry George's social and economic philosophy from the viewpoint of a Socialist.

Next—An Eight-Hour Law!

(Continued from page 10)

p. m.?" "And the proposed law does not permit the servant to work more than six days in the week!"

Statistics show that only eighteen per cent of the people in the United States keep domestic servants. The people who are most interested in the passage of this law are not contemplating the keeping of servants, and as for the eighteen per cent, it will do madame good to prepare a meal once in a while, and to wait on her own family for one day in the week. Every woman who has ever done any housework knows that it is hard work, and will rejoice that, at last, the house servant is not to be at the beck and call of an employer for an unlimited period each day.

All the arguments against an eight-hour day resolve themselves into this one—it will encroach upon profits! And all the arguments in its favor converge finally into this—to the great majority of the common people it will bring more abundant life.

First, by increasing the chances for employment. It has been asserted that a reduction in hours does not put more men to work. Certain political economists have, "with mathematical precision" (?) figured that the output under the reduced hours must equal the output before the hours were reduced, without increasing the working force—else the price of the product would be raised. This, of course, would be equivalent to a reduction in wages, and would mean that less of the product would be consumed and fewer men required for its production. This argument might be offered where the reduction in hours affected one or two industries only, but where every kind of labor in the state is to be so affected, it cannot be denied that more men will be required to perform the work that is now being done. That is why an eight-hour law affecting all classes of labor is more beneficial than an eight-hour day maintained by the organized strength of the workers in certain industries only.

"Then it will increase the cost of all commodities and services!" Undoubtedly. The Socialist Party, in putting forth an eight-hour bill, does not claim that it will solve the economic problem—on the contrary, we most emphatically assert that so long as profits must remain stable, no single piece of legislation can bring to the workers any advantage, without at the same time revealing the incompleteness of any program which does not strike at the roots of capitalism—profits! But, we say: "Better that the cost of living should go up, than the standard of living should go down!"

The ultimate effect of a universal eight-hour day on the employment situation cannot be computed as a simple mathematical problem. It will lessen unemployment to an ever increasing degree because it not only gives opportunity for increased efficiency and intelligence on the part of the worker, but it absolutely demands these things on his part. It inevitably develops a class of workers able to cope with the problem of unemployment, the cost of living and the whole problem of profits.

"It permits of no overtime for the worker, though," says the capitalist. Did you ever notice, comrade, that when the masters appeal to Labor, they always address themselves to the scab spirit? And when that spirit is permitted to govern, it is the undoing of Labor in the end.

The establishment of the eight-hour work day is not alone of substantial material benefit. It contains possibilities for still further advance. It will give the worker the one thing necessary for self-emancipation—LEISURE. Leisure is opportunity. Opportunity is the gateway to new worlds of thought and action.

Enforced idleness is not leisure. Idleness will impoverish, degrade and dwarf. Leisure will enrich and elevate character.

Workers of California: We summon you to this great cause! The age-long struggle is nearing an end! Capitalistic desperation presages success. In this conflict let us abolish all imaginary lines, and remember only that we are of the working class. Let the ballots of the workers give answer to the bullets of Wheatland, San Diego and Sacramento!

—The California Outlook.

OTIS—THE PLEISTOCENE MAN!

The two pairs of feet indicate that the club has been in use, says the editor of The California Outlook. Those in the left-hand corner belong to a gentleman engaged in skin-hunting for the General. He was rash enough to unite with others of his craft in asking a salary increase of three clam-shells per week. He has had his answer; for the General has just delivered a very striking lecture on industrial freedom.

A Great Octopus Dies

ONE tentacle of the Great Greed has slipped its cable and slid into the deep blue sea—or into whatever it is that tentacles slide when they die. This having reference, of course, to the demise of the United States Express Company, which has just decided to close its books and quit gouging the public, for the good and sufficient reason that the gouging business is very poor, now that the parcel post is in the field.

But here is a great historical event, and after all little ado is being made over it. For years we have heard reactionary orators dilate upon the horrors of confiscation. We have heard Republicans and Democrats warn the nation against this terrible thing; we have actually seen them shudder at the thought that we as a nation should ever confiscate wealth! And now come we to the point where wealth **IS** confiscated by an institution brought into being by Republicans and Democrats, though the IDEA may not have originated with them, since Republicans and Democrats are not popularly supposed to originate ideas.

The United States Express Company is going out of business because the parcel post system went into business. And, while the parcel post is limited in its field of operation, it has demonstrated that here, as in the postal field, it is superior to privately owned service—and, what is more important to the express companies, cheaper.

Essentially this operation—this killing of the express company's business—is confiscation. "We, the people," have made worthless the business of this company; we have deprived it of the chance to make profits. We have confiscated its business as truly as though we had passed a law directly forbidding it to transport express.

And nobody over the whole broad land cares a rap. When you come right face against this confiscation business it loses many of its terrors. Even the kept press is shedding no tears, sees no reign of anarchy, predicts no disaster to our cherished institutions and sees no decline of patriotism.

Of course, nobody maintains that this defines the Socialist position as to confiscation in any way. It is merely by way of ponting out that it is useless to say what methods we shall find best suited to future needs; it is useless to say that we favor this or that way of doing something to be done a dozen years from now; it is by way of saying that when we come to our bridges we shall find the best way of crossing, and we shall not always be bound by a lot of traditionary buncombe that has cluttered up the past.

And it may be that, as in the case of the United States Express Company, we shall cross a lot of bridges without even having known that we were anywhere near a bridge.—C. M. W.

TREATED HER ROYALLY

Whenever a "New One" appears with his first published novel or story—sometimes the book pays expenses—we wouldbe's all gather around him and ask "how'd ye do it?" And the answer is the usual answer. He tells us how he wrote it, and how he sold it, and how he did this and that. All of which is interesting. And now comes May Edington, one of the latest to join the Major League, who tells how she "was never denied access to editorial sanctums." She adds that she was never turned away, much to her surprise. Of course, it is necessary to state the fact that her husband is an editor.

Read what The National Socialist says about this publication: "The Western Comrade is a monthly magazine that should be in the home of every Socialist and sympathizer in America. This publication is a joy to the eye and contains matter that places the magazine in a class of its own. The best writers and artists contribute to The Western Comrade."

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The Western Comrade, P. O. Box 135, Los Angeles

EXPLAINED

"Atkins," said the sergeant, angrily, "why haven't you shaved this morning "

"Ain't I shaved?" asked Atkins, in apparent surprise.

"No, you're not," insisted the sergeant; "and I want to know why."

"Well, you see, sergeant," replied the soldier, "there was a dozen of us using the same mirror, and I must have shaved some other man."

A SARTORIAL RETORT

In a recent debate on Socialism at one of the Chautauquas in Ohio, the Honorable J. Adam Bede, commenting on the discussion of his opponent, the Honorable Emil Seidel, said:

"He has told you many things, but nothing to the point. His arguments are like the Mother Hubbard dress: they cover everything, but touch nothing."

In his rebuttal Seidel declared: "Mr. Bede has adroitly avoided the issue and explained nothing. His arguments are very much like the present close-fitting, diaphanous dress: they touch everything and cover nothing."

GENUINE PITY

Excited Small Boy—Hey, Mr. Tanks, there's a burglar crawlin' up your front steps this very minute!

Mr. Tanks—Poor devil, the missus'll think it's me.

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(Signed) EMANUEL JULIUS.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1914.

CHAIM SHAPIRO,

Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

My commission expired April 2, 1917. (Seal)

The International Socialist Review

JUST OUT FOR APRIL

CONTENTS

Labor's Battle in South Africa. Written especially for the Review by one of our South African comrades. All cable reports were censored and this is the first authoritative account of the great struggle. Tells of the splendid solidarity shown by the black and white workers and how the capitalists abolished all government.

The Menace in Government Ownership. By a mail carrier who is not afraid to write about the slave conditions under which the government employes work. (Be sure that your carrier reads this article.)

The Partnership Between China and the Standard Oil Company. By Mary E. Marcy. Points out the rapid development of capitalism and that the prospects for a mighty army of Socialism in China are growing better every day.

Other articles which you will want to read are:

Business and Patriotism in Japan.—S. Katayama.

Glimpses of Formosa.—M. Wright.

In the Army.—A Soldier.

The Socialist Party and the Schools.—F. Bohn.

The Catholic Church and the Unemployed.

Catherine Breshkovsky.—E. Roubanovitch.

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Chester M. Wright, Contributing Editor
Associate Editors
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Vol. 2 May, 1914 No. 1

The California Social-Democrat

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"Your editorials are cleverly written."—D. F. K., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Each number is better than the last."—Mrs. Mary E. Garbutt, Los Angeles.

The Dawn, published at Santa Barbara, was advertised in the April number of The Western Comrade. Sydney Greenbie, assistant editor of The Dawn, writes that he received the following from August Hamilton, San Diego, Calif.: "Please send me sample copy of your magazine, The Dawn. The Western Comrade is fine, and if The Dawn is as good I will buy it."

D. C. Poindexter, an official of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers, Bismarck, North Dakota, writes:

"After a careful perusal of the current issue of The Western Comrade, I cannot resist the temptation of adding my quota of praise to the undoubtedly already long list. Your declaration that you intend to advocate the addition of co-operative societies to the movement will, I am sure, meet with the approval of a great majority of your readers.

"I feel confident that I can obtain a good number of subscriptions for you. Therefore, please send me fifteen sample copies of the April issue, with bill, and the good work will go merrily on.

"Keep your pages as full of 'pep' as the last two issues have been and your success is assured."

"I am an old printer who has worked on newspapers and magazines all over the country. Let me tell you that I think The Western Comrade is one of the most beautiful magazines I have ever come across. The make-up is splendid. The type is pleasing to one's eyes. And the stock used is just the thing that a person could wish for."—Albert Lancaster, 4014 Evans avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

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OFF DUTY

Little Everett was a member of the Band of Mercy Society, and was very proud of the membership. He wore his badge, a small star, as if it were a policeman's insignia, and was often heard reproving other boys and girls for cruel treatment of dogs and cats.

One morning a woman of the neighborhood heard quite a commotion outside Everett's home, and, going to the window, was surprised to find Everett in the act of tormenting the cat.

"Why, Everett," she called, "what are doing to that poor cat? I thought you belonged to the Band of Mercy Society?"

"I did," replied the little boy, "but I lost my star."

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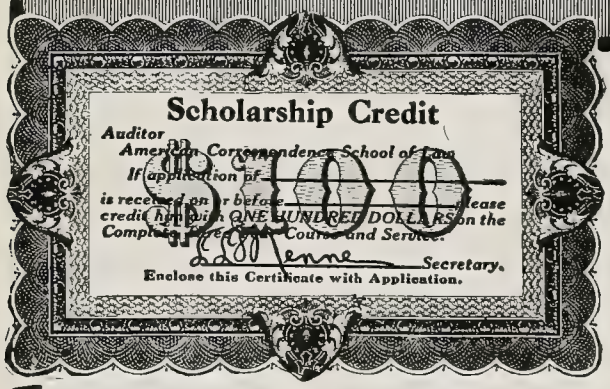

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The Western Comrade

This Issue

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BY

Job Harriman
W. A. Engle
Emanuel Julius
Frank E. Wolfe
Edgcumb Pinchon
Rob Wagner
and others

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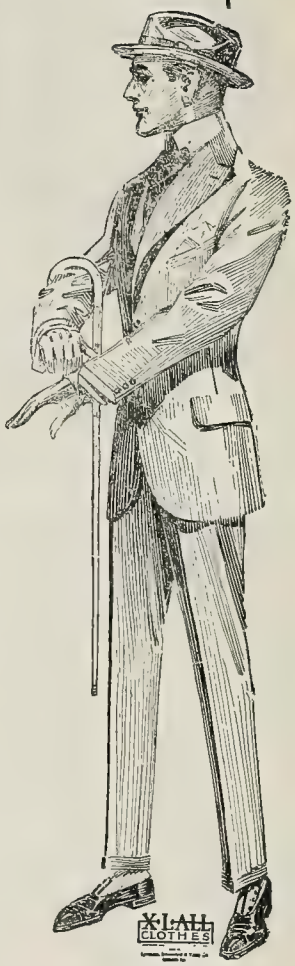

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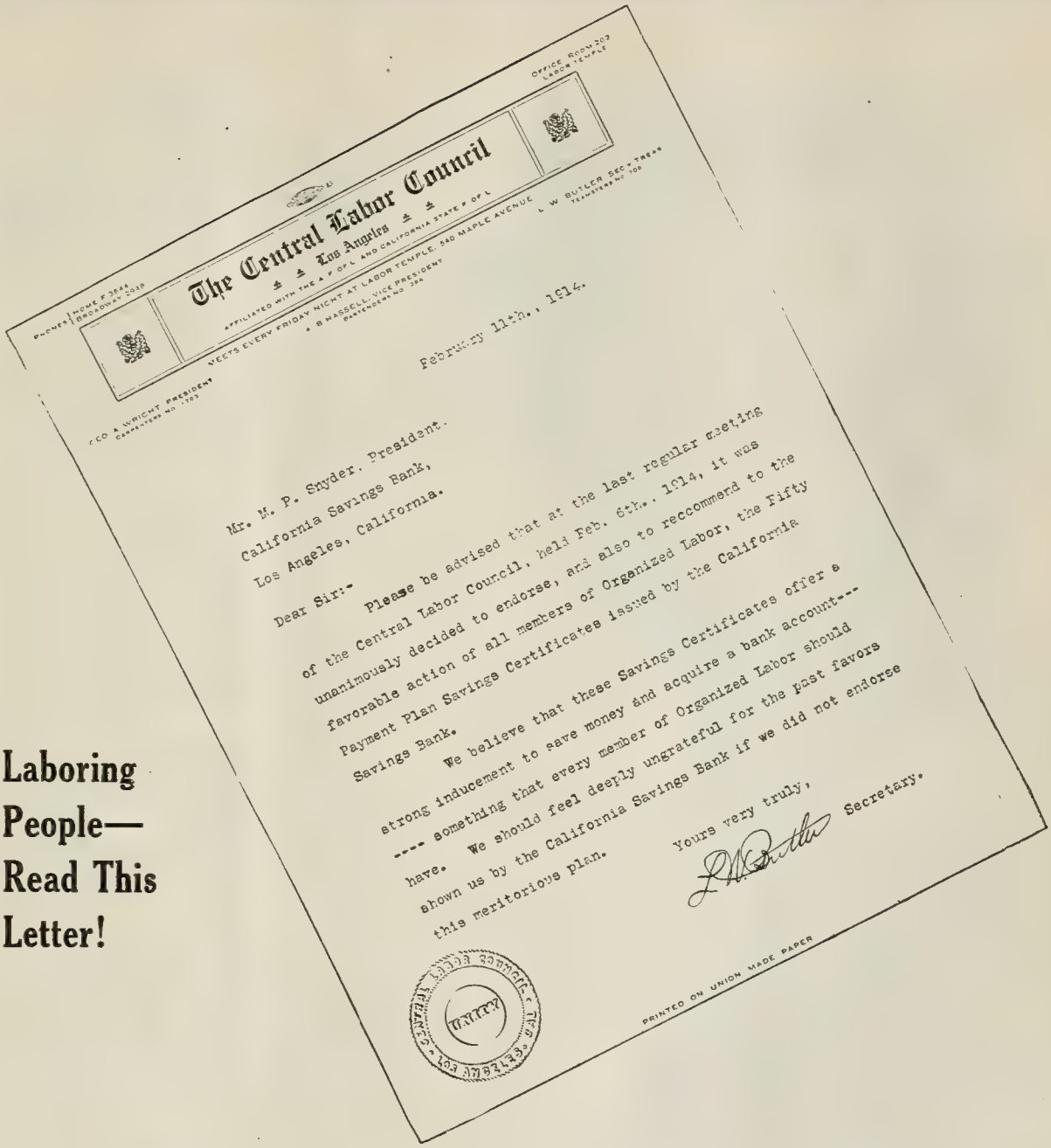

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Los Angeles

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Geo. A. Wright, President, Carpenters No. 1795
A. B. Hassell, Vice President, Bartenders No. 284
L. W. Butler, Sec.-Treas., Teamsters No. 108

February 11th., 1914.

Mr. M. P. Snyder, President.
California Savings Bank,
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Sir:-

Please be advised that at the last regular meeting of the Central Labor Council, held Feb. 6th., 1914, it was unanimously decided to endorse, and also to reccommend to the favorable action of all members of Organized Labor, the Fifty Payment Plan Savings Certificates issued by the California Savings Bank.

We believe that these Savings Certificates offer a strong inducement to save money and acquire a bank account--- ---- something that every member of Organized Labor should have. We should feel deeply ungrateful for the past favors shown us by the California Savings Bank if we did not endorse this meritorious plan.

Yours very truly,
L. W. Butler Secretary.

Central Labor Council Los Angeles
Unity

Printed on Union Made Paper

Laboring People— Read This Letter!

This Strong Letter Endorses the Saving Certificates Issued by This Bank

$100 Saving Certificates are sold on the easy payment plan of $2 a week for fifty weeks, and the

Bank Makes the First Payment for You

Thousands of these Saving Certificates have been sold the past two months—thousands of people have appreciated the fact that not only are these Certificates a wise investment, but an easy, sure way to save $100.

LABOR MEN—Investigate this plan. Call or write for information.

California Savings Bank

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"A Tower of Strength"

Publishers' Announcement

EMANUEL JULIUS

THE WESTERN COMRADE has fought nobly. It will continue to fight. Against tremendous odds, Emanuel Julius, as manager and one of the editors of this publication, kept The Western Comrade above the high water mark, enabled the bills to be met as bills should be met, and gave the workers of the West a magazine to be proud of. Emanuel Julius and Chester M. Wright, through their tireless efforts, marked a new era in Socialist journalism.

Emanuel Julius has turned over his magazine to new hands. It is taken with a clean slate. Looking over his records, we do not find a single unpaid bill. Indeed, is this not remarkable? The printers, engravers, mailers, artists, folders, binders and others have received every penny due them. Emanuel Julius is not only an efficient editor and a wonderful writer but a business man of keen ability.

We will be satisfied if future issues of The Western Comrade maintain the high literary standards attained by Emanuel Julius and Chester M. Wright. And, when we announce our policy it is only fair to say that we shall not bring in a new phase for treatment but merely emphasize what Comrade Julius and Wright have already treated.

The co-operative idea is "taking" in this part of the country. It was first expounded in The Western Comrade. It is only natural that we shall use this medium, as we desire, above all things, to advance the co-operatives. Where co-operation was a part of The Western Comrade's policy, under Emanuel Julius' and Chester M. Wright's regime, we shall make it THE policy of the present publishers. That is the only difference.

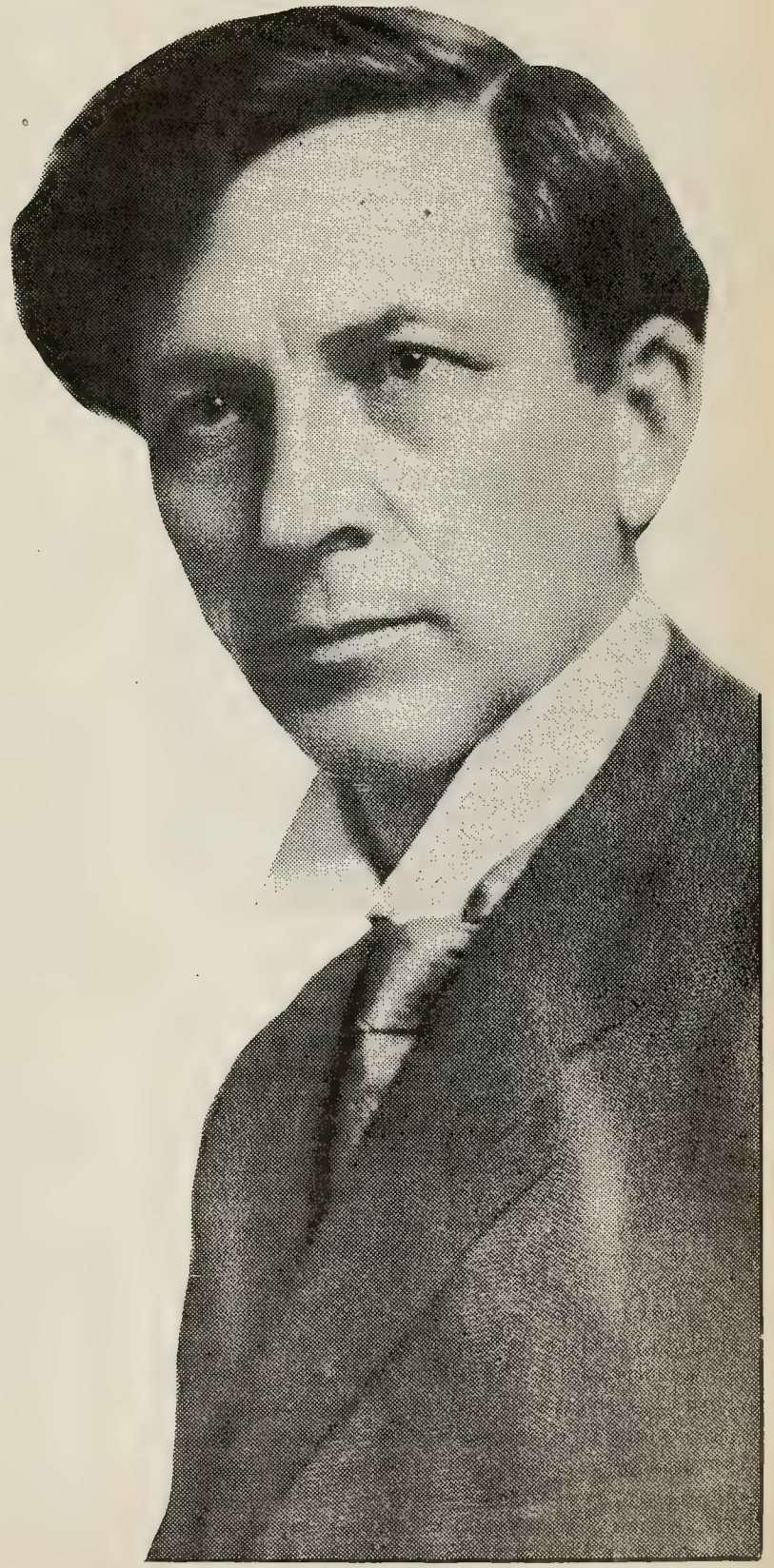
We shall strive to print the best fiction obtainable. Poetry of a high order will be given its place. Book reviews, articles on Socialism, editorials on current events will all be given their proper place.

We are positive that The Western Comrade will be of great interest to the Western workers. They will find much in the magazine that will touch their immediate environments. They will be proud of The Western Comrade, just as we are proud of the magazine as it was.

Comrades of the West! Give your magazine—The WESTERN COMRADE—your enthusiastic support.

Job Harriman

wants you to read
his article in this issue of
The Western Comrade.
He has a
great message for labor.
Study his theory
of practical co-operation.
Everybody knows that
Harriman has always
had the interests of labor
at heart.
His article,
"The Gateway to
Freedom,"
tells what he believes
labor should do.



Read his article.
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to read it.

The Gateway to Freedom

By JOB HARRIMAN

ALL down the centuries, the workers have been struggling for freedom. The creators have aspired for a system of society wherein they would enjoy a measure of happiness. The producers have always desired a day when labor would rid itself of parasites in human form who live off their labor.

History has been the record of those who have fought for freedom. They have battled for religious, intellectual and political freedom. After generations of suffering, they have obtained the right to think as they please. They have freedom of thought, they have political freedom and religious freedom, but the worst slavery of all still exists. I refer to economic slavery.

The great struggle that faces men today is the struggle for economic freedom, to have the right of access to the sources of life. So long as the machines, the land, the tools and the other means of production are owned by one class to the detriment of another, so long will the workers be industrial and economic slaves. The time has come for the workers to become the owners of the land and the tools. The time has come for action, not for argument. We want results NOW, not in the distant future. Here is the gateway to freedom!

Deep down in the heart of 90 per cent of our people who have reached maturity there is an ever-present dread of failure, or loss of work, and a desire to get "back to the land."

All that prevents this great mass of people from returning to the land is the knowledge of the hardships, and the long up-hill struggle which such a life entails, and the expense of procuring water and labor necessary to cultivate the land on the individual or "small farm" scale. Another great obstacle is the lack of educational facilities for the children and of the comforts and conveniences of city life, such as medical and hospital treatment, access to libraries, lectures, educational meetings, etc.

The Mescal Water and Land Company was formed with one object particularly in mind. That was to organize and incorporate in such a way as to insure to the stockholders and their families all the freedom, independence, character building influences, and other natural advantages of country life, combined with the most modern facilities for their education, entertainment, comfort and care.

With this idea ever in view, all the details have been worked out in a hard-headed, business-like manner, with the result that the plan herein briefly outlined is both practical and sound, and presents opportunities to the average man never before offered.

There is no exaggeration in this description. It is a plain, conservative statement of conditions as they exist. Indeed it would be difficult to exaggerate the natural advantages of this beautiful tract of land. To see it is to long to enter into possession of it.

Because of most peculiar circumstances surrounding the past management and ownership the company has been able to secure this great tract of valuable land on terms that would appear unbelievable in this day of increasing land values.

The stockholders will share in this advantage.

The Mescal Water and Land Company is organized as a private corporation, with power to do everything necessary to develop and hold a large body of land for the benefit of the stockholders who perform the development labor thereon.

The Land

The property of this corporation is located in the fertile Antelope Valley, about sixty miles from the city of Los Angeles. It is in Los Angeles county and is about midway between Palmdale and Victorville, near the mountains on the southern side of the valley.

The property lies for the most part between Big Rock creek and Mescal creek, on the plain below and running up to the base of the mountains that form a magnificent watershed and are snow-capped for seven months of the year.

The soil is decomposed granite, of unknown depth.

Climate

The average elevation is about 3,500 feet.

The elevation, combined with the close proximity to the mountains, give a healthful climate where the extremes are not so noticeable as they are on the southern slope of the range. The summers are not excessively warm and the contour of the section shelters this part of the valley from the high winds that prevail during certain seasons of the year in the northern and central parts. The winter months are as a rule pleasant, varied at times by a slight snowfall and sometimes cold enough to form an ice on still water one-quarter to one-half an inch in thickness.

Water

The water, in semi-arid countries, is the most important thing to be considered. It is conceded by soil experts that the greater part of the land in Southern California will yield rich returns, given a sufficient amount of water for irrigation purposes. Naturally

the water was the first thing that was considered by the members of the board of directors of the Mescal Water and Land Company. They have secured the exclusive rights to the waters of Mescal Creek, Jackson's Lake and Boulder Creek, which, our engineers assure us, are sufficient to irrigate ten thousand acres of land. In addition to these interests already secured, the company is endeavoring to secure, and with good prospects of success, extensive rights to the water of Big Rock Creek and a large tract of land lying thereunder. The company has the rights to the constant flow of water at Jackson Lake, which in the driest season is never less than 150 miner's inches, and it is believed by our engineers that a much larger constant flow can be developed at that place.

This lake lies in what is known as the volcanic fault which extends the full length of this particular chain of mountains which is dotted here and there with little lakes, of which Jackson is a sample.

It is from lakes like these, and from the streams having their origin therein, that the water supply of the Palmdale lands and the beautiful and prosperous Little Rock Colony, twelve miles to the west of us, is secured.

Power Possibilities

Within a half mile of Jackson Lake the waters can be so conducted around the mountains that they may be dropped through a pen-stock a distance of 500 feet. A ditch or flume may be continued from that point for about another mile and the water again dropped through pen-stocks for another 500 or 600 feet. The same may be again repeated at the mouth of Mescal Canyon. This water, thus conducted and utilized, will develop all the power the company will need for years to come. There are other power possibilities in the mountains nearby of which the company is endeavoring to gain control.

Products

The elevation of this land especially adapts it to the growing of deciduous fruits, notably, pears, apples, peaches, plums, cherries, olives, figs and walnuts. The pears of this district are especially fine and are grown to a good profit, bringing from $25 to $30 per tree; with sixty-five to sixty-nine trees to the acre it is easy to figure the income of a thousand acres of pears in full bearing, which will take about six years. However, they begin to bear in about three years, increasing in productivity each year thereafter. Alfalfa is grown to a good profit and will yield, after the first year, from four to six crops per year as the stand grows older. Barley, oat and wheat hay thrive in this soil and a ready market is open for these products to be supplied. Kaffir corn and other small grains also produce an excellent crop. All kinds of berries and small fruits can be grown. Potatoes, sweet potatoes, excellent tomatoes and all kinds of garden truck thrive and mature fully on this land.

The Plan

The Mescal Water and Land Company is organized with a capital stock of 50,000 shares of a par value of $1 per share, but a re-organization is in progress by which the capital stock will be raised to $1,000,000. Later, as the development of the property demands, the capitalization will be raised to $2,000,000 or more, if the stockholders deem it necessary.

The company desires to secure at least 1000 stockholders, who will buy 500 shares at par value, paying cash therefor.

Members of the board who are elected by the stockholders to serve for a period of one year, will have supervision and control of the development of the property and will make all contracts of employment with the individual stockholders and transact all business for the corporation.

Truck No. 1 has made a remarkable record for runs between Los Angeles and the rancho at Llano del Rio. It has carried several tons of machinery and supplies in trips over mountain passes and "wash" roads that have thoroughly tested its capacity and it has stood up well. Auto trucks will play a great part in the development of the transportation system between the colony and the railroads and cities.

It will be observed that this is NOT a co-operative colony, but a corporation, conducted upon the lines of ordinary private corporations. The corporation laws of this state have all been tested and construed and by organizing in this manner we are not traveling in an unknown path, but will have the rules of the law, now established, by which to be guided, and we will be free from experiment.

With each stockholder holding 500 or more shares of the capital stock of the company, the board of directors will enter into a contract of employment, agreeing to pay him $4 per day under such terms and conditions as may be mutually agreed upon. Of the $4 per

day it will be expected that each stockholder-employe will agree, among other things, to draw not to exceed $3 per day, leaving $1 a day to his credit in an individual fund, with which he will agree to buy stock for the full value thereof for such time as he may work, not to exceed $1500, which, together with the 500 shares already purchased, will give him 2000 shares, which is the maximum amount which any one stockholder may purchase.

With the fund of cash so raised and the labor employed under the terms of this agreement, the company will be able to bring a large tract of land into a high state of cultivation.

It will be observed that the plan provides that every stockholder is expected to do useful work for the corporation, for which he receives $4 per day. If he does not work in the development of the property he receives no wages; consequently only those who labor will be benefited by the purchase of stock.

It is proposed that if the purchasers of stock at any time shall desire to sell their stock or accumulations or shall leave the employ of the corporation for any reason, the board of directors will use their best offices and efforts to sell the stock and return the cash to the purchaser; also to find such purchasers for such stock who will also pay for the fund accumulated for the purchase of additional stock, together with the accumulative reserve. The company, however, will not assume absolutely such responsibility, because by so doing it might in some way cripple itself to the detriment of the enterprise and all the other stockholders. It is evident that this course must be pursued for the protection of all the stockholders in the corporation. The stockholder has an absolute right under the law to sell his stock for any price that is suitable to him as it is his own private property.

Need Experienced Storemen

The company will conduct a supply depot on the land, by which all the wants of the stockholders will be supplied at the actual cost to the corporation. The supplies, not produced directly by the stockholders on the land, will be bought at wholesale and the best possible prices will be secured and the stockholders will be given the benefit thereof. This will require the services of stockholders who are experienced in the handling of merchandise.

With sufficient labor upon the land we will be able to grow substantially all the food required by all men and their families working on the property. This food will be furnished at cost of production, hence the remaining $3 per day will be more than sufficient to supply the wants of an ordinary family. The company, however, will require those who consume less than the remaining $3 to permit the surplus to accumulate in individual funds to the credit of such stockholders, who will agree to draw not to exceed a certain per cent of such surplus within any one year for a given term of years. The reason for this requirement is that the small amount of money which each man invests would not be sufficient to pay such wages in cash; and for the further reason that the corporation must do business upon the labor of its stockholders, to whom the entire property will belong as soon as such stockholders will have a sufficient amount to their credit to buy the stock hereinbefore mentioned.

Will End Exploitation

Under working conditions of today the producer receives a small percentage of the wealth he produces, the remaining large percentage going to his employer and over which he ceases to have control. In this company the $4 per day represents the small percentage which he now receives, but he does not lose control over the large percentage, now going to his employer, as it goes into the property of the company in which he will ultimately become an equal sharer with all other stockholders.

Hitherto the approved custom in agricultural and horticultural pursuits has been to spend a large amount of human energy on a small amount of land, such method being known as intensive cultivation. In recent years, however, horticulturists and agriculturists have been able to continue intensive cultivation on a large scale by employing the best modern machinery,

View of Rock Creek which is the source of a large part of the water supply for the Llano country. This photograph was taken early in the season and at that time 40,000 miners inches of water was flowing in the river. With the conservation system planned engineers say it will not be difficult to supply a steady flow of about 20,000 inches of water or enough to irrigate twice as much land as the colony expects to acquire. The source of this stream is high in the mountains where the snow lies in the deep canyons nearly the entire year.

and have attained even better results with far less human energy expended. This policy will be followed by the company in all its operations. We have even now, on the land and working, a traction engine, gang-plow, leveler, concrete mixer and pipe molds for the making of cement pipes for our irrigation system, drags and various other heavy machinery used for the purpose of clearing and preparing the land for planting on a large scale.

To Establish Social Center

It is not intended, however, that all our energy shall be devoted entirely to manual labor upon the property. The fundamental desire to human beings is happiness, and the reason men work is to procure the means by which they can enjoy life. This company has taken this fact into consideration and will lay out a large tract of land, in the center of which they will build a social center. In this social center they will establish their school, which will be vocational in character—that is to say, the opportunity will be given to each child to pursue such play and such vocation as his or her own happiness indicates that he or she is best adapted to. The various industries and the school will be so connected that the children will be permitted to follow the lines of investigation and the activities to which their inclinations lead them. The administration of the affairs of the company will be conducted in such a manner as to bring its affairs constantly before the school in such a way that the children will learn the various arts and industries as well as the nature and habits of plant and animal life, under the most intelligent direction. It is expected that such vocational education will precede the scientific rules and will be acquired as easily and naturally by intelligent direction as the child learns to talk before it learns the rules of syntax and grammar; but that such education will be followed by scientific training in rules and reasons therefor, goes without saying.

In this social center will also be established the library, theater, assembly rooms, moving pictures, pub-

(Continued on Page 24)

War:--A Solution of the Evil

By H. J. BARRETT

SINCE the dawn of history the world has groaned beneath the scourge of war. Mars has exacted a frightful toll not only directly in the shape of human blood and suffering but indirectly through the heavy burden of taxation necessary to meet the pension list. And yet, as Chesterton points out, men enlist not because they hate the enemy but because they love their own country.

Personally, we have nothing against patriotism where it harms no one else. A man may be an intensely loyal citizen of Anaheim and still cherish no enmity against the inhabitants of Watts. That brand of patriotism is innocuous: altogether admirable. But we strongly object to the sort of patriotism which actuates a man to invade a neighboring country for the purpose of killing its populace. The spectacle would be comic if it were not tragic: this business of shooting down men whose interests are identical with yours, while Guggenheim and John Hays Hammond sit on the side lines and enjoy the humor of the situation.

But at the present stage of man's transition from the condition of the cave-man to something approaching civilization it is difficult to curb the war spirit. The flash and glitter of the whole affair stir primitive emotions: the ancient tribal instincts. It will die hard.

We can, however, rob war of its ugliest features. We can avoid killing and maiming each other. Here is our suggestion. Let an international agreement be signed which will provide for the use of india rubber bullets. Let umpires from neutral armies be present at the scene of conflict. When a man is struck he is to be adjudged technically dead: hors de combat. By mutual agreement he cannot be permitted to serve again in that particular war. If experiment prove these bullets too painful, substitute tennis balls, to be fired from a large bore rifle.

In the case of artillery and the navy use footballs. So many hits will, by pre-arrangement, constitute a victory. As soon as a battleship is struck, say fifty times, the umpires step in and the flag is lowered.

The use of explosive bullets and the poisoning of water supplies are already forbidden by international agreement. It would constitute but a slight step forward to adopt the system outlined. As for evidence of personal valor; if a man wished to display his scars, let him have a mark tatooed upon the spot struck by the enemy's tennis-ball.

By this method the point at issue would be settled just as decisively and far more satisfactorily than under the present childish arrangement. And the world would be spared the economic waste involved in the sacrifice of thousands of useful citizens. When you get right down to fundamentals these complex problems prove to be simple enough.

"Young Man, You're Raving"

By EMANUEL JULIUS

YOUNG man," blurted Clark Harding, as he threw Jordan's copy into the receptacle for all that proves unsatisfactory to newspaper editors; "young man, you're raving."

Jordan snapped:

"That's a big story."

"Maybe it is, but I'm not paying you for what **you** consider big stories. I want the stuff that I want—and I don't want anything else. That's clear, eh?"

"The people ought to know about **that**"—Jordan pointed to the waste-basket.

"Maybe so," Harding returned, "but this is **my** paper, and I'm not interested in knocking the gas company."

"The people **are** going to know," Jordan declared, quickly. He leaned over and took his copy from the basket. Shaking it in Harding's face, he added:

"If there isn't a newspaper that'll print this story then it means there's room for **another** newspaper and I'm going to start that paper."

Harding, paying no attention to this ridiculous statement, slowly said:

"You'd make a valuable man, Jordon, if you'd drop your fool notions and get into the traces. You've got lots of good stuff in your make-up, but you've got no judgment or you wouldn't bring in a story like this. The idea! If it had been somebody else, I'd fire him on the spot."

"I'm through," Jordan announced. "I'm going to get this story before the people if I have to hold soap-box meetings in competition with the Salvation Army."

And, true to his word, Jordan quit and went the round of the papers, but found them unwilling to print his story. They couldn't deny that what he said was true, for Jordan had given much time to his facts. They had to admit that Jordan was telling the truth when he charged the gas corporation with bribing the city council in order to obtain an extension of its franchise.

Certain that he could not get a hearing, Jordan proceeded to carry out his threat. He was young—and that explained a great deal. Young men always do impossible things—and Jordan was a very young man; and Jordan was angry, too!

Newspapers are exceedingly funny things. They can cost a million, or they can be established with the price of a box of cigars! Jordan knew this. Harding's plant cost a half million, and when his mountain labored, it brought forth an eight-page morning paper that delighted the fuzzy-wuzzies because of its "quiet tone," its "dignity and respectability." And yet, it cost a half million. Great presses, twenty-two linotypes, a big ad room, a top-heavy editorial staff—all to get out the eight-page organ of Things As They Are.

Jordan got busy and saw a man who was publishing a weekly paper at the end of a carline, somewhere, somehow—why, nobody knew. He had a plant that was worth less than the price of a second-hand Ford. Jordan offered him cash, and, to the surprise of no one, the publisher and editor of The Weekly Eagle accepted.

Jordan loaded the entire outfit into a wagon and had it delivered at an empty store some blocks from the center of the city, where rent was low. He looked over his possessions, and concluded that if he couldn't raise cash on the outfit, he'd surely raise hell. And he did.

Jordan got a printer who had lots of faith in humanity, which means he didn't inquire if wages would visit in the manner that wages should.

"I'm going to get out a four-page paper," he told Nelson.

"With what?"

"With **this**," Jordan replied.

"I don't doubt that you can get **something** out of **this**, but you ain't going to call it a newspaper, are you?"

"I sure am. The people's paper—that's it! The People's Paper—that's what I'm going to call it. A good name—The People's Paper; and it's going to fight the people's battles. If you want to help, I'll make you foreman when I erect my new building."

Nelson threw off his coat and went to work.

"You can begin on this," Jordan said, handing him the copy that Harding had rejected. "And," he added, "it doesn't make much difference what else gets into the paper. This story will sell the paper."

With liberal use of display type and staggering headlines, the first page of Vol. 1, No. 1, of "The People's Paper," in the language of Nelson, was a "humdinger." The seven-column headline, "Gas Company Exposed!" could be read a block away.

"So the People May Know" became the motto of Jordan's newspaper. He repeated it a dozen times in his four pages of fight. His editorial, set in 24 point type, announced that "The People's Paper" would be the community's crusader; it would hew to the line and let the chips fall where they may; it would be blind as a bat to all but the truth; it would expose unmerci-

fully; it would espouse the cause of the poor and fight the conspiracies of the rich. "The People's Paper" would assist in labor's battles for justice, for better living conditions, for sanitary workshops. The union label would be boosted. Jordan's editorial read like a revolutionary manifesto. It plainly told advertisers that they would pay for space—"not for silence." "The People's Paper" would have no strings tied to it. Free speech! Free press! It throbbed with radicalism; it breathed revolution.

"There's a wallop in every line," Nelson commented, as he glanced over the final proofs.

"And a knock-out in every paragraph," Jordan added. "In tomorrow's paper I'm going to tell the people how foolish they are to expect a big paper for a penny. When it's bulky it has to lean on the crutches of big business, or it couldn't pay its paper bill. Anyway, the average person doesn't spend more than five minutes on a newspaper, so why patronize a paper that is filled with bunk? Four pages, at one cent, will satisfy anyone, provided they're full of snap and punch."

And then, the paper went to press. The old flatbed groaned when set into motion. It was christened "Rhinoceros" by Nelson, and Jordan agreed it was fitting. A piece of machinery has temperament. A press is more than a conglomerate of wheels and levers; it has personality, and moods, and temperament, and responds to great causes. If one doubts this, let him ask a linotype operator, for instance. He will tell you his machine can think, can resent an insult and appreciate a kindness. "Rhinoceros" seemed to sense the fact that he wasn't laboring on "The Weekly Eagle" but over a daily organ of reform; and the result was astonishing.

Before long 3500 copies of "The People's Paper" were stacked in Jordan's shop. He had pre-dated the paper, so it could be of service on the following day; and, with his papers ready for distribution, he hired a wagon and got to work.

On the following morning the people greeted a newcomer. They had the pleasure of reading an afternoon paper while the morning papers were still functioning, which was quite an innovation. The other papers didn't seem to mind, for "The People's Paper" impressed them as being a child destined, like all good children, to a very short existence. Harding laughed at it; the gas company's officials sneered; Jordan worked on the next issue—and the people gobbled up the 3500 papers.

The sales brought him a little over $18, which pleased Jordan immensely; and, as expenses were exceedingly low, as both he and Nelson were not burdened with families, as both didn't have to pay room rent because they took what little rest they got in the rear of the composing room, there was enough money on hand to get out the next issue—which ambled forth to the tune of 5000, with a swifter wallop and a harder punch.

And then, to Jordan's delight, came the great street car strike. Sixteen hundred men quit. Their demands scorned by the offiicals, they organized for a long fight. This was Jordan's opportunity. He did not let it pass him. With a jump, he took up the cause of the oppressed workmen. While all the papers were misrepresenting and maligning the strikers, "The People's Paper"fought for the men, their wives and children. In need of funds, the officers of the union organized a squad of 200 men to sell copies of "The People's Paper" in the streets. To be sure, the papers were sold as rapidly as "Rhinoceros" could turn them out. And the clumsy beast, the thick-skinned perissodactyl mammal, responded nobly, serving humanity as humanity should be served. The strikers sold the papers at five cents each, turning two cents back to Jordan, who, to be sure, was actually making a profit on a paper that was a little more than a week old. From then on the circulation depended on the capabilities of "Rhinoceros."

The strike lasted eight weeks, and if it had not been for the magnificent support of "The People's Paper," the fight would have been lost. The men returned to work, their demands granted, and Jordan was rewarded with a newspaper that was established in the hearts of the common people.

Business men, contrary to current opinion, are human beings and are moved by their immediate interests. When they saw that "The People's Paper" was reaching the people, and as they had commodities to sell, they purchased space in Jordan's paper.

As a result, Jordan's paper moved into better quarters, with three linotypes, a hoe press, a business office —and Nelson in charge of the composing room.

There were five department stores that gave advertising patronage to newspapers, and of these, Jordan succeeded in getting The Hub to purchase space in his paper. The Hub was conducted by a man who catered, primarily, to the working people. The others, striving for the middle and upper classes, didnt see any advantage in advertising in "The People's Paper," but The Hub couldn't see its way clear to go into any paper but Jordan's.

So, "The People's Paper" became an established institution. It fought for everything that was right; it supported the radicals in all election campaigns, and exposed the politicians in office with a persistency and vigor that drove terror into the hearts of the Interests.

"I've got a peach of a story," said Spencer, one of Jordan's livest reporters.

Jordan was all attention, for this lad had brought in most of the big stories.

"I'd like to spend a few days looking into the department stores. My idea is to connect the low wages of the department stores with the red light district. That ought to be a peach of a series," Spencer enthused.

"Good idea," Jordan agreed; "go to it."

Jordan, having a dinner engagement with Mr. Carlson Brill, general manager and owner of The Hub, hurriedly left his office. This young man pleased Mr. Brill immensely, for Jordan was the type of man he liked. And they became friends. He was introduced to Mr. Brill's daughter, an accomplished, charming young woman.

A few days later Spencer brought in his first story. It told, in a manner that amazed, of wages in the department stores. He exposed the unjust fines system, the long hours, the foul working conditions—and, above all, the miserable wages. And, The Hub was the worst of all.

"This is great stuff," said Jordan.

Spencer was delighted, but when he read his story that afternoon he noticed that all references to The Hub had been stricken out.

Jordan got along swimmingly with Mr. Brill, who appreciated the young publisher's kindness in omitting mention of his store. And Jordan learned to love Miss Brill, with the usual result. When they were married, Mr. Brill turned over an interest in The Hub to Jordan. Also, he told him of many good propositions in which to invest his profits. Before long Jordan had huge sums in the gas corporation, the car company and a street-paving concern.

Mr. Brill proposed Jordan's name for membership in the best club, and he was admitted. He mingled with the brothers of wealth and the leaders of the class of Have. He was a part of them. They liked him immensely, and told him of many ventures that should, in time, prove profitable.

Saturdays and Sundays were always spent at the Country Club. He subscribed for a box at the opera. He donated liberally to the construction of a little theater, devoted exclusively to plays that were artistic, though they were not popular. When the new city hall was dedicated, Jordan was one of the speakers. He became a thirty-third degree Mason, a high official in the I. O. O. F., toastmaster at the banquets of the Knights of Pythias.

In the meantime "The People's Paper," because of an astonishing volume of advertising, grew to sixteen pages. His policy was fearless when treating of the persecution of Mexican peons, of Jews in Russia and the dangers of Asiatic immigration, but he gradually grew to feel that it was unpracticable to reform too close to home.

And when another car strike broke forth, Spencer, who covered the story in a masterful manner, brought in copy that championed the side of the strikers. But, Jordan was a director in the car company, so he wasn't enthusiastic.

"Young man," blurted Jordan, as he threw Spencer's copy into the waste basket; "young man, you're raving."

THE WORKER UNAWARE

By Edgcumb Pinchon

NOT dead—but hardly yet alive—a Thing inert,
He plods his little round, now sad, now gay:
Nor dreams he of the Larger Life—the Thrill of Social Consciousness.
He lives unto himself from meat to meat, from sleep to sleep, obsequious—wise;
The Horror of this World—the terrible Insanity which damns a thousand lives with toil that one be damned with ease—troubles him not:
Well-fed he snores, or being hungry, whines.
Quick to the Masters beck he timely bows,
Praises the hand that robs him, kisses the heel that treads him in the mire:
He—the most robbed of all—robbed of his birthright of audacity—a slave in soul, too steeped to dream of aught but slavery—
—He—not the exploiter—is the heavy Ball upon the Chain that clogs Humanity.

PLAN GREAT COMMUNAL BATH

A great project for the communal bath of Vienna is being elaborated. The bath is to be completely inclosed and to be arranged for use in winter also by a supply of warm water from the electricity works, which are some 600 meters distant. The present swimming basin is to serve exclusively for water supply of the electricity works, and the new bath is to be constructed above it. It will be 250 meters (820 feet) long and 60 meters (197 feet) wide. The new structure will contain not only the swimming basin, but also sand, air and sun baths. The cost is estimated at about $160,000, and the work will be begun directly after the close of the 1914 season.

WHAT THEY SAY

"Enclosed is check for 40 copies of May issue of The Western Comrade. Am sending copies of the magazine to farmers near here. Your magazine is universally appreciated."—S. H., Paso Robles, Cal.

"The Western Comrade is an inspiration. Keep up the good work."—C. B. Hoffman, Kansas City, Mo.

Co-operative Colony Plan In Action

Answering Question of How to Get Membership In the Llano Colony and Get On the Land

By W. A. ENGLE

OF THE scores of questions concerning the plans of colonization at Llano del Rio probably that most frequently asked is "How shall I proceed to get into the colony and go to work?"

The answer in shortest terms is: "Take out your membership, get your stock certificate and contract, and take the first automobile for the valley."

Llano del Rio (plain of the river) lies 39 miles from Los Angeles in a direct line. But a mountain range intervenes and the necessity of following canyons makes a detour that stretches the journey by automobile to about 75 miles. By railway the nearest station of importance is Palmdale, on the valley line of the Southern Pacific. The Llano lands lie about 20 miles east-by-south from Palmdale. A projected state highway through the Arroyo Seco via Pasadena will shorten the distance at least thirty miles and the character of these magnificent roads will ensure rapid transit and will enable the auto trucks to run into Los Angeles in about half the time now required.

A membership in the Llano Colony means that the colonist has subscribed for 2000 shares in the company, which is incorporated under the laws of California. Five hundred shares are to be paid for in cash at $1 per share. The remainder of the shares are taken on the subscription, to be paid for out of the surplus earnings of the working colonist.

Under the contract the wages of every worker is four dollars a day, no matter what his or her occupation. Of this four dollars per day the stockholder agrees that one dollar shall be retained to apply on the purchase of 1500 additional shares of stock which will bring his holdings to 2000 shares, which is the maximum amount that will be sold to any one person. The company agrees to furnish food, clothing and shelter to the stockholders at actual cost to the company, which is charged against his account, and whatever remains after deducting the amount consumed will be credited to his personal account to be paid in cash to him at the end of his contract. A certain per cent of the amount thus saved may be drawn out each year during the life of the contract at the option of the stockholder. Provision is also made for a vacation system.

Continuous employment is assured as, in this climate, there will be no delay in constructive and productive work and in providing education and amusement. In case any one desires to leave the colony the shares and accumulated fund may be sold at face value.

All this will be given in detail and all other questions will be answered upon inquiry.

Lest we get into dry details it may be well to review some of the plans that are under contemplation for the development of the Llano colony.

Educational facilities will be given the first consideration. With the children already on the land and those of the families expected to go there within a few weeks there will be enough children of school age to start a school district at the point of the first center. From this first small school it is planned to extend and ultimately have the greatest vocational school in America. By this is meant, that in addition to classic courses there will be schools closely allied with the factories and industries of the enterprise. This, according to plans, will range from studies in art—painting and sculpture—to mechanical, civil and electrical engineering, horticulture, agriculture, and in fact all the useful occupations and professions.

Magnificent buildings will, when the plans are carried out, house the public library, art gallery, theaters, lecture halls and places of amusement and social centers.

The plans contemplate a city of greater beauty than any on the American continent, and this is a part of our hopes for the future. We have at hand nearly all

of the natural material for the construction of the superb buildings planned.

Details of the center will be in the hands of landscape artists and architects. Selection of the site will be made with a view of getting the most advantageous position on the higher bench of the broad mesa and from that point will radiate roadways to all the industrial centers. The topography of the country lends itself to the scheme of beautifying and the natural resources of the country are wonderful. A cement mill is projected and there is an abundance of timber easily available in the mountains that lie just above the llano.

There is an unexcelled opportunity for parkways and it is probable that the civic center and large buildings will form a quadrangle around a magnificent park.

Production will be divided into many branches, each under the supervision of an expert. The aim will be to take advantage of the latest discoveries and inventions and to put every industry on a modern, scientific basis. There will be experts in horticulture, agriculture, gardening, poultry raising, beekeeping, stock raising and many other branches of production.

Every man and woman will find their place in the scheme of things. Those who have been the first to go on the land have shown a splendid spirit of comradeship. They have worked enthusiastically and made a magnificent showing. They have been crowded into small ranch houses and the boys in outlaying works, such as the Mescal dam, have roughed it in camps of little comfort.

Within a few weeks we hope to have the "hotel" completed and this building will greatly relieve the situation, though the acquisition of additional ranches will give larger houses and greater comforts.

One question that is freqeuntly asked is: "Will it be good investment for me to put money into this colony corporation?"

The answer is: "Not unless you contemplate, ultimately, going into colony life." When earnings show a surplus they will be absorbed by increasing the wages of workers in the colony. By this method we hope to give to every man and woman as near the full social product of his labor as can be reached before the time when everywhere the sources of life shall be in the hands of all of the people.

The Fully Paid Worker

By SIDNEY HILLYARD

OF ALL the the lost sheep on the American hills your college professor in the economics department most needs a shepherd. One of your old-fashioned shepherds, with a stout crook preferred, the crook to be applied to the ram at the head of the department whenever the ram shall open his mouth to blare about something which he has been instructed not to understand.

This Bohm-Bowers scheme of the marginal theory of wages, which probably took Bohm-B. ten years to think of and five years to write, is being and has been exploited in the universities in order to show that the laborer is paid all that he is worth, and that the minute he is worth more he receives more, and that the factory owner owes him nothing more. B.-B. labors and brings forth a theory. Profdom brings forth B.-B. and labors to make your California Soph. understand what there is in it, and there's nothing in it. Those who desire to inspect the mouse brought forth by the labor of this German mountain can read all about it in Bohm's book of theories, which, let us return thanks, will remain theories.

The one thing which these mighty thinkers never seem to tackle is the right to ownership, per se. In that lies the crux of Socialism, and professors like to lecture all round Socialism, but never into it. Now the owner of a factory may be a most worthy and Presbyterian implement manufacturer, kind of heart and as honest as society permits. But he is using stuff that does not belong to him; he has some of my property invested; he is clipping some of your coupons, and while he accepts with avidity, without understanding it, the marginal theory of wages, he is taking from his workmen something to which each one of them has an equal right with himself.

All production is based on knowledge. The modern factory from sub-cellar to smokestack is based on the knowing how of man. The seven-year locust doesn't

manufacture a wheat binder, and one reason why it does not is because the last crop of seven-year locusts did not hand down to their progeny-to-be any written, spoken, or exemplary knowledge of how binders are made. Not so with man. The last crop of men, now crowding our city cemeteries, left behind them a painfully acquired, but free-for-all knowledge of how to make a binder. These men inherited that knowledge from a previous crop of men who knew how to fashion steel. These again were legatees of iron information, and back of them was knowledge of wood and stone. Civilization is built upon the wheel, and without the wheel civilization is not. The factory of Mr. Joshua B. Bluff, Presbyterian and manufacturer, is alive with wheels. The knowledge that there is such a thing as a wheel and how to make it is your legacy, mine, and the legacy of the "hands" who work for marginal wages, as per B.-B., in the factory of the Josh. B. Bluff Trust. What rent does the trust pay its marginal workers, or what dividend to you and me for our share in the legacy of how to make a wheel?

By and with the help of Bawerk and the colleges Bluff's Amalgamated may lay claim to the land they stand on, the walls of their factory and the machinery inside it. But by what help do they claim possession of the great volume of inherited knowledge that the American people have come by, without which no factory could exist, let alone run To make a brick and to put it on top of another; to forge an anvil to beat on it with a hammer; to construct a match and with it to light a furnace; these and a myriad of other knowledges, including all knowledge of all processes in every field of human labor, who pays rent, taxes, interest, dividends, on this to your marginal "hand" who inherited a share in it from his father's fathers?

The Bluff syndicate is using the entire racial inheritance of knowledge of processes in its business when each member of the syndicate is only entitled to one-thousand-millionth of it, and while the syndicate is entitled to pay a heavy rent to the state for its use of national knowledge of processes, (just as it should if it used a national park, say to Yosemite;) it, in fact, by and with the help of the "economists," pays nothing at all and scornfully claims that the economists have proved that it owes its laborers nothing.

Ever since the Industrial Revolution rent should have been paid by the millions of dollars a year, and now, by the hundreds of millions a year, to the peoples of the earth by the users of national inherited knowledge of how to make and transport things, but the Socialists are the only people who even recognize the validity of the claim. The collection of this debt and its disbursement to the people would abolish poverty. Hand me the scissors, Louise, till I clip my share!

ECON. II. Wage Theories. Historical and critical survey of leading exponents of studies in wages. Wages fund theory; Marginal theory. Wage problems; Causes and effects. Both semesters. 2 credits. Pre. Reg. Econ. I. Professor Phaque.

Shucks! Send us a good, horny-handed, hairy-chested Dago to tell the boys and girls what it feels like to swing a pick in San Francisco from 8 till 5 for two and a half a day marginal wage, with no inheritance for his horny-handed son but another job like it at the same price. Phaque delivers two lectures per day for five days a week, in a cool classroom. Bluff has a bookkeeper to clip his coupons while Bluff's steam yacht is in the Aegean. Meantime Roughhands must keep that pick moving or the Hibernian foreman will grunt, "Get a move on, you lazy slob; there's lots o' men lookin' fer jobs!"

Seems to us that the Dago's missing something which is his by inheritance and which comes to far more than two and a half a day. It is to be feared that Professor Phaque, in the land of make-believe, pretense, long words and high wind and draw-your-salary is not the man of moral stamina enough to find it.

Daniel De Leon

IN THE death of Daniel DeLeon the cause of Socialism in America loses one of the most fearless and capable fighters. No writer or orator has ever contributed more to certain phases of the movement than did this editor-lecturer, who stood so steadfastly for the principles in which he believed.

No one has more clearly and definitely stated the fundamental principles of Socialism. He kept the attention of thousands centered on the necessity of unswervingly clinging to those principles. He realized, and forced others to realize, the futility of reform measures in politics, and attempts to compromise with those who had no understanding of or sympathy with Socialism.

DeLeon was a staunch advocate of the industrial form of organization as the basis for political action. This gained him many enemies, but nothing ever made him falter. As a speaker and debater he had few equals. He cared little for the applause of the multitude, but devoted himself to getting his ideas clearly and unmistakably into the minds of his hearers. Radicalism in America will miss this great fighter, and no matter how much Socialists may have disagreed with him on tactics his loss will be profoundly felt.—F. E. W.

Llano del Rio, Land

Where Labor Will Rule and the Producers Will Get What I Exploitation; Where No One Will Be I

By FRANK E. W

LLANO DEL RIO is a vast, gently sloping plain that sweeps down from the higher mesa near the opening in the foothills where the river, which gives the land its name, flows out in a rushing stream to the lower country.

There are about 35,000 acres of land in the territory that lies between the Rio del Llano and the Mescal creek. It is on this great table land that the co-operative colony purposes turning what is miscalled a desert into one of the most beautiful spots in the world.

This giant tractor, with two men in charge, clears ten acres of land a day. It mows down monster "joshua" trees, greasewood and sage in an astonishing manner. These tractors are also used for digging irrigation ditches on the Llano property. It digs a ditch three feet deep and two feet wide as it sweeps steadily and irresistibly along the lines marked out by the surveyors. All of the plowing will be done by these machines.

It may be well to go into the details of geographic location before we enter description and prophecy: The great valley is bounded on the north by the Tehachapi range of mountains, the highest elevation of which is 9,214 feet. Standing on a point in the foothills of Llano del Rio and looking towards the west and northward, the eye reaches out and out across the green valley below and finally rests on the skyline of the blue mountains of the Tehachapi, over 200 miles away. To the northeast are the Lovejoy buttes which rise like huge sugar loaves out of the level plain below. These points are 3,528 feet above sea level; back of them and a little southerly lies the San Bernardino range which separates the valley from the so-called Mojave desert. On the south and west of the llano lies the Sierra Madre range of the San Bernardino mountains, of which the highest and most prominent elevation is Mt. San Antonio, better known as Old Baldy, which has an elevation of 9,931 feet. It is from this latter range that the waters of Mescal and Rio del Llano, known also as Rock creek, draw their snow-made waters during the entire year.

When one enters the valley from the westward the roadways, which owing to the system of following section boundaries, run north and south, east and west, wend through a country of mystery which later unfolds into understanding of the miracles wrought by water. There are miles of the open landscape covered with greasewood, sage, juniper and Joshua trees. Then, suddenly, looming out of the soft, hazy blue, comes the bright clean gables of a ranch house surrounded by cottonwoods and fruit trees and flowers that bespeak the presence of women in these oases. The largest of these ranches situated on the main highway is in the Little Rock district. Here the road divides pear orchards of about 1,000 acres, most of which bears an immense crop this year as it has every year since reaching the bearing age at about three years. A long, winding row of cottonwoods and volunteer water elms attest the age and reliability of the water supply for these orchards. The soil, where it has been frequently cultivated in these orchards, is soft, friable and of great richness, but it is exactly the same quality as that of the Llano lands a few miles to the eastward. The trees run away a quarter of a mile in soldierly files. Irrigation is by the concrete piping system that bespeaks permanency and reliability. Not a weed or leaf of unwanted growth breaks the evenness of the surface which lends itself admirably to irrigation. The deciduous fruit raised in this altitude is famous of absence of

# of Achievement

ustly Theirs; Where Honest Toil Will Know No nied the Right To Be Useful

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watery substance, and the pears rank as the best quality for meatiness and flavor. An increased acreage of pears is assured every year where ranches are "under the ditch," as they describe lands having water rights —and water. On these pear ranches, as, indeed, on all ranches in the valley, the alfalfa fields offer alluring spots of vivid green. "It's just like gold bonds," says the appreciative driver with a wave toward the immense stacks of alfalfa the ranchers have stored away. Just why this storing is done is a mystery to the neophyte, as the growth is so steady and the cutting so continuous, one wonders why it is not immediately fed or marketed. Incidentally the uninitiated are amazed at the eagerness of all beasts and fowls to get at the alfalfa. It seems to be a highly prized food for all things that live and move.

Probably the best point to get an all inclusive view of the Llano country is from the low lying hills just west of the site of the proposed dam at the outflow of "Big Rock" creek.

Here one is surrounded by the most wondrous of bird, insect and flower life. Here one may sit and draw inspiration for dreams. If the day be bright—and the sunshine average is high, even for the land of sunshine—the picture will be a vivid one. One not only sees clearly but he feels deeply here. Behind towers the high peak of the northern portion of San Antonio, covered for the great portion of the year with snow which lies deep in the gulches out of the range of the sun's rays and slowly melts, sending down a constant supply of water to the thirsty valley below. The skyline of the mountains to the south is fringed with lofty pine trees and these are clearly pencilled against the clouds despite their great distance. Beneath ones feet, at this time of the year (June) there is myriad wild flowers running from soft, wide-eyed, white waxen beauties hugging timidly to the glebe, to the striking beauty of bright red blossoms waving in the breeze. Here an early blossom has matured and from its purple heart is spreading a shimmering dust cloud of blue pollen to be blown far away to where it shall be gathered lovingly to its mission. A silent towhee alights on a stalk and shakes forth a shower of gold that floats lightly down the hillside on the scarcely moving air. The eye is drawn onward across the valley that lies spread like a great cloth of gold tinted green. One can trace the course of the streams by the bright green trees and the thriving ranches that lie "under the water" on the higher mesas nearer the hills. Across the valley the buttes and peaks soften into purple and the mystery of their silence and distance deepens.

Three-year-old pear trees. Part of a 600-acre orchard near the Llano del Rio colony lands. The soil is identically the same and is adapted to the growth of deciduous fruits. It is the intention to plant thousands of acres in fruit trees. The soil here shows it is furrowed and prepared for irrigation. An abundance of water is available for this purpose.

Here is the spot to sit and plan of the wonderful transformation that is about to take place in the landscape just below. Indeed one can see the workings of this now, for there are great spaces where the bare

(Continued on Page 25)

EDITORIAL

PLAYING HOOKEY FROM HEAVEN

WHERE was the Associated Press, the longest leased liar and other news distributing agencies on Monday, May 25? It was serious enough to have failed to give us a text for the lesson for Sunday, May 17. Why do they not tell us, as of yore, of the wise sayings and teachings of John D. Rockefeller Jr., who conducts a Sunday school class? Can it be that this holy man is playing hookey? On May 17, the lesson began with Luke, 16-19: "There was a certain rich man which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day; and there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate full of sores. * * *" The following Sundy John D. Jr. would have read with the unction he so oilily uses on these sweetly solemn occasions, Luke, 17, 2: " 'Twere better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend me one of these little ones."

Which little ones?

The children of Ludlow?

Aye, a millstone! It is hanged there, about his neck. Cast into the sea he will, like Macbeth's hand, all great Neptune's ocean incarnadine, making the green one red.—F. E. W.

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THE LAND PROBLEM

REALIZING the vast significance of the land question, the Socialist speakers and writers of the West, in an ever-growing degree, are giving the people their view of this subject. The Western Comrade will always treat the farmer's problems to the limit of its ability, appreciating, as it does, that one of the gravest problems that faces us is the system that allows a small class of capitalists to own vast tracts of land for no other purpose than to rob and exploit the people.

The following, taken from a report that appeared in The London Times recently, tells of the stand taken by one of the British Socialist organizations, to wit, the Independent Party:

"The national administrative council of the Independent Labor Party will propose, at the impending Labor conference in Glasgow, that the working classes should oppose any proposals which 'would strengthen the position of the great territorial owners, or perpetuate the private ownership of the land, whether by the creation of a class of peasant proprietors or otherwise, and should declare that only such proposals for temporary and immediate reform as tend towards bringing the land and its values into the ownership of the community are worthy of support.'

"Furthermore, as a practical means of nationalizing the land the conference will recommend the parliamentary party 'to prepare and introduce a bill enacting that a levy shall be assessed on all landed estates, urban and rural, for the setting up of a land redemption fund to enable the nation to reacquire its lost rights of ownership in the land within a reasonable period and on terms which shall fairly recognize all existing interests.' "

It should be clearly understood that The Western Comrade, while fighting the monopolization of land, does not, under any circumstances, oppose private ownership of land when that land is used directly by the owner and when that owner, in tilling his soil, does not exploit labor or harm the people.—E. J.

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THE NOISY DOLLAR

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS caused a rattling of the dry bones in the Senatorial Jehosaphat when he quoted passages from a letter written by a certain "gentleman in the Government service at Vera Cruz," in which the unknown declared it would cost $5,000,000,000 and 200,000 lives to take Mexico and hold the Mexicans in subjection. There was a gasp of horror, according to reports, at the mention of appalling figures. (Of dollars?)

The letter writer declared that the nosiest thing in Mexico is the American dollar. Right, O wise diplomat, and it's the noisiest thing in America. Endangered, the dollar shrieks and the echo of its dismal howls in Colorado drown the cries of burning, bullet-torn, mutilated children at Ludlow. Its roar rises above the widow's wail at the mouth of the belching pit of the Eccles colliery, where 167 work-

ers lie in shambles. Glutted with blood of the toilers, it sings an anthem of greed that wells above the lachrymosa dies illa of the bereft.

Aye, its a noisy coin down there, but while in the mad hell of Mexico's saturnalia of rapine the Yankee dollar sings a wild refrain, from Tarrytown's quiet chapel arises a paean of joy and unctuous content as an oily Moloch draws closer the cloak of sanctity, rolls his watery eyes skyward, murmuring "my conscience acquits me."

What value are 200,000 human lives? The moans of those five billion saddened simoleons would deaden the groans of the perishing soldiers, starving, enmeshed in bureaucratic red tape, dying miserably in the vermin-ridden camps beneath scorching suns.

FIVE BILLION! Oh, it cannot be. There will be no war.—F. E. W.

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"INALIENABLE" RIGHTS MYTH

FREQUENTLY you hear a shout from some excited citizen about encroachments upon his "inalienable" rights. Listen closely and you will learn that those "inalienable" rights have been alienated. Strange anachronism; someone has taken away from him something which cannot be taken—but it has.

The constitutions of the United States and of the states guarantee a lot of these inalienable things. Statutory laws extend the guarantees to cover other rights and these become inalienable.

Freedom of speech is a myth. No such thing exists or has existed. For attempts at free speech our elder brothers formerly crucified the reckless speakers, head downward. Later they nailed the experimentors right side up, but no less firmly to the rood. The hemlock was a mere diversion. Now we wallop them on the head with the butt of a rifle or bayonet them, and if they survive, give them six months in a prison hell—vide Bouck White's sentence. The trouble with White was he thought there had been some progress toward liberty during the past nineteen hundred years. The "inalienable" rights given by the constitution peacefully to assemble is another fake. It is the surest, swiftest road to the dungeon keep. It was a fake when the constitution was written; it is a fake now.

Upton Sinclair may be able to quote some printing on some parchment that will prove that his new Free Silence League is based upon an "inalienable" right. Go to the bat Upton, we are all with you, but you are on the road to the hoosgow, where they serve frijoles and stale bread twice a day.

We Socialists are fond of the "inalienable" rights idea. Frequently we stand upon those i. r. and a nail keg and wake up in the cuartel with a shattered ideal and battered eyebrow.

Get this fact straight: The only time you have inalienable possession of anything is when you have the most power and know how to use it intelligently against the would-be alienator.—F. E. W.

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TARIFF REFORM AND THE H. C. OF L.

THOSE who have been awaiting the reports on the working of the Underwood-Simmons tariff are interested in the authoritative figures for the first six months' operation of the benevolent measure which we were assured would reduce the High Cost of Living and make life for the workers one prolonged paean of joy. The report shows that there has been an increase of imports a decrease of exports, a falling off of revenue and a slowing down of manufacturing business. Imports increased 37 per cent over the same period last year, while exports declined 31 per cent. This was anticipated.

As for the reduction in the cost of living—that promise was never taken seriously by people of intelligence. Notwithstanding the fact that the increase in imports was nearly all foodstuffs, prices are higher than before. The beef trust, for instance, had the situation in a firm grip before the tariff reform measure went into operation. The beef barons have imported 83,000,000 pounds of fresh beef since the duty was removed and the prices are 30 per cent higher than before and are soaring merrily upward along with that of other food products.

Of course, the income tax is depended upon to make up the $37,097,955 deficit in the treasury. Republicans will make the most of the situation for political purposes, and will offer a prize brand of dope to the voters. Something that is a sure cinch, blown in the bottle, warranted not to rip, ravel or run down at the heel. Every old political party will come forward with something far better than the

other has to offer. Meantime the H. C. of L. will be working day, night and Sunday without regard to overtime. There will be no commensurate increase in wages, and the burden on the workers will grow wearier every hour. This is not pessimism. This is a plain statement of facts. The situation will grow worse and the so-called remedies will turn out as has this latest tariff brand. There is no reform remedy. The end will come when the sleeper awakes; when the working class learns its own power; when the toilers seize their opportunity and, through political action, or any old kind of action, including co-operative methods, wrest the sources of life from the grasp of the exploiters.—F. E. W.

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HANDS OF THE TOILERS

HELEN KELLER is a constant source of inspiration to thousands of weak and burdened. Without sight, she sees with wonderful clearness; without hearing, she hears the cry of the oppressed. Nothing that this wonderful woman has ever written showed her keenness of understanding more than her quotation from Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," in a magazine article on the hands of the toilers. The fact that this selection was made from a book not commonly read, indicates the vast field of literature explored by Miss Keller and her tutor and constant companion, best known to the world as Ann Sullivan. To the latter humanity owes a great debt of gratitude. The quotation is so complete, and so powerful, it is here given without comment:

"Venerable to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. O, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were they straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a god-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; incrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labor; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread."—F. E. W.

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COMING CO-OPERATIVE COLONIES

IDEAL climatic conditions that exist in the great valleys of California make them excellent places for the establishment of co-operative colonies. The productivity of the soil is a source of continual wonderment. From the Imperial valley will come during the season just opened not less than 5000 carloads of cantaloupes. Shipments in former years have sometimes reached 3500, but extensive planting will make this season a record breaker.

This entire region a few years ago was a desert, with an annual rainfall of only three or four inches. Irrigation has transformed it into one of the most productive sections in the world.

The land in the great Imperial and Coachella valleys shows wonderful fertility when water is applied. From the latter comes reports of immense crops almost ready for the market. The Coachella valley will be one of the greatest date producing countries in the world.

The great mesas in the Antelope valley region are probably more fertile than the lower lying lands to the southeast. Owing to its altitude, the region is beter suited to growing deciduous fruits, and it will doubtless become the greatest pear producing country in the world. The Antelope valley will be the scene of the establishment of the largest co-operative colony ever attempted. The Llano del Rio project is described at length in this number of The Western Comrade. The plan as outlined will give thousands an opportunity to apply theories and to make a demonstration of the practicability of co-operation. It will be to thousands what one writer has aptly termed it: "The gateway to freedom."—F. E. W.

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Finance Co-operative Industries

Labor's Bank a New Factor of the Class Struggle

By EDGCUMB PINCHON

IN a former article on the financial power of the workers as a weapon in the class struggle, I said: The dominant factor in the world of Labor within the next three years will be the Labor Bank of America; and by its inevitable operation, by its very efforts at self-preservation as a business institution, it will bring us into the borders of the Co-operative Commonwealth within ten years.

In that article I also announced that the Bricklayers', Molders' and Plasterers' International Union, in their recent convention, voted unanimously in favor of a resolution put forward by one of their officers, instructing the Executive Board to proceed to the establishment of a Labor Bank.

In this article I propose to deal with this Labor Bank purely as a business institution, and show, not what it **might do, or should do, or could do, but what it will be compelled to do by economic forces beyond its control.**

In the first case this Trade Union Bank of the B. M. & P. I. U. is of more importance as an indication of a tendency on the part of Organized Labor to control and use its own funds than as an actual working class financial institution. It is the embryo of the Labor Bank of America, not that Bank itself.

If the most conservative union in America makes this radical departure from accepted proceeding, what are we to expect from the United Mine Workers, the American Federation of Labor, the Brewery Workers, and other more dynamic organizations?

Will they continue supinely to submit their funds to the tender mercies of the capitalist banks—for the payment of strike breakers, the poisoning of the press and pulpit, and support of the whole train of devices used by the capitalist class to crush Organized Labor? I trow not. Labor is awakening, stretching, yawning. Presently Labor will act.

There are two ways by which the Labor Bank of America will come into existence—either the present Bank, established by the B. M. & P. I. U., will receive the support of all the other international unions, and eventually will be reorganized as a joint enterprise, under the control of the federated unions, or the various international unions from time to time will follow the example of the B. M. & P. I. U. and found banks of their own, and these banks eventually will be forced, by motives of economy, efficiency and safety, to amalgamate into one institution—the Labor Bank of America—with branches in every city of the Union.

Such a bank, once in existence, and—as I have said—the embryo is already here, it can have but two conceivable motives of conduct—the desire for profit, and the desire to strengthen Organized Labor. All investments which meet these two requirements will be exploited to the full, and no investment which does not meet them will be considered for a moment. We must admit this much, unless we are to regard the responsible leaders of Labor as either knaves or fools, or both. But the officers of the international unions are neither fools nor knaves. Although undoubtedly there are some among them not wholly to be trusted, we must at least give to the majority of Labor officials credit for as much intelligent self-interest and business sense as the average capitalist business man possesses, and this is all the equipment they need. Social theories or ideals are likely to be more of a hindrance and a snare than a help to these men, to whom Economic Evolution has entrusted the almost mechanical task of emancipating Labor from its last slavery.

Granted, then, that the administrators of the Labor Bank are average honest and common-sense men, and that they are not likely to be actuated by other motive than a desire to invest the funds in their charge in a manner profitable to the Bank as an institution, and helpful to Labor as an organization, the whole operations of the Bank are easily defined under six main heads.

Investments of the Labor Bank of America

A. Quick Assets (i. e. investments readily convertible to their equivalent in cash).

1. Commercial Loans at current interest to merchants and manufacturers fair to Labor.

   Thus creating a division of interest within capitalist class itself, and releasing merchants and manfacturers who wish to be fair to Labor from the pressure of the "Big Business' banks.

2. Loans at current interest to contractors fair to Labor.

   Thus ensuring the "closed shop" on many contract works now forcibly compelled by the "Big Business" banks to operate under the "open shop" rule.

3. Small, short-term loans to members of Organized Labor at moderate interest on personal security, backed by the signatures of two members of Organized Labor.

Thus releasing the workers from their age-long enemy, the "loan shark," and greatly increasing the popularity of Organized Labor and its Bank among them.

4. Loans to small farmers, for productive purposes other than the hiring of labor, on short-term notes, renewable, at moderate interest, on personal security backed by the signatures of two members of the Farmers' Alliance.

Thus releasing the small farmers from the maw of the mortgage companies, securing their support of the Bank, and consolidating their interests with those of the industrial proletariat.

B. Long Assets (i. e. investments not readily convertible to their equivalent in cash).

5. The purchase of entire or majority issues of municipal bonds.

Thurs giving to the Bank the safest of all long-time investments, and controlling the administration of municipalities in the the interests of Organized Labor.

Organized Labor as Its Own Employer

Before dealing with the sixth—and infinitely the most important investment of the Labor Bank—it is necessary to remind the reader that this Bank, like any other institution, will arrive at its full functioning only as a result of an evolution. It will not leap at once to a perfect use of its financial power in the interests of Labor, but will proceed more or less experimentally. It will not be actuated in the least by any social theory or ultimate ideal, but by the strict business necessities of the moment. Least of all will it be actuated by philanthropic or humanitarian motives. It will be as purely a business institution **in the interests of the organized workers,** as is the First National Bank purely a business institution **in the interests of the organized exploiters.** If the Labor Bank adopts the above five avenues of investment, it will do so because they are sound, safe and profitable, and, at the same time, strengthening to Organized Labor in its fight with Organized Greed. These are the tests the Bank will find itself **compelled** to apply to all investments. All investments which fulfill these requirements of financial safety and profit and strategic advantage it will be **compelled** to welcome; all others it will be **compelled** to leave severely alone.

Thus, step by step, moving cautiously and conservatively, the administrators of the Labor Bank will be suited to their two-fold purpose, until, almost mechan-**compelled** to seek out the channels of investment most ically, they will be **compelled** to adopt the most revolutionary action in the history of Labor—**the employment of Labor's funds for the establishment of Labor's own Co-operative Industries.** A full treatment of this vastly important matter requires a chapter in itself, and must be left to the next issue.

What progress are you making in your journey of agitation and revolt? May we not all keep in mind Henry Ward Beecher's wise saying that we ought not to judge men by their absolute excellence but by the distance which they have traveled from the point at which they started?

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Spifflicating a Theory

By FRANK E. WOLFE

HENRY DUBB SINGER is a Californian of rare mental attainments. Hen is sometimes affectionately called "Peg" because of a little inadvertency on the part of the boss who failed to cover up a set screw on a rapidly-revolving shaft in the factory where Singer went to work at the mature age of eight. This oversight cost him a leg, and destroyed his "efficiency" in that factory, and the company doctor ceased his visits as soon as the stump had healed. The company paid the doctor and forgot Peg and his carelessness.

It was fortunate for the boy that it was a foot and not a hand for the Russian moujiks have a true saying that a man without a hand is no man at all. Of course, they mean that his "efficiency" as a laborer is far below par. Had he lost a hand instead of a foot he could not have become a barber, and this tale would have never been written.

Owing to the fact Hen was an acomplished musician, ı that he played a mouth organ exceptionally well, e got a job as bootblack and brushboy in the village arber shop. There, in the air of refinement and learnng, Peg got the education that afterwards distinguished him as a reasoner and philosopher beyond compare. By dint of industry and sobriety, accompanied by most commendable efficiency, Peg arose to the height of being a barber at the end of only seven years of apprenticeship. That is to say, he was allowed to shave the other members of the large and flourishing Dubb family that worked in the factory where Peg went shy one leg. Well, anyhow, Hen finally became a full-fledged barber, and after he had worked at his trade fifteen years he was strong on the sporting events and political conversation stuff. He knew the standing of all the clubs in the seven great aggregations of ball tossers. Not only that, Peg knew just what President Wilson ought to do with them blanked Greasers down there. In fact, Peg was one wise guy.

Among the most fascinating of Peg's indoor sports is (for Peg is still in our midst) to tell them skillet-headed Socialists just where they jump off. Recently Peg heard, in a round-about way, that a group of men and women had started a co-operative colony. Here was a chance for Peg to unload some of the wisdom of the ages that had been crowding and surging about in the interior of his massive think tank.

"Dontcher want a good, first-class, A1 barber up there on your Eugene V. Debs-Socialist colony?" This was Peg's gentle, diplomatic approach to the subject when he had finished shaving a colonist.

"Yes, we want men of all trades—except ice cutters. Why don't you come up and get away from this life of drudgery, live in the open and do something for the future of the little Pegs and their mother."

Peg's face glowed with proper pride as he drew a long breath for the effort. Here was a chance to puncture a bubble; to spifflicate a crazy theory on the spot.

"Not on your natural. You don't get me into no such a scrape (direful word for a barber) as that. Whatcher think I am? Me go up there and work fourteen hours a day shavin' them ginks with a whisker like a hair trunk, and after the week is over divide up with them? Nix on the divide stuff! You don't get Peg Singer into no such jam as that—not while I keep my health and sound mind!"

"You don't believe in dividing up, then, Peg?"

"Betcherneck I don't, and I ain't goin' to ever do sich a crazy-horse stunt as that, neither."

The colonist's face registered weariness, almost despair. It was too easy. If Peg had been alone he would have passed it up as battering solid ivory, but there was a whole row of other Henry Dubbses sitting on the sidelines, grinning in approval of Peg's cleverness in smashing an idle and stupid theory. Then the colonist opened up, purring softly at first, but stronger at the finish, when he said:

"You certainly are a great genius, but I want to point out a thing or two you are overlooking: First, you wouldn't work fourteen hours a day as you say, and as you are doing now. You wouldn't be permitted to do it, even if you were fool enough to want to—as you are wanting to now. You would work eight hours. Your wages would be four dollars a day. There is no scale, and that is the present flat rate. You wouldn't divide up with anybody. You would get as near the full returns for your social output as immediately can be arranged. But we will pass all that. There are too many college professors in our midst, and I think your joining us would be a wicked waste of your great talents.

"Let it pass. Suppose we ge into that dividing up business for a minute. I like your idea; it seems to be the true spirit. Do you own your own home, Peg? I'll answer for you. You do not. It is owned by a big investment company that is really a building trust."

Peg and the other Dubbses grinned but listened, as the crazy colonist continued:

"Permit me to review your life for a day or a year. You don't believe in dividing up, yet you work here, and out of every dollar you earn in the fourteen hours elevating toil you give the boss 60 cents—rather you divide and take the short end. Then you start home. I know your habits—the habits of your breed. (This with a glance at the sidelines). You stop to buy 3 cents worth of dog meat for your supper, for which you pay 20 cents, and divide up your day's earnings with the meat trust. Down the street you buy 2 cents' worth of bread and pay 10 cents for it—dividing up with the flour trust. Then you board the street car, and divide up with the traction trust. You hang on a strap with the other contented, but sad-eyed animals until you reach the matchbox you call home. There you find a wife weary and overburdened with household drudgery. You also find the landlord's rental agent camped on the front steps, and you declare another dividend in favor of the building trust."

Henry Peg Singer twisted around until the colonist feared he would unscrew his wooden leg and collapse, but he kept mercilessly on. The faces on the sidelines showed a glimmer of understanding through the forest of stubble.

"Inside the house you find the water bill, the gas bill and the electric light bill. Again, O man of wisdom and determination, you divide up with three thieving public utility trusts. Shocked by this avalanche of unending dividends your sensitive nature may revolt and you fall ill. In this event you will send for a doctor, who will give you a shot of hop and you will rest easy for an hour and—divide up with the doctor. If you kick off, my dear, Peg—lets face the cruel possibilities, for you are nearly human—if you die, the coffin trust will get a whack at you for a divide, and the tombstone trust will lick up the remainder of the two hundred insurance you so nobly carry—and divide up a big premium with the insurance trust. There is one more chance for a dividend. If you keep up your present clip the chances are 99 to 1 the county will bury you, and then some day a railroad will decide to run a spur track through the Potters' field and your bones will find their way to the fertilizer trust—divided up again.

"At this time, my dear Peg," said the colonist, as he stood with the outside doorknob in his grip; "at this time you will, in your career as a divider-up, perform a real service to the world. Divided up into proper and scientific proportions, mixed with other valuable material, your bones will make excellent fertilizer for a rosebush in the garden of our colony. GOOD NIGHT!"

THE GATEWAY TO FREEDOM

(Continued from Page 9)

lic baths, gymnasiums, bowling alleys, pool, billiards, chess, checkers and all games in which the population may find enjoyment.

The Park

The tract of land immediately surrounding the social center will be developed into a great park in which all kinds of outdoor games will be planned and established—golf links, polo grounds, baseball and football grounds, tennis courts, croquet, outdoor baths, playgrounds for the children, and all other games and means by which the people working upon the land may enjoy themselves. There are fundamental reasons for this plan; one is that those who engage in labor must have some means of enjoyment at hand or they will become dissatisfied and unhappy. Then, too, the mind will not develop unless the brain is rested with enjoyment and relief from all care, which comes best through the struggle for supremacy in sports. Also the brain develops to a higher degree and is more healthy when it is absolutely relieved occasionally from care and experiences an intense excitement when such excitement results only in pleasure. The playground has settled more family and neighborhood differences than all the courts of all our cities; for man will never quarrel with those with whom he finds his keenest delight.

Make Plans for the City

Around this park the company has planned to build its city in rows of beautiful homes, designed by a competent and experienced architect, especially with a view to architectural beauty without sacrificing the comforts of home life. Between each row of cottages extending around this park will be built a shaded boulevard. Row after row will be thus constructed until all the inhabitants are comfortably housed. These homes will be furnished to the stockholders at actual cost, payable in rents on such terms as may be mutually agreed upon. The cost of such houses will be materially less than prevails in any modern city and consequently the rental charge will be nominal in comparison to the rent of such property in other places.

The company will develop its own electricity and in turn will furnish electric power for all domestic and manufacturing purposes of whatsoever kind.

There is on the property limestone of excellent character; also a great variety of clay sufficient for brick and other purposes; and in the mountains just above, within the forest reserve, there is an abundance of timber that can be purchased at $1 per thousand, stumpage. By means of proper machinery this lumber can be sawed and delivered to the townsite at a price far less than the same can be purchased in the open market.

It can be readily seen that a project of this magnitude will require in its development men and women of diversified callings. Every department that is now known in a modern city will find a counterpart in this new city.

There will be a field for everyone who is willing to

work and ambitious to enjoy ALL the fruits of his endeavor.

There will be ample opportunity for the individual to cultivate whatever art, trade or calling he chooses and to do so under the most favorable circumstances, and it will be possible, by combining the most modern methods of teaching with practical comparison and demonstration, to give to the children a thorough and serviceable education which it is absolutely impossible to procure in our modern cities.

The application of every study is ever present before the pupils. Theory and actual practice rub elbows together, and the result is that a child can master with ease what would often sap his strength and tax his health in the city schools.

The business of this corporation will be conducted in departments, each department under the direction of an expert head.

The work of any community may be divided into three branches or general departments—the economic, the social and the constructive. The economic field would embrace such executive departments as finance, industry, distribution and commerce. The social branch would comprise the departments of education, recreation, welfare and hygiene. The constructive would include agriculture, public works, buildings and transportation. Those whose inclinations or past training fit them for any particular department will there find their vocation.

If you are a lawyer, accountant or office manager, you will naturally become allied with the finance department, which will include the banking, accounting, auditing and legal work of the community. If you are an architect or draftsman your place will be in the department of building and construction, and so on..

In placing this statement before the workers it is hoped that the plan will receive the most earnest consideration. Do you want to enter into a project which shares your responsibility with every member of the colony? Do you want the assurance that each day you are laying up a personal fund besides sharing in the general prosperity of your co-workers? Do you want the assurance which should be guaranteed to every individual that you will not be out of employment? These questions are self answering. Every man and every woman wants just that. This is a part of what this plan offers.

There is scarcely a useful occupation that will not furnish capable workers to this colony. Previous experience as an agriculturist is not necessary. A corps of experts will be in charge of every branch of the productive industries. No worker in any country can deny that he is deeply interested in these problems. Let us work them out in a practical manner.

LLANO DEL RIO

By Frank E. Wolfe

(Continued from Page 17)

earth is open to the sky—where the soil a few weeks ago was overgrown with greasewood and giant yuccas. A great tractor is tearing away at this growth and two college boys, fresh from the campus, with hands that have known no ruder task than the gymnasium or ball field, are clearing the land at the rate of ten acres a day. Later these youths will plow these fields at still greater ratio per day and within a few months there will be gardens and orchards and growing fields where now the coyote and jack-rabbit play their game of life and death among the sage and cactus.

Other tractors are on the ground ready for their work of clearing, ditching, plowing and carrying the heavier burdens of pioneering, and cultivating. Everywhere engineers and surveying parties are at work. Over in the middle distance a gang is building bridges over the larger branches of the river in the "wash;" another crew is laying the foundation for the first colony building to be erected since the enterprise began. A truck is carrying lumber, another cement, and the autos are carrying supplies and lunches to half a dozen points where the various works are going forward. From Mescal creek comes the muffled roar of explosions where a powder crew is blasting out the bedrock preparatory to laying the foundations of the first dam that shall first hold, then divert water to a great reservoir site a quarter of a mile to the eastward. Numerous teams with husky drivers are moving about in the fields below and the faint humming of mowing machines indicate that the third alfalfa cutting is under way in a 60-acre "piece" that lies just bordering on the ditch from Big Rock creek. Below all the sounds of nature and man in the valley comes the subdued roar of the rushing stream in the bed of the river back of the hill. The sound is like the deep diapason of a great organ as the river comes from the canyon where it flows from a thousand fern grown streams in the deep forest archways of the mountains above.

With the wonderful possibilities of the land and the water; the inspired determination of men who know a man's size job and tackle it fearlessly, one is gripped by the determination to be up and doing.

Dreams come to all who are blessed with vision, but here is an opportunity to take a man's part in making dreams come true. The wonderful white city with the turrets or domes of the artists hope will come in time and come swiftly, measured by the growth of the outside world. There, on the upper table of the grand mesa, will grow a co-operative city of marvelous beauty, if the dreams of the strong men and women, who are pioneering this enterprise, can be made to unfold into reality.

The Man Who Wouldn't Talk

By EMANUEL JULIUS

WHEN James Cronin was sentenced to a twenty-year term, he swore: "So help me God, this is the last time I talk."

No one paid the least attention to this statement, for all agreed it was quite meaningless. But, when James Cronin was brought to the penitentiary, the first thing the men in authority learned was that this peculiar wretch meant to make good his threat —he wouldn't talk.

Warden Pollock concluded that a week or so of silence would end this ridiculous affair. Surely, he would talk. But, he didn't. Cronin refused to utter a word.

He was the best sort of inmate—obeyed rules; troubled no one; did his work in a willing manner. He was a fine prisoner, this James Cronin was—that is, fine from the viewpoint of the warden. But Cronin wouldn't talk.

The months passed; James Cronin continued his silence. To be sure, the newspaper editors were quick to see the news value of this strange convict, so they assigned reporters to write "human interest stories" about this man who wouldn't talk. And, of course, the reporters wrote; and, like good reporters, they never went near the silent convict.

Warden Pollack read all their stories and had to confess they were very readable, even though the reporters never approached the subject which had permitted their imaginations to have full play.

They put that subtle thing called atmosphere into their stories; and this, Warden Pollack found exceedingly interesting. They also did some "fine writing," making it appear as though Convict 7998 were some thought-besotted, melancholy person.

"This thin, wiry, glassy-eyed man of mystery has closed his soul in a tomb o fsilence,' said one reporter in a story that covered almost two columns. "He has found the world to be a vale of tears; he has learned that mankind is jungle-spirited; that civilization kills the light in the poet's heart and stifles the laughter of children. With a heart suffering the pangs of remorse, with a conscience weighted with sin, with hopes blasted and ideals crushed, with love cold and passionless, he now spends the weary days of his life in a prison cell—silent, dumb, dead!"

When Warden Pollack read this, he admitted he was touched. Somehow, he felt that his silent convict was a character who had lived an extraordinary life, who thought deep melancholy thoughts and whose soul was alive with the immensities of sorrow. He sent the paper to Convict 7998. Cronin read it slowly; tears gathered in his eyes—but he did not utter a word. Without even moving his lips, he returned the paper.

The years passed, and this convict continued his silence. At almost regular periods the newspapers told wierd, interest-compelling stories of this man. His fame spread rapidly; before long, he became a national character. He was pointed out to gaping, inquisitive visitors; some, for the sake of the experience, spoke to him, but he never answered. He would not talk.

A poet was attracted to this silent sufferer. This poet's name was known wherever people spoke English. He penned a wonderful poem; it reached the hearts of the people. It was pregnant with suffering, a rare work of art.

An artist gained permission to paint a portrait of Convict 7998. He worked weeks and weeks; his picture was a masterpiece. It won the salon medal. In the eyes of this convict, the artist placed the glow of twilight. Behind the eyes, the picture seemed to mirror a soul bent on self-abnegation. The lips were sealed; closed tightly; drawn down at the sides; silence! death! mastery!—all these were expressed in this picture. The convict was permitted to gaze upon the portrait before it was removed; but, he did not say a word.

The prison chaplain said this convict was resting with God—facing the holy light of the Creator; he felt that here was a latter-day saint; rather, here was the sort of martyr that gave self to the lions rather than renounce Him. When he stood before this man of silence, the chaplain felt as though he were an inferior, that here was a man who showed, in his every move, his love for God, his faith in the ultimate.

At last there came the day when the prison doors were to open for this man who wouldnt talk. Warden Pollock spoke to him.

"Your day has come," he said; "and now you are to go into the world—free! You have not spoken a word during all these years."

The other shook his head slowly.

"I have been wondering what were the thoughts that occupied your mind during these years of silence," Warden Pollack continued. "Didn't you feel an irresistible desire, on many occasions, to break this awful silence?"

James Cronin nodded his head.

"I feel that you had some things you were almost

insane in your anxiety to say; and yet, you did not talk. Surely there was one thing, above all, that you desired to say—something. Tell me, what was it?''

James Cronin cleared his throat. Warden Pollack leaned forward a bit, so anxious was he to catch the first words to come from this man of silence.

In a solemn tone, the convict asked:

''Have yuh got the makin's?''

The Man On the Spot

F. P. MacMahon

The man who is in charge of ''Things Doing'' at Rancho Llano del Rio is F. P. MacMahon, former president of the Building Trades Council of Los Angeles County. He is a man who knows his business, who understands what must be done and how to have it done. MacMahon is loved by all who come in contact with him. He directs the work in a sane, democratic manner, always getting the results needed.

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and uncomplaining way Mac takes hold of the big jobs on the rancho and pushes them through. He has a thorough grip on affairs, and whether it be big enterprises or small, he is never at a loss. From clearing land with the tractor down to the disposition of a dozen of the rapidly arriving red pigs, he is there with a quick decision and prompt action.

Considerable merriment has been caused by the way men who have had no experience in agricultural pursuits have taken hold of tasks on the rancho. A former bookkeeper saved the lives of several weaklings among the porkers because of his skill in feeding them with a fountain pen filler until nursing nipples could be secured.

BLIND

By Harry Kemp

The Spring blew trumpets of color;
  Her Green sang in my brain.
I heard a blind man groping
  ''Tap-tap'' with his cane;

I pitied him his blindness:
  But can I boast ''I see''?
Perhaps there walks a spirit
  Close by, who pities me,—

A spirit who hears me tapping
  The five-sensed cane of mind
Amid such unguessed glories
  That I am worse than blind!

♣ ♣ ♣

Republicans and Progressives are getting together all right—the noise of their frequent collisions reverberates like a boiler factory on full time.

♣ ♣ ♣

If there is any truth in the report that Germany would like to annex the Philippines we have a suggestion: Let the Kaiser take Colorado instead and we'll call it a bargain.

♣ ♣ ♣

A Kansas town has adopted a slogan that will bring it fame: ''He didn't know it couldn't be done, so the Dam Fool went and done it!''

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EYE-OPENERS

"In choosing his men," said the Sabbath school superintendent, "Gideon did not select those who laid aside their arms and threw themselves down to drink; he took those who watched with one eye and drank with the other."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

HAD EXPERIENCE

"I want a pair of button shoes for my wife."

"This way, sir. What kind do you wish, sir?"

"Doesn't matter, just so they don't button in the back."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

FORESIGHT

Aunt Rebecca—Dat ol' man o' yohs am sho' a good provider.

Aunt Chloe—He done shows his sense. He wants to keep me busy occupyin' dis here skillet as a utensil instid of a weapon.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A DOUBLE-CROSS

Irate Parent—No, siree. You can't have her. I won't have a son-in-law who has no more brains than to want to marry a girl with no more sense than my daughter has shown in allowing you to think you could have her.—Life.

HOPEFUL

Father—I got a number of sealed proposals at my office today.

Daughter—Oh, pa, were any of them for me?—Baltimore American.

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EXTRANEOUS

Retired M. F. H.—And when we came to the seventeenth, just as I was going to drive, what should I see but an old dog-fog staring at me out of the hedge.

Sympathetic Friend—Ye-s-s-s?

Retired M. F. H.—Now, don't you think that was a most remarkable thing?"

Sympathetic Friend—Well, yes, I suppose it was; but then, you see, I don't know anything about golf. —Punch.

THE PAST IS PAST

The Committee on the Revision of the Articles of Faith had recommended the adoption of a declaration to the effect that all infants are saved. The recommendation was adopted unanimously.

"Now, Mr. Moderator," said a delegate from Pittsburg, Pa., with preternatural solemnity, "I move that this be declared retroactive."

But the moderator did not seem to hear him.—Christian Register.

THEIR FINISH

"I thought you told me that Jones was a piano-finisher," said the Old Fogy. "Why, I saw him driving a moving van today."

"Well?" interrogated the Grouch. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

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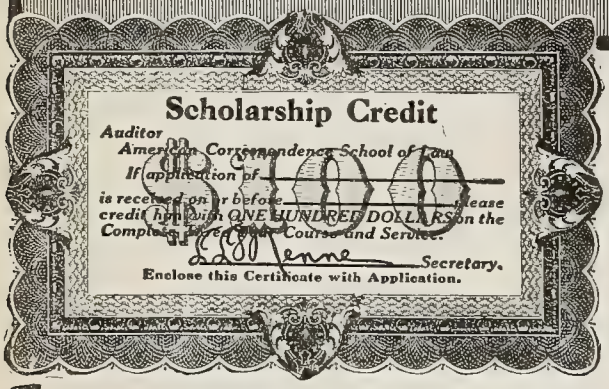

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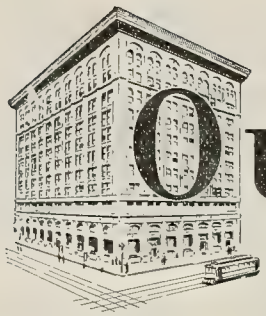

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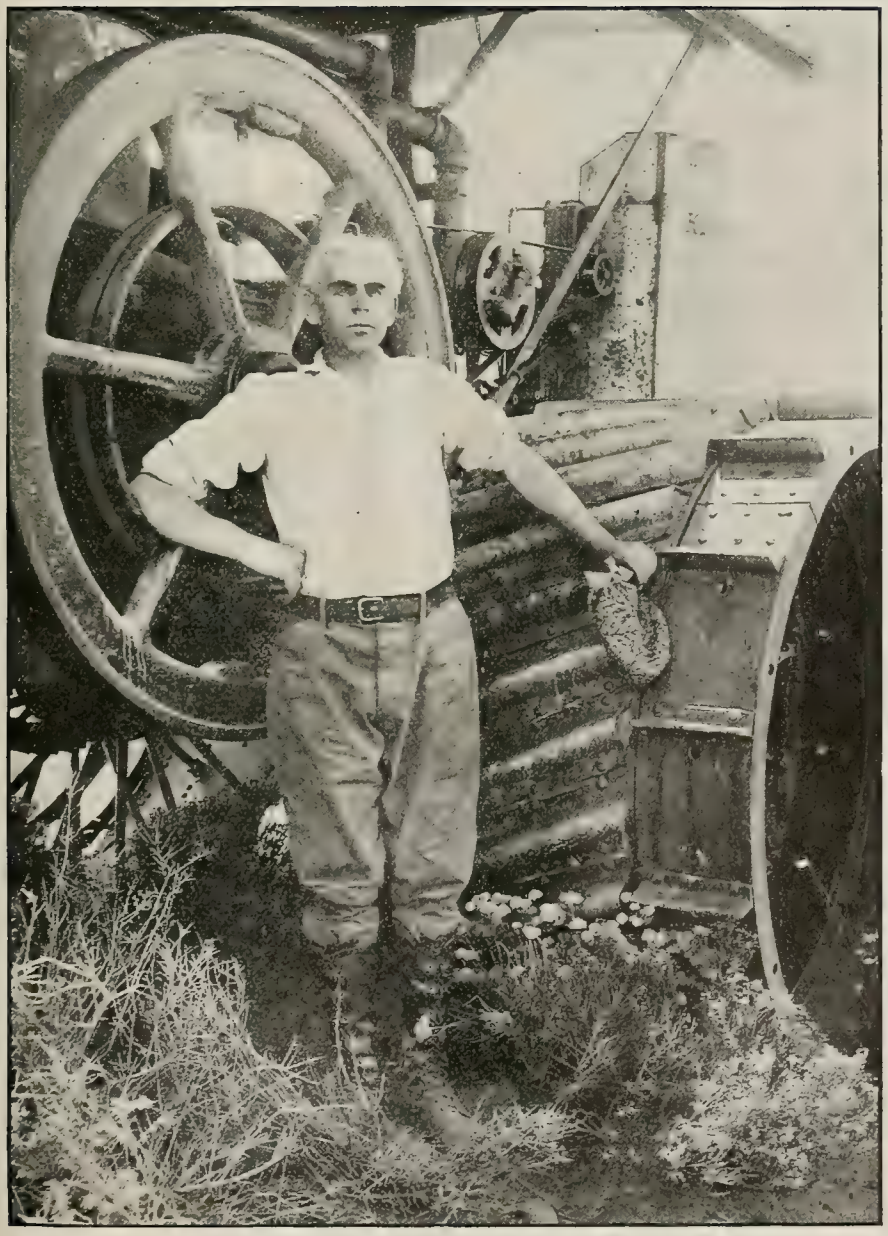
The Western Comrade



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Special Contributors

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POETRY
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PROPAGANDA

Scene in Eagleson's Union Factory. Light, Airy, Sanitary.

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Mescal Water and Land Company

Higgins Building Los Angeles, Cal.

The Western Comrade

THIS Magazine is devoted to the interests of the Working Class of the World. It is the aim of the publishers to maintain the high standard that the former management established, and to increase its efficiency as a weapon against oppression and exploitation of the workers.

In this effort we shall strive to keep uppermost in the minds of our readers the necessity of taking advantage of every opportunity offered to push forward the cause of Socialism by the use of co-operative methods, political action and direct action by use of strikes and whatever legal methods the workers may adopt to further their interests.

In this endeavor we ask the loyal support of the Comrades of America.

THE PUBLISHERS.

A Monarch of the Land

Tractors are invaluable in clearing lands on the Llano del Rio. This great machine, with a small crew, clears from ten to twenty acres a day. It uproots ordinary chaparral with greatest ease, and even tears down the great Joshua trees, the giant Yuccas, as if they were weeds.

Co-operation vs. Theory

By JOB HARRIMAN

THE men and women who are at the Rancho Llano del Rio and those in the small office force are working with enthusiasm and a singleness of purpose that is most encouraging. The only misgivings about the success of this great undertaking are expressed by those who have not shown any inclination to enter the colony. They are strong on the theory of co-operation but little inclined to make an attempt at a practical application or to take any action except to discourage others.

These few comrades have taken considerable trouble to declare that the colony has no connection with the Socialist Party. This action seems unnecessary and the fears of the comrades are unfounded. This enterprise is incorporated under the laws of the State of California. This gives us tried and established rules for operation. Every transaction is carried out in the regular, legal manner. No one has ever represented, or ever will represent, that any understanding exists between this enterprise and the Socialist Party. That party is not now, and never will become, responsible directly or indirectly for this enterprise.

But will Llano del Rio succeed? Well, that depends upon aggressive action. Our shoulders must press the collar, we must have confidence in our ability to do practical things. Then we must buckle down and do them.

Since starting this enterprise I have met with a most remarkable fact. That fact was a state of mind. A state of mind for which there was no foundation and yet unshakable. It developed under most remarkable conditions. We were in need of a few men to make hay. A number had bought in and others were buying but not in quite sufficient numbers to save our hay as fast as it ripened. We concluded to open the doors and let five or six men work out all the stock without any initial payment.

A dozen men were called in. The plan was laid before them. They hesitated. I asked them how old they were. Their ages ranged from 25 to 40 years. "How much money have you?" "None," was the sad refrain. "How much property?" "None," from all but three. "What have you to lose?" "Well, it looks too good. There must be some graft in it." And all but one filed out, back to the wallow, solemn as any owl that ever perched on post. The office force was first amazed, then fairly exploded with side-splitting laughter.

Since that time there have been scores of volunteers who have wanted to go into the colony and work out their shares, but members have been joining in sufficient numbers, on the regular basis, so that the original plan has been held.

There is a principality at Llano del Rio waiting for the workers to take it. No such opportunity will ever come again to our people in the southwest. Though we were disappointed by these men we have been equally surprised and encouraged by the action of others. They have read the statements in The Western Comrade, and have walked up like men, bought their stock, went to the property, rolled up their sleeves and gone to work. This is the stuff that brings success.

The Narrows, looking south. This scene is in the high mountains in the upper ranches tributary to the Big Rock.

A professor digging in the ruins of ancient Memphis, in Egypt, picked up a dust-covered parchment. He looked at it and translated: "Even as ye kill so shall ye pay for the crime with your life."

"Strange!" he muttered, "they did that two thousand years ago and we are still doing it today."

From Labor Bank to Co-operative Commonwealth

Fourth Article—By EDGCUMB PINCHON

IN MY last article on the subject of the Labor Bank I described the five classes of investment which such a bank would find itself compelled to adopt:

1. Commercial loans to merchants and manufacturers fair to Labor.
2. Loans to contractors fair to Labor.
3. Short-term small loans to members of Organized Labor.
4. Loans to small farmers for productive purposes other than the hiring of labor.
5. The purchase of entire or majority issues of municipal bonds.

But Labor's business cannot stop here. The same forces of economic necessity which brought it into being, and marked out for it these minor channels of action, will compel it to go one step further; and that step, as I have said, will be Labor's first step upon the path which leads directly and inevitably into the Co-operative Commonwealth. **Organized Labor backed by its own Organized Dollars will be compelled to go into the business of production and distribution for itself.**

A contractor, for instance, unable to obtain credit at the embarrassed capitalist banks, or tempted by, perhaps, a lower rate of interest, or really desirous of being "fair" to Labor, and able to operate in freedom from the pressure of the "Big Business" banks, applies to the Labor Bank for the money to finance the erection of, e. g., a skyscraper. He agrees to completely unionize the job, and is accordingly accommodated with the necessary credit. He completes the contract, pays the men, settles his credit with interest—and takes the profit. Here Organized Labor has supplied both the **labor** and the **capital** in order that a third private party may reap a large profit. **How long will Organized Labor do this sort of thing before it recognizes that there is no reason in the world why it should not take such contracts itself?**

Similarly in the case of a manufacturer obtaining credit at the Labor Bank and accordingly operating under the "closed shop" principle; his **fixed** capital, i. e., his plant, is private, but the **operating** capital and the **labor**—without which his fixed capital is of no use—both belong to Organized Labor. But the manufacturer—**not Organized Labor—takes the profits. How long will Organized Labor permit the profits derived from the use of its own labor and capital to go into the hands of a third party—an unnecessary middle man—before it recognizes that it is fully able to own and operate the business for itself and reap the profits thereof? In short, the Labor Bank will not long have been established before the urge of an iron necessity will force Organized Labor into all departments of industry as a producer on its own account.**

A bank, of course, cannot directly own and operate industries. It is not intended for that purpose. Capitalism has evolved a special institution for this work—the funding company. It is the business of a funding company to establish companies subsidiary to itself in the various branches of industry, to finance them, control them, and concentrate their profits in its own reserve for the expansion of existing business or the establishment of new enterprises. Indeed, a chain of banks centrally owned and controlled, financing a chain of funding companies which in turn own and control chains of subsidiary companies operating in all departments of industry, and returning their profits to the funding companies for the expansion of existing business or the launching of new enterprises—is the ultimate mechanism of centralized capitalism, as exemplified, e. g., in Standard Oil. As a weapon of class oppression, of course, this mechanism is unparalleled in history. **As a mechanism for the socialization of production it is practically perfect.** And the same necessity which will force Organized Labor into the business of production will likewise force it to adapt this mechanism to its own use—a mechanism perfected to the hand of Labor by centralized capitalism itself. Here, it is interesting to note, is a brilliant illustration of an exploiting class forging the weapon of its own destruction. Just in fact as Labor already has been forced to copy its exploiters and establish its own bank, so it will be forced again to copy its exploiters and establish its own Funding Company and subsidiary companies for the operation of its own industries. Simply it has no alternative.

To attempt to define the exact conception and method of operation of the Labor Funding Company and its subsidiary companies may seem not a little like assuming the mantle of a prophet. But really the matter is very simple and requires only ordinary common sense.

In the first case "He who lives in Rome must live as do the Romans" is a maxim peculiarly applicable to questions of practical economics. In so far as the Labor Funding Company and its subsidiary companies will be profit-making institutions operating **within** the capitalist system, they will be compelled strictly to conform on their **technical** side to the methods of capitalism. They will be, in fact, strictly business institutions, and will be compelled to conduct themselves as

such. But in so far as these institutions will be owned and operated by Organized Labor in the interests of the whole of Organized Labor, they will have a special character, and will conform strictly, on what might be called their **social** side, to the traditions of Organized Labor. Bearing these simple necessities in mind, and also the facts that the directors of the Funding Company, like the directors of the Labor Bank, can have

Edgcumb Pinchon

but two possible guides for all their actions: the desire to make these institutions profitable as such, and the desire to make them a means of strengthening Organized Labor, the task of forecasting them in a certain detail becomes practically mechanical.

The Labor Funding Company, like the Labor Bank and Insurance Company, can be organized effectively only as a corporation owned and controlled by the whole of Organized Labor; and thus, also like these institutions, it necessarily will be directed by officers democratically elected by the rank and file of Organized Labor. Owing to its special character its capitalization, of course, will be purely formal; and it will operate under a practically unlimited charter. For its **expert technical** help it will have the whole field of modern trained business experts to choose from, and it can well afford to pay salaries commensurate with the highest grade of service. To obtain the necessary finances for its operations it will follow, of course, the usual practice of issuing interest-bearing bonds, secured, in this case, on the existing properties of Organized Labor. But to prevent these bonds from falling into capitalist hands they clearly will have to be made non-transferable and issuable only to the Labor Bank and Insurance Company, and, under certain restrictions, to individual members of Organized Labor. **Here then is the main and infinitely most important investment of the Labor Bank and Insurance Company.**

Once equipped and launched on its way, the Labor Company, like any other funding company, will proceed from time to time as opportunity offers to organize, finance and control subsidiary companies in the various departments of industry. These subsidiary companies will be Organic Co-operative Industries, i. e., on their **technical** side they will be exactly like any capitalist concern, but on the **social** side they will have the special characteristics of Labor. Thus they will be directed, of course, by officers, democratically elected by the workers in each particular shop; they will be supervised and controlled by the Funding Company; they will be managed in all **technical** matters by an expert hired for the purpose at the market salary; they will pay their employes the full market wage for an eight-hour day and five and one-half day week; they will maintain the market price of their products, **and their profits will accrue, partly to their own reserve for the expansion of existing business, and partly to the Funding Company for the launching of new co-operative industries.**

Let not the hasty reader shout "Utopian!" Manifestly this is the line to which Labor's industries will be compelled to hew, not as a matter of theory or artificial arrangement, but by the ever present urge of practical business necessities. And by that same beneficient urge of practical business necessities the Labor industries will be withheld from the suicidal practices usually associated with the so-called co-operative "schemes" of today; namely, cutting prices, rebating to consumers and sharing profits among the workers. Labor scarcely will need to make the experiment in order to learn that these practices do not jibe with capitalist business methods, that they lead directly to the rocks of economic disaster, and at best to the stunting of the new industrial system. Organized Labor will need vast accumulations of capital if it is successfully to fight its business battles with the capitalist system; and it cannot accumulate this capital in competition with the other great corporations if it does not conform closely to the rules of the capitalist game. In short, the Labor Funding Company and its subsidiary companies will be strictly **business institutions,** organized and conducted exactly like capitalist industries. Their right to the title of "co-operative" lies solely in the fact that they will be owned, not by private employer, but by Organized Labor as a whole, and that their profits will go, not into the pockets of stockholders, nor at the other extreme into the pockets of a few for-

tunate employes, but to Organized Labor as represented in the Funding Company for the launching of fresh enterprises. **Only by amassing an ever increasing capital for the ever increasing expansion of its existing industries, and the ever increasing establishment of new industries, can Labor hope finally to emancipate itself completely from capitalist conditions.**

The establishment of Labor's own co-operative industries, manifestly, will provide a new and powerful inducement to the unorganized workers to enter the unions. Not the dullest witted and most anti-social worker will long remain outside of an organization which offers him (1) the protection and care of the union, (2) the friendly personal and building loan in time of need, (3) the low rate of insurance, (4) greatly extended opportunities of employment in the capitalist industries, and municipal services influenced by the Labor Bank, (5) and last, and most attractive of all, an opportunity of obtaining secure employment, under democratic management, at fair wages and short hours, in the fellowship of Labor's own co-operative industries. With the development of these institutions Organized Labor will increase in numerical strength from month to month not, as now, by tens and hundreds but by tens and hundreds of thousands, until, all the really capable and valuable element of the working class is within its ranks.

What does this mean? It means that beginning with the establishment of the Labor Bank the savings of 3,000,000 workers amounting to $500,000,000, and thus $5,000,000,000 of credit, will be withdrawn from the arteries of capitalist business and placed in the complete control of Organized Labor. It means that beginning with the establishment of the Labor Insurance Company about a billion dollars more will be eliminated from capitalist control and placed in the hands of Labor. It means that with the establishment of the Labor co-operative industries at least three million consumers and most probably twice that number—not to mention the families which these figures represent—will patronize the products of the Labor industries and boycott the competing capitalist products. And it means that this process once begun will continue with an ever increasing speed. It means, in short, that as the business of Organized Labor increases, the business of the capitalist class correspondingly must decrease. Swiftly, and ever more swiftly, deprived, first of its operating capital, and thus restricted in credit; and then deprived of its working-class consumers in all branches of industry entered by the co-operative industries, and thus deprived of a market; deprived of their best workmen and thus of their Unpaid Wages which is the source of fixed capital—the capitalist system, and with it, the capitalist class must wither and decay, until the last remnant of it is absorbed into the business of Organized Labor. **Nor will Labor need to capture more than a respectable fraction of industry before it becomes complete master of the situation. Capitalist business depends entirely on public confidence. Let that confidence be soundly shaken, so that stocks and bonds become valueless and people refuse to invest, and the remaining major fraction of capitalist business will tumble overnight pell-mell into chaos there to be reorganized under the control of Organized Labor.**

And while this process of reconstruction is going forward the workers will begin to learn the necessity of using the ballot to protect **their direct business interests.** Organized Labor will learn to vote, as does "Oil," as does "Wool," as does "Cotton," as does "Beef" for the protection and enhancement of its **corporate interests.** And in so doing, whether in a distinct Labor party or in the existing Socialist party, it will bring a new tremendous political power into the arena. The one great enemy of Organized Labor in its new activities will be the Giant Trusts, and Organized Labor will speedily learn that its **business life** will depend upon its ability to force these Giant Trusts out of the road and into the hands of the government. Thus will come a tremendous movement on the part of the larger Organized Labor of the future toward the nationalization of the great Trusts and the municipalization of public utilities in support of the existing movements in that direction maintained by the Socialist and the Progressives. And finally this political awakening of the workers in defense of their **business interests** will carry them forward to the capture of the city, state and national governments themselves.

Thus, and at no distant date, and almost mechanically as it were, will the workers be ushered triumphantly into the Co-operative Commonwealth in which will be neither exploiter nor slave, but the organized workers will own and control all industry in the interests of the organized workers. In that day profit and interest will cease to serve any further function in the productive process and will automatically disappear; and Labor at last will be free to enjoy the full reward of toil both socially and individually—not less than one-fifth of that reward as today.

In conclusion is quoted the most important public utterance of modern times—an utterance destined to become historic in the annals of the Industrial Revolution. Said William Dobson, the brilliant Secretary of the Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers' International Union at the convention previously mentioned:

"The chartering of a banking institution by Organized Labor and its friends is now being considered in the city of Indianapolis, and my earnest prayer is that all of us may soon see the day when Labor will realize the power for good that will follow the bringing into life of a financial institution controlled solely and absolutely by the Organized Labor of the American Continent."

Water and the Plains

BY
Franklin Davenport Howell

(No class of men shows more careful and conscientious discrimination than engineers of established reputation and standing. Conservatism and caution seem to be their watchword. In the following article Mr. Howell, who is the chief engineer for the Llano del Rio enterprise, has boiled down his facts and attempted to strip them of all technicalities. He has based his statements on inside figures and avoided superlatives that might depend on optimism and enthusiasm. Mr. Howell has had a wide experience in some of the greatest engineering and irrigation projects of the United States and Mexico.—Ed.)

LLANO DEL RIO territory lies in the district on the north side of the Sierra Madre Mountains, a part of the Angeles Forest Reserve, technically known as "Township 5 North, Ranges 8, 9 and 10 West, San Bernardino meridian," in Los Angeles county, California.

Beginning at the base of the mountains at 3500 feet above the sea level, it slopes to the north and out into the so-called Mojave desert.

The land available under the watershed of Rock creek (Rio del Llano) and Mescal creek, extends for about fifteen miles east and west and to five or six miles north, with probably a maximum of 47,000 to 50,000 acres therein that can be watered from this watershed when it shall be fully developed.

The soil over this entire area is from the decomposition of the granites, felspars and limes of the mountain range, giving a deep, light soil that never "bakes," containing potash, soda, carbonates of lime and magnesia, sulfides and oxides of iron, etc., in fact all the minerals necessary to sustain plant life, requiring only the oxidizing influence of water and air, obtained by irrigation, plowing and cultivating to render them soluable and easily assimilated by plant growth as food.

The water supply for this territory is dependent on rainfall and, while there are ocasional light rains in the valley, the heavy and dependable rains are confined to the mountain area. It is of frequent occurrence that the valley is bathed in warm sunshine while the mountains are lost to view, almost smothered in rain and snow.

Of these rains part is lost by evaporation, part is absorbed by the mountains and part runs off the sides of the mountains to the creek beds and on out to the valley, where it disappears. That which evaporates is, of course, lost as available water supply. That which is absorbed irrigates and nourishes the heavily-timbered mountain side and part of it reaches the stream beds and makes a summer flow, while the runoff to be of use must be caught and impounded in order to save it for the dry season.

The area of watersheds adjoining these lands is approximately eighty square miles, which, with forty inches of rainfall per annum, should yield about 70,000 acre feet of water that could be used if it could all be saved—enough water, with the character of probable crops, to maintain 40,000 to 50,000 acres of land under cultivation.

Under present conditions, however, the first work to be done is to make use of the minimum flow of water from this watershed by putting it on as much land as it will serve—and this is what is now being done.

Successful colonists and ideal Socialists are the bees. The 200 stands shown here have netted the owner, who worked alone, over $2500 a year. This ranch has been taken over by the Llano del Rio colonists. It is the intention to establish several thousand stands in the apiary department.

The minimum flow of both Mescal and Rock creeks will probably take care of some 8000 to 10,000 acres by the construction of small diverting dams in the foothills, and leading the water therefrom by ditch and pipe lines to the lands being cleared and planted. This will make the beginning and foundation from which to enlarge to the limit of available water.

The next step is to set up rain guages and weirs for the accurate measurement of the actual and available water and the construction of storage reservoirs sufficient to impound the runoff from the mountains during the rainy seasons.

There are four such reservoir sites available with the total capacity of between 30,000 to 40,000 acre feet, and surveys are now in progress to define their actual extent and construction requirements.

Finally in the development and conservation of these waters several water power developments are possible, yielding enough power to light the territory and furnish power for many factories.

It will be readily appreciated that all these things cannot be at once accomplished, and that it will require time before the actual amount of water available can be definitely known, and therefore the total acreage that can be put under cultivation, but enough is known to assure an area that will support a population of 5000 souls or more and have an unusual surplus of product for the open market.

Georgian Philosopy and Economics

By DR. J. E. POTTENGER

SOCIALISTS generally are about as ill-informed on the philosophy and economics of Henry George as the Single Taxers are on the philosophy and economics of Karl Marx. To light the way of Socialists is my purpose.

We should appreciate the service of George in his trenchant analysis and successful refutation of the two main tenets of Privilege—the Malthusion Doctrine and the Wage Fund Theory. Little progress could be made in economic thought as long as they influenced the minds of men.

The foundation of George's teachings is the Doctrine of Natural Rights. This doctrine was developed by Quesnay and supported by Turgot in France. It sought freedom of Person, Opinion and Contract or Exchange. Private property in land was the cause of all evil, which was to be abolished by a single tax on land. The theory of Natural Rights is a beautiful product of the human mind, but not in accordance with the conception most of us have regarding social evolution. We hold rights, in so far as we may secure them, to be only relative, varying with time, place and with our growing intelligence and humanitarianism. Quesnay, himself, proves our contention—"Natural right is the right which a man has to do the thing fit for his enjoyment." Most will agree that it is a serious question whether a man has a right to do what he thinks is fit for his enjoyment. George recognizes man as a creature of desire, attempting to satisfy the same by labor.

Factors in Production

The three factors in production are land, labor and capital, in order of natural sequence in origin.

"Land necessarily includes not merely the surface of the earth as distinguished from water and air, but the whole natural universe outside of man himself, for it is only by having access to land, from which his very body is drawn, that man can come in contact with or use nature. The term land, embraces, in short, all natural materials, forces and opportunities, and therefore nothing that is freely supplied by nature can be properly called capital." (Progress and Poverty, page 37.)

"The term labor, in like manner, includes all human exertion, and hence human powers whether natural or acquired can never be classed as capital." Capital is wealth "which is devoted to the aid of production." The feature of this classification and definition is the attempt at natural order. Much of the foolish criticism of George and his land program is due to a lack of understanding of his meaning of "land." It would have been to Marx's advantage if he had been clearer on this point.

Rent

Rent in the Georgian sense, i. e., economic rent, is that portion of the income derived from land or other natural capabilities by virtue of ownership of the same. It is rent as we know it, less rent on buildings or other improvements on or in the land.

Interest

Dismissing "reward of abstinence" which is usually assigned by standard works as justification for interest, as insufficient, George finds its cause in "Something which, though it generally requires labor to utilize it, is yet distinct and separable from labor—the active power of nature; the principle of growth, of reproduction, which everywhere characterizes all the forms of that mysterious thing or condition we call life." The "aging" of wine is cited among others as an instance. Socialists often hear the "old wine" and "old fiddle" arguments advanced as attempts to disprove Marx's Labor Theory of Value. The confusion results from the use of the word value. The one using the argument has in mind use value, while Marx's theory deals with exchange value. But the real argument against the Georgian position in justifying interest, lies in his own definition of land cited above. The "something" as a part of nature, i. e., land, is in this case to be allowed to yield a return for the owner of the article. In justifying interest, George has not only exempted a portion of land from taxation, but is rewarding privilege with interest. Socialists should understand this inconsistency thoroughly.

In his law of interest George says: "As rent rises, interest will fall as wages fall, or will be determined by the margin of cultivation." This statement is acceptable in a certain sense, though the Georgians use it in an attempt to show identity of interest of the capitalist and wage-worker, as opposed to the interest of the landlord.

Iron Law of Wages

"Where natural opportunities are all monopolized, wages may be forced by the competition among labor-

ers to the minimum at which laborers will consent to reproduce." This is the Marxian position except that Marx attributes the tendency to capitalism as well as to landlordism. The difference is more apparent than real, and is based on the different use of the word land —Marx using it in the limited and George using it in the general sense. Moreover, since many capitalists, probably most, are their own landlords, the separation of landlord and capitalist is not made. It seems to me George has the better of Marx on this point.

George's Historical Method

George's interpretation of history is not so definite and consistent as the economic interpretation of Marx. His method is rather idealistic, and not closely in touch with the experiences of men. Here and there he hints at the pressure of economic interests as determining certain events, but this economic motive is found always on the side of reaction and conservatism, the position of the landlord class. He does not conceive of a counter economic motive, directing the revolt of the submerged and less privileged, as did Marx. It is Truth and Justice that guides the opposition. This seems an absurd position to a social evolutionist.

In attempting to account for the varied civilizations—dead, decaying, arrested and progressive—he finds the Law of Human Progress, Prog. and Pov., page 504: "Mental power is . . the motor of progress, and men tend to advance in proportion to the mental power expended in progression. . . . Now, mental power is a fixed quantity—that is to say, there is a limit to the work a man can do with his mind, as there is a limit to the work he can do with his body, therefore the mental power which can be devoted to progress is only what is left after what is required for non-progressive purposes. These non-progressive purposes are maintenance and conflict." We will probably find little fault with this, except that progress is not defined, and after all it requires the conflict of opinion and interest to determine what it is.

The Program

"We must make land common property." This is to be accomplished by taxation, i. e., confiscation of economic rent, and the abolition of taxes on the making, exchanging or possession of wealth in any form. Rent for buildings or other improvements is permissible as interest to the owner. George further recognizes that taxation may be used against certain articles the exchange of which it is desired to discourage—opium, cocaine, etc. Briefly stated then, he advocates a single tax on land values exempting improvements on or in land.

Auto-Hypnosis

ROCKEFELLER considers the Standard Oil as a beauty rose flowering in the buttonhole of Christianity. Morgan is assured that he will stand before God blameless and stainless to pass to the well-earned rest of Paradise.

The followers of Abu-bekir, Omar and Akbar were equally sure, with Morgan, of the same reward when they threw the Christian dogs into the Yermuk or the Brahmin dogs into the Indus.

The scum of the Russian jails—the "Black Hundred"—murder young Jewish girls in the same spirit, while their master, the infamous Nicholas, betrays Finland in the name of the Greek Church of Christ. All are confident of the Paradaisical reward.

Mary Tudor, having lost Calais and Philip, her dearest possession and her husband, proceeded to burn Englishmen to the glory of God that in Paradise she might attain to that happiness which she had not had wit enough to grasp on earth.

Morgan looted the New Haven, Gould the Erie, Stanford the Union Pacific, and all the Western roads loot the national forests under the "lieu-law act." All railroad presidents, defunct, are in Paradise. Wall Street would leave not enough wool on the sheep's back to embroider the $, but no banker considers this vale of tears as legitimate reimbursement for his sacrifices in the interest of humanity. Only Paradise can make up to him—and to it he looks with longing eyes.

Tamerlane was one representative of our race who could do a job properly. When his cohorts overthrew a city they piled up the skulls into a mountain, threw down walls and houses, tramped the mess of blood and mud with their 800,000 horses, and, when the soil was well-prepared, sowed it to barley. The next year saw grain fields where, before the Tartar came, was a populous city. All authorities agree, himself included, that Tamerlane is in Paradise.

These people must think that God is as easy a mark as the Structural Iron Workers' Union, the American Senate, or the Supreme Court. It is a "case" in supra liminal psychology. It is that marvelous power of the human mind to believe whatever it thinks it will, irrespective of whether it knows it to be false or not. It is not religion; it is pathology. All railroad and corporation presidents should be examined by alienists to see if the Paradise microbe cannot be isolated. Following this, a serum from John D.'s Institute should be inoculated into them, and they might be willing to go to hell with the common laborer. As it is now, Paradise must be a dangerous place. S. H.

Dayal and Bryan—Agitators

By WILLIAM C. OWEN

IF HAR DAYAL, Hindu philosopher and agitator, is to be deported for speaking harshly of the British government, there are several million Irishmen whose skins will be in danger, and the Democratic party will find votes running shy. Likewise one may remember that whenever Greenbackism, Populism and other evanescent forms of discontent have had the audacity to raise their heads, a disposition to whack the British government as hard as words could whack it has always been apparent. In short, it is a national tradition that the British government stands always for the mailed fist; for the absorption, via the missionary route, of the choicest portions of this little world; for gunboat assertion of absentee landlord and bondholder rights, with all that the blindly-struggling masses feel instinctively is most objectionable. Even Mexico is at one with us in this, and outside of "Cientifico" circles you will have to travel far to run across an admirer of Lord Cowdray.

Dayal has the temerity to share these views, and —which is obviously far more unpardonable—to put them into circulation where they will do the greatest possible amount of harm, viz., in India itself.

What the criminal's past may have been can cut but little figure, being admissible at most only as extenuating testimony, which in matters of such gravity does not count. The thing is that he is stirring up the discontented, and that there are more than three hundred millions of them. The British government which rules these hundreds of millions is presumably, by that very fact, not entirely void of capacity to reason; it reads its bible religiously and understands the parable of the grain of mustard seed. That Dayal is a scholar and ascetic; that the British government itself sent him to Oxford as a specially brilliant pupil, and that he has been a lecturer on philosophy at Stanford University; these and other good marks that might be placed to his credit cannot be considered. Great Britain's concern is with the present, and Dayal is dangerous.

He himself feels no fear as to the result; for he claims that he has resided in the United States three years, and is therefore immune to deportation. Others of us are not so confident; for we note the care with which British detectives have worked up the case, following Dayal in his wanderings through France, Switzerland, Martinique and elsewhere.

As always, safety lies in open, bold, persistent agitation; in dragging the facts to light and forcing them to the attention of the indifferent public's nose. In the present instance we can do this with great benefit to the cause of international revolt, and with exceptional force, because we have most distinguished backing. Our own Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan, has denounced British rule in India as, I think, Dayal himself never denounced it, and the indictment he published was so complete that by no possibility can he now eat his words. That indictment has been published and distributed broadcast by the British Committee of the Indian National Congress, having its headquarters in London.

In the publication mentioned Bryan tells us that, after visiting India and making extended investigation among men of every class, he found that "British rule in India is far worse, far more burdensome to the people, and far more unjust—if I understand the meaning of the word—than I had supposed." Here are a few of the grounds on which he based his judgment:

"The trouble is that England acquired India for England's advantage, not for India's, and that she holds India for England's benefit, not for India's. She administers India with an eye to England's interests, not India's, and she passes judgment upon every question as a judge would were he permitted to decide his own case." It will be noted that the argument is of universal application; that it applies equally to our own rule of the Philippines and would apply should we invade Mexico.

Bryan says further: "The government of India is as arbitrary and despotic as the government of Russia ever was, and in two respects it is worse. First, it is administered by an alien people, whereas the officials of Russia are Russians. Secondly, it drains a large part of the taxes out of the country, whereas the Russian government spends at home the money which it collects from the people." He then reminds us that the natives pay into the government nearly $225,000,000 a year, of which nearly $100,000,000 is expended on an army in which natives cannot be officers. What a world of suggestion as to the real situation is contained in that last comment!

Figures are quoted to show that suspension of the coinage of silver in India reduced the value of the natives' savings by $500,000,000, and that the death rate has risen from 24 to the 1000 in 1882 to 34 to the 1000 at the time when the pamphlet in question was published. He takes the British government's published statement for 1904-5 and shows that, while more than $90,000,000 was appropriated for the army, only $6,500,000 was to go for education. Yet 90 per cent of the male population and 99 per cent of the female

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Necessity Knows No Law

By C. B. HOFFMAN

WHENEVER man-made law comes into conflict with the "Law of Life" it is swept aside.

The "will to live" is the supreme power. It bows to nothing. It is irresistible. From the simplest form to the most complex organism it creates organism and organs best suited for its expressions. Society is its product, and is continuously modified to give that "will to live" the highest and most complete manifestation.

Today robbery and theft, murder and prostitution, legal and illegal, prevail because the individual "will to live" is not co-ordinated with the social organism.

There is unrest, discontent and conflict, because the social structure does not adequately respond to the needs and aspirations—even the material needs—of myriads of human beings that swarm, homeless and unmated, upon the earth.

Society says: "Thou shalt not steal," but when man must steal or starve, he steals. He obeys the more vital impulse. When he steals and kills, in order to dominate his fellow-men, be it by the sword or the dollar, by war or finance, he steals and kills. He obeys the more vital impulse, even though it be hideously perverted.

This is history. This is today's and yesterday's experience.

Up to this time **material necessity, economic determinism,** has ruled the destiny of the individual and has thus shapen the history of the race.

But a new age dawns. Man has conquered the oppugnant forces of nature. He produces material things in abundance for the comfort, east and luxury of all.

This accomplished, the structure of society, will, in due time, so change that this plentitude of material things shall find its way, without friction or waste, to every individual, even as the air we breathe, the food we eat and drink finds its way to the proper organs to be subconsciously assimilated for the benefit and well-being of the whole body.

Society will produce and distribute almost automatically. Its members will find joy and recreation in the small amount of physical labor required to create enough for all, and the problem "How to make a living?" which now darkens life, will sink into insignificance.

Man freed from the incubus of material want or the fear of it, will rise to heights of **individual development** undreamed of by the most ardent individualists of today.

Freedom consists, not in separative, individualistic, competitive efforts to supply material needs—but, being once freed from that bitter struggle—in stretching our wings to vast flights in the boundless regions of the intellect, the emotions and the spirit.

Individualism in its deepest meanings will find its most complete expressions that is organized to produce material things easily and without drudgery or overwork, and to distribute them spontaneously in response to the needs of every individual.

Economic freedom of the individual which can only be attained by making material production and distribution social functions, is the essential condition of his social, intellectual, emotional and spiritual liberty.

WHO COUNSELS PATIENCE?

By Edgcumb Pinchon

PATIENCE? Who counsels patience?
Shall the Social Wrong be righted by patience?
Shall the Soul of Humanity be torn from its slave-stupor, its brutish unfaith, its hypnotisms, by gentle argument, by sweet self-careful patience?
Nay—but the divine abandon of the flaming soul, by the divine imprecations of them that are beside themselves, by the lash of the scourging Christ whom men called mad!
Patience? Who counsels patience?
The soul that's made its pact with Liberty knows not the name of patience.
I adore the Christ who, with thunderous brows and powerful impatient hands, knotted his heavy lash of writhing need to flay the backs of the money-changers!
I adore the Christ who — hungry and impatient — blasted the barren fig-tree—Yea, tho' it was not the season for figs!
I adore the Christ who cursed: "Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees—Whited Sepulchres!"
I adore the Christ who mocked: "I came not to bring peace but a sword!"
I adore the Christ before whose terrible glance the soldiery fell back amazed!
I adore the Christ of fearful damning silences, of devastating wrath, of searing satire, of writhing impatience, of withering imprecations!
No flaccid psalm—singer He!
No cautious reformist! No timorous mechanical theoretician!
But a Man—a Flaming Soul.
I adore his divine abandon!

A Product

By WALTER BURNETT

MIKE was born and raised in the slums. He had a surname but nobody ever bothered to use it. He was just Mike, one of the common herd.

When Mike reached the age of eight his father died of delirium tremens. Two years later, unable to secure sufficient nourishment to keep two of the component parts of the whole of matter—body and soul—together, his mother died. Nobody cared except Mike and that didn't matter.

Mike lived in a tenement. The landlord came around in his six-cylinder auto, bought with money derived from profit of the dark, dismal, ignorance-fostering hovel in which Mike and the rest of the common herd lived—I mean existed.

"Where's your mother?" asked the landlord.

"Dead."

"Where's my rent?"

"Why—dead," answered Mike.

The landlord waited until Mike had secured his scanty possessions from the "flat," and then he closed and locked the door, hanging a "to let" sign in the most conspicuous place.

Mike slept wherever he could at night, sold papers in the daytime, and secured a scattering knowledge of reading; enough to enable him to learn about "ladies" and "gentlemen" giving $100,000 social entertainments, and feasting on lobsters, obtained by virtue of the fact that there were still a considerable number of "goats" in existence.

So Mike reached the age of 22 years, ugly, ignorant, and devoid of hope. At this glorious period of his "career" he was laboring ten hours a day as a section-hand at $1.25.

He asked for 25 cents a day raise, and when the foreman recovered from his surprise he fired Mike.

Jobs were scarce. So was money.

One morning Mike stood before the door of a store. The baker had just passed, leaving a dozen loaves of bread in a box with cover unlocked. The laws of society said to Mike: "You cannot have that bread, unless you have money to pay for it, even if you are starving to death."

One of the laws of nature—self-preservation—whispered to Mike: "You are hungry; here is food; eat."

Mike obeyed the law of nature.

An officer of the laws of society, being so near as to cause himself no exertion, arrested Mike.

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked the judge.

"Guilty," answered Mike.

He was placed in jail until his antecedents could be looked up. One week later he was again before the court.

The judge looked over his polished mahogany desk.

"You are guilty of larceny," he said, and then read Mike's antecedents: Poor, ignorant, out of work, no money, no friends, no "pull."

"Hm," said the judge. "Bread has been stolen from your neighborhood at frequent intervals, I will make an example of you." In placing a copy of Mike's antecedents on a pointed file, he scratched his soft white hand. He glared at the scratch with a frown.

"Three years," he snapped.

"Three years," automatically recorded the clerk.

"Three years," muttered a reporter, adjusting his tie.

"Three years," laughed a spectator to his companion.

"Three years," groaned Mike in a pitifully cracked, choking voice. "THREE YEARS!"

He went in, a clear-eyed youth. He came out, an old man.

"Well, anyway," he thought, "I will live honest."

He bummed his way to a country town. A farmhouse stood by the roadside. Mike knocked at the door.

"I'm looking for work."

"What can you do?" asked the farmer.

"Anything."

"Well, we need men to get the hay—— Say, where did you come from?" noticing Mike's prison pallor and other telltale signs. Mike was about to say "back east," but he knew appearances were against him, so he said "prison."

"Wait a minute," said the farmer. He returned with a shotgun. "Now git!"

Mike "got."

This was an up-to-date neighborhood. Farmhouses were connected by telephone. When Mike reached the next house he was persuaded by a rifle to leave before he stated his business. The next place resembled a miniature fort; others were made conspicuous by white-fanged bulldogs.

The law of self-preservation whispered to Mike again. Perhaps he would need a revolver for protection. He purchased one with part of the small sum of money given him when he left prison.

Coming back to the farmhouses he approached one and found the inmate sitting on the porch, with a gun in his hand.

"I'm looking for work," said Mike.

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The Wilwaukee Co-operativists

THE Bay View "bunch" began it. And they were regarded at first with some suspicion, as being tainted with heresy. But having one of the strongest ward branches in the city—the Seventeenth ward—and being a pretty solid unit on most matters which they undertook, they were not afraid of anybody.

The time was just after the defeat of the Socialist administration. And that was also largely the reason. You see, some of the "woozy"—that means "non-partisan" in Milwaukee—are storekeepers. And some of them really forgot that the so-called defeat of the Socialists in Milwaukee was accomplished by counting up about 31,000 Socialists. Anyway, some of the little storekeepers actually became arrogant and overbearing toward the Socialists who patronized their stores. Several of them out on Howell avenue went the limit, almost refusing to wait on Socialist customers.

In May and June, 1912, they were agitating, studying, and organizing. By July they had out their incorporation papers, under the new Wisconsin co-operative law. (This was framed by a Socialist member of the Society of Equity—of the farmers—and pushed through by the Socialists in the 1911 Legislature.)

On August 28, 1912, they opened their store. They had bought out a little neighborhood store, run by a young Socialist, hired him and two other experienced grocerymen to take charge, and broke loose.

They had about $2000 in cash when they started. By January, 1913, they had sold $10,000 worth of goods, invested $2840 in stock, developed a trade extending over half of the city, and prepared to begin on a development of the whole county. They paid a dividend of about 2.5 per cent on the purchases of stockholders for this first period.

In January, 1914, the audit of the business for 1913 showed a total business for the year of about $50,000. The number of employes had grown to ten, with three wagons going most of the time on regular routes, ranging from South Milwaukee to West Allis and all of Milwaukee except the East Side, where the aristocrats live.

The reason the business did not show high profits was owing to the expense of building up this widely scattered trade. But this seemed the wisest way in the long run, as comrades everywhere were asking to be served, and not to have served them would probably have resulted in the organization of scattered stores, under more or less conflicting management, and the probable failure of some of them. Slower growth, with solid results, has been achieved, with a continuous and experienced management at the helm all the while.

The development of the west and north side wagon trade finally made it wiser to open a branch store on the west side, and this was accomplished during the week before Christmas. The instant and splendid growth of the trade at this store has justified the new step. Milwaukee will show Socialists of America the practicability of co-operation, even under capitalism, and while we are working for its overthrow.

G. E. B.

To the Woman in the Dark

By Eleanor Wentworth

SISTER, we know the pain
That stabs your heart as you strive in vain
to know yourself, to be yourself;
To win world-wisdom, not glory or pelf.
Art not the sorrowing Muse that's dumb,
The Muse bereft of the power of tongue?

We see the bitter tears,
Mothers' heart's blood are they, and fears
For your babe—all babes—whom greed maims.
While you stand with your hands in chains.
Slavery, once clothed with sweetest charm,
Is now the cause of wild alarm.

Mothers always are sworn
To serve, not babes, but men; they're shorn
Of freedom for no racial gain,
'Tis but to lie in passion's chain.
Babes are served when no fathers call
And Woman is not served at all.

It is not love that's wrong,
But the way we've served it for so long,
Living not **for** but **by** this love,
As slaves below, puppets above;
The hapless instruments that fill
The primal good with endless ill.

Because you stand alone
Your burdens weigh your spirit down.
Our hearts yearn as we hear your cries.
Come to us! In unity lies
The strength to tear the film away,
Which obscures thought and sight today.

Come to us, Sister ours!
We need your hidden, sleeping powers.
We shall lead sweet love from his cell,
Unbind his eyes at last. He'll dwell
With folded wings no more apart,
But in the throbbing, great world's heart.

Colonists Demons

Llano Del Rio, in Vast, Fertile Valley of Southern Califor Future Developme

By FRA

LLANO DEL RIO COLONY, in the Antelope Valley, is attracting widespread attention as the largest co-operative colonization enterprise ever launched in the United States.

Inquiries have been pouring in from almost every state, and so great an interest is taken that scores of persons have announced their intention to visit the colony in the near future. Several thousand extra copies of

Rio del Llano (river of the plain), also known as Rock creek. This photograph, taken in the latter part of June, gives some idea of the volume of visible water flowing in the bed of the stream at a point near where it enters the valley.

THE WESTERN COMRADE for June, which carried articles describing the location and the plans for the colony, have been sent out on request, and the edition is nearly exhausted.

This article is written for the purpose of covering some of the information previously carried, and to reply to some questions continually being asked.

The colony is situated in the Antelope Valley, Los Angeles county, California, about seventy miles from Los Angeles, by automobile road or by railway to Palmdale, on the Southern Pacific Line.

The land lies on a high plateau that slopes gently to the northward from the foothills directly to the north of the Sierra Madre Range, San Bernardino Mountains. Most of the property is between the Rio del Llano, also known as Big Rock Creek, on the west, and Mescal Creek on the east. It is from these two streams that the colonists will obtain the water for the irrigation of the lands below.

The water supply for these two streams is from the high mountains from the south, where the snow lies in the deep canyons the greater part of the year.

The business of the colony has been thus far under the corporate name of Mescal Water and Land Company, incorporated under the laws of the state of California. This was a corporation taken over at the time the colonization plans were being formulated, and it provides a practical and safe working basis. Later the name will be changed to one more appropriate to the enterprise.

The land lies at an altitude of about 3500 f the climate is healthful and invigorating. This elevation, aided by the cooling breezes from the mountains, insures an equable and agreeable climate in spring, summer and autumn. During the winter the rainfall in the valley is slight, and there is a high percentage of sunshine. The thermometer registers as low as freezing point during the winter, and the air becomes bracing, and it is these cool nights that make the valley an ideal place to raise deciduous fruits.

The soil is largely decomposed granite, which, when exposed to the air by cultivation and irrigation, oxidizes and becomes soft, friable and rich.

The water resources of the corporation are sufficient to irrigate all the lands under its control. Exclusive rights have been secured on the waters of Jackson's Lake, Mescal Creek and Boulder Creek, which the engineers of the company declare are sufficient to irrigate 10,000 acres of land.

rate Co-operation

is Scene of Remarkable Undertaking---Outline of Plans for of Great Enterprise

. WOLFE

Considerable hydro-electric power can be developed at these points. This power will be used to run farming, factory and domestic machinery; heat and light all the public buildings and private dwellings in the colony.

The land, water and climatic conditions render this an ideal spot for the growing of deciduous fruits, such as pears, apples, peaches, plums, cherries, apricots, olives, figs and walnuts.

The pears grown in this district are especially fine. Those at Little Rock, a few miles directly west from the colony, are bringing in a large earning to the fortunate owners of the orchards.

Alfalfa earns good profits, and after the first year yields from four to six cuttings a year.

The colony now has about 375 acres growing in alfalfa, and the men are cutting on about 300 acres. Some of the newly cleared land is being planted in kaffir corn and other small grain, which will be used to feed the stock as a "finisher." Hogs are being fed the alfalfa, and they are increasing at a satisfactory rate. These porkers will form one of the highly concentrated products of the colony, as the prices are always high and the demand steady.

All kinds of berries, small fruits and garden truck will be given careful attention. Dairy and poultry products will be among the output for the market. With the gardening, poultry raising, dairying and fruit growing conducted on a large, collective scale, the colonists expect to produce 95 per cent of the food they consume, and have a large marketable margin.

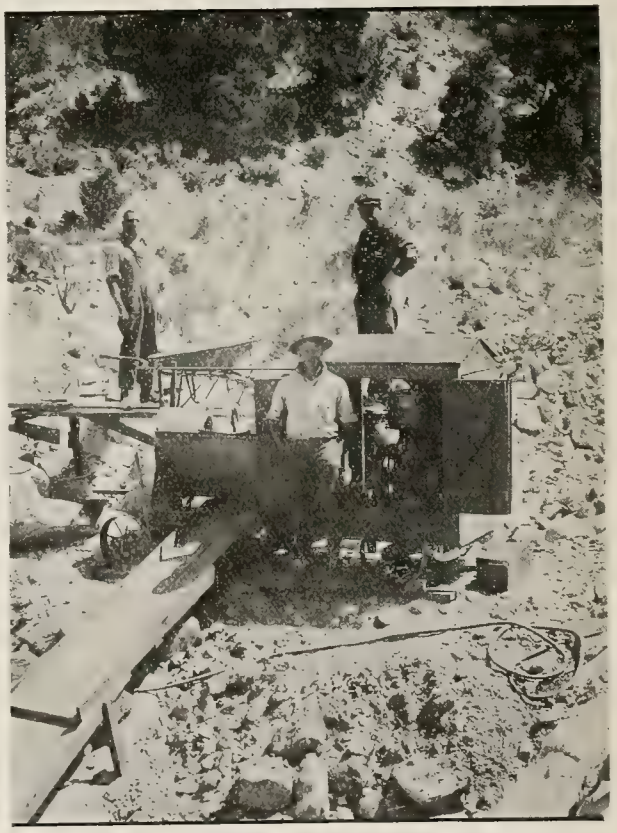
The company aims to attract about 1000 men and women to the colony. These, with their families, will constitute a gathering that will make a population for a fair-sized city. According to plans, this city will be built on the high table land at the southern side of the property. Landscape artists, architects and others are planning an ideal city, both from a viewpoint of beauty and utility.

The plan under which persons are entering the colony is as follows:

Each member subscribes for 2000 shares of stock at a par value of $1 per share. Five hundred of these shares are paid for in cash on entering the colony.

No one member is allowed to own more than 2000 shares.

Every working member receives a wage of $4 a day. There is no scale, and everyone is on the same basis with every other one. Of this wage $1 is to be set aside to pay for the remaining 1500 shares of stock. The remaining $3 go to the credit of the worker, and from this he pays for his food, clothing, shelter, and other necessaries and luxuries. Whatever margin is left after that, is deposited to his credit. A certain agreed amount of cash may be drawn from this each year. Provision is made for vacations.



Dam No. 1, on the Mescal, is the first concrete construction in the colony. The cement mixer is operated by a gasoline engine, and it does the work of several men. With a small crew excellent progress was made on the diverting dam.

Anyone wishing to withdraw may do so, selling

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EDITORIAL

NIMBLE DOLLAR DOPE

CAPITALISM is squirming and writhing as in the throes of green apple angina. Out of the agony grows "Nimble Dollar" nonsense, armies of Optimism, frugal Fridays and prosperity parades. The sad feature is that captains and ginerals of (other peoples') industry don't know when and where it swallowed the immature manzana.

In getting at causes, the working class is giving serious consideration to the financial problems, and this projects a small cloud over the horizon and in that cloud wise financiers forsee a coming storm that bids fair to sweep Capitalism out of existence.

Every reader of this magazine should study Edgcumb Pinchon's articles on the coming co-operative banks to be established by labor.

Here are a few facts which should be pondered: Capitalism, about one hundred years old, grew up on a system of cash exchange. The system is out-outgrown and now 90 per cent of business is done on credit. This credit rests upon the dollar, but there is about nine dollars' credits for every dollar in actual existence.

Capitalists do business on the check and exchange system. The poorer class—the workers—have no credit and no checks. Organized labor of America has about $25,000,000 in its treasuries and about $500,000,000 in individual savings. The workers of America have over $7,000,000,000 in savings. Based on every dollar of this is nine dollars in credits. The workers deposit these billion dollars in savings banks and the banks lend the money to capitalist exploiters.

Now for the big idea: Let the workers withdraw their money from the Capitalists banks and deposit in the coming co-operative banks of labor. These banks are already forming. For every dollar withdrawn nine dollars' credits of Capitalism will disappear!

When this movement starts the whole fabric of exploitation will be shaken. Ultimately it will be destroyed. The sleeping giant is awakening.—F. E. W.

AGAINST HIS CONSTITUTION

IT'S all off. Here's where we curl up like a discouraged caterpillar and quit the game. Chester H. Rowell has smashed us on the beezer and we go to the mat for the count.

Sitting in solemn tribunal Chester has called the proposed universal eight-hour law for California workers up before his high bar of justice and pronounced it unconstitutional. He says it's class legislation and inasmuch as it is a working class legislation it is condemned out of hand. Doubtless this action was taken without consultation with Otis—it wasn't necessary.

What constitution will be offended is not stated, but it is morally certain that Chester's temperamental, physical and financial constitution will be shocked when the eight-hour law shall be adopted. And rightly.

Think of the hardships this would entail on overpaid and underworked clerks, cashiers, solicitors, reporters and editors, and other intellectuals on Mr. Rowell's newspaper!

As for the mechanical department—well, that low-browed bunch of typesetters, stereotypers, pressmen, etc., had the poor taste to organize into those hated labor unions and long ago forced an eight-hour day for themselves!

No wonder Chester's constitution is already in rebellion against such an outrageous idea as an eight-hour day.—F. E. W.

FARMERS AROUSED

IN ENGLAND the National Farmers' Union threatens to strike for better housing, garden plots and—leisure to work the gardens. Lloyd George met the demands of a deputation in the way representatives of government usually meet them—by handing out a set of well-worded promises.

The incident is illuminating and consoling in one way: the farmers somewhere have the good sense to organize and make demands which, one sincerely hopes, they are prepared to follow with vigorous action.—F. E. W.

BATTLING FOR THE LORD

ONE of the delightful events of the season is the little doings between Amos Pinchot and George W. Perkins, chairman of the Bull Moose Executive Committee. Pinchot strolls onto the fields of Esdraelon, which is the same township and range as Armageddon, and there he is met by Perkins. While the fierce light beats down on his brow Pinchot raises his voice and asks if Perk is honest. Perkins responds with all the force and logic of a fat checkbook, and they are at it, battling for the Lord.

Pinchot points out the absurdity of placing the words "social and industrial justice" on the Bull Moose banners and retaining as chairman a man whose record shows him to be an enemy to the working class and a foe to justice.

Thus Pinchot sees in Perkins a Jonah who will bring a storm of disapproval from Labor. The Bull Moose bunch is holding high hopes that there are enough Henry Dubbses of Labor to fall for the lure and elect their candidates.

In California we have a fine example of this stupidity. Here some of the so-called leaders of Labor are urging the members of unions to work for the election of the man who permitted the San Diego atrocities, encouraged the Wheatland outrage and directed the assault on the disemployed at Sacramento.

Is Labor the blind, dumb creature of a muddy brain that the Bull Moosers think? Let us hope the awakening is at hand, and that the workers refuse to be fooled again.—F. E. W.

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MEDIATION AND ACTION

WHILE mediators are sipping gin rickeys and dawdling over orchid salads at Niagara Falls, and Huerta is chuckling at his success in outwitting the cockey naval officers and ponderous-minded diplomats, Pancho Villa's tatterdemalion army is filling cartridge belts, adjusting rifle sights and fighting its way steadily toward the capital. Most of the men who are fighting—and winning—in the Mexican revolution never heard of Niagara Falls.

Out of the profundity of their ignorance, Americans persist in saying the Mexicans do not know what they are fighting for. Never was there a more stupid statement. They know precisely what they want, and they know they will get it, though the journey be long and blood-strewn.

"Tierra y Libertad!"—"Land and Liberty!" That means a long, bitter fight. It means that the man who goes into the fight with that battle cry on his lips may be killed—he can't be conquered.

This struggle is commanding the attention of the entire world. Military dictators and political intriguers may come and go, but the day of peonage in Mexico is past forever. This agrarian uprising is a wonderful movement. Radicals the world over should not only watch this contest but should help it, and take it as a valuable lesson of the advantages of action over theorizing.—F. E. W.

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UNREST AND CIVIL WAR

IF THE Industrial Relations Commission will permit us to direct its attention for a moment to the situation in the copper mining district it may discover there some more causes for the "unrest" it is investigating.

The Calumet mine owners have broken every promise they made to the Commissioners. They have succeeded, by their misrepresentation, in getting the strike called off without signing any agreement. They have refused employment to all who testified before the investigators. They have refused to hire men who took part in the strike, even though they had taken no prominent part, and had not been arrested by the mine guards.

Miners in the district, who have gone back into the Calumet & Hecla at the old subsistence wage, know that that company has just paid to the New England parasites, who own stock in the corporation, dividends to the amount of $1,800,000, and that the company has a surplus of $10,716,000.

The miners know that these millions are fleecings. This knowledge and awakening will be the beginning of the power of the workers. If the workers become convinced that men toiling under such conditions as the miners of Michigan, of West Virginia and Colorado, cannot secure industrial and economic freedom through peaceful means, and that the master class stands ready to shoot and bayonet them back to their tasks, then we have reached the point in America where we have all the elements of a civil war.—F. E. W.

THE STATE AS AN EXPLOITER

IF THOSE who established the parcels post had an idea of giving the people a half-way measure and allowing the express companies to continue their extortionate rates and indifferent service, their illusions have been rudely dispelled. There is a widespread and insistent demand for extensions of service. This clamor is irresistible and the service is improving from week to week, this without regard for the overburdened postoffice employes.

Close on the heels of the announcement that the postal department will carry farm, dairy and poultry products in certain zones, come the advertisements of the Adams Express Company of its new order and food products service, "to promote more intimate relations between producer and consumer."

Now watch the underpaid and overworked postoffice employe and the underpaid and overworked express company employe shoulder heavier burdens in this competition between a privately owned capitalist institution and a collectively owned state capitalist bureau for exploiting the workers.—F. E. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

OUR GREAT OPPORTUNITY

AMERICAN Socialists are making a profound mistake in overlooking an opportunity to make the most of every war move on the part of Capitalist controllers of the country.

The efforts of a popinjay naval officer and Jingo journals to bring about international strife in Mexico should have been met by a terrific anti-military campaign.

As a party builder nothing beats an anti-militarism campaign. Le Peuple, Socialist daily of Brussels, has compiled a startling table showing the value of this line of activity. In Bulgaria the vote was increased from 25,000 to 85,000 by an anti-war campaign. Italian Socialists had twenty-four deputies in the Chamber previous to the war with Tripoli. After the struggle the anti-war faction of the Socialists elected fifty-three representatives.

In Sweden the Socialists cast 172,980 votes in 1911 and elected sixty-four members. The king and the jingos tried to stampede the nation into a policy of militarism by pulling the ancient Russian terror scare. The Socialists, instead of yielding or remaining silent, made the most of their opportunity and increased their vote to 230,000, and this year elected seventy-three legislators.

French militarists blundered when they increased the appropriations and lengthened the term of service to three years. Socialists who opposed the policy had 1,125,000 votes and seventy-five deputies in 1911. With militarism as the issue, the Socialist vote in 1914 rose to 1,400,000 and the number of deputies to 102.

Why do we allow this opportunity to pass? Why not make anti-intervention in Mexico and anti-militarism in Colorado and other states our big issue? Can it be we are so afraid of losing a few votes that we shrink from our duty and thus lose a great opportunity?—F. E. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

SHIPPING TRUST MURDERS

IF THE United States Senate ratifies the London Convention on Safety of Life at Sea it, in effect, will be a sanction of the murder of the victims of the Empress of Ireland disaster.

The powerful shipping interests have fought every move toward laws that would force safety appliances and full crews on the largest passenger-carrying steamers. Conditions under the recent London convention are even worse than the British law. Big ships are all undermanned and these provisions declare that only 75 per cent of the crew are needed for handling lifeboats!

One-half of most of the crews need interpreters to be able to understand orders from officers, and these are untrained, unskilled, inefficient and inexperienced landsmen. Andrew Furuseth declares that the appalling loss of life in the disasters to the Titanic, Volturno, Oceano, Valencia, Columbian and Empress of Ireland is traceable to undermanning and unskilled handling of vessels.

The Senate adopted the Lafollette seaman's bill October 23 last, but the House has taken no action. This is considered a reasonably effective measure. For the United States to adopt this measure and reject the London convention would be to severely rebuke the murderous shipping trust. What is your guess about the outcome of pending action?—F. E. W.

Review of Tragic History

BY GEORGIA KOTSCH

IN LAYING down the newest history of Mexico the thought that naturally occurs is that if our school-day histories had been written thus one might have learned what it was all about instead of learning one day to forget the next which general brought up which division upon which date and how many men were killed. This latest and most accurate, up-to-the-hour history is entitled, "The Mexican People: Their Struggle for Freedom," by L. Guiterrez DeLara and Edgcumb Pinchon.

Drenched throughout with the blood of her loyal people is the tragic history of Mexico, but the details of slaughter are only recounted where necessary for the understanding of the ceaseless struggle which her sons of the soil have waged against entrenched privilege in church and state and for impressing the incredible extremes to which the House of Have will resort to maintain itself upon the shoulders of the House of Work.

The book is frankly working class in its sympathies, as to be intelligent a modern history must be. That was what was the matter with our school histories; they were not intelligent. It marks a departure in history writing from progress by superhuman attributes in great men to progress through the natural unfolding of material forces, in the case of Mexico, however, being chiefly a tale of the wreck and ruin of collision between those forces and interests opposed to social development.

DeLara is one of the rare types of men who not only agitates, but fights. For years he worked for the revolution. Again and again he risked his life before the revolt began. As a political refugee he was persecuted when he sought sanctuary in America. He was imprisoned several times in the United States. In the field he fought with distinction.

True, the virtues of the heroes of the people—Hidalgo, Guerrero, Morelos, Jaurez—are painted in monochrome, with no shadings of human failings, yet who shall deny the martyr of the revolution his need? Bustamante, Iturbide, Santa Ana, Diaz, though filmed consistently as villainous, are but the human instruments through which the clashing economic forces played and are what they are because of the material interests which moulded them.

It is an economic history, the unholy trinity of church, army and land monopoly on one side, the working people on the other. Of the church and army it is said: "Both organizations, whenever and wherever they exist, are by virtue of their nature incapable of assimilating or acting upon any idea of social order or development." On the part of the people is depicted an irrepressible idealism, the passionate panting of a nation for liberty, which lifts their struggle above all sordidness.

Blood and psychology are recognized as subsidiary forces, and all the evil of Mexico is attributed to a small, parasitic and originally alien part of the nation; all the human virtues, the arts of civilization and the reach toward democracy, to the working class natives. Still, the book is written with sanity and without bitterness. It is the careful student who writes as well as the native Mexican touched with the iron which has seared his people. The chief oppressor has been of Spanish strain, yet we find the Spanish psychology not railed at, but accounted for. The thousand years of carnage between the hosts of Islam and the hosts of Christ in which Spain was the buffer for all Europe developed in it blood-lust and religious fanaticism.

In rescuing the virtues of the native races of Mexico from the defaming pen of Spanish historians Mr. DeLara claims that the barbarous and degenerate native priesthood was not an Aztec peculiarity, but a peculiarity of priestcraft in all ages. He believes the native blood, with its intelligence, artistry and gentleness, will yet overcome its evil legacy of Spanish admixture. The brilliant stretch of native rule from 1856 to 1876 is quoted in proof of the ability and superiority of the native races.

The jealousy of the Mexican people for their national integrity is shown a dominant characteristic, and upon that and the religious instinct, church and privilege were able to play for their own purposes. Religious instinct is defined by the authors as the "deep, obliquely expressed desire of the partially awakened man to become initiate in that science of mind which he dimly divines will emancipate him from the fear which is ignorance, eradicate the reflex matter-impulses which he calls passion, and make him altogether human, the supreme master of himself and his environment." Priestcraft and the church as an institution are attacked without mercy. The rebel worker clung to his religion on the battlefield and the ingrained corruption which fear, ignorance and supersitition had wrought in his mental caliber plucked victory from his hands, which were paralyzed for the working out of the constitution's provisions by the thundering bluff of a pope's mandate. Thus the Ayutla revolution, with its great

constitution of 1857, establishing the Man Right over the Property Right, was robbed of adequate results. Of the constitution the writers say:

"If you shall ask the Mexican man of the people, be he peaceable peon tilling the fields, or skilled mechanic in the shop, or student in the schools, or miner toiling in noisome depths, or fighter with rifle at back for the fatherland and liberty—what is the deepest desire of his heart, his answer will be, 'The constitution of 1857.' "

Foreign interference has ever been the bane of Mexico—first Spain, later France, the planting interests of the South, and last, American Big Business.

Diaz' laurels as "railroad builder and maker of Mexico" are shorn from him. The creation of the "Diaz Myth" is attributed to the colossal concessions in which lawyers, editors, politicians and preachers of various nationalities were shareholders—a "world conspiracy which defamed and exploited the common people of Mexico for thirty-four years. * * * It was a matter of dividends."

The story of the evictions of the people under the Dictator, the plunder of their lands and the selling of them into slavery is enough to account for any number of years of fighting as long as the people have any fighting blood left in their veins. "The agrarian democracy of Mexico was reduced to the lowest slavery * * * at the behest of the land speculator and the church."

The Madero disappointment clarified the people's minds. Pressed out of it was a new cry, "Viva la Tierra! Viva la Constitucion!" They would fight for economic reorganization and not for a man henceforth.

The persecution of the Liberal Junta—the Magons, Villareal, Rivera—under the Roosevelt regime is related, and credit for its educational work in Mexico accorded "Regeneracion." Memory is refreshed upon the part Roosevelt, that champion of righteousness, played in sentencing Mexico to pay a million and a half dollars to the Catholic Church in California, and over forty-three thousand annually in perpetuity.

The continuous revolt of the Mexican people against economic slavery is differentiated from the comic opera revolutions of the Latin republics between the "ins" and the "outs." One wonders that there is any virile blood left in Mexico. Sadly the authors admit that the toll of war has almost swallowed up the breed of Hidalgo. The present revolution speaks volumes for the tenacity and vitality of the Mexican people.

The history is brought down to the usurpation by Huerta. The democratization of the land is recognized as the object for which the rebels are fighting—an agrarian revolution by the peons. The manipulations by the oil and commercial interests are considered incidental and inevitable complications, Big Business eternally seeking advantage out of every move of the proletariat. Of the industrial questions which, in a machine age, must tread on the heels of an agrarian democracy when won, the book does not deal; further than that the authors believe that, upon the foundation of an agrarian democracy, an industrial democracy must arise. In the closing pages the young industrial giant of discord raises its head in the strikes of the Orizaba cotton mills and of Cannanea.

The book has two distinct values: One, the clearing away of false ideas in regard to Mexico and its people; the other, it strips the glamour of benevolent motives from the dealings with Mexico of the United States and other countries and presents the stark truth that American and world capitalism has been, and is, in league against the proletariat of Mexico for its own sordid interest. And while the Mexican master class is depicted as the most depraved and bloodthirsty in history, the Socialist will see that the story of the Mexican proletariat is in greater or less degree and in varying circumstances the story of the proletariat in every country.

There are many fine photographic illustrations, and the splendid mastery of English and the fluent, readable style of Mr. DeLara's collaborator, Mr. Pinchon, make the book one of sustained interest. It is a book for the student and the worker.

"THE MEXICAN PEOPLE; THEIR STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM." By L. Guiterrez DeLara and Edgcumb Pinchon. Doubleday, Page & Co., $1.50.

A WAITER

By Rose Paster Stokes

The long and weary day I stand and wait—
And all the evening to the midnight hour:
The men are gay, the women beautiful;
They eat the food I dare but only smell,
And drink the wines I may not hope to taste;
They move an eyelash or a haughty brow,
Or lift a finger or a raucous voice,
And I obey and give them what they will.
They drink and eat, and talk their empty talk
While I, pale, weary, statue-like and dumb,
Stand waiting.

I stand and wait, and ponder as I wait:
For you the leisure and the wine of life;
For you the glory and the fruit of love.
For us the bondage and the bitter leas!
For us the venom of our love's despair!
And you—you fancy we shall long endure?
No! not forever shall we . . . . Yes, sir; wine?
Port, sir?—yes, sir! . . . . I am pale and dumb:
They chatter on; nor ever dream that we
Are thinking—yes, and waiting for a time . . . .
Just waiting. —The Masses.

Revolt Develops Poet

CARL SANDBURG will be lucky if he succeeds in escaping the accusation that he is a "rising poet of the revolution." That is usually what happens to rebels who burst into song.

Sandburg was astonished when he found himself in the spotlight in Chicago recently when POETRY printed a group of his verses. The daily newspapers and press associations carried stories about the amazing boldness of the man who called Chicago the "Hog Butcher for the World." Sandburg will be heard from again, and the world will know his worth.

In personal appearance this poet and sledgehammer writer is tall, almost gaunt, with a face that commands attention where seen. It cannot be described unless one might compare it with one of Rodin's wonderful Citizens of Calais. It is a face that is beautiful in its homeliness, its strength and sternness. When he smiles one forgets the other expression and thinks of Leonardo da Vinci or the Youthful Goethe.

When representatives of the newspapers sought Sandburg, after the publication of his verses, he submerged all the intellectual side of his life and concealed the story of his college training, and the writers drew a tolerably faithful picture of the poet as a rugged brickyard toiler and a railroad construction worker. They described him correctly as a former itinerant laborer and one-time soldier in Porto Rico.

Sandburg was Emil Seidel's secretary during the Socialist administration in Milwaukee.

These selections are from the verses printed in POETRY:

AT A WINDOW

Give me hunger,
O you gods that sit and give
The world its orders.
Give me hunger, pain and want,
Shut me out with shame and failure
From your doors of gold and fame,
Give me your shabbiest, weariest hunger!

But leave me a little love,
A voice to speak to me in the day end,
A hand to touch me in the dark room
Breaking the long loneliness.
In the dusk of day-shapes
Blurring the sunset,
One little wandering, western star
Thrust out from the changing shores of shadow.
Let me go to the window,
Watch there the day-shapes of dusk
And wait and know the coming
Of a little love.

THE ROAD AND THE END

I shall foot it
Down the roadway in the dusk,
Where shapes of hunger wander
And the fugitives of pain go by.

I shall foot it
In the silence of the morning,
See the night slur into dawn,
Hear the slow great winds arise
Where tall trees flank the way
And shoulder toward the sky.

The broken boulders by the road
Shall not commemorate my ruin.
Regret shall be the gravel under foot.
I shall watch for
Slim birds swift of wing
That go where wind and ranks of thunder
Drive the wild processionals of rain.

The dust of the traveled road
Shall touch my hands and face.

Those "Inalienable" Rights

Some "rights" which are alienated whenever such action is necessary to the convenience and comfort of your masters.

All "natural" rights.
Freedom of speech.
Freedom of the press.
Peaceful assemblage.
To bear arms.
To trial by jury of your peers.
To hold political opinions.
To regard your home as your castle.
Pursuit of happiness.
Life.
Liberty.

E. d'O.

Man's Origin and Destiny

Sciectific--Dramatic--Allegoric

By T. W. HEINEMAN

Introductory

The mystery of existence! Whence and wherefore came we here? Whither are we going? These questions have since thousands of years hotly burned in every thoughtful human breast. The various religions of the world may be designated as efforts to explain by assigning supernatural actions. But since about 300 years a degree of liberty to investigate along rational and scientific lines has been obtained, and along these lines Father Time, Man and the Genius of History, are, in the following verses, represented as seeking and finding a substantial solution:

Enter:
Father Time.
Man (Representing Mankind).
The Genius of History.

MAN

Eternal Time! hear my appeal,
My past, my future, to reveal;
That with more confidence I may
Henceforth pursue life's wondrous way.

FATHER TIME

Rock-strata teach you how the earth
To land and water first gave birth;
Then how life's force has re-arranged
Atoms, cells, organs; how forms changed,
How plants and creatures, high and low,
From single cells began to grow.
Then, when arrived your race erect,
With ever-growing intellect,
Crafts, language, wars, religions, trade,
Of groups, hordes, tribes, great nations made.
Thus ran your past; your future fate
In detail I cannot relate.

But if in happiness and health
Your race would reap this planet's wealth
Then banish violence and deceptions,
Open your mind to these conceptions.
In what the head and hand prepare
Let each, as he contributes, share.
Let nature's bounty be for all
And not the individuals thrall
Nor laws, nor rulers overreach
The equal freedom due to each.
To make this earth your Paradise,
Strive to be always kind, just, wise.

MAN

But Time, to many who do strive
By useful labors to survive,
Life's gifts are toil and poverty,
Few joys, but mostly misery;
Yea, wretched millions suffer, weep,
Down in their degradation deep.
For them 'twere better far to be
As happy as are brutes, as free
From carking cares and bitter sorrows,
As free from dread of dire tomorrows,
Where greed and cunning cannot spoil
The just results of honest toil.

FATHER TIME

O Man, the child of Life and Time,
Endowed with faculties sublime,
Not only can you understand
Deep mysteries of sea and land,
But Nature's everlasting force
And infinitely great resource;
Your industry and intellect
Have power to use and to direct,
Life to prolong and joys to gain,
Higher ideals to attain,
And out of lifeless, shapeless things
Your art its gems of beauty brings.

MAN

Time, these advantages accrue
thus far, on earth, to but a few;
For power to kill and to destroy
Counts more than means for life and joy.
Rude force and error blindly reign
While hypocrites in power remain,
and tainted wealth and rulers high
Can law and decency defy.
While platform, press, school, pulpit, state,
Pervert the truth to suit the Great,
Yet dare profess, O greatest shame,
To do these things in Jesus' name!

Look, nations proud of Christian order
Train fifteen million men for murder;
Unchecked by law the cunning take
What industry and genius make,
While those in power self but seek,
Kings, rulers, with corruption reek.
No wonder, then, that goodness dies
And evil-doing multiplies;
That Right and Truth are forced to hide
While Wrong and Falsehood boldly stride;
That gilt depravity prevails,
And truer, nobler manhood fails.

THE GENIUS OF HISTORY

Throughout all history I trace
Momentous changes in Man's race,
By which all unjust powers wane,
While Freedom, Truth and Justice gain.
Increasing knowledge radiates light
To cure mankind of error's blight;
Time-honored wrongs are losing hold,
Rude force, sly cunning, are less bold.
And as man grows more kind, just, wise,
Earth will become that Paradise
Where Truth, where Justice never fails,
Where noblest manhood e'er prevails.

(Exeunt.)

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Colonists Demonstrate Co-operation

(Continued from Page 17)

their stock to the best advantage, the company undertaking to assist them in this.

Under this system it is expected that a large tract of land may be brought to a high state of cultivation, greatly enhancing its value and earning capacity. Land purchased at a low price, cleared, cultivated, irrigated and planted in permanent crops becomes of greatly increased value.

The work, so far carried out on the land, has been by the use of modern methods and machinery that enables the colonists to work on a large scale.

Intensive cultivation on a wide scale is the plan of those who are engaged in the enterprise. To bring thousands of acres of land in this valley under cultivation and to plant a vast number of deciduous fruit trees and bring them into bearing, where the earnings will be even greater than that of orange lands, is the hope of the colonists.

But back of all this practical work lies the dream of the men and women who are striving to establish a colony that shall not only free them from capitalistic exploitation, but will show the world that co-operation can be put into actual practice, and that it is not a mere word with no practical meaning.

Plans for life in the city contemplate a great social center around which will be gathered the life of the colony. Near this center will be gathered the factories and the schools in close communication, for vocational training will occupy a large place in the curriculum of the educational department.

In the social center will be established the offices, library, theaters, lecture halls, assembly rooms, motion picture theaters, public baths, billiard halls, and rooms for other recreations, sports and pastimes.

For this center, surrounded by the dwellings of the city, a section of land, one mile square, will be set aside, and this will be intersected by parked boulevards, all running to the center.

On the land near at hand there is a large amount of limestone rock suitable for making lime and cement In the mountains there is an abundance of timber which can be secured from the Government at a very low price. This, combined with the labor of the colonists, will enable them to build their city at a cost extremely low, as compared with the expenses of construction elsewhere.

Dayal and Bryan—Agitators

(Continued from Page 12)

are unable to read or write! Such people are easy to govern, and it is to the interest of governors to keep them such.

Bryan also quotes from the "Indian World," a Calcutta magazine, which says: "When the English came to India this country was the leader of Asiatic civilization and the indisputed center of light in the Asiatic world. Japan was nowhere. Now, in fifty years, Japan has revolutionized her history, with the aid of modern arts of progress, and India, with 150 years of English rule, is still condemned to tutelage." Could there be a more convincing illustration of the great, historically-proved truth that to rule people against their will is to ruin them? But let us not forget that those who wilfully submit to such self-ruin are, at least, fully as blameable. It is Dayal's supreme virtue that he is not one of those.

As to what the Hindus must do, only one course seems open to them. In common with the rest of us they must, somehow or other, kick off their rider. Somehow or other they must get rid of the leech that drains their blood. That the rider will dismount in obedience to entreaties is to me unthinkable. That the leech will let go of his own volition I cannot believe. I should sooner expect Huerta to resign, the victim of John Lind's eloquence.

Is Your Income $4800 a Year?

By H. J. BARRETT

CARROLL D. WRIGHT estimated the value of the average worker's annual product at $2400. The average annual wage in this country this year is $610. But that's only half the story.

The competitive system automatically creates a vast army of superfluous non-producers—traveling salesmen, lawyers, advertising men, collection agencies, insurance men, real estate and investment brokers, promoters, loan brokers and loan sharks and fifty-seven varieties of solicitors. Add to this the multitude engaged in pandering to the plutocracy's demand for luxuries. Now what effect will the establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth have upon this scene of mad chaos, this veritable nightmare of misguided expenditure of effort, of futile exertion of energy?

Equality of income will promptly halt the activities of those now engaged in producing useless luxuries for the wealthy: a vast army in the aggregate. Furthermore, butlers, private chauffeurs, valets, French maids —all this superfluous assemblage will be set to some useful and more dignified task.

Abolition of competition will obviate the necessity for the employment of the millions of outside salesmen and solicitors and others whose wages are now tacked on to the price of every product we purchase. If a man needs a certain commodity he can go and buy it; it won't be forced upon him by some salesman who would far rather be engaged in creative labor than in spending his days wandering disconsolately from door to door seeking to pry a few dollars loose from some unwary victim.

We shall need only about a third of the clerks and inside salesmen we now employ. Thomas A. Edison has pointed out that competition creates three times as many retailers as we need.

Under co-operative ownership, nine-tenths of the civil lawyers will find a more useful field for their efforts. Litigation and "the law's delay" will be things of the past. As the majority of crimes are economic in motive, criminal lawyers will find their ranks much reduced.

Promoters, with their corps of stock salesmen, will vanish from the face of the globe. Collectors, insurance solicitors, loan brokers, loan sharks and the vast majority of real estate men will, like Othello, find their occupations gone.

What then will be the final net result? Merely that all these people will be gently but firmly induced to engage in some activity which will be of direct benefit to the community. **They will become producers.**

For one thing, we need more farmers and more intensive farming. The Department of Agriculture has just announced that for every hundred acres now under cultivation in this country, we have three hundred and seventy-five acres which should be tilled.

Plainly the cost of living will immediately drop to a half or a third its present rate, and the $2400 which Wright figured was the annual value of each worker's product will promptly double or triple in purchasing power. The final upshot will be that every one of us can afford to live on a scale now enjoyed by the man receiving from $4800 to $7200 per year.

Co-operative Farming

FARMING is no longer a hereditary occupation, but a scientific, systematic business, which requires the undivided attention of experts. This is clearly brought out by Charles W. Holman, who has written a valuable article for La Follette's, in which he does away with the milkmaid, barnyard and chanticleer effect, and leaves the reader with the idea that modern farming is a practical industry.

The causes and results he states as follows: Modern machinery must be purchased, best stock must be obtained, and best prices received, and this necessitates organization. There are communities in the United States where the farmers have formed in associations and selected association managers, each farmer dealing specifically in one product, thus becoming an expert and producing the best results. Through this association machinery is bought, gangs of laborers worked from one farm to another, products marketed to the best advantage of the association, thereby doing away with the present middleman, giving a better price to the farmer for his products, and more standardizing goods to the consumer, also at a cheaper price. Because of the better price to the farmer the needed stimulant to the farming classes is supplied.

Holman says that farmers are men, and as men must solve their problems, and the sometimes proposed remedy of subsidy is not what they need.

That the cry of the agricultural colleges "make two blades grow where one grew before," namely, greater production, is not the entire problem, but the distribution of the product, and today this is being solved by the American farmer through co-operation. G. H.

A Product

(Continued from Page 14)

The farmer raised his gun menacingly, and either by accident or design, pulled the trigger, inflicting a flesh wound. Mike returned the fire, but missed his target and wounded a stray dog passing on the road. To save himself, he fired again and the man fell.

Mike looked at the man, then passed over to the wounded dog. Kneeling in the dust he tried to stop the flow of blood.

"Poor little devil," he said, "I didn't mean to hurt you." A steady red stream, flowing from the wound on Mike's arm, mingled with the dog's life-blood.

The dog died licking Mike's hand.

The man at the house wriggled around on the porch, feebly cursing, then he died.

Two months later Mike died on the gallows.

Society was vindicated.

Steel trust experts are figuring how to increase profits $10,000,000 by increasing "efficiency" of employes. Why deviate from the old, tried and effective method of reducing their wages 10 cents a day? The steel workers' organizations have all been destroyed and they will make no protest. Why hesitate unless that 10 cents would cause starvation to reduce efficiency? Is that the answer?

We want Socialists to buy our Union-made products. Union conditions in industries means shorter hours, and shorter hours mean MORE SOCIALISTS.

Men's best quality cotton sox in black, tan or black with white feet, postpaid, 6 pair $1
Men's finest quality lisle thread sox in black, tan, ox blood, steel gray or pure white, postpaid, 6 pair $1.50
Ladies' finest quality cotton stockings, black, tan or black with white feet, postpaid, 6 pair $1
Ladies' extra heavy cotton stockings, 5 pair $1
Children's stockings, postpaid, 6 pair $1
Bell brand collars, postpaid, 1 dozen $1.50
Men's working shirts, blue chambray, heavy drill khaki, black sateen, each 50c
Men's fancy negligee shirts, latest styles, each $1
Neckties, knitted, 50c values, each 25c
Garters, for men, women and children, per pair 25c

Write for catalogue of many other articles.

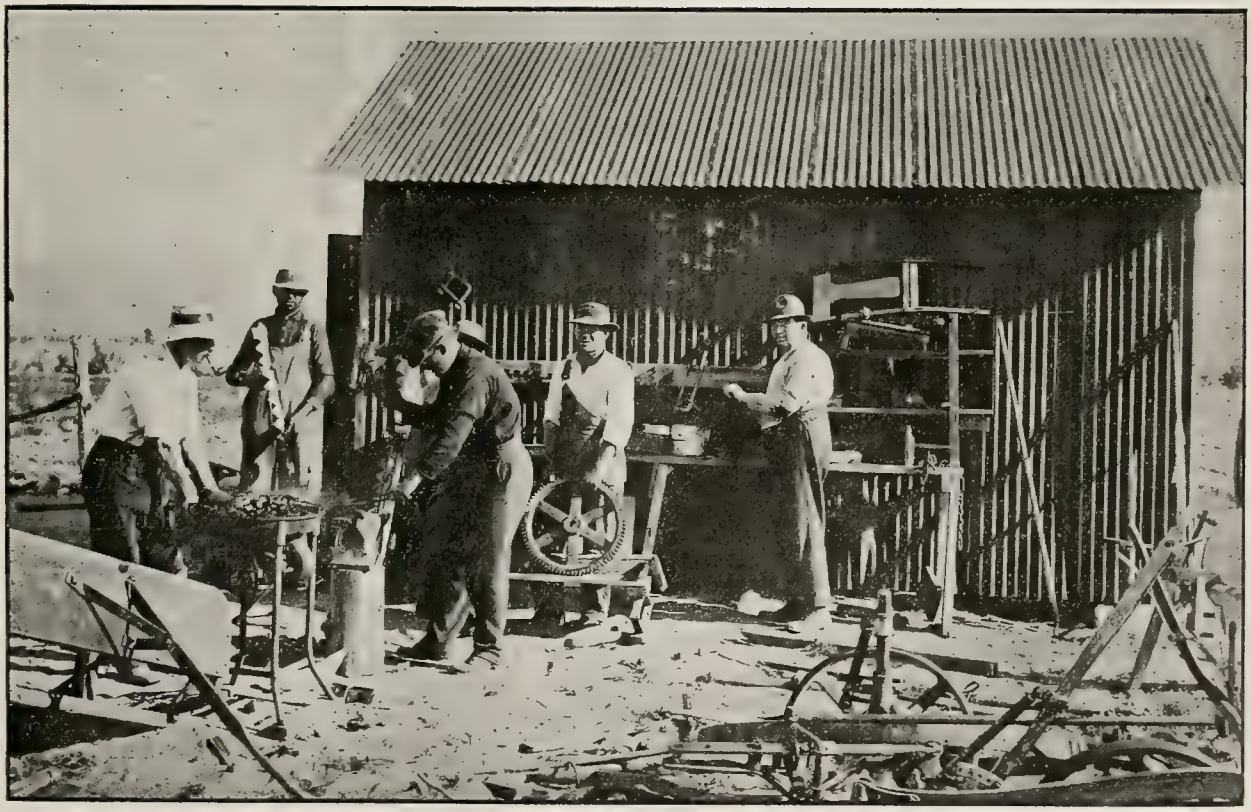
The company offers $25 in cash to the Socialist Branch or Local whose members have purchased the largest number of Bell Brand Collars—these are the only collars made under union conditions.

The stockholders of this company are all members of the working class.

Mutual Union Trading Co.

Postal Telegraph Building, 9 Board of Trade Court, Chicago, Illinois

You will confer a favor by saying you saw our adv. in the Western Comrade when ordering goods.



The first machine shop established at Rancho Llano del Rio was a small affair, where most of the work was done out of doors. Here repairs were made of agricultural implements and transportation machinery. The versatility of the colonists is a source of continual surprise.

THE WESTERN COMRADE

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In Clubs of Four Fifty Cents

Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

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OH, CORK IT!

A glue factory, one of Southern California's boasted industries, stands near a certain suburban railway. Its charms are not for the nose, and therefore a woman always carried with her, when passing this point, a bottle of lavender salts. One morning an old rancher took a seat beside her. As the train neared the factory the woman opened the salts. Soon the whole car was filled with the horrible odor from the factory. The rancher endured it as long as he could, and then he shouted:

"Madam, would you mind puttin' the cork in that 'ere bottle!"

FRUGALITY REWARDED

A California editor who started about twenty years ago with only 55 cents has retired worth $100,000. His accumulation of wealth is owing to his efficiency, frugality, good habits, strict attention to business, and the fact that an uncle died and left him the sum of $99,999.

A HUMAN DUPLEX

Mrs. Newrich (who had advertised for a pianist)—So you are the music teacher that answered my advertisement?

Pianist—Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Newrich—Well, sit down and play a couple of duets, so that I can see what you can do.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

During a building trade strike a negro was persuaded to act as a strikebreaker. He was instructed to carry some heavy planks to build a barricade. Each successive plank weighed heavier than a bad conscience, and Scipio finally approached the foreman:

"Look yeah, boss," he said, earnestly, "did I tell yo' what mah name was when I started in to wo'k?"

"Why, yes," answered the foreman, wonderingly. "You said it was Thompson."

"Dat's jes' what I did, boss. Dat's jes' what I did. But I was afraid dat yo' done gone made a mistake an' fink it was Samson!"

QUICK SOLUTION

Aileen of the fifth grade worried over her mathematics until Julia of the sixth came to the rescue.

"Let's see," said Julia. "'Compare 4 tenths, 40 one-hundredths and 400 one-thousandths.' Now, if you cut an apple into ten parts and then took four parts, and cut another apple into one-hundred parts and took forty parts, and then cut another apple into one thousand parts and took four hundred, what would you have?"

Aileen, brightening: "Apple sauce!"

OFF AT BUFFALO

The ship doctor of a liner notified the steward, an Irishman, that a man had died in stateroom 45. The usual instructions to have the body prepared for burial were given. Some hours later the doctor peeped into the room and found the body was still there. He called the Irishman's attention to the matter and the latter replied:

"I thought you said room 46. I wint to that room and noticed wan ow thim in a bunk. 'Are ye dead?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'but I'm pretty near dead.' So I buried him."

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A fine of $5000 has been inflicted on a trade union federation in New Zealand on account of the alleged insulting of a strikebreakers' leader. One shudders at the thought of what must have been the penalty if some rude striker had broken the strikebreaker's head with a dornick.

AN AID TO MEMORY

M. E. Johnson, who is, during daylight hours, a cunning capitalist by confession, and during nocturnal wandering a raving red by profession, is at all times a good story teller. To impress on an editor the possible penalty for failure to return a lent book, Johnson told this one.

A lawyer, visiting an insane asylum, met an intelligent inmate who told a cogent and convincing story of incarceration by mercenary, scheming relatives. The lawyer promised to obtain the man's release, and the two walked to a gate together, when suddenly the attorney received a terrific kick that landed him sprawling in the middle of the highway.

"What's that for?" asked the astonished lawyer, from his lowly seat in the street.

"That," said the nut, solemnly and impressively beating time with an extended index finger; "That is, LEST YOU FORGET!"

ALL IS MYSTERY

Two negros bought a piece of pork, and Sam, having no place to put his share, trusted it to Henry's keeping. They met the next night and Henry said: "A strange thing done happen at mah house las' night, Sam. All is myst'ry to me."

"What' dat?"

"Well, Sam," explained Henry, solemnly, "dis mawnin' I go down in de cellar for to git a piece of hawg for breakfast, an' I put my han' down in de brine an' feels roun', but dey ain't no po'k dar—all gone; so I tu'n up de bar'l, an', Sam, suah as preachin', de rats had done et a hole cl'ar froo de bottom of dat bar'l an' dragged de meat all out."

Sam was petrified with astonishment for a moment and then said: "Why didn't de brine run outen de hole?"

"Well, yo' see, Sam," replied Henry, "dat's de myst'ry."

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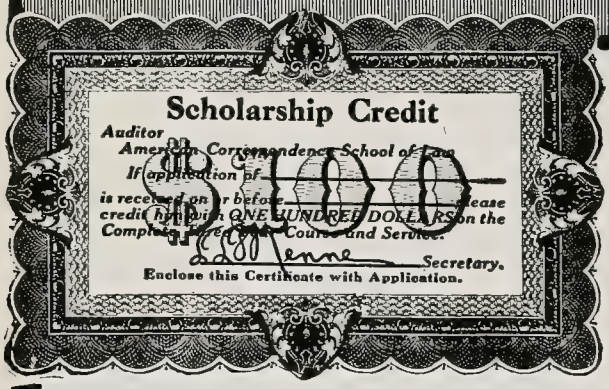

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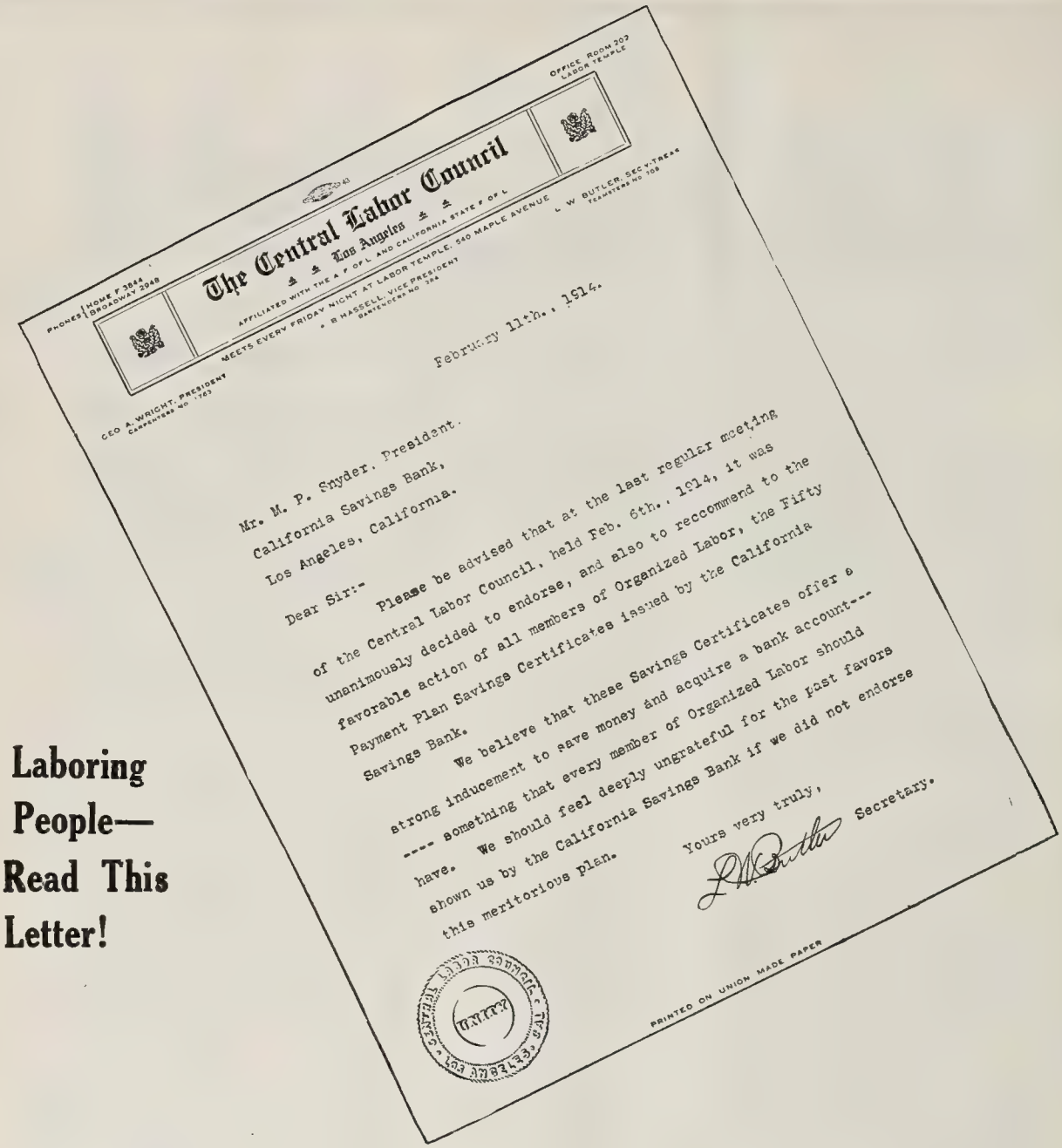

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February 11th., 1914.

Mr. M. P. Snyder, President.
California Savings Bank,
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Sir:-

Please be advised that at the last regular meeting of the Central Labor Council, held Feb. 6th., 1914, it was unanimously decided to endorse, and also to reccommend to the favorable action of all members of Organized Labor, the Fifty Payment Plan Savings Certificates issued by the California Savings Bank.

We believe that these Savings Certificates offer a strong inducement to save money and acquire a bank account--- ---- something that every member of Organized Labor should have. We should feel deeply ungrateful for the past favors shown us by the California Savings Bank if we did not endorse this meritorious plan.

Yours very truly,
L. W. Butler Secretary.

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Labor Exploiters And 8-Hour Law

Will Prohibition Aid the Workers?

Senate Suppresses Slavery Exposure

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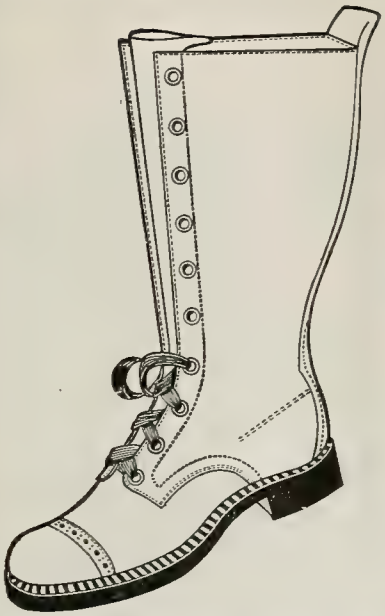

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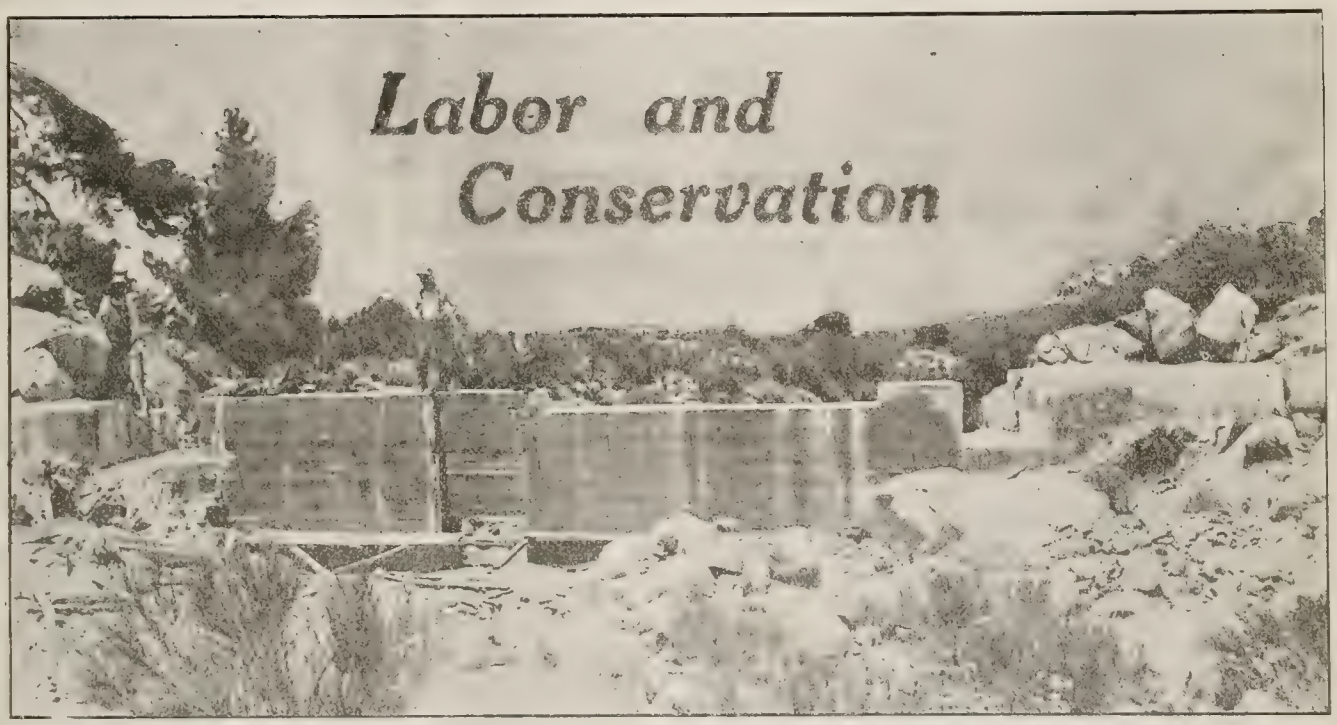
VOL. II — LOS ANGELES, CAL., AUGUST 1, 1914 — NUMBER 4



Diversion Dam on Mescal Creek, Llano del Rio Colony

CONSERVATION of natural resources is almost as instinctive an ambition in man as hunger for land. Men standing on the hills that overlook the desert on one side and a stream of steady flowing water on the other feel an irresistible urge to take part in any move to bring water to the soil. The most alluring work at the Llano del Rio colony has been that of construction of the Mescal dam and the canals that will carry water to the conservation reservoirs above the proposed city on the Llano.

Construction work of this character proves most popular. The chief engineer could get fifty volunteers among the colonists all of whom would like to join the construction crew at Jackson's Lake—J. H.

GOD geometrizes; nature is chock full of algebra; all around us we see puzzle, riddle and conundrum. From the watchful eye of Sirus to the six-pointed snowflake the infinite heavens are dotted, not with stars, but with question marks.

But in the marvels of nature the real riddle of the universe is your conservative working man. This wierd anachronism finds Hell surrounding him, and votes for it. He finds a system that crucifies his wife, and boosts it; a system that steals his baby's milk, and fights for it; a system that snatches his daughter's virtue, and he conserves it. He finds a system that makes his son even as he is, and he hugs it to his breast.

Hath God at any time wrought a work more wonderful than this?—S. H.

JOHNSON AND EIGHT-HOUR LAW

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, Progressive governor of California, friend of Organized Labor, and candidate for re-election, is opposed to the eight-hour measure which goes on the ballot at the coming general election. This is not an assumption. It is the final word.

E. T. Earl, financial backer and spiritual adviser for the governor, declares, "It is maliciously untrue that Governor Johnson has anything to do with the measure."

Three cheers for Governor Johnson, the friend of the workers! Let every labor organization within the state herewith pass resolutions of endorsement and support for the governor.

Of course organized labor will support Johnson, for is it not "maliciously untrue" that he desires shorter hours for the workers? Here is the statement:

"The proposed law was put on the ballot by the Socialists through the initiative. Enemies of the State Administration are trying to make people believe that Governor Johnson has something to do with the measure, which is, of course, MALICIOUSLY UNTRUE. The Socialists circulated initiative petitions and secured nearly 35,000 signatures necessary to place the measure on the ballot. A majority vote of the people in November will determine if it is or is not to become a law. The governor has no power to sign or veto it."—T. W. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

T. R.'S DELUSION

THE California Outlook contains a picture of the colonel in a new pose—if there can be a new pose for one who has daily courted the camera for many years. This one shows T. R. on a rear platform of a railway train in the attitude of a motorman, lever in hand, leaning forward looking anxiously down the track. He seems to be under the belief he grasps the throttle and is running the train. This is a valuable picture and attention of the historical painter is most respectively requested. It shows a man who does not know whether he is coming or going.—F. E. W.

AVARICE AND EXTERMINATION

FRENCH restaurant keepers of San Francisco and other California cities and a few interested parties, including some commission merchants, have in circulation an initiative petition which would place on the ballot at the fall election a proposition to legalize the sale of wild game, including deer and quail.

To enact such a law would mean the extermination of what little wild game remains in California. Market hunters with automatic guns would clear the coverts of quail in one season, and does and fawns would fall before the rifles of the unscrupulous men who hunt for commission merchants.

Wealthy men of the state have seized nearly all the duck shooting grounds and closed vast territories to those who go afield after quail. Over one hundred thousand dollars a year are paid for hunting licenses in California, yet the only territory given any degree of protection is of the rich men's duck-hunting clubs.

Where the money goes remains a mystery to most of us. It certainly does not put any special wardens in the field just before opening day. Sooner-shooters, with their automobile parties, fill the coverts with burned shells long before the law-abiding sportsman arrives. Opportunity to hunt is almost closed to the working class, but there is reason to hope for a change. While hoping, let us do what we can to save the game from extinction. Don't sign the market-hunters' petition! Vote against the measure.—F. E. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

FORCE AND VIOLENCE?

FRANK WILLIAMS of Haleco, Ala., was paroled by Governor O'Neal and walked out of the Alabama state penitentiary after serving twenty years of a fifty-year sentence for the alleged theft of fifty cents.

Ceasario Cervantes of Los Angeles has been sentenced to eight years in the Folsom penitentiary, charged with stealing a pair of eyeglasses.

In both these cases the judges who imposed the sentences deplored the "force and violence" that had been used.—F. E. W.

OUR AGED CONSTITUTION

ONE of the funny things about an American is his constitution. An American prides himself on being up to date. His clothes must fit him, not some other fellow. But his constitution would fit George IV. When he dances it must be close enough to his girl that she knows she isn't dancing with some other fellow, and that's the way he hugs his constitution.

The eighteenth century English or French or Whig had exactly those ideas of democracy contained in the American constitution.

What did the Paris whig of 1790 know of trusts, franchises, the "boss," referendum and our credit system? And yet we have the old-fashioned Whig measure us for constitutional clothes! Pitt or Burke or Montesquieu could easily take part in any college or legislative debate on the constitution in 1914. There would be nothing these great-great-great-great-grandfathers wouldn't understand.—S. H.

♣ ♣ ♣

INTERVENTION IN COLORADO

WHILE Europe is on the verge of or actually is plunged into a terrible war; while American capitalism is bending its energies to force intervention in Mexico and while the railway workers of the west are on the eve of a general strike, we should not lose sight of the situation in the Colorado Coal fields.

Federal intervention as it is working there seems to be for the purpose of breaking the strike, filling the mines with foreign workers and crushing the last spark of hope out of the hearts of the miners. The suppression of free speech is shown by the incident where a Socialist speaker tried to address a crowd at Aguilar, a short distance from Ludlow. As the speaker approached the platform two federal soldiers stopped him:

"You're the man that's going to talk on Socialism here?"

"Yes, I'm the man."

"Well it's against orders and you can't do it."

"But suppose I hold a private meeting—what then?"

"No difference. You can't make speeches here!" This was the final word of the representative of President Wilson.

The miners declare that scabs are being run into the Ludlow mines through an "underground" and that the federal government is choking the strike to death.

Armed men are drilling in Colorado camps. They wear no glittering epaulettes or eagles on their collars. They are bare-armed and brawny chests show through shirts flung open to the night air.

A man who has learned to read since his twentieth year is spelling out the words in a small brown-backed book: "The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

This is an "inalienable right" that has long been alienated, but the delusion seems to die slowly. May it survive a little longer!—F. E. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

ECONOMIC LOSS

EDUCATION of the masses will be taken up seriously and without delay. P. P. Claxton, United States commissioner of education, estimates the difference between the earning capacity of an "educated" worker and an illiterate is $100 a year. The commissioner places the total loss to the employing class at $500,000,000 a year. He told the Industrial league that illiteracy was being eliminated in the south and was increasing in New York. The number of adult illiterates in New York state exceeds 400,000. This is an economic waste that capitalism can ill afford.

But then, there is a serious drawback to that. Educated, the workers become less servile, less docile and more inclined to rebel. It is a serious and difficult problem. The only way will be to educate them along the lines of flag worship and vocational training—dope them with patriotism and make them more efficient as dividend earners.—F. E. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

War in Europe has closed the Bourses and even the stock exchanges of the United States. This will give the people an opportunity to see how useless are these millionaire gambling houses. May they never reopen.

BUFFOONS AND BLUFF

ONLY a few weeks ago the newspapers were howling hoarsely in the morning and sobbing themselves to sleep each night because whoever represented Mexico had not saluted the American flag.

According to these chadbands the national honor was going to be smirched or smooched or something if someone didn't fire twenty-one guns and do a genuflexion or say eeni, meenie, miny, moe or something.

Well, Huerta didn't do it or say it or anything. Here we are moping about as if we were suffering from the pollevil or the pip. It costs a few million dollars and a dozen lives to make a nation rediculous—but it furnished some good copy for uxtrys.—F. E. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

ON THE DOME OF HEAVEN

UNDER the reservation of the right to disagree with everybody, including myself, I am inclined to criticise the article on Verbal Treason by Homer Constantine in this issue of the Western Comrade.

He has treated a serious subject in a light and frivolous manner. Chief Charles Sebastian may be right.

Someone may be committing verbal treason. Who knows? True, there is no such crime in the long list of man-made crimes. But then, we can make anything a crime by writing it in ink in a book. May I suggest that as a much more practicable way than to write it "across the dome of the American heavens in letters of fire."

If there are persons committing treason in Los Angeles every night, why do not the authorities arrest them and prosecute them **FOR TREASON.**

There should be no difficulty. The constitution calls for two witnesses. Any two policemen will suffice. Or, perchance, the vile wretch may comply with the other terms and confess in OPEN COURT. No third degree confessions will serve.

Will the Chief do this? Probably not. It would be a breach of ethics. You see it isn't done. The method is to arrest those guilty of this high crime and book them on some dinky charge of violation of a silly ordinance.

There is a good suggestion in amending our national constitution so as to include this new crime of "verbal treason." It only takes about thirty years to amend that sacred script. But then, while we were about it, we could remove that inhibition that says "no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood." That ought to be dissected out during the administration of anesthaesia. Then, perhaps, we can both "bolt" and "curb" those "guilty of utterances." It's worth trying, anyway.—G. E. B.

♣ ♣ ♣

"GREAT DETECTIVE" CANNED

NEWSPAPER writers have certain sources of copy that are valuable to them—individuals who are sure to stand for any sensational dope the special writers may spring as dull day stories. Burns built up a reputation on this sort of slush. His bombastic talk and limelight methods appealed to the imagination of morbid readers. His popularity with the newspapers prevented any widespread publicity when the International Association of Chiefs of Police fired the "great detective" from their organization, ordered him to remove their insignia from his letterhead. During the course of proceedings Burns was mercilessly flayed by the police chiefs who told of the labor-hating sleuth's methods of peddling stories to the newspapers for the purpose of advertising himself.

In personal manner Burns has sought to appear to have about the same degree of polish and culture as the average police officer. Five minutes' conversation with him disclose his manners and mental achievements to be about those of the racetrack tout and his speech of a character to disgust anyone with the slightest instincts of decency.

The infamy of the Burns methods repeatedly has been exposed by the labor press but the capitalist publications will merely lie low and wait for the notorious faker to come back with some sensational story of his wonderful exploits and he will be downstage, in the spotlight, and happy.—F. E. W.

Co-operation a Necessity

By JOB HARRIMAN

SOCIAL systems and institutions reproduce themselves, grow, bear their fruit and decay, following a course similar to the plant in the process of reproduction. At the time of its greatest vitality the seed puts forth the sprout and roots, then dies and passes away. The sprout and roots mature, sometimes the same, but ofttimes only similar to, the parent seed. When the plant is in full bloom the wind or the bee, or some other messenger carries the pollen and deftly mixes it with the pollen of kindred plants, fructifying and injecting new elements into the baby seed. These new elements are infiltrated through the sprout or plant and into the seed of the new plant which becomes the child of two varieties.

Time after time this process is repeated until the variety is so changed that almost all the characteristics of the original fruit disappears. It is a long and varied road from the crab apple to the Jonathan and the Roman Beauty. So also was it a long and varied road from the humble church of the day of Christ and Peter and Paul with no place to lay their heads and no security from the Roman arms, to the great cathedral where the poor and distressed may not enter, but where the rich, in their gaudy attire, find repose mid rapturous music and song, guarded with bayonet and shell.

Harry Robinson, head machinist.

Time after time, through many centuries, new interests (new pollen, if you please) were injected and new characteristics were produced until the church of the poor and meek and lowly has been, in many cities and countries, transformed into the church of the rich, the arrogant and the haughty. Were the name removed no one would ever suspect that these wonderful cathedrals had sprung from such an humble origin or that the haughty and arrogant rich were making themselves believe that they were worshipping the most humble of men.

This great institution did not die, but like the seed reproduced itself, being varied from time to time by the newly injected elements before the germ lost its vitality and passed away.

The same truth appears in the rise of our present commercial system from the ruins of the Feudal system. The sprout and root of commerce sprang out of the barter and trade carried on in villages or communes and gradually developed, undergoing modification after modification according to the interests brought to play upon it, until there now stalks up and down the earth the most gigantic organized power, Capitalism, that the world has ever known. Feudalism lived until commercialism became strong enough to sap its heart's blood, destroy it and cast away the old shell.

In the very womb of this gigantic power of Capitalism there is now beginning to grow the sprouts and roots destined to produce a new seed. The pollen of a new interest already has been mixed with that of the Capitalist system. The process is still going on.

Here and there and everywhere are found large in-

dustries where thousands of human beings exert all their energy, during long hours every day, producing many times more than sufficient to generate the energy they expend, but receiving barely enough for subsistence, while the residue not only keeps the idle owners in luxury. but even accumulates, multiplying their power and making possible greater tyrannies.

The luxuries thus accumulated fall to the lot of one class while the burden of producing them fall upon the others. The few with their million of dollars and the millions with their few dollars find themselves bound together in the same industries, yet each class is at permanent war with the other. Two conflicting interests strive for control, each fructifying and modifying the industry. It is from these great industries that our new institutions spring and by which our old ones are recast and their characters modified. It is in the industries that the nation's vitality centers as it is in the seed that the plant's vitality centers. They are alike the products of the past and alike they are the parents of the things to come. The seed and the institutions do not die until they send forth roots and sprouts containing the elements.

"Mathematician" is the name given the champion buck of the Belgian hare colony. Harper says they are the most rapid multipliers in the valley.

Neither will the Capitalist system die until the industries from which it draws subsistance shall have first been transformed into cooperative enterprises.

It is by our industries that our future will be largely determined. Which interest within the industry is the most efficient, is the question.

No doubt a thousand employes possess far more power than do the owners of a great factory. In the absence of extraneous influences the contest would be quickly settled on a field of battle. But, also, the extraneous influence plays its part. Capital is quickly mobilized. Taxes are paid, armies are called forth with shot and shell, and the highest degree of efficiency is manifested by the minor power, while the millions of human beings, engaged in various industries, and from whom all social power flows, are scattered and inefficient and remain a rope of sand unable to mobilize.

It is because of its superior efficiency, and not its superior power, that capitalism is able to dominate our industries and to determine the characteristics of our institutions.

It has ever been the custom of tyrants to forge on until they have driven the millions to the field of battle where their irresistable power overcomes all amid terrible slaughter. This very cataclysm is now going on in our sister republic of Mexico.

Shall we sit blindly by and await the hour of desperation? In such time men organize around military supplies, but in times of peace men organize around the means of subsistence. In war the chief end is destruction. In peace production and construction lead the way.

That the workers must capture the power of government is admitted, but our problems will not be solved by that alone.

In California the Socialist Party has 100,000 votes and yet we are weak. We were unable last year to support the ablest propaganda crusade that ever appeared in any state. Our movement is a gateway through which thousands pass each year. They join our party, tarry but a moment and are gone. We have

Almonds are alluring to the children. A dozen varieties of fruit grow in this orchard, but the youngsters prefer the milky almonds. The horticulturist at Llano del Rio Colony will make a study of how to make almonds a success every year. At present, almond growing is not a success in the colony.

no commissary and no means by which this army that comes and goes can produce a commissary. They are compelled to enter the industries of the capitalist class. Little effort is being made to develop their own industries. The same is true of the labor unions though to a smaller extent because greater advantages to the individual are afforded by their organization.

The labor unions, and the Socialist, or working class party, are necessary, but they alone are not sufficient. Our social problems never will be solved by them alone. No organization has or ever will develop great persistence and cohesive power except it possess the source of its own food supply. The efficiency of the capitalist class is derived from the power to control the social commissary and the means of producing it. The capitalist reaps his greatest economic reward as an individualist. He employs the means of production with which to absorb the energy of the workers. Hence the conflict.

The worker and the employer cannot be economic

In the alfalfa. John Richards was an indoor man and a skilled worker. At the Llano del Rio Colony he is at the head of the hay squad. He doesn't care how the others work, but if any husky and seasoned rancher tries to keep up with him he will have to "go some."

friends nor can the employer be the economic friend of any other employer engaged in the same industry. They are at war with each other for the market and at war with the workman for the lion's share of the product. Each forces the other ever on into the battle.

The worker alone can be an economic friend to the worker. He wishes only to live and to live well by the fruits of his effort. He wants nothing from his neighbor. However, he has learned that the fruits of his own labor and that of his neighbor are tremendously multiplied through their united efforts. They have learned that their joint effort yields far greater return than would their individual efforts were they not associated. Hence the vital, persistent urge toward co-operation among the workers even within the capitalist

Big Rock Creek at intake main ditch, Llano del Rio Colony. Photograph taken July 4, 1914.

industries. It is this urge that must find vent in co-operative enterprises or militarism will coerce the worker in our present industries into a form of slavery—witness Calumet, the West Virginia coal strike, the Rockefeller horror of Colorado.

Capitalism will not die and make way for co-operative enterprises. But co-operative industries must first be developed which, by virtue of their superior efficiency, will survive and change the characters of our industries. Co-operation with all it means to the human race will never materialize if it waits for the funeral of the system that stands in its way.

The liberty that is received as alms is unworthy of the beggar. It is a matter of conquest and not of alms. Conquest by superior efficiency over our present system will bring new institutions.

The Industrial Relations Commission will find some interesting gleaning if it will go back over its own pathway. Since Alba Johnson, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, made his statement to the commission that his company did not discriminate against Union men, sixteen hundred union workers, who declined to renounce their organization and wear buttons inscribed "Faithful," were dismissed. Only men who acted as strikebreakers during the strike were honored with buttons.

Union without knowledge is useless. Knowledge without union is powerless.

The Lynching

By
A. F. GANNON

IT WAS late in the forenoon of a mid-November morning. The sun, though high in a perfect sky, had not yet dissipated completely the sharpness of a twenty-five-hundred-foot altitude from the rare morning air.

Four young girls, dressed in clinging garments of light texture and color, were clustered in the spacious bay window of a green shuttered white house isolated on the apex of a grassy knoll overlooking the little mountain town of Toulon. Within the room, as seemed befitting the orchid-like bevy in the window, and the colorful though somewhat garish furnishings, was an almost tropical temperature. A roly-poly blond of perhaps twenty held a pair of high-powered fieldglasses to her eyes, tensely peering down a cross-street to where a growing mob was milling about a squat, iron-doored structure with one heavily barred window. After a long silence a tall, tawny-haired and angular girl, who was holding back the rich lace curtains, drawled out impatiently:

"What all's goin' on Madge? We ain't no mind-readers."

"Tom's just comin' out of Darmet's, 'cross from the jail," ventured the girl with the glasses, suddenly finding tongue.

"" Co'se we all is just dyin' t' find out 'bout Tom," said the first speaker, with fine sarcasm, "ain't we, Stella? Ain't we, Josie?" she concluded, gushingly.

The other two giggled their appreciation. Stella quickly questioned in a mollifying tone:

"Ain't they got him out yet, Madge?"

"Not yet," Madge assured her, with a queer catch in her voice. "Some man's standin' on a barrel in front of the jail door talkin' to the crowd."

"Sheriff from Sonora," opined Josie. "Big, tall man with heavy mustache?"

"Yes," assented Madge, excitedly. "He shot into the air! . . . Max got him from behind! . . . They got his gun! He's down, with a crowd on him! They're tyin' him—or somethin'—"

"Who, Max?" snapped the tawny-haired girl, snatching the glasses and anxiously surveying the engrossing scene. After a time she breathed a sigh of relief, remarking as she relinquished the glasses to Madge, "Well, he's all right!" Then, lightly, "They got the sheriff and the constable both locked up in jail an' th' nigger on the road to glory!"

Awed to silence, the girls gazed alternately through the binoculars at the black mass of the mob as it moved across the town toward the edge of the wood.

"I wonder where Ann Thornton is?" mused Josie in a subdued tone.

"She's the **girl**, ain't she?" Stella half whispered. "What kind is she?"

"A regular little mouse, 'fraid of her shadow. Pretty as a picture, though," admitted Josie.

"Just the kind those niggers like," commented the tawny-haired girl.

"Did she identify him?" queried Stella.

"I guess not," Josie replied. "Harry told me she was too hysterical last night. He said the posse got this one half way to Sonora—an' **goin'**. The other suspects proved alibis."

"They're stonin' him—the—the—cowards!" cried Madge.

"But look a' what he done!" protested Stella.

"I can't see; you take them, Stella," pleaded Madge, relinquishing the glasses, "an' Tom needn't never come 'round me any more," she finished, sobbing.

"Boo-hoo!" mocked the tawny-haired girl. "Big black nigger didn't never do nothin' t' nobody!"

Punctuated by occasional sobs from the tender-hearted Madge, Stella proceeded:

"They're arguin' about somethin' . . . There's a fight!" . . . After a long pause, "The bunch that's fightin' is separated from the other . . . I can't see very well, but I think the others are puttin' the rope on the nigger—yes, they're pullin' him up in that big oak tree! . . . Now they're shootin' at him, I guess, I can see little puffs o' smoke over the heads o' the crowd. . . . The fight seems to be over . . . Lot's o' them are leavin' an' comin' towards town. . . . **Ugh!**" she shuddered, after the lapse of a few minutes, when she again viewed the scene with the glasses. "They're all gone, an' the nigger is hangin' there alone! **Ugh!**"

Unknown to the girls, through a door on the opposite side of the room, there entered a woman of forty whose unimpassioned eyes and hard lips belied the voluptuous curves of her well-nourished and cleverly gowned body. For a minute she stood ankle-deep in a costly rug before she spoke:

"Madge, quit your sniveling! Josie, I want you to put on your open-work waist and help me behind the bar. Lots of those men will be up here in a little while, and they will want—entertainment. And you, Slim," to the tawny-haired girl, "for the love of Lucre, get chipper and cheer these girls up, or I'll have to send to the Bigtown for a bunch of canarys and ditch you hoot-owls!"

Workers!

By EDGCUMB PINCHON

I.

Workers! Labor creates all values.

This vaunted Capital your masters prate about is but the accumulated unpaid wages of workers dead and damned in slavery.

The wealth of this wide world is wrought by You, was ever wrought by You, is wholly wrought by You;

And it shall be enjoyed by You whensoever you will —in Brotherhood of Labor, joyous, free, forever and forever.

Your reverenced State—your Government is but the organization of the masters—to rob you.

It belongs not to you—deluded ones! It is the legalized violence of the Masters against you.

II.

The vast magical machines which clothe and feed the world—the machines at which you toil that you may live—the machines created by Labor's genius, perfected by Labor's patience, tended by Labor's care, built by Labor's energy and Labor's unpaid wages—They are not yours: They are your Masters' in right of might!

And owning them, the Masters own your Bread—and thus your Government, your Press, your Church —your sinew, intellect and soul!

Yea! All society is but one gigantic organized conspiracy to delude you—keep you dumb and tame, and thus enslave you and steal the labor of your hands.

Are you content that this should be?

III.

The power of your hands and brains to labor is all you own.

It is enough. It is the power which creates all values—the power which built the world.

Is the silken robe my Lady wears more worth than the cocoon?

Is the mammoth engine thundering upon its glistening tracks more worth than the rough ore whence it was wrought?

Yea, it is more worth—a hundred times more worth! That worth was made by You!

Who takes the increase?

Your masters take the increase, and fling you back—enough to feed you for their use again.

IV.

The power of your hands and brains to labor is all you own;

It is enough. It is the power that creates all values —the power that built the world.

Shall you yield it up as slaves—this mighty power—this holy power?

Or shall you—banded in Brotherhood—use it to create all values for yourselves?

V.

Are you content to crawl in slavery—yea, to beg the masters to use you, to rob you—that you may live to be used and robbed again?

If you are content: If there be no clamor in you to own the labor of your hands:

If you love your chains and dare not dream on audacity:

If you—weaving fine fabrics are content to be clothed in rags:

If you—carving great palaces are content to live in hovels:

If you—creating vast universities of knowledge are content to remain in ignorance:

If you—garnering huge harvests are content to go ill-fed:

If you all are content to build your masters' Temple with your bones, cement it with your souls, wash it with your tears, and paint it with your blood:

If you all are content to be the unnurtured, ignorant, unlovely, stunted slaves you are!—

—Then is Salvation dead—then is the Universe a lie!

And all the poverty, misery, insanity and injustice the masters can heap upon you is justly yours.

VI.

But if you are not content: If in you yet lives some gleam of the divine audacity of Christ, who preached the Liberty of every human soul, who scourged the Exploiters in the Temple, who poured upon the Masters his devastating wrath, who alone, unaided, defied the iron hand of Rome and died—a man—a Conqueror:

If you be such:

If you be men—and daring to be men are already become Heroes—the Savior—Fathers of the World:

If you be women—and daring to be women are already become Heroines—the Savior—Mothers of the World:—

—Arise in your might!

The Holy Spirit of Liberty shall descend upon you in Living Flame;

That Living Flame shall sweep from pole to pole;

Dead souls that never knew the taste of Joy shall stir, shall wake, shall leap alive:
The World's ablaze! The Conflagration's on!
Yea, this is the Millenium spoken of by Christ!
The Masters shall be cast to utter darkness;
Labor, beloved of the Lord, shall stand forth in the Eternal Day.
Arise! Arise! and claim your joy! Lay hold upon your Victory!
The chains that bind you—did you but know it—are wisps of straw;
The State that towers above you—did you but know it—is a house of cards;
The masters whom you fear and obey—did you but know it—are frightened babes.
The Universe is with you! The Fiat of the Lord—the Great Communal Soul of man—is with you!
Arise!—Rebel!
Throw down your tools, step forth, stand fast, and with one mighty voice—Demand!
And lo! At the sound of the trump, in the twinkling of an eye—the World is yours!
Arise!

A Million Dollars a Year

By H. J. Barrett

"I EARN $1,000,000 a year," triumphantly announces Geraldine Far-**rar** (get the accent) "and I'd never marry a man who earned less." So there you are—puts us right out of the running. No wonder we're peeved.

But we think that the fair Geraldine Far-rar is in error. (The old man's name was just plain **Far**rar—he really **earned** his living as a train conductor). She **gets** $1,000,000 a year. But does she earn it?

No, my friends, that $1,000,000 is earned quite some distance from the Metropolitan opera house. It's gouged from the mill operatives of Lawrence and Fall River, who receive a weekly wage of $7.50; from the miners of Michigan, who receive $2.35 a day for work under the surface; from the 3,000,000 children in the southern cotton mills; from the millions upon millions of brow-beaten toilers all over our continent who receive, in this, the richest nation on the globe, an average wage of $11 per week.

It would be too much to expect brains in the cranium of a prima donna. But the less the fair Geraldine talks about that $1,000,000 a year just now the longer she'll be getting it. We're becoming slightly weary of this sort of thing.

There's a certain element of grotesque humor in the situation from the fact that the people who pay the $1,000,000 annually to hear her sing would, if they were frank with themselves, walk ten miles to avoid the experience. They have about as much real appreciation of music as J. P. Morgan did of art. Which wasn't much.

Germany has a plan to declare the oil industry a government monopoly. The Standard Oil has started a move to protect its $15,000,000 interests in the Fatherland. The state department of the United States has gone to the rescue and will demand adequate reimbursement for Mr. Rockefeller.

Power of Prophecy

DESTRUCTION of incentive is a terrible thing to contemplate. Anything that would make the working class less eager to create surplus values is most undesirable.

Almost any of the measures proposed by Socialists would "tend to decrease industrial efficiency."

This has been proven so often it is hardly worth while to do it again.

Take for instance the public schools. These institutions have destroyed incentive—that is, it was predicted that they would. Listen to the Philadelphia National Gazette of August 19, 1833:

> "One of the chief excitements of industry among those classes (mechanic and other groups) is the hope of earning the means of educating their children. Incentive would be removed and the scheme of state education and equal education would thus be a premium for comparative idleness, to be taken out of the pocket of the laborious and conscientious. We have no confidence in any compulsory equalization. It has been well observed that it pulls down what is above, but never raises that which is below and often depresses high and low together beneath the level of what was originally the lowest."

The New York Herald has ever been a prophet of great renown. As long ago as August 25, 1833 the Morning Herald showed how education would utterly destroy efficiency. It bitterly opposed the opening of public schools and declared that

> Universal equality of education is impossible if the trades, manufactures and manual labor are to be successfully prosecuted, unless the standard in education be greatly lowered and narrowed."

This aged and doddering jade is still at it at the same old stand, chattering and gibbering at all progressive measures.

Anyway, the destruction of incentive and industrial efficiency is a horrific thing to contemplate.—E. d'O.

Suppressed Senate Document

WHEN the United States congress appoints a commission to investigate conditions that are directly traceable to causes that call for a report showing the evils of the profit system there is a strong likelihood that the report will not be allowed to reach the public. The following suppressed report brings out one fact with great clearness—WOMEN ARE EXPLOITED FOR COMMERCIAL PROFIT. Thus an important fact, long known to and emphasized by the Socialists, is given official authenticity only to be suppressed by the United States senate.

From United States Senate document No. 196, Sixty-first congress, second session. "IMPORTING WOMEN FOR IMMORAL PURPOSES," presented by Mr. Dillingham; suppressed and ordered not to be printed in full by majority vote of United States senate:

Business Profit

Page 6: "To the motive of business profit is due beyond question the impulse which creates and upholds this traffic."

Higher Profit

Page 14: "Alien women (who are already confirmed prostitutes) "enter this country. * * * They believe they can make higher profits here."

Young Girls Profitable

Page 16: "Innocent young girls * * * will last longer, and, therefore, be more profitable."

Inspections Vary

Page 18: "Shrewd importers do not usually bring alien women and girls on third-class tickets, because the inspection of third-class passengers on both railroads and steamers is stricter than that of second-class and first-class passengers, although the law is the same for all."

Commercial Profit

Page 21: " * * * the motive dominating the procurer and pimp is that of commercial profit; the first thing to be done when a woman is imported is to place her where she can make money for him quickly and plentifully."

Police and Prostitution

Page 27: "Most of the girls questioned by the commission's agents on this point said that payments were made to the police to insure their protection from too frequent arrests."

Page 28: " * * * the exploitation of women in a given locality at any particular time is controlled by financial, political and social conditions."

Fifty thousand girls disappear from their homes every year.

Municipal Profits

Page 31: "During the month of October, 1908, over $5000 was paid into the police fund in Seattle, Wash., as fines by prostitute women—each woman being fined $10 a month. The same custom obtains in many cities. Will the profits make the taxpayers less eager to enforce the law?"

Ocean Carriers and Prostitution

Page 36: "Under present circumstances it will often pay a steamship company financially to take the risk of bringing over a criminal or prostitute first or second class, taking the risk of their deportation, since if they can be returned to their own country at steerage rates, a profit will be made. This possibility of securing a profit from criminals and prostitutes who are deported should be removed."

From Homes Commission Report (suppressed), Senate document No. 644:

Cases examined	2000
Belonging to servant class	931
Dressmakers and seamstresses	285
Lived with parents or friends	499
Employed	Remainder
Earning only $1 per week	534
Earning only $2 per week	336
Earning only $3 per week	230
Earning only $4 per week	127

There are 294 widows in the general list. The author believes the principle conclusion to be drawn from the table is that a majority of this class (widows) are driven to a course of vice from the destitution ensuing on her husband's death. A large number of them are very young, and it can scarcely be necessary to repeat that any young woman in a state of poverty will be surrounded by temptations which she can with difficulty resist.—Page 223.

It is a sad and humiliating admission to make at the opening of the twentieth century in one of the greatest centers of civilization in the world that in numerous instances it is not passion or corrupt inclination , but the force of actual physical want that impels young women along the road to ruin. Intimate contact in tenement houses is a predisposing cause to prostitution.—Page 227 Homes Commission Report.

Late returns show New York state has 30,000 lunatics and 30,000 feeble-minded persons. This is the state that elects maniacs to the United States congress and there seems to be no paucity of material.

California Dry? o

Resolved: That the Enactment of the Proposed Initia

Affirmative HERBERT S. CALVERT

THE PERIOD of human history called Capitalism has given birth to new institutions, ideas and commodities. Science, with it's widening range of knowledge; modern industry with it's efficient tools; present-day agriculture with better methods of animal breeding and plant cultivation, are only a few of the benefits of our vast co-operative social body.

But our capitalist society, that gave birth to these benefits has allowed to be fastened on itself creations that are a detriment to all of us and an overheavy load for the vast number of us who are the working class.

Socialists recognize the monopoly of the tools and land by the few and its direct result, the impoverishment of the many, as such an evil. We know monopoly is responsible for most of the evils existing in our society. Such social evils as armed camps filled with the nation's strongest men ready to shed each others blood; the modern state with its brutality, bribery and corruption; the servile pulpit and press with their prostitution of men's minds, the wholesale fostering and exploitation of the sex prostitute and the modern liquor traffic are all a part of Capitalism.

The workingman is a human, with a human organism. His difference from the remainder of society is that he works, while the larger part of society works him.

What is the effect of liquor on his working organism? The different schools of medicine and hygiene are unanimous in their emphatic denunciation of the evil results of the use of liquor by any human.

Dr. Lundgren, a leading physician of Berlin, says: "It is difficult to find any part of a confirmed beer drinker's machinery that is doing it's work as it should. This is why **their life-cords snap off like glass rods** when disease or accident give them a blow.

The Scientific American says: "It is our observation that beer drinking in this country produces the very lowest of inebriety, **mostly alive to criminal insanity.**"

The British Medical Society says: "Experiments show that small quantities of alcohol are injurious. That **it is not a food**... That it **increases** liability to disease, and shortens life; that abstainers do more work, live longer, have less sickness, quicker recoveries, and that the bodily functions are better performed, in spite of delusions to the contrary."

The late Dr. N. S. Davis of Chicago, the father of the American Medical Society, says: "I proved to my complete satisfaction that alcoholic drinks are **poisonous** in the same sense as opium, **arsenic and chloroform,** and should be sold under the same laws as other poisons."

Dr. A. Forel, professor of nervous diseases in the University of Zurik, says: **"Alcohol, even when diluted, as in wine, beer and cider, is a poison which changes pathologically the tissues of the body and leads to fatty degeneration; it also injures the brain by producing paralysis and disarrangement of the function."**

Dr. J. H. Kellogg, superintendent of Battle Creek Sanitarium, says: "Experiments upon human beings and lower animals have so greatly multiplied within the last few years that the effects of alcohol upon the health organism are now as well understood as are the physiological effects of opium, strichnia and other poisons of common use."

Huxley, the great scientist, was asked if wine or spirits did not enliven the brain and increase his power for work and thought. He replied: "I would just as soon think of taking a dose of arsenic as I would of alcohol."

Jack London, revolutionist, in his book, "John Barleycorn," places the responsibility for drunkenness where it belongs—on society. He lays the charge squarely in front of the door of **organized society—government, for the accessibility—opportunity.**

A Socialist, understanding the influence of environment on the life of the individual, and knowing the effect of alcohol on the human organism, will at once consider the advisability of allowing liquor within reach of any person.

Those who believe in **free will** and the Dualistic teaching can trust to a God to protect the people from the scourge of liquor. Materialists will wage war against this even as against those who "by right of God" own the earth.

For the gods may forgive—Nature never does. Science has found that alcohol tears down faster than nature can rebuild. So it must go.

But what of the man who wishes to drink despite the evil effects? Who may still desire to drown his woes in the cup of greater stupification and death. We can only reply that through the evolution of centuries, the right and wrong of all men's actions have been slowly built up by the conflict of struggling forces. That every man's action and attitude has been modified by the power he opposes. If it were nature, man slowly aligned himself with her. If man, equilibrium is slowly gained.

(Continued on page 19)

California Wet?

Amendment will be of Benefit to the Working Class

Negative ARTHUR C. FISHER

TO CONSIDER a subject of salient import clearly and fairly, it is well to ask ourselves certain questions, and answer these, our inquiries, as practical results and facts present the answers to our minds. Theorizing may play an important role in prophecying the result of unattempted acts, but where particular and peculiar effects are the result of a certain cause or causes, these effects form the best evidence of the adaptability of the cause to the conditions under which its manifest effects were produced.

Lest we digress from the subject let us remember that the benefit to the working class is the chief factor in the argument, and voice the inquiries, the answers to which will give the most impartial and practical analysis of the subject.

The questions appearing the most essential to the consideration of the subject are:

1. Was the measure conceived and proposed by members of the working class for the benefit of the working class?

2. Have measures of a similar nature enacted under similar conditions been a benefit to the working class?

3. Does a comparison of prohibition communities with "wet" communities reveal the working class in a better condition, or in a fair way of being in a better condition, in the latter or in the former?

To the first of these questions the answer "No" seems so evident as to need little explanation. Suffice it to state that the measure was framed by capital with its right hand ally, the church, for the benefit of capital through the same right-hand ally. To prove this assertion the statements of the proponents of the measure are the clearest proof. The refrain of their arguments, as evidenced in their pamphlets and tracts, runs as follows: The saloon is the enemy of the church; were the saloon destroyed the church would redeem the wayward and secure its old-time hold on the minds of the sinners, bringing them back to a state of contentment with their earthly lot in anticipation of eternal salvation. Or: The saloon is the breeding place of discontent; it is there that the social unrest and turmoil which permeate the country are instituted; it gives an atmosphere of too much liberty to the frequenters, in which they may conceive plans for the wrecking of the institutions of our country.

Do not these statements show the intent and purpose of the designers of this petition?

On very infrequent occasions they (the proponents) voice a remark concerning the deaths caused by alcohol. In this connection they do not mention the fact that Maine had more deaths per capita from alcohol and more arrests for drunkenness than any so-called liquor state; they do not tell of the atrocities perpetrated in the South by persons crazed through the use of cocaine and blind-pig whisky; they do not mention the fact that the negligence of the railroads kills nine times as many people yearly as alchohol. Nor do they remark on those killed in mines, shops and factories, nor touch on the means of rectifying these wrongs. Is there anything connected with their assertions and intentions designed to assist and benefit the working class?

The two remaining questions may be readily answered together: A review of the prohibition communities as regards the benefits accruing to the working class and a comparison with "liquor" communities.

Let us take for example the State of Maine. During the years in which prohibition has been in effect she has been the most stagnant state in the Union as regards social progress. Education is an insignificant factor in the affairs of the people and the social revolution is a nullity. Laboring conditions and wages are entirely uncontrolled by the working class and labor retrogressed.

Let us consider Georgia: Nowhere on the face of the earth is child life more ruthlessly exploited and children ground into dividends in the capitalist mills. Picture children working twelve hours a day; imagine the workers unorganized and uneducated in their own behalf, conceive the working class practically at the mercy of the capitalist, and you see the prohibition State of Georgia.

Now turn your eyes for a moment to two states which have the reputation of being exceedingly

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Sculpture In the Twentieth Century

By FRANK F. STONE

NOTE: The following article by Mr. Frank F. Stone, embodying a progressive artist's views of what he conceives will be the dominant note of twentieth century sculpture, was written in connection with the admirable full-page picture of one of Mr. Stone's most notable creations, entitled "The Agony of the Ages," which appeared some time ago in the Western Comrade. Like some other pieces of work by this well-known English sculptor, now a resident of the Pacific Coast, this work is symbolical. Accompanying the picture Mr. Stone presented the following descriptive verse together with some notes as to the picture:

"The age-long, blind, dumb agony of life
Gave glorious Knowledge birth; then pain and strife
Took meaning, and to Knowledge Love was born:
Love that is wise to will and to foresee
Suffering's assuagement in the Time-to-be."

In the work the gallows and the axe stand for all that part of human misery which has its source in the punishment idea, which has cursed humanity through the centuries; "while there is a deliberate meaning," writes Mr. Stone, "in the fact that I have hung the scales of Justice to the gibbet. The scale weighed down by the handle-end of the sword of Justice and the book of the law itself, figures, of course, the virtual presumption of guilt against the victim. Knowledge turns her back on the worship of gods (Jupiter and the tables of sacrifice). Love turns her back upon the implements of war."

This sculptural work was one of the attractive features of the Alaska-Yukon Exposition, at Seattle, and was awarded a gold medal. Mr. Stone, like the eminent Professor John Ward Stimson, the late William Morris and other prominent artists, poets and art critics, is a progressive Socialist and has been touched with the twentieth century humanitarian and progressive spirit to such a degree that life and art hold newer and grander meanings for him than they hold for masters to whom the broader, grander and nobler vision was not vouchsafed.

EDITOR OF THE WESTERN COMRADE.

THE SEVERE restrictive lines of tradition, as to just what the artist may or may not do in expressing himself through the plastic media, are happily falling away, or perhaps one should say are being boldly set aside, and the cold, chaste refinement of "pure form" is giving place to a mode of expression more informed with motive, thought and action of a communal significance. Less of the vagaries of Olympian gods, more of the problems of the man on the street—this, to put it broadly, will be found, beneath howsoever much of artistic refinement and idealization, to be a master note of twentieth century sculpture.

Sculptural expression is warming to life and meaning under the inspiration of a nobler, saner and more earnest conception of human relations. Hero worship, of the old, vicious, individualistic type, is dying out with the broadening of human knowledge and the consequent deepening of human sympathy; and "socialistic sculpture" has become a phrase which, inasmuch as it covers a somewhat wide range of subjects, all more or less involved in this new departure—the art of ideas as distinct from the art of pure line merely—expresses fairly well the spirit of the new concept—an ideal which we hold will more and more express itself in humanistic motive and inspiration as the century advances.

In passing I would note one tendency very pernicious in my judgment, though born probably as a reaction from the extreme in the opposite direction. I refer to the heresy that has become exceedingly common of late, which assumes that to finish a piece of sculpture is to spoil it. That motive and idea in sculpture can ever render it independent of form or grace of line and contour, is an absurd assumption; and it is extremely doubtful if much of the rudimentary, sketchy work which today commands acceptance through the association of some great name, will be viewed by later generations as more than the rude, uncouth and unfinished experimental sketch-work which it really is. Time, however, will doubtless right this wrong, and in my judgment the sculptural art, together with her sister arts, will, with the advance of the twentieth century, become largely, perhaps almost entirely, divorced from that relation to commercialism which increasingly, as capitalism nears its climax, tends to corrupt the artistic method, to pervert its ideals and to discourage its most conscious aspirants.

It is, of course, in the light of imminent changes in all other departments of social economy, industry, commerce, government, and all that that implies, that

art's enfranchisement from the dominance of the mart is vaguely glimpsed. Our very few artist-princes are often worked to death with over-patronage. It is in the very nature of our commercial system that, like Wackford Squeers, the few "get it all; God help the rest!" This is bad alike for themselves and for their art. Yet under the spell of success, with the fanfare of fame and the adulation of admirers ever in their ears, they may approve the present conditions; and the struggling young artists, with all their troubles before them, who have not yet through bitter experience lost hope of like good fortune, may echo that approval. But outside of these, in the rank and file of the artistic profession, I believe it would be conceded that happier far would be the artist if, instead of depending for the means of life upon a capricious market, competitive and commercial in the worst meaning of those terms, for his artistic output, he could secure the needful in staples and comforts through the more prosaic channel of some industrial service not too exacting of time and energy; so that his art should be the playwork of his free hours. Ah, then, we might have works of art indeed!

In the twentieth century, sculpture will draw its heroes more from the makers of men and less from the destroyers of life; more exclusively from the workbench and the play-ground, the gymnasium and the study; and less often from the shambles and the battlefield, the forum of party politics and the chicane of spurious statesmanship. He who makes homes and happiness, not he who makes widows and orphans; he who makes men free, not he who fetters mankind that "property rights" may be enlarged,—the genius of sculpture shall delight to honor. Not forever will the multitude consent that the "divine white marble" shall be debased to cast a lying glamor over blood-stained careers of ambition or the soulless administrations of brutal and "unsocial" laws.

> Nor will approving smiles for aye salute
> The sculptured bronze which boasts: "Here
> **might** prevailed."

The sculpture of the twentieth century must and surely will feature the aspirations and achievements of peace, of human brotherhood and solidarity. "Glorious war" must soon look elsewhere than to the sculptor for its apotheosis or apology.

CALIFORNIA DRY?

(Continued from page 16)

The right of the individual and of the mass is being slowly hewn out of a cosmos of ignorance. Surely, every individual will some day function normally. Until then, men will struggle for free expression. But the anti-social must go. The days of the aristocracy of church, state, intellect, school, home and barroom are numbered. No man has the liberty to poison another, and he who makes and sells liquor is handling poison, says science.

In the battle in which the revolutionary worker is engaged, he can use all his powers. The overworked and underpaid workers are too busy toiling to do much thinking. But the misery and needs of the day must find expression. Year in and year out, the vast army of toilers go forward to their grave.

Some are held in the shackles of religious fervor, which runs gamut of a narrow fanaticism and a heaven after death. Some are broken by the abnormal development of the sexual impulse and fill an early grave. Some slowly poison themselves with the drug, alcohol; unable to resist the cry of the profit monger and the enticing surroundings in which he vends his wares.

But the builders of tomorrow, actuated by the revolutionary fervor, must escape these enslaving narcotics of capitalism and remove these pitfalls from the paths of their weaker comrades, and march forward together to victory and a normal life.

CALIFORNIA WET?

(Continued from page 17)

"moist"—Wisconsin and Washington. In these states education is the motto of the people; labor is organized; the workingman is on the industrial field of battle, fighting the social revolution, and progressing, step by step, toward the goal of social democracy, with the knowledge that they have the power of conquest.

These are the facts; they are neither theoretical nor statistical, for statistics may be twisted to suit the occasion and theories may fail when put to the test. These facts are opposition statements and pictures of comparison; your own knowledge can readily discern their truth or falsity.

Workers, Comrades of the Social Revolution, remember the fundamental principles of your program; remember that the economic and industrial life is the basis of every political or social structure; remember that in a capitalist society all laws not intended for the benefit of the workers are intended for the benefit of capital. Remember that you cannot legislate man's morality or character, but that they can be changed only by education and a better social system. Remember, with Emerson, that: "The wise know that foolish legislation is a rope of sand, which perishes in the twisting; that the state must follow and not lead the character and progress of the citizen."

Remember! Think! And decide for yourselves whether the enactment of the proposed prohibition amendment would be of benefit to the working class

The Eight-Hour Law

By T. W. WILLIAMS

FRIENDS of the shorter work day must realize that organized capital has determined to defeat the proposed measure. The contest will eclipse every other issue in this campaign.

An eight-hour law on the statute book spells the beginning of the end of capitalist rule and corporation oppression.

The Merchants and Manufacturers' associations of California are being reorganized to include the employers of labor. A dispatch to the Los Angeles Times under date of July 17 is headed:

FARMERS JOIN OPEN SHOP MEN

The dispatch states: "The Merchants, Manufacturers and Employers' Association has been formed by a large number of farmers, who will work to further the interests of that body. . . . The farmers have decided to be with those who oppose the stringent measures the unions further."

A simultaneous attack will be made on the closed shop and the eight-hour law.

This is a class fight. We expect men to line up according to their interests. Every organization, institution or individual dependent on profits for existence will necessarily fight this bill.

On the other hand, every producer of real wealth will line up for the bill if he knows where his interests lie.

Here are the people who logically will fight the measure:

The railroads, all public service corporations, land speculators, large ranchmen, merchants, manufacturers and the entire exploiting class.

On the other hand the men and women who work in mill, factory, mine, ranch hands, drivers, mechanics, artisans—in fact, every man who does not own his own job and must work for another will vote for this bill, if he knows what he is doing. It is to HIS interest to do it. It is to his CLASS interest to do it.

The Los Angeles Times announces, July 16: "The fruit growers of the state are threatened with an increase of $10,000,000 yearly in wages of the farm laborers of the state."

Did you get that, Henry Dubb? The capitalists of California are conceding that should the Eight Hour Bill pass the farm laborers of California will be privileged to cut a $10,000,000 melon every year. You will recall that the banks and corporations have been cutting the melon hitherto. Don't you think it about time that your class had a melon-cutting? The capitalists bank on the assumption that you have not brains enough to see the point. Have you? Power to use your mental faculties count in this fight. Use your brains.

We are told that "Skilled mechanics and artisans have family ties. They are in large majority of American nationality, and live up to the California standard. These workers receive fair wages and already enjoy the advantages of a short day of labor. They would not be benefited, but must endure without compensatory advantage the higher cost of living which the enactment of this law would cause."

How impervious some people are to the working class psychology! From long experience the worker is having drilled into him the great fact that the interest of all workers is identical, and that an injury to one is an injury to all. Practically all the men who now have the eight-hour day secured it through solidarity of action. They know that the unorganized, defenseless workers are the greatest menace to their own security.

An appeal made to them as "aristocrats of labor" will avail nothing with class-conscious workers. No worker is secure so long as a fellow-worker is unprotected.

Under the present regime the worker has no rights which the employer must respect. He is dependent solely on the mercy of his employer, who can work him as many hours as he pleases without the law intervening. This law affords redress from injustice, and will not impose exacting and unreasonable demands.

The black slave in ante-bellum days was an investment demanding protection and care to the extent of his cost value. The "help" on a California ranch, or the "hands" in factory and mill have nothing in common with their employers.

The workers are not concerned with the profits of the capitalists. Why should they be? They do not share them. They receive but the bare necessities of life. In this contest they have nothing to lose—everything to gain.

The workers are in revolt. They are getting from under. They refuse to longer carry the whole load.

It is urged that wages will be reduced. Impossible. Wages are now at the bare subsistence stage. To go lower would precipitate revolt and physical resistance. Exploiters of labor in California are resting over a seething volcano of revolt.

The one guarantee that civilization has is to so readjust society that every man or woman shall have the right to apply his or her energy to the forces of nature and reap the result.

Co-operation and Socialism

By ERNEST O. F. AMES

Ernest O. F. Ames is president of the Pacific Co-operative League, with headquarters at San Francisco. He has made a deep study of co-operative methods. The September number of the Western Comrade will carry a story by this same writer, telling of the plan of operation of the league.

MOST Socialists pass through a phase of mind in which they are impatient with all thought of reform. The need and the desire for an immediate realization of the IDEAL, the revolution, impresses them. Their recognition of the downright contradiction between things as they are and as they ought to be fires them with a divine impatience, which concerns itself but little with any so-called half-way measures.

Experience, however, discloses the fact that there is always a tremendous amount of slow plodding labor and constructive work to be done before any marked reformation can be secured. The raising up of a trained body of workers for service in the task of ushering in a new social order is also of prime importance and requires time and acquaintance with reform work.

Real reform is activity, which, while remedial, prepares the way for, or actually institutes, new forms of social and industrial life in accord with the principles of a true society.

All forms of co-operation are in line with this principle, inasmuch as they represent the development and control of democratic life by the people. This is relatively true of public ownership, as well as the voluntary co-operative enterprises with which the present article is specially concerned.

There are three causes for the increasing attention co-operation is receiving from Socialists and others.

The first of these is the economic pressure or necessity upon the people. Co-operation has made great headway in Europe. For the last fifty years it has been the proud boast of prominent people on this continent that there was no economic need for co-operation here. The complacent belief that the American was too well fixed to need any such aids to a lower cost of living has long held sway. The common people have tried to live up to this out of a kind of false patriotism. Now, however, there is a great change coming over the whole community. The constantly recurring periods of trade depression, each one more severe than the last; a state of chronic unemployment and the actual presence of hunger on our streets culminating now in deaths from starvation in San Francisco, the great prosperous city of the Golden West—all this, to which people can no longer close their eyes, is compelling attention to the need for mutual help, collective social effort or co-operation.

For the mass of working people the problem grows ever more serious as they are driven nearer to, or even over, the line of subsistence and are threatened by the imminence of poverty and dire want.

The gobbling up by a few of all the natural resources is the fundamental cause of the economic crisis impending. The problems of poverty, starvation, child labor and degradation of women have hastened over the Rockies along with the flow of population westward. The Panama canal, about to be thrown open with such a flare of trumpets and high hopes, is only going to aggravate the calamitous situation.

Present economic necessity and the dread of immediate future is one of the causes of the awakened interest in co-operation of all forms.

The social reasons for co-operation are no less urgent and compelling. Along with the growth of democratic institutions, there is an increasing demand for men and women with the social instinct. Such workers are in demand everywhere to build up the state that is to be and to guide aright the efforts of the people to manage their own affairs.

Socialism in particular is in need of a supply of trained men both for present work and in order to be fit to make the right use of the powers which will soon be entrusted to them. Co-operation is the training ground for the future state.

The success of Socialism henceforth depends upon a supply of competent and efficient servants, acquainted with the spirit of the social message, who can adequately interpret that spirit through the official positions to which they aspire.

The management of industry by the people for the people is subject to the ability of the rank and file to produce and trust men of integrity and capability. The co-operative movement by raising up such men will be of inestimable value to and should be supported by Socialism.

The growing demand for social service, the development of a sense of human solidarity and the recognition of the value of associative and community

effort constitute the social reasons for the notice co-operation is attracting.

The third and perhaps the most potent cause for the spread of co-operation is the moral one. The spirit of humanity, the inner urge of the ideal, the social vision—or however we wish to designate it—is more militant today than ever before. "New times demand new measures and new men." Unrest is rapidly on the increase and will continue till men are able to find new forms of life more in accord with their sense of right. The contradiction between man's spiritual instincts, his moral standard and daily life, as it actually pans out in practice, is too great, too flagrant for men of simple humanity to rest contentedly under.

Life today does not measure up even to the elementary demands of righteousness. People in all walks of life feel this and many long, "hunger and thirst" for a nearer approach in social life to equity and justice.

There are scores and hundreds of young men and women who pass through the churches and the Socialist locals only to be lost to permanent service because their moral craving to DO, as well as to listen and talk, is not satisfied. There is no organized opportunity provided for utilizing their labor in social fabric building.

The natural desire of youth is to practice and experiment in human right relations, or in other words, to make morality for themselves and the future.

Co-operation offers alike to Socialism and religion the opportunity to apply the great fundamentals they claim to stand for.

Co-operation is a moral reform, as well as a moral stimulus, for the accomplishment of the perfect life and all that the higher nature of mankind craves. For these reasons the moral issue is the chief argument for co-operation.

Hist! Here's Verbal Treason

By HOMER CONSTANTINE

HERE'S a vote for Chief of Police Charlie Sebastian of Los Angeles, for a membership in the Little Brothers of Saint Swithin. He has returned from the police chief's convention, where he gathered such a fund of valuable learning that he has proceeded to spill it on the police commission of Los Angeles and the overflow reaches the public through the daily press.

In reading Chief Charlie's literary gem, as plucked from the dismal morass of "news" in the Morning Tribune, you are requested to keep in mind the fact that the Los Angeles police once suppressed free speech so successfully that the city became the focal point of the class struggle in America. Sebastian was at that time walking a beat in Chinatown. Doubtless his duties kept him so occupied he did not know what was going on and therefore doesn't know the history of that struggle for free speech in Los Angeles

The following scorecard will show the offense of seventy-one men and women who were imprisoned in the Los Angeles city jail amid unspeakable filth, insanitary and horrible surroundings:

For repeating that portion of the constitution of California making free speech an inalienable right	17
For reading that part of the constitution of the United States that guarantees freedom of speech and the right peacefully to assemble	14
For repeating in public the Declaration of Independence on any day other than the Fourth of July (very incendiary and calculated to drive the average policeman to hydrophobia)	19
For repeating the Lord's Prayer (an afterthought of women who forgot their lines in the awful presence of the "peace officer")	4
For reciting Patrick Henry's "Liberty or Death" speech (unquestionably and admittedly treasonable)	12
For elocutionary efforts on fragments of Lincoln's Gettysburg speech	5
Total	71

These men and women were arrested and imprisoned—punished without trial—subjected to revolting indignities and treated in a manner that would have brought joy to the heart of—say, the smug Ladies of Trinidad.

All were liberated on one memorable day when a couple of thousand citizens made a call at the city hall. But, you are kept from the feast. Here is the chief's letter in all its purity—provided some cruel copy-chopper hasn't mutilated it:

> "I am sincere in my statement that I do not believe the patriotic men who framed our constitution realized, or ever dreamed, that our 'free speech—free country,' would or could be so abused. I think President Sylvester's sentiment ought to be written across the dome of the American heavens in letters of fire. He condemned 'verbal treason,' which is countenanced in this country under the mistaken idea that 'free speech' spells not only liberty but license. He spoke the exact truth. We are prone to be and to deal too kindly with sedition. We wink at assaults upon the emblems of government, our flag, and organized bodies, provided for by popular vote, and I say the time is at hand to bolt those guilty of utterances, either by an amendment to our national constitution, or more drastic laws from our lawmaking bodies We have had, and have every night right here in Los Angeles, these treasonable utterances, and I say they should be curbed."

BOOKS and READING

"WHAT'S the matter with the American working class?" is the attractive title over pertinent remarks in the Texas Rebel. The writer goes straight to the point when he touches on the way the workers put their financial power in the hands of the exploiters then stupidly wonder what hit them when this money is used to hire strike-breakers and gunmen. The writer says:

An American capitalist daily recently published the item that in a certain western city the working class had $2,000,000 in the saving banks of that city. Two millions in the hands of their economic enemies! Why not employ it collectively for their own benefit?

Some of these working-class people will call the Italians "Dagos," but in Italy, with less capital, the Italian workers form co-operative banks, and the labor unions borrow money from them and cut out the contractors and take municipal contracts direct and carry on extensive works co-operatively, giving themselves better hours and wages than the contractors give them. Why can't American workers do the same?

In the city of Iquiqui, Chile, with only 60,000 inhabitants, the trades unions have a casa del pueblo or people's house, where all the trades unions meet. They have a chamber of labor of one delegate from each trade union that has the management of this people's house, and a co-operative bakery and a large co-operative store where bread and all kinds of goods are sold at lower rates than elsewhere. Besides, they have a co-operative printery that publishes a daily Socialist paper that circulates all over the department of Terepaca.

Americans that ought to have better sense ask the writer this: "Are the Chileans fully civilized?" Until American workers can do something to compare with this, who are civilized? In Belgium, Argentina and little Uraguay the workers are starting successful co-operation that should shame American workers for asking such questions.

In the Argentine Republic there are four Socialists in the house of representatives and one Socialist in the senate, and others were defeated by the narrowest margins.

Little Uraguay has a compact Socialist organization, and in proportion to her population has more representatives in her municipal governments ten to one than we of the glorious "land of the free and home of the brave" can show. Socialist papers and pamphlets that came before me show that the Socialism of the South American countries is of the same stamp as ours, and then some.

* * *

We have been led to believe that Mr. Wilson is a man of keen intellect and large perceptions. What shall we say either of his intellect or his perceptions when he attempts to justify the invasion of a foreign country by the plea that he is intent upon restoring the means of production to the people

It is always and everywhere desirable that the means of production shall be restored to the people.

In Mexico, which is an agricultural and mining country, the means of production happen to be the land.

Almost all of the 15,000,000 Mexican people work on the land for a living. So far as the poor Mexican peons are concerned, it would be a grand and glorious thing if Mr. Wilson would send 100,000 soldiers to Mexico to wrench the land from the rich and restore it to the people.

But would it not be just as grand and glorious a thing for 40,000,000 of Americans who work on railroads, in factories and mines and upon rented farms, if the Mexicans would send 100,000 soldiers to the United States and restore the railroads, factories and mines to the people?

Railroads, factories and mines are, to these 40,000,000 the means of production precisely as much as the land is the means with which 15,000,000 Mexicans produce wealth.—Allan L. Benson in Pearson's.

* * *

Farmers' co-operative societies to market their own products should be exempted from the operation of the Sherman law. There is a clear distinction between the co-operative organization of the farmer and the modern trust. This distinction must be recognized. In the very nature of things farmers' organizations cannot control the market or limit the output, in the way that the big trusts do.

Between the farmer and the consumer a distinct class has grown up. It consists of commission houses, brokers and combinations of various sorts, with the modern trust at the head. Not all of the agencies of distribution are bad. Many of them are desirable and useful. Others depend upon special privilege and unfair practices and are therefore wasteful.—LaFollette's.

The Thinker

By CARL I. WHEAT

Southern California is turning out an eagle's brood of young fighters that are inspiring to the older rebels of the community. Carl Wheat, as a student in the public schools of Los Angeles and later at Pomona College, distinguished himself as a speaker of great and convincing powers. As representative of his college he has carried away all honors. The following is, in part, his oration which won the first prize in the Southern California Intercollegiate Oratorical contest.

IT is a great achievement when an artist is able to conceive and execute a work that truly represents some fundamental human fact. Thus, above the archway of the great gate of Hell in the Pantheon in Paris, sits the heroic figure of a man wrought in stone—a figure symbolizing the greatest of all the fields of human experience. It is Rodin's masterpiece, "The Thinker." The knotted muscles of his massive frame, the rough and calloused hands, proclaim the Thinker to be the man of toil. But now he sits, resting a little from his task, while he turns his mind upon the problems that confront him.

What is the vision embodied in the chiseled stone? It is the union of toil and thought—each helpless without the other, but when joined in a common purpose the two great builders of the human world—blended here by art into the perfect form of human labor. The Thinker is also the worker. The power of labor which this thinking worker symbolizes is the mightiest force in human history. In all the ages it has shaped the destinies of men.

Look with me into the past. The Thinker kneels upon the ground watching the sparks of flame leap from his whirling sticks. It is the conquest of fire—the greatest single achievement in all the history of mankind. Again, on the shore of an ancient lake see the Thinker pushing a rough-hewn boat into the waves. None who stand by can realize the import of his act—this primal launching of the boat—but the world of commerce was born that day. The Thinker, in solving his own small problem, led the way for the teeming argosies that swarm upon our oceans. Thus the world advances.

* * * * * *

But though labor is the foundation of society, what do we find its true position to have been? Through one long age the worker was crushed into slavery. Through another age he was tied to the soil—a serf with no rights his lord need respect. Today, the iron law of wages rules relentless throughout the world of toil, and a thousand workers slave in poverty that some man of capital may travel in his private car. The toiling children of the South, the omnipresent sweatshops, the ill-fed factory hordes proclaim that labor still is bondsman.

* * * * * *

Come with me to the city of Lawrence, Mass. It is a day late in November at the time of the great strike. The strikers have been refused the right to march in the streets of the city. All the halls have been denied them. The Dump alone remains—the dreariest spot in Lawrence. There in the bitter wind and beating storm four thousand of them gather—Italians, Belgians, Greeks, Armenians, men who speak a score of tongues—and for hours they crowd around the wagon that serves as a speaker's stand. Upon that stand are not only the fiery Ettor and the scholarly Giovannitti, for other forms, though shadowy, are there—Garrison, who declared that he would be heard and was heard; Wendell Phillips—Harvard's Wendell Phillips—reaffirming in the sight of these factories, "the fundamental principle that labor, the creator of wealth, is entitled to all it creates." Another, also, is there—a certain young Jewish agitator whose name has ever been written large in the solemn pages of history, and his indictment of the master class is far more bitter than the rest. He calls them wolves and vipers, "for they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be born, and lay them on men's shoulders, but will not lift them with one of their fingers."

At the same time a committee of the "best" citizens is meeting in the city hall to give thanks that they are "citizens and patriots," and not as those "low, ignorant foreigners" who are out there in the Dump. In their mouths is frequently the name of that same Jew. Do they imagine that he who scourged the money-changers in the temple has changed so much since he was here with men? Ah, no, Jesus of Nazareth is not of them. He is down there in the Short Street dump, where that band of strikers is gathered.

Turn now to the banks of Cabin creek among the coal mines of West Virginia. There, too, the thinking spirit is awakened. Picture a group of miners laying to rest the body of an innocent little child riddled by the bullets from a machine gun handled by one of the mine guards. Across the stream an old, grey-haired woman is guarded by a soldier bearing the eagle of the

United States. For many a year she has stood in the forefront of the battle, and wherever there was need, there has she gone to bear her part, until the workers of a nation are proud to hail her "Mother Jones."

* * * * * *

This labor movement, like all great economic movements, only shows itself to men at intervals, after periods of comparative calm. The masters of capital clip their coupons unmindful of the fires that smoulder beneath the surface. But the unseen energies are forever gathering. Suddenly, like the unloosing of the forces that slumber under Mount Pelee, the crash comes. The wheels of a great railroad cease to turn. The looms are silent. An hundred thousand miners throw down their picks and shovels. The masters call out the militia The snarl of their machine guns is answered by the roar of dynamite. Alarm and panic fill the erstwhile peaceful streets. And then, as suddenly as it came, the trouble departs. But the workers,they who sacrificed and suffered and starved, have somehow taken a step forward, whether they won or lost, for in the bitterness of their struggle they have **thought** upon their problem.

The future—realm of our hope and faith—lies beyond the veil that no man can lift, but all its promise for humanity rests in the life-giving power of the toiling Thinker. Others may use their thoughts for selfish gain, but the thought that is concerned with labor and its problem reaches the deepest sources of human welfare. It alone is free. You, who would be fruitful thinkers, learn the meaning of Rodin's great statue. Learn from the sculptured stone the mighty vision of the Thinker as he sits there, his head bowed down upon his hands. At the source of civilization and progress learn the realities of toil. Go not to betray the workers to selfish interests. Go not to confuse with sophistries. Go rather to rouse them to their needs; to fight with them under the one-blood flag of true human brotherhood. Do not imagine that you are carrying any gifts to labor. No, you are going to breathe the only undefiled air of mental freedom, to drink at the one pure fountain of the intellect. And you of the ranks of toil—your hands have ever been the sources of the goods of life. Your heads must be the sources of the wisdom of life. As your hands and your heads have shaped the ways of progress, so your souls alone can solve the problems of the future.

"From you, the chained, reviled, outcast,
From you, the brute, inert and dumb,
Shall through your wakened thought at last
The message of tomorrow come.

Think, think! while breaks in you the dawn
Crouched at your feet the world lies still.
It has no power but your brawn—
It has no wisdom but your will."

—Arturo Giovannitti.

On the Index Expurgatorius

By HERBERT STANLEY CALVERT

UNDER the careful patriotic instruction of the master class, millions of men have shed and are still ready to shed their life blood, fighting for what they have conceived and still conceive to be "their" country, when few of them can show title to so much as a square foot of it. They do not yet perceive that the country they fight for is the master's country and that they fight only because they are hypnotized by the pulpit and press and hired orators into the insubstantial belief that it is their duty and glory thus to fight. Least of all do they perceive that in nine cases out of ten they are induced to fight simply to divert their energy from its legitimate function of enforcing economic reform."

This is an extract from "The Mexican People—Their Struggle for Freedom," the most remarkable and valuable book of the year.

The authors of this book—L. Gutierrez de Lara and Edgcumb Pinchon—must feel a sense of elation from day to day as they see in the development of the Mexican situation the fulfilment of their predictions.

The statement in the book that "a successful proletarian revolt in any country of the world, however remote from the centers of civilization, is a tremendous menace to every other ruling class," is borne out from day to day when we read in the newspapers the tender solicitude of the government for the successful flight of Huerta, after he had looted the Mexican treasury and started to leave the country. The British government even offered a cruiser for the purpose of aiding a thief and a murderer to escape from the land where he had wrought wreck and ruin.

Every Socialist, every radical, should have this book. The fact that it has been placed on the index expurgatorius of the Los Angeles public school library by the papal representative on the board of education is an indication of its value.

Hopfield Horrors and Hypocrisy

By MELLIE MILLER

LOS ANGELES TRIBUNE reprints a pitiful story from the London Chronicle, telling of the terrible conditions existing in the hop fields of England. The story is well written, simple, yet graphic and gripping. It recites the horrors of overwork and exploitation of men and women.

The Tribune does well to print this article, but with its characteristic suppression of the news of the California hop fields, this solicitude for the toilers of England becomes the sheerest hypocracy.

If this "scandal of woman slavery" and "silence of public opinion" is deplorable in England, why not in California?

Will the Tribune print a story of the merciless exploitation, brutality, murders, false imprisonment and destruction of life of the workers of Yuba County hop fields? It will not!

The Tribune has had the opportunity to do this and it has failed. Like all owners of capitalist newspapers, Mr. Earle cannot afford to tell the truth and the whole truth about the class war in America, more especially in California.

Mr. Earle, owner of the Tribune, is as much enslaved as any hop field worker. Politically and economically he is the victim of environment. The smuggery of his newspapers is not unstudied. Every reporter, every copy reader, every editor, knows "policy." There probably is no written law in his newspaper offices.

The "conspiracy of silence" on the part of the capitalist press is tacit, but none the less binding.

If any reporter on a capitalist publication would write the truth about any of the doubtful dealings of large corporations—oil, land, telephone, electric power—he must know in advance if the "old man" is interested in them and the "old man"—the average owner of daily newspapers—owns stock in nearly all of these enterprises, hence, the suppression.

Here, then, is the unwritten rule governing this particular situation:

"Tell the truth about the hop field horrors in England, but keep off the hop field atrocities of Yuba County, California."

IN THE NAME OF CHRIST?

HOW SWEET, soft and gentle is the sound that comes to our ears as we listen to the words of the Christian gentlemen who advise those in the seats of the mighty in England!

"Let them die!"

That is the thumbs-down verdict of the clergymen who were interviewed as to the advisability of permitting the suffragists or other political prisoners to die of starvation in English prisons.

"Shall these women be allowed to die? I think the suggestion very good. I have advocated it for many months."—The Rev. Richard Free, vicar of St. Clements, Fulham.

"There would be nothing ethically wrong in letting these prisoners die. Let them (the prison officials?) start at once and make up for lost time."—Father Bernard Vaughn, brother of late Cardinal Vaughn.

"If these women refuse food they should be allowed to die."—The Rev. Arthur Waldron, vicar of St. Matthews, Brixton.

In the name of Christ, Amen! E. d'O.

Judges of the Iowa supreme court have declared the sterilization law passed by the last general assembly unconstitutional—not only that, they say it is null and void. This should be headed "Important if True."

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GROW AND THE FAMINE

When Cyrus F. Grow was a candidate for city council of Los Angeles on the Socialist ticket he surprised thousands of hearers not only by his powers as an orator, but by his good nature, pleasing persiflage and well-chosen anecdote.

In discoursing on the shortcomings of some of the small but predaceous water companies that were allowed to exist, leech-like in the suburbs, where the service was not only poor but at times the supply reached the vanishing point, Grow said:

"Why, the water supply is so precarious that at times it becomes a problem of great gravity for the housewives. Recently a woman of Rose Hill called her busy husband on the phone and said:

" 'Dearest, I want your advice on an important matter. Shall we have boiled potatoes for supper tonight or may I wash Bobbie's face?' "

GETTING EVEN

Apropos of foreign honesty, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler tells this story:

"On a foreign railroad," he said, "a commuter had a row with the conductor. At the end of the row the commuter turned to a friend and said:

" 'Well, the P. D. R. will never see another cent of my money after this.'

"The conductor, who was departing, looked back and snarled:

" 'What'll you do? Walk?'

" 'Oh, no,' said the commuter, 'I'll stop buying tickets and pay my fare to you.' "—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

NORA DID THAT

It was a few days before Christmas in one of New York's large book stores.

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Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

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STRONG COMPETITION

In Colorado, remember, the women vote as well as the men.

In the fall of 1910 a man named Smith was running for sheriff against a man named Jones. One evening just before election Smith rode up to the barnyard of an old farmer. The farmer was milking a cow and was having difficulty with a lusty calf that continually tried to "butt in." The candidate, to gain the favor of the farmer, took the calf between his legs and held it until the milking was done. He then introduced himself: "I am Mr. Smith, the Republican candidate for sheriff of the county. I suppose you know the man who's running against me?"

The farmer's eyes twinkled as he slowly drawled: "Waal, I reckon I do. He's in the house now, holding the baby."—Everybody's.

SUFFERING TOMMY

Tommy's Aunt—Won't you have another piece of cake, Tommy?

Tommy (on a visit)—No, I thank you.

Tommy's Aunt—You seem to be suffering from loss of appetite.

Tommy—That ain't loss of appetite.

What I'm suffering from is politeness.

OUT OF HER HEAD

Harold watched his mother as she folded up an intricate piece of lace she had just crocheted.

"Where did you get the pattern, Mamma?" he questioned.

"Out of my head," she answered lightly.

"Does your head feel better now, Mamma?" he asked anxiously.

THE MINIMUM WAGE

Little James, while at a neighbor's, was given a piece of bread and butter, and politely said "Thank you."

"That's right, James," said the lady; "I like to hear little boys say 'Thank you.'"

"Well," rejoined James, "if you want to hear me say it again, you might put some jam on it."—Washington Post.

WHERE IS WILLIE?

Willie stood on the railroad track,
He didn't hear the bell.
The engine went to Halifax
And Willie—We know where you
Think Willie went but you are
Mistaken. He had led a most
Exemplary life—besides the
Engine was on the other track.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

A lady was looking for her husband, and inquired anxiously of the housemaid, "Do you happen to know anything of your master's whereabouts?"

"I am not sure, mum," replied the careful domestic, "but I think they are in the wash."

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The Federal Census of 1910 gives the religious population of the country at 82,417,147; the Protestant population is placed at 65,415,-241. These constitute available and absolutely necessary material for the propaganda of Socialism. The Christian Socialist is edited in terms that makes special appeal to just this class of people.
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THE RAND SCHOOL

Life in this age is a complex problem, each phase of which must be met and solved by the men and women of today. The man or woman best informed upon the problems that have to be met is therefore the man or woman best able to cope with them.

The Socialist of today is a part of a world-wide movement to educate the people of the world, in order that they may better face life's problems. Each Socialist worker who wishes to dedicate his or her life to a great crusade of world-wide education must first be educated himself. It is to this goal that the Rand school in New York City offers courses of study in "Economics and Philosophy of Socialism," "Social Problems and Socialist Policy," "Development of Modern Society," "Social and Industrial History of Europe," "Economic and Social History of the United States," "History of the Socialist and Labor Movement," "Introduction to Science," "Investigation and Research," "Origin and History of the Constitution of the United States," "Methods of Socialist Party Organization," and "Public Speaking," these are some of the subjects that one may study under the instruction of such able teachers and fellow-workers as Algernon Lee, Morris Hillquist, Anna Maley, Benjamin C. Gruenberg, Juliet Stuart Poyntz, Charles A. Beard of Columbia University, Dr I. M. Rubinow, August Claussens and Max Schonberg.

Besides the study at the school there will be added two courses which will be correspondence courses. One of these two new courses which will be of great importance to all workers throughout the country is entitled "Social Problems and Socialist Party," the other course will be a twelve-lesson study of Socialism. This will be conducted by Anna Maley.

All desiring further information or those wishing to join the correspondence classes will please make applications to the Executive Secretary, 140 East Nineteenth, New York, N. Y.

There are in America 17,000,000 unmarried persons of marriageable age. Out of every 100 male adults 30 are unmarried. Of men above 20 years old and over 8,102,000 are unmarried; of women above 15 years old, 9,000,000.

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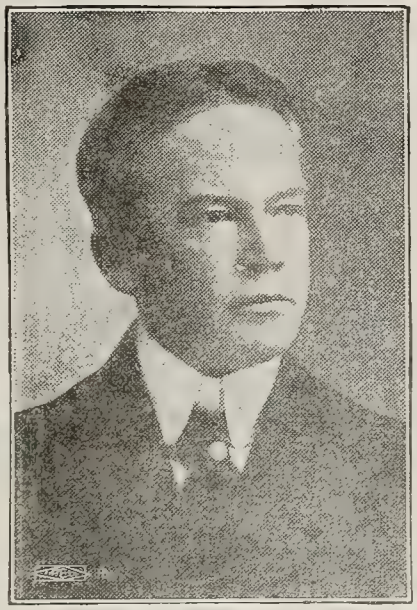

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SOAPBOXING TANGO

Harry F. Farmer was addressing one of those "dangerous and inflammatory" audiences that gather on Los Angeles street. The scene along the curb was like that on Halstead street, Chicago, during periods of depression and disemployment. The speaker balanced on his soapbox and used the utmost good humor and wit in his repartee.

"How about Wilson and William J. Bryan?" shouted a man leaning against a building and drawing on a villianous looking pipe.

"You remind me," said Farmer, beaming broadly and using his delightful Birmingham brogue, "you bring up the memory of news from Washington—society news. It's about the new William J. tango. Here it is, boys. Take it home and have the girls try it on the piano and you dance it. See how far it gets you ahead:

One step forward,
Three steps backward,
Hesitate—
Sidestep."

When the roar of the laughter subsided Farmer added:

"Bryan has modified that now by eliminating the first onestep. Try that one now!"

A CANDID CONFESSION

The motion picture director was sweating over a scene where the ingenue was supposed to register inexperience, timidity and a shade of alarm as the bold adventurer tried to kiss her. The director got the man to working more like a lover than like a white hope going into a clinch to stall for the gong, then turned his attention to the girl.

"Now, Mabel, think about it. Haven't you ever tried to stop a young man from kissing you?"

"Not yet!" came the girl's quick, frank reply.

HOW IT WORKS

A boat and a beach and a summer resort,
A man and a maid and a moon;
Soft and sweet nothings, and then at the real
Psychological moment a spoon.
A whisper, a promise, and a summer is o'er,
And they part in hysteric despair,
(But neither returns in the following June,
For fear that the other is there.'

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Georgia Kotsch says:

"* * * It strips the glamor of benevolent motives from the dealings with Mexico of the United States and other countries and presents the stark truth that American and world capitalism has been, and is, in league against the proletariat of Mexico for its own sordid interest. And while the Mexican master class is depicted as the most depraved and bloodthirsty in history, the Socialist will see that the story of the Mexican proletariat is in greater or less degree and in varying circumstances the story of the proletariat in every country."

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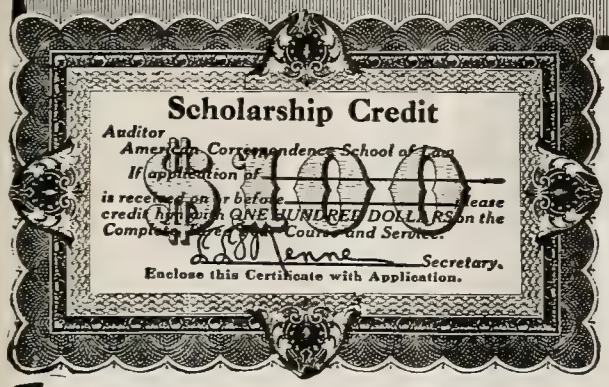

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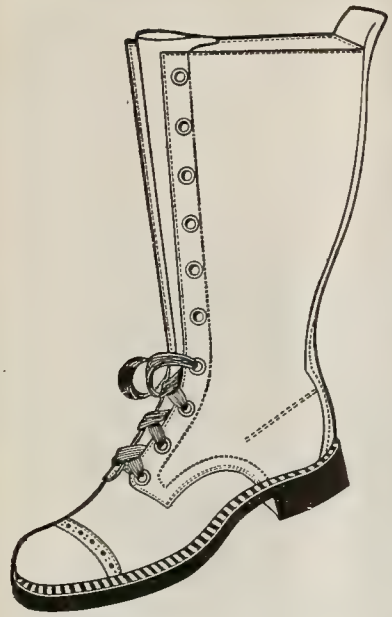

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Murder: "I look better in uniform"

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action | Co-operation | Direct Action

VOL. II | LOS ANGELES, CAL., SEPTEMBER 1, 1914 | NUMBER 5

Those Who Make War: No, Not Us! Take Them!

(This picture originally appeared in LIFE, Dec. 14, 1911.)

The Doom of Capitalism

WHATEVER may be the outcome of the awful catastrophe in Europe, this much safely may be predicted: This is the end of monarchies. That is plainly written in the book of the future. Dynasties will crumble and empires be obliterated. There is no power now to stop the conflagration. It is the hour for us to act!

The tremendous forces that have been set to work for destruction will not be curbed until the period of exhaustion is approached or reached. Nations of the earth face obliteration. So-called civilization stands on the brink of the abyss. Humanity seems poised to take the long plunge back into the darkness of savagery! Will this be the result of the horror into which the mad monarchs of Europe have plunged the nations?

That would be the extreme pessimistic view. The other view would be that out of all this Saturnalia of murder and lust for blood will come a rebirth of a great nation; of a United Europe where there will be no monarchies and no capitalism; no pietistic czars nor mad kaisers; no bloodsucking nobility nor parasitical exploiters.

This is the view we must take, or lose all hope for the future. That humanity should settle back into the position of again permitting a few monarchs, maddened by the rising tide of the popular demand for democracy, to plunge millions of peo-

ple into the horrors of collective murder is unthinkable.

* * * *

One year more of peace would have witnessed the ushering in of the next step in evolution which would have dethroned monarchs, overturned capitalism and set free the enthralled toiling millions.

This is not the hour to regale ourselves with regrets over what might have been. Socialists the world over have used their utmost efforts to prevent war. For years we have pleaded with the working class to arouse to the danger of the impending crash. Our call has not been in vain.

Not one word of our agitation has been spent in space; not a printed page in vain. After the darkness of this chaos of terror, blood and sorrow we can see the dawn of a new day. This must be our hope.

At this hour the Socialists of America have a most solemn duty. There is danger of this country becoming involved through the greed of capitalists who are seeking to exploit the warring powers of Europe by cornering the food product. Contraband carrying will be a source of continuous menace.

There is great danger in the amendment to the shipping registry laws. It will require great caution to avoid a clash if the war is carried into the orient.

* * * *

The quickest way to get action now will be through the tens of thousands of meetings to be held during "Socialist week," beginning September 1.

Every one of the 6000 locals and their branches in America should have a well outlined program for action.

Go out as a great recruiting army and bring in 50,000 additional members.

Go out and get subscriptions for Socialist publications. Put a million Socialists to work on an anti-military crusade.

Arrange for 10,000 anti-war protest meetings and parades on Sunday, September 6.

Join with the Labor day parades of your labor unions and do your work in the ranks. The wave of class consciousness that comes there will be of value to every propagandist.

Work for your candidates and especially devote your energies toward sending fifty Socialist members to the next congress.

The hour has struck for the end of Capitalism!

The monster is writhing in throes of mortal wounds! Its death is near at hand!

This is the twilight of the reign of the Kingdom of Gold!

Make it the dawn of the great era of Freedom!

Down with the black flag of murderous Capitalism!

Up with the scarlet banner of Universal Brotherhood.

F. E. W.

Jean Jaures, Martyr

COMRADES and yokefellows of this man, while sorrowing over his loss, may be consoled by the thought that the inspiration of his splendid example will play a wonderful part in the ultimate abolition of war, the thing he so abhorred.

Jean Leon Jaures lived for peace and died for the great principles he advocated.

No one can measure the good he might have done had the hand of the assassin—militarism's friend, if not agent—been stayed.

No one can measure the far-reaching effect of his martyrdom on the Socialists of the world.

The words of this great orator will go ringing through the nations.

The written pages from his brilliant pen will grow in meaning and power.

For the third time within the year the Socialist cause has lost a great comrade, but none of them has lived in vain.

The works of Jaures, Bebel and De Leon have not died with them. Their lives and their deeds will live as inspiration to others long after we shall have achieved the emancipation of the workers.

F. E. W.

Trend of the Hour

ALL OVER the world there is a startling trend toward State Capitalism. This is brought about in some countries by war and in others by capitalists who shrink from the risks incidental to the rising tide of the radical movement. In England, with the war as a pretext, or as an actual military necessity, the government has taken possession of the entire system of transportation, including the bus lines. Railways and tramways are operated primarily for the movement of troops and supplies, yet the public is being served as a sort of subsidiary action; but the service is good and there is little complaint.

Lloyd George has definitely announced that he will take over the entire food supply and his cabinet has begun to provide for the unemployed by building "military roads." This action doubtless has been taken to prevent rioting in the cities. Once this responsibility is taken the government will have great difficulty at any time it attempts to disemploy these thousands who will insist on being allowed to continue work.

* * * *

Similar action has been taken on the continent but the censors allow very little news to trickle through. These measures are taken in times of war, but the most interesting phase is the reflex action in the United States.

In the United States there is a decided movement in this direction. The difference between the action here and abroad is that in Europe the action is taken for the benefit of the nation as a whole as a measure of self-preservation, not as a class measure, and is of much benefit to the proletariat, while in the United States the grand bourgeoise gathers and uses its power to induce the state to take over every enterprise which has risks which they themselves are not willing to undertake—using the national government for their chestnut pulling and taking advantage of the panicy state to cause the government to repeal measure after measure, such as currency laws and restrictions on registration under the American flag.

Our gold reserve is to be given over to the foreign bankers of New York in order that it may be loaned by them at usurous rates to hard pressed European powers while the United States is to be flooded with paper currency which, by every law of the money function, is bound rapidly to depreciate.

* * * *

The government has established the principle that the national funds are to be used for advancing actual currency to the capitalists burdened with an unsalable product. Cotton brokers will take their warehouse certificates to the government and, in accordance with the bill before Congress, they will receive 75 per cent of the face value of the certificates in federal treasury notes. There is no limit to where this precedent may lead. The national government will help out the bourgeoise while labor sees the price of foodstuff and other commodities soaring upward.

* * * *

Another benevolent bill that is calculated to protect the timid capitalist is the proposition of the United States government to build thirty large transports to carry commodities to Europe or on other routes that are dangerous. The bourgeoise shrink from the risk of ownership but will ship goods if the government will take all risks and provide the insurance on the cargo. The government will carry capitalists' goods in government ships backed by government insurance—we may be sure the freight and insurance rates will be "all right."

While this is going on the sugar trust has doubled the price on sugar; the meat trust has made a bold grab for the last dollar of the consumer and all other exploiters are shoving prices up to famine figures.

Food trusts are taking steps toward cornering all the necessities of life and they will not only hold up the American people but they will hold the people of Europe at their mercy.

The counter move comes from the people of all classes against the merciless greed of capitalism and

a demand on the government that the food supply be taken over and that distributing stations be established. This movement has taken definite form on the Pacific Coast and meetings are being held and steps taken toward bombarding President Wilson with demands for immediate action.

* * * *

At a fashionable woman's club in Los Angeles a resolution that was extremely revolutionary in wording was adopted and eagerly signed by hundreds of women of the bourbon type. This resolution scathingly denounced the "inhuman ghouls" who are taking advantage of the foreign war and robbing the people. The women called on the President and Congress to establish food supply stations. The enthusiasm among the women was great, the exception being the wives of some of the "ghouls" who happen to be in the wholesale grocery business.

* * * *

While food stuffs take a skyrocket soar, silver takes a wild taboggan glide toward the lowest figure in years. The white metal fell from 62 to 52 in a few days. It reaches a point nearer its intrinsic value in the arts and crafts.

The United States mint at San Francisco is receiving millions in silver while the gold reserve steadily diminishes.

Even as the presses are busy turning out paper money the gold supply is melting away. As rapidly as the collateral (gold) behind this printed currency disappears the value and stability of the greenbacks is bound to depreciate. This is inevitable.

The bankers live on from day to day in the hope that the people will continue to slumber. They see little grounds to fear the DOLLAR STRIKE. They are serene in the belief labor will not awaken to its power. To them the DOLLAR STRIKE is as remote as—war in Europe seemed a few weeks ago.

The trend toward state capitalism is the most serious menace Socialists have had to face. They should be quick to recognize the danger. Now is the time to agitate as never before.

There is but one answer. There must be no way station, no twilight zone betwen Capitalism and Socialism.

The one solution is THE COLLECTIVE OWNERSHIP AND DEMOCRATIC MANAGEMENT OF ALL THE SOURCES OF LIFE.—F. E. W.

MAKE WAR ON WAR!

THAT there is danger of the United States becoming embroiled in the war that is now devastating Europe is not doubted by those who have studied the situation.

The action of Congress in passing the bill to extend American registry to foreign-built ships is fraught with great danger.

Capitalism in America bombarded Congress with demand for this action. The clamor for foreign markets has grown to be a ceaseless din. Exploiters of labor must sell surplus products and pocket surplus profits while wages are kept so low that American labor cannot buy enough of the products of its toil to decently clothe and feed itself.

Meanwhile Capitalism abroad views with considerable consternation this move to gobble the markets of South America and other countries.

England is muttering that it is a German subterfuge and points to the historic facts where the Teutons played the same trick during the Franco-Prussian war in 1870. German ships were then registered under the British flag and the French cruisers sought in vain for a German merchantman. At the end of the war the British flag was lowered and the German flag reappeared on the seas.

England says the Germans are eager to involve America in war. German diplomats made a shrewd attempt to get the United States to meddle with the Japanese-Chinese situation. Between the greed of Capitalism of Europe and Capitalism of America there is danger of a world war.

Now is the time for peace propaganda and Socialists should overlook no opportunity to make war on war and war on bloody-handed Capitalism that breeds war.—F. E. W.

War to Prevent Socialism

By FRANK E. WOLFE

A NUMBER of persons who were present at a meeting of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society when there was a general discussion of the causes and probable outcome of the European war, have accused me of writing the editorial on this subject printed in the Los Angeles Times of August 4, or inferred that I must have supplied the material.

I did not write the editorial. I did not knowingly supply the material.

I do not know whether there was a Times representative present at the meeting on August 2.

The editorial was headed "SOCIALISM AND THE WAR IN EUROPE."

It is the usual style of journalese mixed with the English language, a conglomerate of facts and falsehoods, hatred and malice. It has the appearance of having been written by one who was familiar with the facts and who tried to be fair but whose efforts were nullified by some "editor" who has interjected venomous words, lines and paragraphs in order to make it come down to the style of the senile tyrant himself.

After attributing various minor and incidental causes for the war, the editorial reads:

> **The war was expected. For decades, for generations, the statesmen of the European countries have felt that it was inevitable and have levied as heavy taxes as the people could endure to prepare for this struggle.**
>
> **And it was the oppressive military tribute, possibly more than any other one thing, that developed in Germany, France, England, Austria and Russia the menace of destructive Socialism. Opposition to the military program was the rallying point of the Socialists in each of those countries. The taxes were denounced, the mandatory military service deplored and the standing armies and established navies execrated. * * ***
>
> **It is a question that may possibly never be accurately settled as to just how large a determinative part the fear of Socialism had in causing the rulers of Europe to cast the dice for Mars. But France and Germany and England were actually in internal distress. The dissolution of the British Empire, through the growth of Socialism, was predicted by calm, discerning men. Imperial Germany was constantly straining against the menacing forces of those who sought to seize the government and alter it to the purposes of Socialism, with the motto, "Property Is Robbery." France was equally distressed, and the revolutionary movement in Russia has steadily, insidiously been gaining in strength almost from the inception of the terrorist movement.**
>
> **The throne of almost every ruler in Europe was in jeopardy. Election after election in Germany and France and England showed that the Socialists were gaining—and the irony of the situation was that they steadily grew by inveighing against, as useless and extravagant, the preparations for the international conflict which, in the opinion of Europe's statesmen, was inevitable, and is now at hand.**

The first part of the latter paragraph is almost a literal quotation from my talk the previous evening, with the exception that I mentioned the rising tide of Socialism in Italy and said that country would be involved.

(New York World.)

War's Holy Trinity

After wandering aimlessly through a morass of false statements and stupid deduction, the writer finally returns to his subject with the hopeful statement that:

> **War will crush out the Socialistic agitation for a decade. The rulers and statesmen of Europe know that, and have known it for a long time.**

California Socialists are familiar with the crushing out process. We have been "er-r-rushed out" by the Times and other reactionary organs time and again,

with the result that the agitation is stronger and more extensive than ever before.

To give credit where it is due, I unhesitatingly assert that, to a great degree, the growth of Socialism in California should be attributed to the efforts of H. G. Otis and his newspaper.

The editorial continues:

* * * **And since opposition to the war taxes and to the military service was the prime factor that rallied the Socialistic following and made it a menace, it seems apparent that, with "flames of patriotism roaring to the winds," there will be fewer people in Russia, England, France, Germany or Austria desirous of promoting the program of the Socialist Party that would have left each nation unprepared for war and less able to protect itself against the common enemy.**

The rulers of Europe felt that the war between the nations must come. They realized that unless Socialism was checked it would soon control government. They knew that if war came Socialism would be checked.

Here is Capitalism's confession. Rather than yield to the next step in evolution the exploiting class would plunge the world into terrible, devastating wars.

The Times is serene in the confidence that the bourgeois patriotism of the middle class of America still is responsive to the martial spirit and can be stirred by war clamor. Does the General's dream carry him to the point where he believes the working class of America will rally to the call of the capitalist class?

Does he realize what it would mean at this hour if the millions of Socialists in the United States should become convinced that there is nothing to be hoped from political action as a peaceful solution of the industrial and economic problems that now confront them?

If those who hold this belief are harboring a delusion it will be a sad day for Capitalism when the workers awaken to the futility of their peaceful program.

Solidarity

By EDGCUMB PINCHON

HEAR me, men, women and children; you are damned in toil without gladness
Men shall be strong and serene, unshackled;
Women shall be lithe and fair, joyous in Freedom;
The day shall be clad in brief, blithesome labor—wreathed in a garland of vital leisure;
Night shall fall in violet folds on a world drowned in rapture;
Dawn shall spring out of the scarlet east with a shout and a song to a day of gladness, of unspeakable adventure, of healthy, tingling madness!
I tell you, souls, these things shall be.

Hear me, men women and children; you are damned in toil without gladness:
The wild dream of your all-daring hour,
The stark demand of your unguarded soul,
The abandoned silent clamor of you, tight-lipped—
Are the true signs and tokens of That Which Shall Be.
Across the universe is written one great law—"Demand!"
Beneath the universe writhes one great force—"Desire!"
Set your demand above the unsighted stars,
Let your desire outburn the infernal fires——
Alone—you can do nothing.
But join your hands, you men, women and children; you who are damned in toil—without gladness; and in your Fellowship of Agony—Demand!
And there is nothing you can dream—of merry feast and glowing hearth, of beauty, splendor, grace, of mirthful ease, of dignity of soul, of power, of radiant myriads all absorbed in the entrancement of self-chosen tasks—nothing that is not yours.
I tell you, souls, these things shall be.

Slaughter

By Job Harriman

WAR, carnage, death, destruction, bloodshed, brutality, hunger, starvation, these are the ripe fruits of capitalism. What a terrible crop Europe is gathering!

Crowned heads! High Financiers! Big business men! Ghouls, vultures, every one: Look at your bloody trail. See the widows and the fatherless! They are of your making! Will you feed them?

You robbed their fathers while yet alive. Will you clothe them?

You have driven their husbands into the field of carnage. Will you house them?

No. You will sink your vulturous beak into their tender and broken hearts and suck their blood while they are at the wheel in your factories.

You will build up fortunes, by robbing these helpless widows and children as you robbed their fathers and husbands.

You have no heart, no sympathy, no feeling of human kindness. Your fortunes make you cruel. You build navies and implements for human butchery to protect your fortunes. You skulk away to your palaces while your machine of bayonets, of dynamite, of shrapnel and cannon forces the poor from where you filched your fortune to protect your glittering gold and diamonds.

(New York Call)

Whom the Gods Would Destroy

Your greed keeps pace with your wealth. Your hearts are hardened as your power multiplies. Your brains are seared with your growing ambition. Your conquests at home leads you to war with your neighbor. Familiar with the sight of the starving poor in your own factories, you are able to look with glee upon the field of carnage if only your arms are victorious. To be shot dead for you, is to be forgotten by you.

What a chasm between Christ and the "fighting Lord!" The worst hell that Jesus Christ could imagine is a glorious paradise by the side of the butchery and carnage now raging in Christian Europe.

Christian Europe? What a comment on the teaching of that gentle soul. What effect have they had on the hearts and the minds of the rich?

Oh, you money changers and money getters, your banks and your cathedrals are dens of thieves. Their gilded walls cannot hide your iniquities. Your daily crimes are heard in the roar and seen in the glare of every cannon shot. You may hide your guilt for a time, but the wars you engender tell the story of your unconscionable greed.

You and your kind dwell in every country. You are here in our midst. Your hearts rejoice at the bloodshed in Europe while, with the satanic grin you raise the price of food in a glutted market. You rejoice over the war because the destruction of property and food will create a temporary demand for your goods.

You laugh as you build your fortunes on the carcasses of man. You grin and clutch your diamonds as you hear the bones of men crushed under the weight of your gold. You pay your preacher to pray for you and to bless this hellish prosperity.

You are building your armies and your navies. You can plunge them into war, but you cannot stop them after the war is over. The French revolution rolled on like a great tidal wave for a quarter of a century. The army had spent its force but the soul of the people of France went marching on.

The military machine of the warring nations, numbering some 20,000,000 men, is exhausting itself while the souls of three hundred million are revolting at the butchery and unconsciously preparing for a change. The reaction will come. The crowned heads and their thrones will soon be among the relics of the past. The ambitious will be shelved and forgotten. The high

financiers, the getters of money and the power that goes with it, the land pirates, will be relegated to stand in history with the pirates of the sea.

The powerful in the new order will be those who serve mankind, while those who rob or try to rob either by hand, by connivance or by word of mouth will be retired to the asylum and soon forgotten.

Love and brotherly kindness will arise out of this world cataclysm and thrive in this world of plenty.

This age of savagery with its horrors of war will be a landmark of the greatest change in the life of the human race.

THE TOILERS

Crouching they cling like vermin to the earth
And with their bleeding fingers scrape the earth
But for a little dust, their sustenance,
A little dust mixed with the sweat of brow,
The blood of fingers and the tears of pain.

'Tis not for them the sun shines gloriously,
The flowers bloom, the fruit hangs on the tree,
'Tis not for them the birds and poets sing,
Or lovely women smile.

They have to crouch and cling and sweat and scrape
But for a little dust—their sustenance.

—Adolf Wolff.

SOCIAL PROGRESS

In days of old, so we've been told,
The strong man ruled the cliffs;
He took a club to any dub
Sans wherefores, buts or ifs,
And then took of the weaker's wealth
Whatever he thought right;
He did this while he kept his health,
But after that—good night!

But modern days have modern ways
To turn the primal trick;
The smallest shrimp, whose grip is limp,
May swing the biggest stick;
And strong men gladly work for him
For part of what is theirs,
And then when death has doused his glim
Keep working for the heirs.

—By Rex Lampman.

The cartoon on the cover page of this Western Comrade was reproduced from the Appeal to Reason. The drawing was made by Ryan Walker.

The time was never better to educate the workers. Agitate and educate. This is Red Week.

Slams at Sophists

Japan's declaration of war is prefaced by a reference to the "grace of heaven." The kaiser's reply will be an invocation to God to send success to his troops. The jumble of prayer to various gods imploring aid in wholesale murder is mingled with the curses of the struggling, the shrieks of the wounded, the moans of the dying and the wails of the widowed.

The greed of Capitalism sends countless thousands to untimely death. Now is the time to make war on war!

The failure of the H. B. Claflin wholesale drygoods house of New York is officially attributed to the uptown movement, to the fact women have abandoned petticoats, the elimination of the middleman, a faulty system of financing, the new currency law and the policies of the Wilson administration. If they need any more reasons they might tack on the spots in the sun, the juxtaposition of Jupiter and Mars, the jerkiness of the hydrostatic paradox and the failure of the pea crop in Timbuctoo.

Here's the constitution trampled on again! That "inalienable" right that guards us against "cruel and unusual punishment" has been alienated in Colorado. "Lieutenant" Linderfelt, of Rockefeller's militia, who commanded the brave soldiers who shot, bayonetted and burned to death nineteen persons, has been reduced "five files in the ranks."

Samuel G. Blythe, writing for the Saturday Evening Post on the political situation in California, mentions "John W. Fredericks" as candidate for governor. We thought he meant John D., but later in the article the writer says, "Fredericks is a popular man and a good lawyer." Who can this be?

In the face of the awful results of great armament and the terrific toll death is taking and the inevitable burden upon mankind for centuries, Hearst is shouting for the establishment of a navy twice the size of any other power. He says this would cost the "dear motherland" only $300,000,000 a year!

Get out and work for the EIGHT-HOUR LAW in California, Oregon and Washington. Don't let Henry Dubb sleep. Prod him into activity.

Urge upon every working man and woman the necessity of registering in order to start the big strike Nov. 3.

Hustle for the Eight-Hour Day.

Sentenced For Death!

By WILLOUGHBY SMART

THE AVERAGE American Citizen, with all his hifalutin' spread-eagleism is entirely devoid of anything like true appreciation of the preciousness of human liberty—now, don't get excited, I know all about those Fourth of July orations over which you get so "het-up"—they deal with glorious (and meaningless) abstractions; and it is the beauty of abstractions that, however rationally ridiculous they may be, they are rated academic and respectable.

But when it comes to the concrete—I might say the mud of life's realities—when some poor down-and-outer or some undistinguished Tom, Dick or Harry of the common highway commits or is alleged to have committed, some breach of the law, does your nice sense of value, in human liberty, render you sensitive to the degree of severity of the punative methods applied to the case?

Do you so much as turn a (moral) hair or fancy you see the Statue of Liberty smile when a local judge sentences some poor scamp to five years in a penitentiary for a sixty-day offense?

Do you deem the name of Freedom scandalized when a first offender (an old army veteran with a blameless past, who makes a clean breast right away) is sent up for fifteen years for a deed of highway robbery to which he was prompted, if not absolutely driven, by downright destitution?

Does your blood boil when a smug, round-bellied police court judge sentences unemployed men to one and two (not weeks, but) **years** apiece for holding a meeting to protest against hunger on Christmas day—that one day in the year when all the world else is feasting—men whose only fault was that they grew angry, as they were hungry, when the police broke up their peaceful and orderly meeting? Nary a boil, nary a simmer!

You read the newspaper account of how a callous, dehumanized judicial jackanapes sentences some poor devil for that diabolically and dishonestly indefinite offense of "vagrancy"—which as it affects a given individual may mean simply that he was poor and the cop "didn't like his face," and you pass it by unmoved.

Until it actually strikes the average American he can never be made to see that it is HIS concern.

In the beautiful City of the Angels there are innumerable cases of these judicial outrages and never a ripple on the placid surface, here where family love and all gentle virtues of civilized life are supposed to be cultivated.

FIVE YEARS for stealing a cheap watch. (Of course there was the usual "bad record"—proven false only after sentence had been passed, and sentence never was changed.)

SEVEN YEARS for the theft of a cheap tiepin. (First offense of a man who had spent a lifetime at hard, useful labor and who had been debauched by state sanctioned sale of poison.)

TEN YEARS each for two who stole $80. (A lawyer friend of the judge defended this sentence by citing the men's "tough looks.")

FOURTEEN YEARS for being room-mate of a sneak thief who shot an officer.

FIFTY YEARS for a youth who took part in a hold-up.

FIFTEEN YEARS for the theft of a pair of eyeglasses. (This judge deplored the "force and violence" that had been used!)

ONE YEAR for a man who had spoken at a public meeting of the unemployed at which a riot had been precipitated by the officiousness of the police, though it was admitted the man was not in the neighborhood when the riot occurred.

These cases might be indefinitely added to.

Most of these judges are candidates for re-election.

A young man was recently arrested on a charge of vagrancy. The arresting "peace officer" swore the youth was a dope fiend and that he wouldn't work. He was imprisoned three days and though the judge threw the case out of court he would not permit the attorney for the boy's defense to cross-question the officers and bring out the fact that perjury had been committed. Loss of employment, disgrace and humiliation of imprisonment were not considered. The judge protected the officers who had worked out a personal grudge and there was no redress. It all ended when the judge said "the case is closed—the man's discharged!"

And this fat, fatuous and unctious one is also a candidate for a higher position and probably will be elected; which makes us want to add a few expletives to Puck's observation that humanity was composed largely of long-eared, mouse-colored jackasses, or words to that effect.

Get some names on the dotted line of the application card. Then take their one dollar subscription to the Western Comrade for one year.

Co-operation and the Labor Movement

By WALTER THOMAS MILLS

THERE is very little labor that is altogether individual in its character. Most of the work of the workers is devoted to the production of some article which others use, or to the doing of some service in the benefits of which others share.

Labor includes all classes of work, whether in producing a commodity, as a farmer produces wheat, or rendering a service, as a physician heals a wound. In all such labor it is not only true that the persons who use the wheat, or whose wounds are healed, are directly concerned, but it is also true that in most work more than the single worker is engaged in doing the work. The farm equipment, not produced by the farmer, and the hospital and its staff, as well as the physician, are also essential to the work in hand. Hence, practically all labor is collective in its character.

Just because of the collective character of most labor the promotion of the interests of labor must be a collective movement, not merely an individual undertaking. Labor cannot be done without organization. Neither can the interests of labor be promoted without organization.

Labor which may be said to be entirely individual in its character, like a man washing his own hands for purposes of his own comfort, may be said to be self-employed. In such case it may also be said that he gets the whole product or advantage of his labor. If collective labor were also self-employed, as the Socialists wish, then there would fall to those who do the work the whole benefit of collective labor, just because then the workers would be the only claimants to be considered.

The exploitation of labor rests on the control of the opportunities to labor by others than the laborers themselves. This is accomplished by making the ownership of the products of labor fall not to the workers, but instead, to the owners of the opportunities to labor. This control of opportunities, through the private ownership by a part of the people of the things used by all of the people, extends to natural resources, to all materials, to tools, shops, warehouses, railways, banks and stores. The workers are so completely hedged about that their only chance to live is to sell their labor for such wages as they can get and buy their living at such prices as they are obliged to pay.

Those who thus monopolize all the opportunities to render service assume the right, because they have the power to name the wages when labor is sold and to fix the prices when the laborers buy back the products of their own toil. It is by keeping down wages and pushing up the selling prices of the means by which the workers live that those who render no necessary service are able to take to themselves the larger share of all the results of human toil. Never in the life of the race was it possible to produce so much with so little expenditure of human energy as now. Never was labor able to buy so small a share of its total products as now.

Immediately, the labor movement is a collective battle for better wages, when labor is sold, and for lower prices when labor buys its bread. Ultimately, the labor movement is for the co-operative commonwealth, under which the co-operative ownership and use of the means by which human service is made possible will give to those who render service all of the advantages of the service which they render. The great problem is how to fight the immediate battle for better wages, and for lower prices, and at the same time hasten the coming of the complete deliverance which can come only by the final triumph of the co-operative organization and control of the working plant of the world.

The collective fight for better wages is the trades union movement, in some form. The collective fight for lower prices is the co-operative movement, in some form. It has been contended that if the trades unions do their work well no other labor movement is necessary. It has been contended that if co-operation on a voluntary basis were faithfully carried out it would be the end of the controversy. It has been contended by some that neither of these can solve the labor problem, and sometimes it is even said that one or the other or both the trades union and the voluntary co-operative movements are only half-way compromises and tend to obstruct, to hinder and so to delay the coming of co-operation established by law and extending its benefits to all mankind.

But the advantages of the co-operative commonwealth cannot be enjoyed in advance of its coming. The advancing army must live while on the march. The economic foundations cannot be escaped from, not even by those who contend most earnestly for the doctrine of economic determinism. It is not the economic foundations as they will be, but as they are, which must condition our battle for the new foundations as they ought to be. It is impossible to live on the fruits of the harvest during the season of planting and culture. Neither the planters nor the harvesters can

be fed from the harvest itself. They must be provided for by that which has gone before.

Socialism offers to the workers the greatest economic prize ever offered to labor. But the Socialists cannot live on the prize itself while they are still striving to get the prize. They must live under economic injustice while striving for deliverance. HENCE THE REAL PROBLEM IS HOW TO IMPROVE THE CONDITIONS OF LIVING UNDER THE OLD SYSTEM WHILE BUILDING THE NEW. This can be done only by collective action of some sort and collective action in this field of any sort is either a trades union or a voluntary co-operative movement of some sort.

Is it not, then, perfectly clear that the economic foundation, not for Socialism, but for the fight for Socialism, is to be found in the trades union and in voluntary co-operative undertakings. In Europe and in Great Britain, the economic advantages of the trades unions and the co-operative undertakings are the most vital and the most powerful of all the forces which are hastening the coming of Socialism. In those countries for every penny paid to the Socialist organizations, the man making the payment can at once see a dozen pennies coming his way, not after Socialism has been won, but at once and as an additional equipment in the battle for Socialism.

In the same way no one works very long either as a trade unionist or as a co-operator without discovering that the worst foe of either is the political power in the hands of the enemies of both. Neither does one go very far without discovering that the final of all co-operative organization must be the activity of the state itself in the organization and management of the great social service, including all those enterprises which must be great private monopolies to rob you if they are not made great public enterprises to serve you instead. That means that the outcome of both the trades union and of the voluntary co-operative movements must be political action by and in behalf of labor.

These three lines of action cannot be reasonably put into competition with each other. They must be allies, not foes. The trades unions and the co-operative movements must make the immediate fight for a better chance in life, while the old order remains, but this fight must be made in a way that it will hasten the final triumph, not delay it. The failures in these undertakings are the failures of labor. Disowning the failures does not hasten success, and refusing to try lest one shall fail is to admit incapacity for the larger tasks which labor must undertake if deliverance is ever to be achieved.

Neither the trades unions nor the co-operative undertakings can succeed without leading directly to political action in behalf of the proposals of the Socialists. And the Socialists cannot carry on their war successfully without an immediate program under which the workers for Socialism shall be able to secure important economic advantages without waiting for the kingdom come. Besides, that immediate program must be a training and a preparation for the responsibilities of the new order of things. Every achievement in either the unions or in co-operative effort makes the workers stronger in the battle and wins confidence in themselves and confidence in each other as nothing else can possibly do.

Those who cannot manage a co-operative store, or factory, or farm may well hesitate before undertaking the management of the co-operative commonwealth. Those who have succeeded in such undertakings cannot be kept from struggling after each higher task as they have attained the mastery over each smaller kingdom.

The strength of the Socialist movement elsewhere is in its sense of power gained in its trades union and co-operative movements. The solidarity of the labor organizations in all of Europe is the foundation of their marvelous achievements at the ballot box. What they have already accomplished in behalf of labor in their own shops, stores, factories and farms has revealed to them as nothing else could do what a world of peace, of wealth, of universal education, of social joy, of high and holy character they might establish if the exploiter could be excluded and the power and resources of the state made available for the common good.

All the workers must be gotten into the unions and the unions got together. The tremendous purchasing power of the workers must be combined and used in their own behalf. Co-operation under which the producer and the consumer shall be brought close together until waste and exploitation shall be excluded from the problem, must be advanced, but not as a substitute for Socialism. So far as they can be established, Socialism will be established. When voluntary action can do no more, then the experience and the power will have been attained to take over the state itself.

California should start a campaign at once to get 50,000 members of the Socialist party. It can be done if the economic power of the workers can be interested to make the workers stand together when they sell their labor, and when they buy their living, and when they use the power of their citizenship, and to use it in their own behalf.

This is Socialist week. Two important duties are before you—get some new party members and get some subs for Socialist publications.

Do it now!

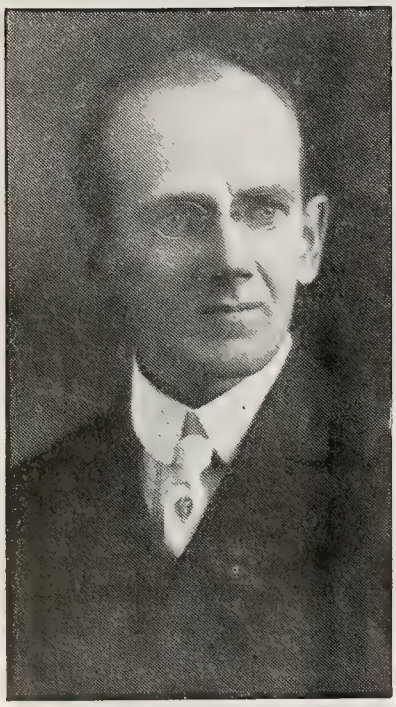
Nature Leads Man

Scientist Tells How Natural Laws of Chemistry and Mechan

By W. S

AGES AGO when the world was young and the rule of old Sabre Tooth, the tiger, was undisputed throughout the California jungles, that section of the state which is now known as the Antelope Valley was a fertile and well-watered plain covered with forests and dotted with lakes. On the west and south a range of low hills separated it from the sea and was the birthplace of the numerous brooks and rivers that flowed away eastward toward the Colorado.

With the slow passing of the centuries great changes came. Terrible earthquakes shook the entire west as the rock strata which had long been slowly bending began to break, so that what had formerly been low hills were flung up in great masses of rocks, becoming mountains from 7,000 to 10,000 feet in elevation. These high ranges intercepted the moist breezes which had formerly given birth to tropical jungles and combined with other more obscure climatic changes caused the rainfall to gradually diminish. The forests died. The vegetation became scanty and took on a desert character. The entire land seemed dead, but in reality it was only sleeping, and just as a person during sleep gains in strength so during the long ages that these plains lay apparently barren they were in reality constantly gaining in fertility.



W. SCOTT LEWIS

It is a well-known fact that in all regions of heavy rainfall the very best soil is constantly being washed away into the sea. So great is the financial loss resulting from such erosion that for the United States it is estimated to be equal to the entire land tax of the nation. In sparsely watered regions there is none of this loss and the finer and richer elements are retained with the coarser particles. This explains the great soil fertility so often found in desert regions.

Picking Pears at Ranch No. 3

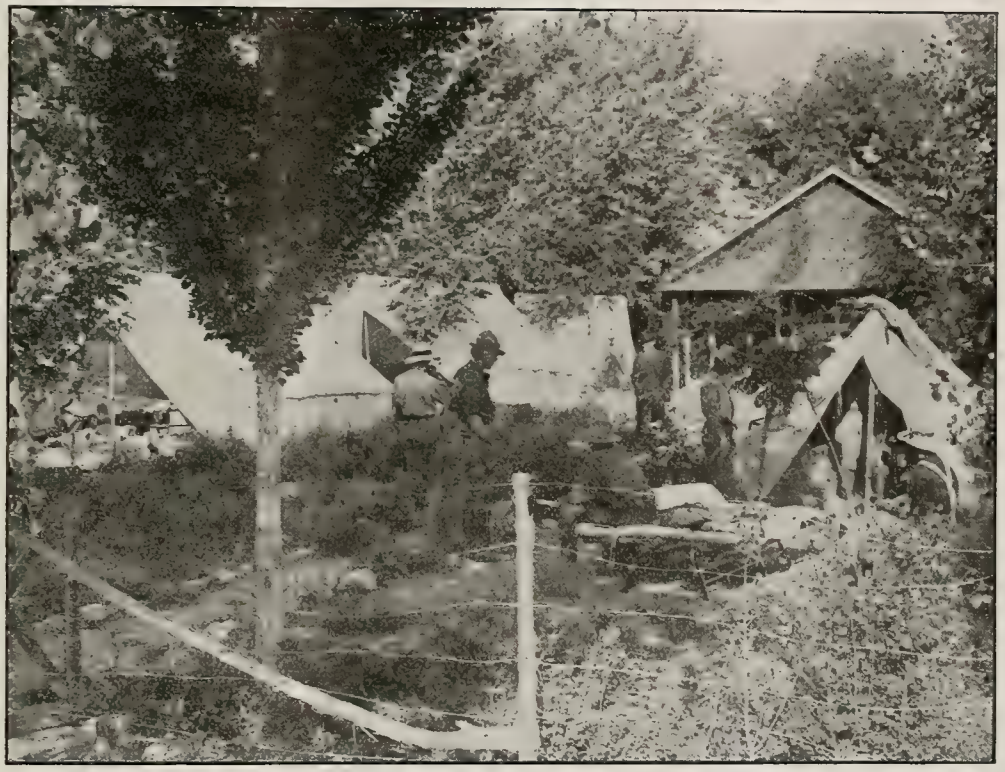
In order that a soil may produce large crops continuously without heavy fertilization it is necessary that it contain large amounts of certain chemical substances and only small amounts of some others. As the soil of a desert region, not subject to overflow, can only be derived from the decomposition of the surrounding rocks, it is possible, by studying the geology and mineralogy of a region, to derive a pretty good idea as to the permanent fertility of the soil, also as to its important physical characteristics, the ease with which it can be worked.

The mountains back of Llano del Rio are composed almost entirely of granite which is gradually crumbling under the action of the winter frosts and the frequent rains. The resulting debris is carried out and deposited upon the plain below by the winter storm waters. This

in Vast Co-operation

s for Untold Ages Have Wrought Miracles With Land and Soil

ott Lewis



The great al fresco bedroom at Ranch No. 1 (Goodmans) where about forty persons slept for months beneath the stars.

The climate is equable and balmy.

pr- -ess continuing for tens of centuries has gradually built up a gently sloping mesa, extending downward from the base of the range to the general level of the desert. The lands upon which the Llano Colony is situated are upon the upper part of this slope, where the soil is of great depth and of that degree of fineness most desired by agriculturists.

One of the most important fertilizing elements is potash and if this is lacking from the soil it can only be supplied at great expense. There seems to be no question but what these lands are well supplied with this fertilizer as the granite of the region is especially rich in the potash-bearing mineral orthoclase, carrying in some cases as high as 13% potash.

No practical method has yet been discovered for separating the potash constituent from the other elements, although the government is offering every encouragement to experiments along these lines, and it now seems probable that electrolysis ultimately will solve the problem. But what man has not yet been able to do on a commercial scale nature has been doing in her own slow way for ages and by decomposing the rocks and releasing the potash has constantly added to the fertility of the soil.

It is of interest to note that a specimen of clay from a playa out on the plain shows 3.4% available potash. This accumulation can only take place through a gradual concentration from the water which during heavy winter rains has leached through the porous fertile soil higher up.

There are places in the Antelope Valley where gypsum occurs in such a quantity that the soil has come to partake of the characters of plaster of paris, being almost useless for agricultural purposes. This

mineral does not occur at Llano del Rio and neither does "alkali," the soil being entirely free from any injurious element.

On the hills to the south, and very easy of access, there is an immense deposit of limestone. In one place kilns were constructed and considerable cement manufactured before the lands were taken over by the present company, but a much better outcropping has now been found a little distance from this point that will not only make a better cement, but will be still easier of access. There seems to be no reason why all permanent buildings cannot be constructed in an absolutely fireproof manner at very little expense, by using this home product. Such buildings will have the added advantage of being cooler in summer and warmer in winter than frame structures.

It is also possible that a deposit of marble will yet be developed, as float found in the Mescal Canyon indicates that one may be expected in the vicinity.

The essential nitrogenous elements of the soil seem to be present throughout the tract in a quantity sufficient for years to come, while in the extreme eastern part of the colony land, near the Mescal dam, there is a mesa where the soil is almost black with decomposed leaf mold. Enormous returns are to be expected from places like this.

Burning Limestone for Material Used in Concrete Construction at Llano del Rio

In the mountains to the south there are traces of such metals as iron and copper, but the formation is not favorable to extensive deposits of this type. Those who have spent money in development work have apparently failed to realize that an ounce of copper will stain an enormous quantity of rock. Gold is without question present in a trace everywhere in the soil, but in general it is safe to say that practically all of the mining operations in the Antelope Valley will be confined to the volcanic hills which border it upon the north and which are heavily mineralized in places.

The "Hotel" Builder's Camp. Left to Right: The Thomas Brothers, Weis, Milligan and Reeslund

An abundant water supply for the colony is already assured, but it seems probable that a much greater supply will ultimately be developed. Geologists recognize the existence of a great break, or fault, along the northern side of the range. This marks one of the places where the rock strata broke at the time the mountains were thrown up to their present height, away back at the beginning of the Quarternary period.

There are reasons for thinking that a great deal of the water that comes from the melting snows at the summit of the range sinks into this crevice, forming an underground stream and possibly forming the artesian supply for the Antelope Valley, if not for more distant regions. It should be possible to find some place where this fault can be tapped with tunnels and a large flow of water developed.

The colony has the advantage of drawing its water supply from mountains sufficiently high to receive summer showers. The damp sea breeze flowing over their high summits is so chilled that, barometric conditions being favorable, the moisture is condensed, giving birth to heavy thunder storms around the highest peaks which help to maintain a steady flow of water in the canyons below. Another advantage is that the forested slopes are not covered with a growth of underbrush sufficiently heavy to make forest fires extremely dangerous. There is a very encouraging growth of young trees in places and plenty of timber already grown to supply the needs of the colony for a long time to come.

The vegetation over such parts of the colony as are not under cultivation is characteristic of the Mojave.

The most striking and artistic plant is the Joshua tree, or tree yucca. These strange objects are to be seen on every hand and add a touch of weirdness to a landscape that is far from being monotonous. They are especially attractive when seen by moonlight. There is only one species of true cactus growing at this elevation, but it makes up in ferocity for what it lacks in numbers. The tenderfoot from the city who stumbles

Where the Carpenter Crew Made Camp in an Orchard. Note the Flag "Flying There"

over it in the darkness at once takes a long step toward becoming proficient in the artistic and expressive language of the region.

The wild buckwheat is everywhere and its masses of white flowers produce an abundance of honey which will doubtless be utilized by the colony in times to come.

Even as late as August the desert paint brushes add a touch of brilliant red to the edges of the irrigating ditches, and perhaps the presence of so many Socialists in the vicinity will cause them to bloom throughout the year after this. Up beside Big Rock Creek are to be found magnificent specimens of the prickly poppy, a close relative of the Matilija. Its petals are white and look as if made of tissue paper, while the center is a lovely gold. Fortunately nature has provided it with ample means of defense, otherwise admiring campers would soon cause its complete extinction. Along with it grows a magnificent evening primrose. By day it is quite inconspicuous, but as the evening shadows fall its great yellow flowers burst open, transforming it into a thing of beauty.

The desert cottonwood grows with great rapidity along the irrigating ditches and will doubtless be extensively planted, as more shade trees will be badly needed as the colony grows.

Morning and evening the cloud effects are especially fine, the feathery cirrus clouds in particular reaching a degree of development which in its delicate beauty is unknown nearer the coast. At night the stars shine out with a brilliancy that is almost startling to the city dweller.

Indeed Llano del Rio is not only a place of wonderful possibilities, but it is situated among surroundings of far more than ordinary beauty. It is one of those places that inspires both poet and painter, and unless appearances deceive it is about to come into its own. We trust that every dream of those good and true comrades who are now doing the hard physical labor of preparing the soil for the coming of the water will be realized and that they will have the reward which their faithfulness and trust deserves.

CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION

W. P. Hatton of Little Rock, Cal., who has a sixteen-acre ranch ten miles from Llano del Rio Colony, is harvesting 100 tons of pears, which should yield him about $100 per ton after all expenses and charges are paid. The colony has about 55 acres of the same sort of pear trees, but they have not yet reached the bearing age. It is the intention of the colonists to establish their nursery and plant several hundred acres in deciduous fruit each year until they have the largest deciduous orchard in California.

The members of the colony are nearly all Socialists. They are doing the pioneering of a great constructive enterprise. About sixty members, many of whom have families, have entered the colony and are working in the various departments. Others have taken their

View of Mescal Dam, Which Has Since Been Filled With Water From Jackson's Lake

memberships and are so arranging their affairs that they may leave the worry and vexations in the world of competition and take up life in a co-operative colony.

The colonists hope to recruit several members within the next year. They are in need of men and women of nearly all useful occupations. Anyone interested can get full particulars by writing to Llano del Rio Colony, 924 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Wonderful Brain!

There are 398,000 wage workers in Chicago who are paid an average daily wage of $1.61—Report of Industrial Department, Chicago Association of Commerce.

"THE solution of the present depression is not, to my mind, a difficult matter," said the president of a Los Angeles bank, as he looked thoughtful and paused for the mighty enginery of his brain to get under headway.

"The solution would come with lower wages. That would ease off one the pressure.

"The labor unions have an opportunity. Let them get together and reduce wages and the hard times will be over."

There you are in a nutshell. Let those heads of families who are receiving $1.61 a day—when they can find a job—hold a meeting and agree voluntarily to reduce their wages by the simple method of knocking off the dollar and working for 61 cents.

If they do this they would make banking and other business better because:

They could pay higher rents to the landlord who is a depositor in the banks.

They could pay more interest on their mortgages, thus increasing the "earnings" of all banks.

They could buy more groceries and other foodstuffs.

They could pay up the back debt they owe the doctor.

They could buy more shoes and more school books for the children.

They could pay the undertaker and dodge the potters' field.

Oh, yes; with lower wages the workers could pay more interest, rent, taxes, buy more goods, stimulate home building, enliven industry and awaken commerce.

It's a happy thought and, if it can be properly spread and the workers adopt it, should bring a medal—if one has been offered for double-distilled assininity.—G. E. B.

Boy scouts of Europe are under command of the war office and are falling in the bloody trenches on the firing line. The mothers of these children were told, just as they are told in America, that the organization was not of a military character. The powder trust finances the organization and the boys are food for powder.

The San Francisco Star says "Even Anna Goldman is opposed to war." We don't know Anna, but probably she is related to the distinguished Emma, who also opposes war.

The Song of the Riders

We are the men who could never stand the rule of an ordered, bordered land,
Scorning a future made and planned, and cut to a dead man's will.
Riding together with song and jest, we follow the nameless, fameless quest,
Broken and shattered, our band, at best, but laughing at danger still.

While others love the old lands, the cold lands, we mould lands;
We leave the worn-out altars, and we build new shrines.
The world will find its way here, and pray here, and stay here,
While we are off and riding where the last star shines.

We are the men who are rebels born, shattered and broken, alone, forlorn.
Beaten? Why, yes, in a hundred fights, but fighting on, dogged still;
Shut from the things that we used to know, led by the light that's ahead, we go,
Comrades to death, while the ride shall last, and slave to no master's will!

While others love the old worlds, the cold worlds, we mould worlds,
And men will kneel and worship at the altars that we raise;
For yet they'll find their way here, and pray here, and stay here—
While we are off and riding, on strange new ways.

—By Mary Carolyn Davies.

Don't Scratch It!

"I AM A believer in the high cost of living. I have little patience with this continual complaint," says Underwood, the $75,000-a-year president of the Erie Railroad.

Now, now, don't get excited! Don't cannonade cockroaches! Don't scratch it! It will never get well if you pick it.

Underwood is a product. He is a symptom—a pimple—showing that beneath the surface, and not so far beneath, there is in the social body a rotting, reeking disease.

Don't fiddle with effects. Find the cause of the decay.

Go after the sources of the pestilence that breeds and festers and causes these surface eruptions.

Don't pick it! It requires a major operation for the system that breeds these symptoms—an amputation, just below the ears.—G. E. B.

Pacific Co-operative League

By E. O. F. AMES

THERE are many forms of voluntary co-operation and there have been many failures. Failures, however, are to the co-operator what an election defeat is to a Socialist and no more. In both instances a defeat is the signal for the opening of a new campaign, a campaign more certain of success because of the experience gained in past reverses.

Fourteen years of effort in co-operative endeavor in this state has revealed valuable lessons, many difficulties and disappointments.

It has been the close study of prominent co-operators to overcome these difficulties.

Work and experience along these lines have resulted in the formation of the Pacific Co-operative League.

In a few words, the writer wishes to explain this simple and novel co-operative enterprise. The Pacific Co-operative League, with central offices in San Francisco, is born of much past experience. The founders combine an extensive experience of co-operation in its theoretical and practical application both in this state and in Great Britain.

We are often told by famous men that they accumulate above all else a growing sense of their own limitations as they progress in study and knowledge. The originators of the Pacific Co-operative League may not be famous men, yet, but they are blessed with a belief in caution and the value of small beginnings. The league has made some very stringent rules of operation, which will in the telling give the reader a fair idea of the work the league is doing.

All the business of the league is done on a strictly cash basis. No goods bought or sold, except for cash. No capital expenditure can be made till the money is actually subscribed for the purpose. No expense for operating can be incurred that is not positively being earned in the business. Progress depends upon each step being a safe one and self-supporting.

The aim of the league is to unite producer and consumer by the shortest possible route and to do it at cost, eliminating the idea of making a profit on the work. In brief, the league reverses the purpose of industry as it is understood today. Instead of making the needs of the community a means of personal profit or selfish interest, it aims to make those needs the means of service to, and better human relations, in the community.

The basis of the league work is in the small community or co-operative clubs, which the league organizers are instituting. Neighbors are brought together in groups and their orders for groceries and merchandise of any description are bulked by the secretary, who forwards them to the league. The league supplies the goods at wholesale, plus only a small addition for cost of repacking, and delivery is made direct to the member or the club. The entire cost of retailing is thereby eliminated at one blow.

The league is affiliated with the Co-operative Wholesale Society in San Francisco, a company of fourteen years' standing, and therefore has an assured source of supply for its members' orders.

Admission to the group buying clubs affiliated to the league is $5 only. This entitles the member to permanent buying privileges and involves no liability whatsoever. The charge of $5 is made to cover the cost of organizing. This is the lowest price at which the expense can be met at present and is made low in order to afford co-operative wholesale buying at cost to all who need it.

The club is the beginning. From this small and inexpensive start it is hoped to build up co-operative distributing centers. As the members of the buying clubs gain confidence in co-operation, and the managers of the league, they are encouraged to subscribe for full membership. Full membership costs $105, which can be paid by installments. This entitles the member to an equal vote with all the other members and an equal share in all the property rights of the league. No one can obtain any interest or right in the league that is not open to every other member and in this way the true co-operative character of the league is assured.

The money collected from membership shares is used to establish the distributing warehouses mentioned above. These will be run not for profit, but to distribute goods at as near cost as practicable. The ultimate end in view being the complete control of the people's business.

The buying plan of the league secures to the members an average reduction in the cost of living of at least 20%. On groceries it is a little less; on clothing and other merchandise, more. A saving of from $3 to $5 per ton on coal direct from the mine to clubs has been made.

Prominent men all over the United States have given the league their ready endorsement.

Syphilization of the Marquesans

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

THEY won't work, these Marquesan people with whom I lived five months, and from whose islands, seven degrees below the equator—toward New Zealand—I have returned unwillingly to civilization. They don't have to work. Their food hangs on trees right over their heads. They eat breadfruit and cocoanuts and bananas and oranges, vi apples, mangos, pistachio nuts, papayas, alligator pears, rose apples, taro, feis, watercress and fish, shrimp, lobsters, crabs and pigs, goats and beef.

They don't do a stroke. There is not a tilled field in the eight Marquesas islands, nor a wagon, nor a wheelbarrow.

A Marquesan Chief With Beautifully Tattooed Legs

Every man and every woman has land; and the crops grow without cultivation. I never saw a hoe nor a plow.

If a Marquesan wants breadfruit he yanks it off the trees, and so with cocoanuts, mangos and all the other score of fruits, nuts and berries. The trees are practically in common; the Marquesans today are a brotherhood. If they hunger for fish or sport, a group of neighbors, men and women, take the canoes from the beach and spear or snare the bonito, albicore, ray and a hundred other kinds of fish that seem just crazy to get the hook.

I have been with parties that caught a ton in a night's fun. If they want a haunch of goat, a side of beef, or a ham from a boar, they mount their agile horses and ride to the hills, where the animals are always to be found.

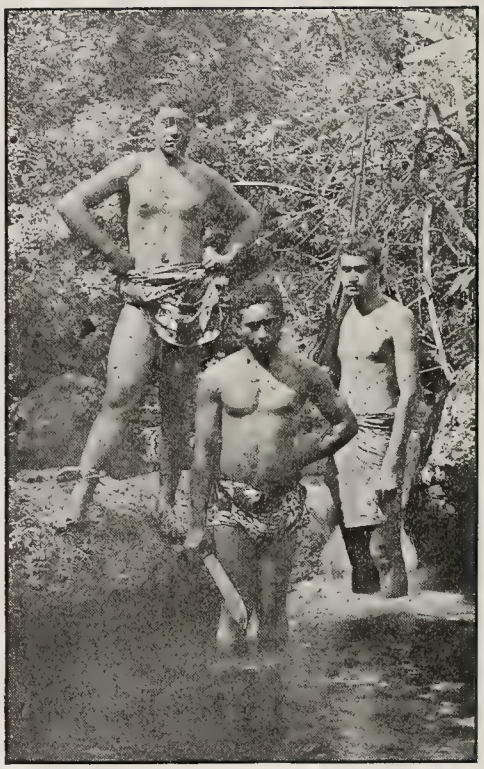
No. They won't work. It makes the white traders furious.

"If those bastards would plant cocoanuts and make copra we'd all be rich in a few years," said an American trader to me.

"Gott in Himmel! I haf dried und dried to persvade die natives to vork und dey laugh und say nix," said a German trader with tears in his eyes.

They don't need the money. That's it. They all help one another building a house or in anything useful. Their cocoanuts they sell to the traders and get tobacco and cloth and other things they like.

They wear flowers in their hair every day; men and women alike. Nature gave them one of the richest soils of the universe. They are the handsomest natural people I have ever seen, and I have visited most of the world.



The Marquesans Are Natural Swimmers and Boatmen, Good Woodsmen and Mountain Climbers

They are olive or tawny in color, like our folks at the beaches. They are not negroes. Their features are almost perfect. But they won't work.

"Ze damn fool don't care for money," said a Frenchman to me. "Tonnere de dieu! Zey say ze money ees not worth working for. Zey have plenty and zey prefer to take it easy, to sing and dance and

swim in ze water. Sapristi! Zey are fou, crazee! If zey would work for 60 cents a day we would get ze money like rain. Zey all ought to be shot and bring in ze Chinaman."

Pascual and His Friends. He is a Physical Giant and a Professional Pilot and Interpreter

I asked my friend, Pootuhatuha, a manly, strapping fellow, about the plaint of the traders.

"What's the use?" he replied. "Why spend our lives toiling to make those whites rich? We have enough. A few hours once in a while gathering cocoanuts and making copra and we have all we want. We don't need the money."

I asked a missionary what had the whites brought.

"The gospel," he said, unctiously.

"Anything else?" I persisted.

"Oh, you refer to diseases," he said. "It is sad. The whites brought consumption, syphilis and leprosy; this last by importing Chinese coolies as laborers. They also brought opium, rum and smallpox and other diseases. There were no diseases here when the whites came. The Marquesans were said by every voyager to be the finest race on earth, physically."

"How many Marquesans were there when the whites first came?" I asked.

"About 70,000," he said; "the valleys were full of them."

"And now?"

"Now," said the missionary, "there are about 2500."

"The others died from the diseases the whites brought!" I exclaimed.

"It is sad but true. They were cruel. It was a divine dispensation that some missionaries reached here in time to shed the light of the gospel on the dying people."

"But the missionaries came first, and then the traders and then white government," I said tentatively.

"That is true," he said, "we led the way, as we always do. It is a pity. They are a fine people, but they won't work."

Beside Green Pastures

IN addition to the possession of a considerable territory in Kingdom Come, the Trinity Corporation of New York still holds to a considerable slice of earthly holdings. A recent report shows its total assets include $15,812,400 of "productive property," most of which is "land" in New York City.

There is at least one saloon on the land owned by the corporation. The character of a number of other establishments is well known.

Fifteen millions in income property!

You can picture the sweetly solemn scene as the smug, well fed, well groomed, well content parasites sit on plush cushions folding white, pudgy hands across rotund bellies as the priest purrs along with oily unction: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."
—E d'O.

Carry California, Oregon and Washington for the Eight-Hour Law. Education will do it!

Nursery Rhymes for Read Revolutionists

Little Woodrow he lost his go-
At; doesn't know how to retrieve him—
He went to John D., with a crook in his knee,
But merely just managed to peeve him!

Little Ree Former sat in a corner
Patching the System's pants;
The pant were threadbare, but Ree didn't care;
His work was "constructive"—perchance.

Wise Elbert Hubbard went to his cu'board
to get out his good grindstones,
And sharpen his axes to hew out syntaxes
That add to his slathers of "bones."

Dock and Bill set up a shrill,
Sad cry about the slaughter
In Mexico—not here, O, no!
At home it doesn't matter.
(Very English accent on the last word.)

—A. F. Gannon.

Single Tax and Socialism

By DR. J. E. POTTENGER

IN PREVIOUS discussions I have attempted to make the following points: That Socialists generally are not clear on the land question; that Marx recognized it of prime importance twenty years before George wrote his first book; and that it has failed to receive the attention of Socialists which it deserves.

Undoubtedly the situation is due to the brevity with which Marx treats the question. Had he given landlordism as careful an analysis as he did capitalism, the case would be clear today, but it is fair to say that his remarks on capitalism completely overshadow anything which was said on the land question. Comrade Berger's criticism of Marx on this point, cited in a previous paper, indicates that he (Berger) considers that agriculture presents a special problem of its own, as distinct from the land question elsewhere, mining lands, city lands, etc. The fact is, that the increasing value of agricultural lands with its accompanying tenantry and absentee landlordism is the same problem that confronts the wage-worker in the city, in mines, or elsewhere, where values of natural opportunities are advancing.

Now, since the solution for this problem is urgent, we find ourselves ready to consider the program of the Single Taxers. We can work with them without in the least compromising our position, for any measure designed to tax land to its full value, or to socialize rent and unearned increment.

We can also assist them in abolishing personal property taxation, poll tax and other discriminatory licenses, etc. They wish to abolish the personal property tax because of their peculiar view that the products of labor should not be taxed. We should seek to abolish it for a different reason—on the ground of expediency—for it is impossible to secure an equitable return. No system of espionage is capable of listing equitably this form of property. The strong and powerful can and do conceal their personal property, leaving the less privileged with the burden to bear. The loss (only 10% of the assessed valuation in California) from this item would be many times compensated for by taxing the privileged on the full value of the only thing which cannot be concealed, that is land.

Further, the Socialist movement will find much support from members of the Single Tax movement, in taking over public utilities. Ninety-five per cent of them are collectivists in regard to "monopoly" utilities. There are only a few uncompromizing individualists among them.

There remains one important feature of their program for discussion, i. e., the exemption from taxation **on** (buildings, etc) and **in** (increased fertility, etc.) land. George admits that it is not easy to determine the value of improvements **in** land, but contends that an approximation of such value would be sufficient for practical purposes. This exemption so vital to the success of the Single Taxers, is one which should be considered carefully by Socialists. It is perfectly logical and necessary from the Single Taxers' viewpoint, but it has absolutely nothing to do with the main proposition in which Socialists are interested, i. e., the destruction of land privilege. Land privilege disappears when the other schemes upon which both can agree are carried out. The exemption of improvements is favored by the Single Taxers for the same reason that they favor exemption of personals. But to the Socialists it is different; we do not accept the reasoning of the Single Taxer, and would exempt improvements only on the ground of expediency. But improvements generally differ from personals in that they are for the most part fixed and cannot be concealed from assessment. Personally, I am not especially concerned with the exemption of improvements. It matters little to the working class whether they are or are not exempted; it depends much upon the method by which assessments are made.

The practical question, then, after these various points of agreement have been pointed out, is: How can the full value of land be determined? Is there a system of valuation which will apply equally to lots, improved or unimproved; farming land, mines, etc.? The Single Taxers recommend the Somers method of valuation for city lots. It is not recommended for the valuation of land in general. Briefly, the Somers system is based upon the known market value of individual lots, from which data is constructed a table of valuation for each front foot. All lots similarly situated are declared to have the same valuation. This ent haphazard and discriminatory method of assessment, but there is plenty of chance for improvement upon it.

The only system of valuation which can eliminate the arbitrary feature of the Somers system, and which is of universal application in that it may be used for all land and improvements wherever situated, or for whatever purpose used, is the system in which valua-

Pool of the Nymphs

Scene on the Rio del Llano. The photographer declares this picture was not secured by stealth, chicanery or deception. He even says he approached the scene fearlessly and without embarrassment. In fact, he even asks us to believe the lingerie so tastefully draped from the trees belongs to Mother Nature and the fabric is of ice and spray.

tions are determined by competitive bids. It is the extension of the system which has been used to some extent in New Zealand. Under this plan every owner of land returns his own valuation of land and improvements. He is then taxed on that value. In order to check the tendency to low valuation, a condemnation clause must be inserted giving the state, or any other individual the right to purchase any land and improvements at the owner's valuation, plus, perhaps, a small per cent. This plan, slightly modified, has enabled the government of New Zealand to tax the great landed estates out of existence, one of which, the Cheviot estate of 84,000 acres, was condemned and purchased by the government and subdivided.

This method would extend the law of eminent domain to the last unit of land without the present costly system of appraisement and court action with its numerous delays. It destroys the incentive to dodge taxes. It is not arbitrary, but puts the owner on his honor. The expense of the assessor's office would be a small portion of the present cost. Boards of equalization would be unnecessary. The direct result would be that owners of land now held for speculation in California, upon which practically no taxes are paid, would sell their lands much cheaper than are now asked for them and the worker would have a chance to own a home or rent one for a portion of the present price. The large estates in California would melt in five years.

It is difficult to see why the Single Taxer should refuse to aid the Socialist in securing such legislation, since he takes pride in basing his arguments upon natural law, and here is a plan which gives absolute freedom to the owner, while the Somers system is arbitrary and allows no freedom whatsoever in reckoning values. If this plan should be adopted by the Socialist Party it may readily be seen why it would not be expedient to exempt improvements, for we would need to retain the present costly and tedious process of appraisement in case of condemnation.

Lastly, we can work with the Single Taxers in securing Home Rule in taxation, which will be voted upon next November and which, if adopted, will enable us to try any system which we desire.

Fable of the Invincible One

By A. F. GANNON

ONCE upon a time there was a Young One of Great Strength who said In His Heart:

"I am Strong! But I shall make many Implements that shall add Strength unto the Strength of my arm until I am become Invincible."

Whereupon he fashioned many Implements and placed them upon his person, and was Invincible.

Then seating himself he examined each addition to his Great Strength and burnished them and buffed them, and was proud of his Handiwork.

"Ah, what wonderful things these weapons are!" he soliloquized, "and what great quantities of Strength they add to the Strength that Nature has endowed me with!"

Arising with no little difficulty because of the combined weight of his weapons, he exclaimed, surprised:

"I must move about more and become accustomed to their weight, and," he added, after pondering deeply for a few moments, "as I shall be unable to follow my former rather pacific pursuits with all these accoutrements, I must, of a necessity, enter a new field of activity. I have it! I will exhibit myself as The Invincible One! But, the question is, am I really Invincible? I have had no occasion to use these weapons yet, having no one to contend with, therefore, how do I know if I am proficient in their use?"

As The Invincible One passed along thus ruminating, he noted at some distance before him a gesticulating group of people. Coming up to them he demanded to know what the trouble was.

"Why!" cried an excited man, of wondrous abdominal girth and floridity of face, "this—fellow," designating, with utter contempt and loathing in the action, one of two rough-looking men in the center of the group, "this fellow refuses to remain any longer in my employ, absurdly claiming as his reason for leaving my service, that I do not pay him enough for his labor to clothe and provision him properly! Look upon him! Is he not clothed and fed, as befits one of his kind? And not only thus does he injure me, but when I secured this other fel-gentleman in his stead, at a lesser stipend, he spoke with him and prevailed upon him to refuse my generous offer of employment. Besides, this g-gentleman is even now hungry, and I can see that he is still desirous of accepting my offer, and would do so but for a well-grounded fear that this—criminal, who takes the bread out of hungry men's mouths, would set upon him and belabor him if he did so. Therefore, I appeal to you to save this poor, starving man, to whom my heart goes out in sympathy."

"Indeed, it is outrageous!" bellowed The Invincible One, "Are you not ashamed to so hector a defenseless hungry man, and perhaps do a lasting injury to his digestive and assimilative organs?" he said, addressing the culprit, who had not opened his mouth during the Rubicund One's arraignment, but being thus directly questioned, he answered directly:

"Not a damned bit—because I'm right."

The Invincible One's wrath knew no bounds.

"You!" he thundered at the silent one of the ill-attired pair. "You accept this excellent and charitable man's offer of employment! I will protect you! As for this insolent one—I'll teach him manners!"

After The Invincible One had repaired to his own satisfaction the Insolent One's lack of early Chesterfieldian Training, he strode onward, congratulating himself on his Great Strength, and how easy it was to administer these little lessons in Deportment.

"Ah," he again sililoquized, which habit he was fast acquiring, "I shall avail myself of every such opportunity to aid the oppressed." Which he did, and became exceedingly proficient in the use of his weapons. And his friends, which were Round-bellied and Few, exclaimed:

"What marvelous Strength! Such unerring Judgment!"

But his enemies, which were Flat-bellied and Legion, exclaimed:

"His muscles grow Flabby and his belly Big!"

Now, it came to pass that rumors were brought to his ears of a certain Distant One who claimed to be Invincible also, and, as he considered himself the Only-Original-Cohen Invincible One, he was much cast Down thereat.

"However," he concluded, "I shall be careful in the use of my long-distance weapons, and in the meantime I will make many more and train my friends in the use of them."

So he made many more weapons and taught his friends how to use them properly when administering Delsarte-Deportment and Easy-Etiquette Lessons.

But before The Invincible One and his friends had wearied of these little Swatting-Bees, as they had facetiously dubbed them, The Little Brown One from afar, who also claimed to be Invincible, came with a

horde of friends, who were flat-bellied, and standing without The Invincible One's door, cried:

"Bananas!" which was their war-cry, being vegetarians.

"Money!" cried The Invincible One at the top of his voice, which was his call-to-arms, but his voice being hoarse from having called it so aften in summoning his friends to the Swatting-Bees, it did not carry far. However, those few of his friends who heard, and whose feet Obeyed, came and rallied about him and asked:

"Where is it—that we may fight for It?" and learning that the proposed fight was to be merely for The Invincible One's Honor, threw down their weapons in high dudgeon, and set off toward more Tropical Climes.

So The Invincible One, in his extremity, cried out to the Insolent Ones:

"Come, Insolent Ones! Ye are many, and I have at great expense taught ye Delsarte-Deportment and Easy-Etiquette Lessons until ye are adept! Take up these arms that my late friends have cast away, that your Patient Teacher be not humiliated!"

Whereat the Insolent Ones laughed insolently, and taking up the weapons drove off the Intruders. Nor was the Late Invincible One humiliated, but became strong, healthy and active again in the discharging of divers and useful duties.

MORAL: Why is an Army?

War Destroys Social Ownership

ASIDE from the horrors of the international, official and collective murder now in progress in Europe, there are other phases of the situation that make the heart sick to contemplate. Socialists of Europe have built up such magnificent structures in their co-operative organizations and in social ownership of the necessities of life that hope bids us believe they will be revived after the war is over.

The New York Call quotes from a letter from Curtis Brown, written some weeks before the crash, in which the writer says Budapest has suddenly changed itself from being Austria-Hungary's dearest city to the cheapest. This is entirely the result of municipal trading.

At a municipal meeting last month, Burgermeister Barny announced that the cost of food in the last four years has been reduced 19 per cent, whereas in Vienna in the same period, the average price of necessities has gone up 14 per cent.

While Vienna is the dearest city in Central Europe, and suffers from chronic high price riots, Budapest citizens are rejoicing in general cheapness.

Austria and Hungary have the same tariff system. The only difference is that in Vienna the storekeeper makes a big profit, whereas in Budapest you now buy your meat, eggs and vegetables in stores conducted by the city, which make no profit at all. "Our town," says Herr Barny, "is becoming a universal trader. That is the only way to fight high prices."

Budapest's initiative in starting municipal food stores is a result of the bread riots of four years ago.

Vienna clamored for relief, but the Government gave none. The municipality kept to the policy initiated by the late Burgermeister Lueger—"handsome Carl"—the policy of favoring at all costs the small storekeeper.

First Budapest started as a butcher. It established in Buda, in Pest, and in the Altofen district, handsomely equipped municipal meat stalls. The stalls were intended for the poor. But as the meat was better and cheaper than in private stores, all classes patronized them. Prices were about three-quarters of the private stores' prices.

Next Budapest attacked the private bakers. It established four public bakeries and reduced bread prices 7 per cent. The private bakers were obliged to cut down their prices. Today in Buda and Pest 50,000 families, counting in all 250,000 persons, buy their bread from the city. Doctors say that Budapest's municipal bread is purer and more nutritious than the bread of other Austro-Hungarian cities.

Having established its position as retailer, Budapest challenged the producers and distributors. It was moved to this because the producers of meat, eggs and milk in the country round have an agreement equivalent to a trust for keeping up prices. The principality built additional slaughter houses and behind the trust farmers' backs began to import cattle, sheep and pigs from remote parts of Hungary.

The stock was bought on the spot at low prices, and by good organization was transported to the city at minimum rates. The city began selling its own meat, in its own stores. The farmers outside Budapest were angry, but helpless, and they reduced prices.

The town has lost no money. The initial financing of its enterprise was difficult. A capital of over $1,000,000 had to be invested.

But the loss suffered in several municipal enterprises was covered by the profits in others. The municipality's principle, as far as possible, is to make no direct profit.

THE WESTERN COMRADE

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Cost of Killing Men

IN TIMES of peace the greed of the exploiting class kills many workers. Human life is the cheapest thing capitalism owns. The cost of killing a worker is nothing.

In times of war, however, humanity pays a heavy price in gold for each life taken. The scale runs up and runs down.

The average cost of killing runs (in dollars) about $15,000 to a man. In the Boer war it cost $40,000 to kill a man.

In dollars the cost of the life of each man in the present war will run high.

Should I return to my regiment in France I might kill a few German comrades at the cost of, say $20,000 each. In turn I might be killed at the same price (in dollars).

As a physician I prefer to try the other plan. While studying the sanitary methods in the Canal Zone I learned it cost about $2.43 to save a life. In the zone we saved 6130 lives at a cost of $15,000, or about the cost of killing one man in war.

To have killed 6130 men in war would have meant a cost of $30,-650,000.

When we save a life we have an asset.

Instincts of humanity and superstition keep us from using human bones for fertilizer. A dead man is therefore not an asset.

I shall not return to Europe and fight. It's a poor investment and the balance (in dollars) is on the wrong side of the ledger.—E d'O.

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PAUCITY OF CAPACITY

James started his third helping of pudding with delight.

"Once upon a time, James," admonished his mother, "there was a little boy who ate too much pudding, and he burst!"

James considered. "There ain't such a thing as too much pudding," he decided.

"There must be," continued his mother, "else why did the little boy burst?"

James passed his plate for the fourth time, saying: "Not enough boy."—The Multitude.

HONOR TO PRESIDENTS

When Uncle Rod, the old colored man who worked about the place, came one morning, Mrs. Stone said:

"Well, Uncle Rod, I hear you have another pair of twins at your house."

"Yes'm," said Rod. "Done named 'em aftah two ob de fust presdents of dis country."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Stone, "which two?"

"Ole Christofo C'lumbus an' Julyous Caesar," said the old man. "We's great on namin' de chillun fo' de pres'dents 't our house."—National Monthly.

ON THE DOG WATCH

Willie was struggling through the story in his reading lesson. " 'No, said the Captain,' he read, " 'it was not a sloop. It was a larger vessel. By the rig I judged her to be a-a-a-a-a-———' "

The word was new to him.

"Barque," supplied the teacher.

Still Willie hesitated.

"Barque," repeated the teacher, this time sharply.

Willie looked as though he had not heard aright. Then, with an apprehensive glance around the class, he shouted:

"Bow-wow!"

THE OMNIBUS

"Where," said the land agent, addressing an audience of posible purchasers, "where else on the face of the globe will you find in one place copper, tin, iron, cotton, hemp, grain, game——"

A voice replied:

"In the pockets of my youngest son."

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Charles Edward Russell

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GREAT CONSTRUCTIVE GENIUS

By turning out a mixture of crushed, stale bread and cheap molasses and calling it a breakfast food, and grinding peanut shells into a so-called substitute for coffee, C. W. Post, who recently committed suicide at Santa Barbara, amassed a fortune of $20,552,380.

Why did not the press expose this monumental fraud? Well, one reason was that another part of this man's alchemy was to purchase the press—bribery through the advertising columns.

Many morals are obvious. Honesty is the best policy. Virtue finds its own reward, etc.—take your choice or write a moral of your own.

TOO MUCH MOONLIGHT

It was a beautiful evening and Ole, who had screwed up courage to take Mary for a ride, was carried away by the magic of the night.

"Mary," he asked, "will you marry me?"

"Yes, Ole," she answered softly.

Ole lapsed into a silence that at last became painful to his fiancee.

"Ole," she said desperately, "why don't you say something?"

"Ay tank," Ole replied, "they bane too much said already."

SEAT OF HER EMOTION

A girl who saw the Atlantic Ocean for the first time was standing on the beach, gazing dreamily over the expanse of foaming water.

"So this is the first time you've ever seen the ocean?" said her escort.

"Yes, the very first time."

"And what do you think of it?"

"Ah!" she sighed in ecstasy, "it smells just like oysters."—Argonaut.

ENCOURAGING NEWS

The eminent physicians had been called in consultation. They had retired to another room to discuss the patient's condition. In the closet of that room a small boy had been concealed by the patient's directions to listen to what the consultation decided and to tell the patient, who desired genuine information.

"Well, Jimmy," said the patient, when the boy came to report, "what did they say?"

"I couldn't tell you that," said the boy. "I listened as hard as I could, but they used such big words. I couldn't remember much of it. All I could catch was when one doctor said:

"'Well, we'll find that out at the autopsy.'"

WHY NOT TELL HER

Fair Stranger—How much has Mrs. Gadabout Tomlinson on deposit here?

Bank Teller—I cannot tell you.

Fair Stranger—Why, I thought you were the "teller!"

FROMAGE

"Paw! Say, Paw! What's 'sabotage' mean?"

"Gee whiz, Bobby! Don't them teachers of yourn learn you nothin' at all no more? It's cheese, Bobby, just ordinary green cheese!"

What are you doing for the cause?

How many applications have you turned in to the secretary of your local?

What about subscriptions for Socialist publications?

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NOTARY PUBLIC

SOME INCUBATION

"Speaking of hens," said truthful Bill, "reminds me of an old hen my dad had on a farm in Dakota. She would hatch out anything from a tennis ball to a lemon. Why, one day she sat on a piece of ice and hatched out two quarts of hot water."

"That doesn't come up to a club-footed hen my old mother once had," said one of his hearers. "They had been feeding her by mistake on sawdust instead of oatmeal. Well, she laid twelve eggs and sat on them, and when they were hatched eleven of the chickens had wooden legs and the twelfth was a woodpecker."

THE PARASITE

The schoolmaster was giving his class a little serious talk about laziness, and was drawing a picture of the habitual loafer and his ultimate fate.

"Now, who," he asked dramatically, "is the miserable, worthless, wretched individual who gets food, clothing and shelter from his fellows and gives nothing whatever in return?"

There was an instant's breathless silence, and then a small voice chirped:

"Please, sir, the baby!"

LOW IN THE SCALE

The child-labor law in New Jersey having gone into effect, it is said that a great many parents who hitherto have depended upon the labor of their children are now at their wits' end to live. The factory owners have naturally (or unnaturally) made the most of this. They have discharged children over fourteen (the age limit) in order to intensify the distress.

This illustrates in what a bad way any state may find itself when it has come to depend upon children for the support of its working classes. —Life.

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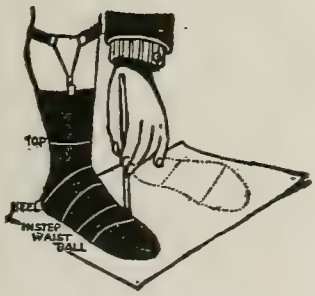

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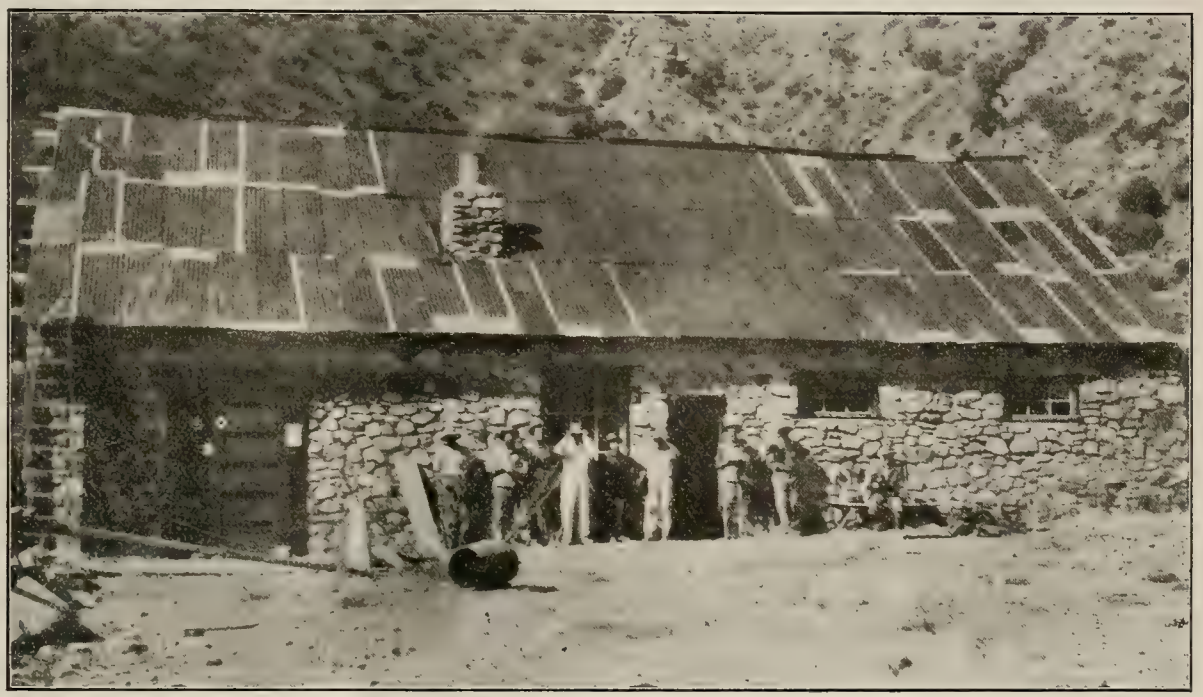

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War and Empire

WHAT will be the outcome of the war? This question is heard everywhere and many of the replies are as varied as they are vapid.

Those having no knowledge of the causes of the war can give no sensible reply to the question as to the possible outcome.

A few weeks ago the British were supremely confident. When the Prussian army ceased its pressure on Paris and the backward movement began this confidence grew to positive conviction that the power of German arms was waning.

Then the Kaiser's army swung about, held the allies in a firm grip in a battle line hundreds of miles long while he hurled his mighty forces on Belgium's capital.

The menace of Russia on the eastern frontier was dispelled by a series of sharp defeats which the Germans administered in Poland and when Przemysl was relieved and the Slavs thrown back through the Carpathian passes.

The British plan and program contemplates stripping Germany of all her colonial possessions; destruction of the German fleet; seizure of the German ships of commerce, and the conquest of Germany's foreign trade.

Frenchmen cherish the dream of a restoration of Alsace-Loraine; the destruction of Prussian military power; the rehabilitation of Belgium and a war indemnity of such magnitude that the Kaiser's people will never again arise as a fighting power.

Little Belgium hopes to be restored and to receive a great indemnity as a reward for heroic service rendered to France and England.

Holland hopes vainly for neutrality and peace, but the fate that awaits her is only slightly less terrible than that of Belgium.

Italy's position cannot long be maintained. Only the solidarity and vigor of the Socialists have thus far prevented that country plunging into the vortex and hurling a fleet across the Adriatic at the hated Austrians.

Servia and Austria-Hungary can scarcely hope for integrity of boundaries no matter how the tide of battle turns.

Portugal and Spain will be drawn in and both will meet the fate of Belgium and Holland.

* * * * * *

This brings us to the position of Germany: If the Kaiser tomorrow were to find himself at war with the whole world his position would scarcely be changed.

There is no reason to doubt that, since the war began, Germany's prearranged plans have not been carried out to the letter. German strategists carefully figured the losses, discounted plans and made allowances for all and more reverses than have come to their arms.

That the German fleet would be securely interned at Keil and Heligoland was known months before the outbreak. England's navy has inflicted no loss of importance on the German fleet. The Kaiser's great navy remains intact and in superb condition.

No foreign foe remains on German soil. The loss of a hundred thousand fighting men has not impaired Germany's strength. As for food supply the Kaiser's forces need not know want as long as the Vaterland is not invaded and invasion does not seem probable.

The alliance between Russia and England is unnatural and there is a profound feeling of distrust between Slav and Briton.

In striking at Germany the Czar has his eyes on the southern outlet to Asia, even as the Kaiser declared war on Russia and seized France by the throat.

As to the outcome the German ambition, pretentious as it is, may yet be realized.

In his dream of empire the Teuton sees Great Britain shorn of her colonies, her great fleet destroyed and England reduced to a place about as important as that occupied by Norway. He sees Holland, Belgium and Sweden annexed to the German Empire. He sees the Northern Coast of France a part of German territory. He sees the foreign possessions of his enemies beneath the German eagles. He sees the force of Teuton arms spread to every continent and he believes it will all be for the good of mankind.

Under the German plan Canada probably will be given her freedom, the Czar will be held off until the proper hour and a ready understanding will be made. The Slav will have his way in the south and that means farewell to Roumania, Bosnia, Herzigovinia, Servia, Bulgaria, Montenegro and possibly Greece and all of Turkey, and India will be given over to Russian rule—and Russian exploitation.

In the meantime Germany has a battle line that stretches from the Netherlands on the north to the mountain passes of the Vosges on the south, and from Russian Poland to the Carpathian passes in southern Austria.

Where the Germans take the offensive they will not be denied. On the defensive they are virtually immovable and are dislodged only after inflicting terrible loss. Their movements of retrogression are marvels of orderliness and system.

Nowhere is the Kaiser seriously threatened. Everywhere his soldiery press steadily on. Paris is certain to fall.

France has brought Algerians, England the murderous Hindus, and Japan makes a futile foray on the German possessions in China.

Colonials rally to the British banner and from all the seas pour troop ships to provide "kanonenfutter" for the War Lord's howitzers—and the stolid Teuton presses irresistibly forward.

A corporal's squad of Uhlans ride through Luxembourg and the little domain is off the map forever.

* * * * * *

Let the reader who imagines this is a pro-German article disabuse his mind. It is not pro anything.

It is a calm analysis of events, and of motives back of the war; an attempt at contemporaneous history as it unfolds from day to day.

Bismark said Europe must some day be all Slav or all Teuton.

Russia is impregnable, invulnerable and unconquerable.

Germany may conquer all Europe but may not successfully invade Russia.

Now to venture a few predictions.

This war will not end all war.

Slav and Teuton will divide Europe and the two powers will remain for probably a century developing and growing. Russia through (what is now) Turkey to the south and Germany with her vast new possessions will be long occupied with their multitudinous problems.

That these governments will be greatly liberalized, that conditoins for the workers will be vastly improved no one can doubt.

Czar and Kaiser may pass away. Liberal institutions will be sure to follow. Great republics or the United States of Europe may be established.

America cannot starve the war.

The best that can be done here will be to hold to a policy of strict neutrality, keep out of Mexico and adopt a war referendum measure to guard against the inevitable hour when we shall again have a madman in the presidential chair.

* * * * * *

We shudder over the morning scareheads and say the war is awful. It IS awful, but there is a peace that is more horrible and hundreds of thousands of workers would far better die on the field of battle in the sunshine, breathing the free air, than to perish miserably in the stifling mines or have their bones ground in the maw of steel.

The war will go on despite peace pleas and prayers to whatever gods may be. It was inevitable and it is inexorable.

We may declare the war perverse and wrong-minded; we may declare it senseless and say that it is based on ambition of kings, but this war has its roots in something far deeper than even personal lust of power or thirst for conquest.

True, there were a thousand quarrels that seem to us senseless. The eternal conflict over racial differences and languages in the Balkans was a constant menace to peace. There were scores of minor causes and all helped at the hour of the call to colors.

Americans will do well to take an impartial, impassioned view of the war and study its causes. Let us not grow hysterical, tearful or prayerful.

European nations are bloodied. The first hot rush is over. Prolonged sieges will follow. Steadily powers will be worn down toward exhaustion. Peace conferences and extensions of good offices will be in vain and will be illy received.

We may not now assess the blame—if blame there be—for the war. For fifty years the world rode to war and now professes surprise to find itself in the midst of a conflict.

For the present we have the opportunity to occupy the position of spectators. We should get an intelligent understanding of what is going forward.

Later we may not be able to take such a detached and abstract view.—F. E. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

The Real Cause of It

AT LAST the real cause of the war has been found. According to an editorial in the Lokal Anzeiger of Berlin, the English ambassador, Sir Edward Goschen, on July 30th last, got peeved and fired his cook. War was declared five days later.

It sounds almost plausible as war usually results when causes arise for the dismissal of the family cook. Of course in this case the cook will have her portrait hung in the great hall of fame. Her name probably will adorn cigar boxes as other heroes and heroines of the past.

However, it is doubtful if the flesh and blood that once surrounded bleached bones of the million slaughtered ever heard of Sir Edward's family squabbles or knew he had ever had a cook.—F. H. W.

Comment on Current Events

SINCE the days the nimble dollar dope was first sprung on us there has been nothing funnier than the buy-a-bale-of-cotton bunco game.

Socialist writers always take these stunts too seriously. Frequently one hears a muttered "damn" about the frugal Friday flap-doodle or the prosperity poppycock. Don't let them get your ibex with that stuff. It's only for bourgeoise consumption.

As for the buy-a-bale blather—it's merely a game for the gullible guy who falls for any thimble-rig that is offered.

There are about 15,000,000 bales in the crop. It's worth from $40 to $50 a bale.

If you buy a bale you won't get any cotton. You will get a warehouse certificate. If it goes up you may win $10. If it goes down—well, you will be one of the myriad suckers who fell for the bait and you're stung.—F. E. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

HAD Friedrich Nietzsche been alive a few weeks ago he would have thought his dream of conquest had come true. He would have seen the war he predicted and would have prayed for, had he acknowledged a god—(Why not Jehova, the Jews' god of war?) He would have seen the German cannon reaping its red harvest at the gates of Paris; seen the fall of Antwerp; seen half the world at war and the black eagle sweeping irresistibly onward.

Nietzsche said: "Man shall be trained for war and woman for the recreation of the warrior: all else is folly . . ."

Again he wrote: "A philosophy like mine is like a grave—it takes one from the living."

Has Germany followed Nietzsche through? Certainly this philosophy is of the grave! It will take millions from the living.

And Cui bono?

What good purpose will the murder serve?

Will it bring a Berlin commune? The European commune?—F. E. W.

WHAT has become of those intrepid French aviators who were going to sweep the sky clear of all invaders? There seems to have been a lot of bunk about the battles in the air. Where are the aerial navies grappling in the blue?

The Germans seem to have it all their own way. They usually select a bright, beautiful Sunday morning to make a trip over some city and drop a few bombs. Thus far the damage has been slight. True, they have succeeded in blowing up a hospital where German wounded were being cared for by Belgian nurses. They also tore a non-combatant's head from his body and dismembered a little girl. In addition they killed several cows that were grazing in a field. People who were "worshiping" in churches were nearly frightened to death and in many instances ceased praying for sucessful murder of their enemies and rushed into the streets praying for their own safety.

Possibly these Sunday aerial forays are a part of the censorship of prayer—to keep French supplication from ascending to the throne of Jehovah!

* * * * * * *

Even as the Germans early recognized the necessity of breeding more kanonenfutter (cannon fodder) so have the British followed quickly. Marriage license taxes are removed and ceremonies are to be performed free for recruits, sailors and soldiers who are going to the front.

Blessed institution! Surely such marriages are made in heaven!

Legalize the breedings. Never mind the new crop of bride-widows. Never mind these unborn orphans. Send on your cannon fodder. That's the main thing.

♣ ♣ ♣

There is just one solution to our economic problems—the seizure by the people of all the sources of life. Put this proposition to the capitalist and he shouts "Confiscation!"

He is wrong—it is RESTORATION!

EXPERT investigators of the Interstate Commerce Commission, who are delving into the Rock Island Railway books, have made a startling discovery.

They say that the difference between the original capital and the amount of securities finally issued by the manipulators is about $200,000,000. These men declare that five-sixths of the stock issued was water and that there were many false entries on the books which were designed to boost the market value of the stock.

There is something amusing in the naive manner in which the news is given out.

Do these investigators not know that almost every railroad in the United States is in a condition similar to the Rock Island?

Must there be other New Haven crashes before people realize that every railroad system is waterlogged and that under private ownership all are bound to come to the crash that has wrecked those that have gone under?

There is a growing understanding of the universal insolvency of the banks but the public is slow to grasp the actual conditions in the "great industries" of the country.—F. E. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

ENGLAND is shocked and pained by the disloyalty and uprising in South Africa.

And rightly.

Were not the Boers, those who survived the shrapnel, well treated by the British after the conquest?

Was not the strike of several months ago put down with sufficient violence to please the most critical employer?

Has not a royal commission made a belated report to the effect that the strike was justified? This should sooth the orphans of the slain workers and bring surcease to the widows.

Everybody should be content and rally to the flag! The South African proletariat should have joined the other colonials in their onward surge to Berlin singing the Tipperary marching song.

SECRETARY BRYAN is rejoicing over the twenty-six peace treaties that have been signed by the United States with that many foreign powers. He is confident Germany, Russia and Austria will sign the treaty.

At the first blush one is inclined to join in the enthusiasm but the thought of what has happened to all peace treaties, neutrality guarantees and inalienable rights of European countries during the past five months brings a chill of doubt as to the value of such documents.

No great amount of reliance can be placed on treaties signed by emperors who have over-ridden all treaties and all agreements.

Safety guaranteed by treaties is like inalienable rights guaranteed by constitutions. The guarantee is worthless when a greater power proceeds to abrogate it. Peace will be guaranteed when all the weapons of murder are loaded on the ships of murder and the whole sunk to the bottom of the deepest sea.

* * * * * *

President Wilson says peace talk at this hour is silly and premature. This may indicate he believes the warring powers are so deafened by the crash of resounding arms that they will not hear the appeals of non-combatants. Or, possibly, he expects more and more of the European countries to plunge into the vortex and that all will fight to a point of exhaustion.

The "Starve the War" slogan does not seem to have penetrated the dim and musty depths of the White House sanctum.

* * * * * *

Here we are with state capitalism knocking at the door! Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo announces that warehouse receipts for cotton, turpentine and resin will now be accepted as a basis for currency issues. Soon the State will be handling the warehouse receipts direct, then the warehouses.

When will labor be able to get an issue of currency on the potentiality of its productiveness?

Anyone deny the press associations are poisoning the war news?

What Did You—In the Great War?

By EDGCUMB PINCHON

THE War—what does it mean to you? Does it mean merely a daily newspaper debauch of hashed reports and superficial criticisms? Or does it, perchance, mean a revival in your breast of slumbering racial feeling, and are you secretly or openly preening yourself on the fact that you are an American,—or by birth or extraction a Britisher, a Frenchman, a Belgian, a German, a Slav? Or are you thumping yourself on the chest, boldly announcing yourself a "citizen of the world,"—far removed from all annoying pseudo-patriotic feeling, a Socialist, calmly surveying your ignorant fellow mortals from the height of a toweringly superior mental excellence, and dismissing from your mind a certain vague uneasiness as of a duty shirked, and evading all responsibility in this Calvary of the Nations, with the pert dictum, "only a damned capitalist's war."

Beware! Oh, beware that you do not stifle the supreme good of this World Agony in any of these petty swaddling clothes of ancient tradition and ignorance **or of narrow modern dogma and half-truth!** Search your libraries—and your souls, I say, and be not afraid to step naked of prejudice and unbiased opinion into the New Era that is dawning. Seek to know, and knowing, be prepared to offer your life, if need be, in defence of the truth that is yours. BUT BE VERY SURE THAT IT IS THE TRUTH.

Such as this is not found without labor; but while millions of men—men every whit as intelligent as you, as valuable to society as you—are offering up their lives on the battlefields of Europe, shall you spare yourselves the labor of understanding the veritable why and wherefore of their sacrifice?

Not if you be worth the name of Socialist! You shall not rest, night or day, till you have made yourselves master of this grim unmasking of social forces, and thus have won for yourselves not the opportunity of indulging in a pert dictum, but the right to deliver a profound judgment—a judgment worthy of thinking men and women,—a judgment by which you may stand with assurance in the searching days to come when men shall ask of you: "What did YOU—in the Great War?"

There are some round dozen of books without the thorough knowledge of which no man, however gifted, can pretend to give even a provisional judgment upon the questions involved in this struggle. Needless to say the first and foremost of these is "Das Kapital" of Karl Marx, or at least the first volume. Hard work? May be; but at least have the valor to sweat over its splendid logic and life-giving reasoning with the same persistency as your brothers showed in their struggle back and forth through the crimson mud of the Marne. "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific," every Socialist is supposed to have mastered. If you have not done so, get to work. And having ground these basic works into the very fabric of your mind, you will have come at a thorough understanding of the theory of economic determinism—which sets forth that a nation's development is determined by the prevailing mode of production. Here lies one third—**and one third only**—of the mighty truth we are seeking. Next to these in order of study comes Buckle's "History of Civilization," without exception the greatest work of the human mind. Here you will find set forth with wonderful charm, and with a range of learning unexampled in the history of literature the thesis that the determining factor in a nation's evolution is the amount of its **exact knowledge**—and herein lies the other two-thirds of the truth of social evolution. And now to combine these two vast conceptions into one harmonious whole, you should master the works of Marx's greatest successor—the "Dynamic Sociology" and the "Psychic Factors in Civilization" of Lester F. Ward.

But there is no stopping here! This is a long campaign and you must sweat through many a trench of ignorance yet! Is this war, not merely a conflict of economic forces, not merely a conflict of clashing intellectual developments, but a grapple to the death between antagonistic ethical conceptions—the profoundest forces of the human soul? Is this a war between Nietzsche and Christ?—between the Religion of Valor and that more ancient Religion of Love, which has become a cant of hypocrisy and weakness. You cannot answer this question till you have mastered the history of the rise and development of Christianity on the one hand, and of modern German philosophy on the other. For the study of the former there is but a single work which can be regarded as authoritative and complete—the remarkable researches of Stinson Jarvis embodied in the "Jarvis Letters." This work, which I understand is about to be produced serially in the magazine called "Dawn"* is comparable, in its revolutionary bearing upon the entire range of human thought, only to the epoch-making work of Charles Darwin in biology; and as such, undoubtedly, it will be regarded by the next generation, if not by this. In its pages you will come face to face

*Published in Santa Barbara by Sydney Greenbie and Prince Hopkins.

with fact and proof—not with fine-spun theories or gratuitous guess work. You will learn of the great Druid priesthood which ruled the world from the fastnesses of England six thousand years before the supposed birth of Christ—and whose influence is potent yet, a priesthood which curbed the savage by the most cunning deception—nay, rather by the most superb intellectual excellence, a priesthood which wrote not only the Vedas, the Old Testament, the Homeric ballads and most of the classics, but which wrote the New Testament itself, and manufacturing Christianity as deliberately as a carpenter makes a chair, floated it forth upon the world to do its work of ameliorating the passions of men by the sentiment of pity; a priesthood which established its missions from Java to Wales and from Mexico to Babylon, which made religion and language contemporaneously, and whose decadent relics still slumber in the Vatican—all that is left to attest the once vast reign of the Mitre.

This you must read, and wrestle with, and then you will understand the purely adventitious nature, not merely of Christianity, but of those fundamental ethical conceptions which are supposed to be common to all religions and all times. Then at last you will be able to turn with an unbiased mind to the study of Christianity's antithesis—Nietzscheism—the Religion of Force and Valor—the cult of the Superman. And without understanding this you cannot understand modern Germany, nor her ideals, nor her wonderful unity in the present conflict. To the German, you will then see, this war is not merely a war for markets, nor for territorial expansion—and it is both—but also a veritable "Holy War" against the hypocrisy and decadence of an outworn Christianity, which has rotted the soul of man and spread its fungus blight of fear and superstition over half the earth. The German may be wrong in his conception. But only when you yourself have read the works of Nietzsche—read them, freed from prejudice and with a will to understand his thought—and also the remarkable application of his philosophy to the current problems of Germany by his disciple Treitschke, will you be able intelligently to judge of the measure of righteousness in the Germanic conception of the "Armed Nation, the Superman and the World-State."

There is one more trench to be taken—the Philosophy of War as set forth in the two most original and profound documents the American genius has yet produced. I refer to the "Valor of Ignorance" and the "Day of the Saxon" by General Homer Lea—youthful cripple, hunchback, general, genius—and consulting strategist to five great powers. Here the iron doctrine of Necessity is set forth with unpitying clarity; here we see laid down for the first time in the history of human thought the principles of national development and decay—as determined by the Sword. Without a thorough mastery of these works the student still will be hampered in his thought by a sentimental prejudice against war; he still will be forever declaring its "needlessness" or talking foolishly of "arbitration" and the "Parliament of Man." Homer Lea with his unflinching facing of facts, with his pitiless logic and unerring analysis once for all destroys the "Peace-Dove" theory of social development, at least as far as the present epoch of ignorance and apathy is concerned; and he gives to the layman a conception of the fundamental laws governing the rise and fall of States from the point of view of the Statesman-Soldier.

There are two more works, of a lighter nature, but almost equally important, which must be mastered before the battle to understand the War is won: "Germany and the Next War," by General Bernhardi—of the German Staff, and "Germany and England," by Professor Cramb, an English scholar deeply versed in German culture. These two books sum up for the student the immediate and specific issues of the conflict in a very thorough and illuminating manner, and will be invaluable in aiding him to make special application of the principles gained in the fundamental works to the present European situation.

That mind—and only that mind—which with the most careful thought and deliberation has mastered—not Swallowed—these works, will be in a position to view the present struggle intelligently, and to take part, as thinker and interpreter, in the present gigantic Armageddon of conflicting social forces. This is a day of vast sacrifices, of superhuman efforts, of deeds that lift men in the doing of them into the stature of giants.

Comrades of America awake to the heroic nature of the Hour, emulate your brothers in Europe—but on another battlefield, make vast sacrifices, superhuman efforts—not to slay, but to know; in sedulous study lift yourselves into the stature of Thinkers and men who Know, and Know that they Know. Then when the day shall come when men shall ask "What did YOU—in the Great War?" you shall be able to reply, "I did not fight in the Great War, I did better, **I labored to understand it.**"

Everywhere the murderous boy scout movement is having a revival. It is evident that the powder trust is alive to its opportunity to get more victims. Tens of thousands of mothers who sit in desolate homes in Europe today were assured the boy scouts were purely a peaceful institution. Children are being murdered and are being made murderers every hour. This is the hour for enlightenment. Peace meetings will be of no avail. Anti-war and anti-military action is what we need.

After the War, What?

WHAT effect will the war in Europe have on the Socialist movement of the world? Any attempt at an answer will be purely speculative but everyone has a right to a theory.

In order to arrive at any point where a conclusion can be made as to the hopes of the Socialists one must get the ideas of those who have had the best opportunity to study the situation.

Probably no writer in America has a clearer view than Allan Benson, who writes in the New York Call, under the title: "Let the War Go On!"

I hate war, but I do not hate it so much as I do some kinds of peace.

I regretted to see this war come on, but now that it has come, I want to see it go on until its cause shall have been wiped out of existence.

What is its cause? Comrades may say that capitalism was its cause. Quite so. But that is not sufficiently definite. It is no more nearly definite than it would be to say that the atmosphere is the cause of the aeroplane. Without the atmosphere the aeroplane would not have existed. Without capitalism, the present European war would not have been begun. The present European war is the result of capitalism, plus the predatory and military spirit of Germany as typified by its Emperor.

Germany won an easy victory from France forty-four years ago. From that day to this she has been drunk with confidence and ambition. * * *

Why not stop the war then. We may omit consideration of the fact that it would be precisely as nearly possible to try to stop an eruption of a volcano after it had begun to spout. We should not try to stop the war because the spirit that has caused this war is a menace to civilization. Civilization will not be safe until that spirit is crushed. If it were not to be crushed now, it would cause another war. Until the war came the world would be compelled to arm against it. No nation would be safe over night. The suddenness with which Germany precipitated the present war shows the dangerous character of such a spirit.

Comrades may recall the fact that in this great war as in all others, workingmen are doing the fighting and the dying. Comrades may even argue that German workingmen are fighting and dying only because of their ignorance. Comrades may explain that if the German workingmen knew wherein their interests really lay they would not fight and that therefore it is inhuman to kill them off.

I don't care who puts a bayonet to my throat, whether he is a capitalist, a workingman or even a Socialist workingman—if I can get to him first I will kill him. The fact that he is misguided will not save him. The fact that he is ignorant will not save him. Not even the fact that he is working against his own interests will save him if I can put a bullet into his skull before he puts a bayonet into my throat. And, if I have any means by which I can take the fighting spirit out of that man so he will let me live in peace in future —I'll use them.

The Daily Citizen, organ of the British labor movement, says:

The moment Russia moves toward war the Russian people move toward revolution. And not the Russian people only, but also nationalities like Finland and Poland, upon whom Russia has trampled with clumsy and heavy foot. * * *

Nor is the position of the Kaiser much happier than that of the Czar. Kaiserdom is on its last legs in Germany, even as Czardom is in Russia; the steady advance of democracy will put an end to both. The German workers are peace-loving and do not want war; least of all do they desire to be dragged at the tail of the Hapsburgs.

H. G. Wells emphasizes the position of the thinking people of England will not tolerate an attack on the German people or on Germany.

It will be a sin to dismember Germnay or to allow any German-speaking and German-feeling territory to fall under a foreign yoke.

Let us English make sure of ourselves in that matter. There may be restoration of alien territory to the French, the Polish, the Danish and the Italian; but we have seen enough of racial subjugation now to be sure that we will tolerate no more of it. From the Rhine to East Prussia, and from the Baltic to the southern limits of German-speaking Austria, the Germans are one people. Let us begin with a resolution to permit no new bitterness of conquered territories to come into existence to disturb the future peace of Europe.

Let us see to it that, at the ultimate settlement, Germans, however great this overthrow may be, are all left free men.

In an article printed in American newspapers Wells says:

The defeat of Germany may open the way to disarmament and peace throughout the earth. To those who love peace there can be no other hope in the present conflict than her defeat, the utter discrediting of the German legend—ending it for good and all—of blood and iron, the superstition of Krupp, flag-wagging, Teutonic Kiplingism, and all that criminal sham efficiency that centers in Berlin.

Disaster to the German Army, if it is unaccompanied by such a memorable wrong as dismemberment or intolerable indignity, will mean the restoration of the greatest people of Europe to the fellowship of the western nations. * * *

France, Italy, England, and all the smaller powers

Capitalism's---Juggernaut

of Europe are now pacific countries. Russia, after a huge war, will be too exhausted for further adventure. [This remark should be much stronger. The Russian government will be bankrupt certainly, and Czarism will probably be overthrown.] Shattered Germany will be revolutionary. Germany will be sick of the uniforms and imperialist idea as France was in 1871, as disillusioned about predominance as Bulgaria is today.

Bernard Shaw also takes the stand that the war is against the Imperialists and the Emperors. He looks with considerable apprehension on the prospect of a conquest by the Russian despot and looks hopefully toward the day when the German army, beaten and exhausted, shall become a great class conscious mass ready for the revolt.

Germany is so important a factor in the work of civilization that, even when we are at war with her, we must aim finally at the conservation of her power, to defend her Russian frontier.

This need not discourage us in the field. On the contrary, we shall punch Prussia's head all the more gloriously if we do it for honor and not for malice. Then, when we have knocked all the militarism out of

her and taught her to respect us, we can let her up again.

As to non-intervention, it is merely an insular superstition. The leaders of the modern labor movement know that labor politics is international and that, if militarism is to be struck down, a mortal blow must be aimed at Potsdam. * * *

Had our Government possessed a real modern foreign policy, Asquith might have said furiously to Prussian militarism:

"If you attempt to smash France, we two will smash you, if we can. We have had enough of the Germany of Bismarck, which all the world loathes, and we will see whether we cannot revive the Germany of Goethe and Beethoven, which has not an enemy on earth."

William English Walling in the New Review says:

If the war is to create a United States of Europe—or even if it is to result in several democratic and federal republics, then Socialists must say with Benson: "Let the War Go On!" But if the war does more than this, if it leads to real social revolutions, to the complete overthrow of the ruling aristocracies and plutocracies—even though it does not carry any country as far as Socialism—within a few years it will have amply repaid its cost in blood and treasure, no matter how staggering the cost may be.

Charles Edward Russell declares that there will be no end to wars and nothing of value grow out of this war unless the competitive system is abolished.

If then we are determined that when this whirlwind of bestiality shall have passed we shall not have another, if we wish a condition under which the structure of society shall not be blown down, human intercourse shall not be destroyed, civilization shall not be set backward, and the earth shall not be bathed in blood, the one possible way to that condition is to eliminate forever the causes of war.

Instead of business for private profits we must have Business for the Common Good. Instead of private ownership of the means of life we must have the means of life owned by the public for the public welfare. Instead of gigantic fortunes gathered at the general expense and used for individual power we must abolish poverty, and give to the poorest child in the land all the education that can now be secured by the richest.

Instead of outworn feudalism we must have the full measure of democracy for men and women.

Abolish capitalism, take away the huge, selfish, remorseless, savage power of profits and profits can no longer plunge the nations into war.

Give to the people the sole control of their own affairs and they will never lead themselves into wholesale slaughters.

All other talk of remedies, reforms, measures, exhortations, appeals, preachments, agreements, treaties, peace, conferences, gabble, talk fests, protests, peace societies, arguments and resolutions is childish prattle, one thing or the other. Abolish the sources of war or prepare to see civilization crushed and your own country with the rest reverted to the state of the cave men.

Which shall it be?

RULES FOR SLAUGHTER

WHEN German aviators flew over Paris in the night and dropped bombs which killed women and children in their beds, protests were made and the world was asked to recoil with horror because The Hague Peace Conference decided some time ago that nations should not kill women and children by this method.

The conference granted people a right (an inalienable right?) to believe they would not be murdered in their beds by men shooting from above. This belief and the "rights" were alienated by the resounding crash of the explosions. For those unschooled in the rules of war it is difficult to understand some of the usages.

It is not permissible to slaughter a mother's baby in its cradle, but it is permissible to murder the same child in the trenches when he has grown old enough to wear a boy scout's uniform!

You may not "legally" murder men with dum-dum bullets, but you may kill their wives and children with starvation, pestilence or by rapine—provided you have "legally" conquered and lawfully killed their natural guardians.

You may not lawfully poison the wells and water sources and kill people by the hundreds, but you may poison the air by the stench of rotting, unburied dead, and torture them by terror until they perish by the thousand!

You may not rightfully rob the dead on the battlefield, but you may hold an entire city as a hostage and squeeze millions out of the working class through their masters!

Finally, when you have conquered a people, you may not select the tenderest and cook them over a fire and eat them, but you may enslave them industrially and devour their lives and those of their children forever more!

Andrew Carnegie, supporter, if not father, of these beautiful and humane rules, left Skibo Castle in Scotland and returned to America, fearing some of his "inalienable rights," under his rule of wars, might be alienated by a foreign foe.

Possibly Andy can evolve some more rules to still further rob war of its terrors and add to the blessings that hallow our days.—G. E. B.

HYPNOSIS - - -

By A. F. GANNON

ATHENS was agog. One of her pillars, a prominent financier, was toppled by the hand of a dastard. Seated at his desk in his private office in one of his large buildings, Herman Isidore Silverwahl, with a knife tucked in between two of his ribs, was found by his stenographer early one morning.

The compositors on the prints of Athens set up many a "his" when working on matter pertaining to Silverwahl, the old German-Jew money-lender and clothing manufacturer. This, with the fact that the initials H. I. S. also made up the word, and a slight play on his middle name, led to the private (very,—he being a sacred cow) cognomen among the newspaper men of "Old Hizzy."

Extras of each of the "star-eyed intelligences" that had their habitat in Athens were being hawked on the streets soon after the gruesome find of the stenographer. Under screaming heads they gave most minute details of the crime, and demanded, as one, of the detective department, then in bad odor with the growing phalanxes of reform, the immediate apprehension of the slayer.

In the regular issues followed verbal chromos of the deceased and his super-secret beneficence, written by the star tear-teasers of each staff. Ponderous editorials dealt with the murder from many view-points. One rabid journal that stood for "industrial freedom" laid it at the door of the "unionites," with whom the victim had had difficluties some months before, over an attempt to organize the workers in his overall factory. It complacently concluded that as this was "a free country, men should be allowed to run their own business to suit themselves, without the aid of Socialist or anarchist agitators, who should be at once deported."

Another champion of the "peepul" laid editorial stress upon Silverwahl's unswerving loyalty to Athens in establishing his factories there, despite the seductive offers from neighboring cities, and that "in his unseemly taking-off the working class lost a true friend."

Opining editorially, a third held that from the massive signs reading:

SILVERWAHL
OVERALL,
THAT'S ALL!
ATHENS.

which the deceased had caused to be erected along the railroads throughout the state, Athens had received incalculable benefits in the way of advertising. It dwelt lovingly upon the Silverwahl Medal of Honor, which was presented at appropriate exercises to heroic firemen, by the gray-haired, kind-hearted financier in person each year at the Silverwahl Theatre. Starting the subscription list with $500.00, it suggested the erection of a suitable memorial in his honor, "to show the nation and the world that Athens is not lax in paying its respects to genius and rectitude."

One paper, an eight-page evening sheet that refused to hunt with the pack and had consequently been accused of harboring every "ism" in its bosom but rationalism, while deploring the murder, though not in slobbering vehemence as the others, insisted on baring the victim's antecedents. From humble immigrant to ol'clo's man, to pawn-broker and money-lender it followed his career to final eminence. Claiming that it was no secret that the old man plied his early calling of money-lender, and that no loan was to small or fee to large in his eyes up to the time of his death; it averred that among these necessity-driven wretches, his clients, the culprit would be found, and that in some extra hard-hearted, cold-blooded bargain lay the motive.

These conjectures were met with silent contempt by its contemporaries, in whose columns the crime was daily discussed hysterically from every conceivable aspect.

With the police to the last man at work, a mass meeting for the purpose of raising funds for a memorial was called, the date set being the afternoon of the day following the funeral.

* * *

Silverwahl's Theatre was packed with humanity. The Honorable Thaddeus Swinton was fervidly mopping his incarnadined and perspiring brow during the applause that came hurtling upon the heels of his announcement that the Silverwahl Memorial Fund had reached the handsome total of $10,000.

"It is," he said in tremulous tones, "from the bottom of my heart, heavy with a sorrow that doubtless weighs upon every member of the community, that I thank you for your generous response to the call of civic appreciation for a man of solid worth and simple grandeur."

In an effort to give some measure of relief to the sweltering auditors who filled the illy-ventilated theatre, the attaches had opened wide the front doors and an exit on either side of the house.

As the Honorable Thaddeus proceeded with his highly tinted eulogy of the departed, the noises from street irritated him exceedingly. At one point in his

oration the clanging of all the gongs and whistles in Athens seemed for a few instants to have centered in the lobby. In the throes of metaphoric delivery at the time, he stopped short and sarcastically informed the doorman that the audience probably considered his discourse more entertaining than the combined clanging of trolley-car and fire-engine bells. Half an hour later the Honorable Swinton gave way to the brave General Barleybeard, proprietor of the paper that stood for "Industrial freedom." His harangue consisted chiefly of innuendoes delivered at the "unionites," whose machinations, he intimated, made the blackhand look like a kindergarten at prayertime.

A church dignitary followed him, and in a masterly address that attested to the speaker's magnetic personality and native wit, brought both tears and laughter by his rather unhampered portrayal of the old German-Jew financier.

With a competent committee of five appointed and given discretionary power in the matter of deciding the form of the memorial, the meeting forally adjourned. Amid the buzz preparatory to the departure of the auditors the churchman re-arose, holding aloft in his right hand a yellow message-form. Silence quickly supervened. Visibly affected, but in a steady, sonorous voice he began:

"God, with infinite wisdom, that it were presumptuous for mortals to question or seek to fathom, has seen fit to visit upon our city a supremely sad accident. Since we have here assembled to honor the memory of a brother, many souls have passed from Athens to be adjudged of The Maker. I pray God that each be found worthy. The details of the accident shall no doubt be thrust at you by those who harbor resentment against their more prosperous fellows, interpreted in the glare of their prejudice, but I trust that your innate American broadness and Christian fortitude in time of chastening shall prevail over these agents of social disorder and demoralization."

As the vast audience, mellow from its benevolent labors, surged out into the comparatively cool summer evening air, the strident **Extry! Extry!** of a horde of newsboys eager for the harvest smote discordantly on the consciousness of many a madame with the glitter of tears unshed in her eyes.

The irony of fate was startlingly evident to those who hurriedly procured and scanned the extra of the evening paper.

75 GIRLS DEAD! MANY INJURED! HEMPSTEAD STREET FACTORY SILVERWAHL OVERALL CO.

BURNS IN TWENTY MINUTES
EXITS LOCKED

"**I didn't know!**" says young Silverwahl.
"**Profits!**" says Union Head.

Followed an account of the ghastly happening, wherein was shown gross criminal carelessness, open contempt of law and an appalling, dehumanizing pursuit of profits. Restrictive rules even in the obeying of nature's calls were shamefacedly related by many survivors.

In all the sordid, pitiful ruck of the catastrophe was one bright, tear-compelling incident. The forelady, Sadie Connors, nick-named among the driven girls, The Ogress, deliberately sacrificed her life for her trapped sisters. With all the pent up love of her suppressed existence as a slavey of Gain loosed in the instant of peril. she entered the flaming structure time after time to snatch an unconscious shape from the human huddle at the broken down exits, carry it down the rickety stairway to safety and re-enter for a similar burden. Viciously fighting off restraining hands, her short-cropped greying hair singed to a sort of blonde halo, she rushed to her death a few seconds before the flimsy fire-trap collapsed.

The real meaning of that pompous phrase "the power of the press," coined to induce in the mass a feeling of security that cool consideration is unable to inculcate, was well exemplified during the succeeding fortnight. With an unanimity and will that must have made the gouty God of Things that Are wear an unctuous smile of approbation, the dailies of Athens, save the recalcitrant sheet hereinbefore mentioned, harped upon the "accident" as being the "will of an inscrutable diety." General Barleybeard even went so far as to editorially admit that there was yet a glimmer of hope for the workers while a Sadie Connors could arise among them,—pointing out, however, in the closing paragraph that she was not of the abhorred "unionites."

Sob-sisters from the larger cities invaded Athens, and for a brief moment the name and fame of Sadie Connors assumed proper proportion and grandeur. Smugly appropriating the world's homage to an heroic worker, Athens speedily subscribed a fund for a silver tablet, engraved thereon the golden deed of the dead heroine and publicly presented it to the tearful, tottering old mother of Sadie Connors.

Sixteen days after the "accident" the facts uppermost in the average Athenian consciousness were—that, regarding a certain mint chewing gum, "the flavor lasts," and that Theodore Roosevelt on the previous day shot some sort of a thingumbub in South American wilds, and that the home team had cinched the pennant.

Speaking seriously of the Czar's habit of changing geographical names over night the Brooklyn Eagle suggests that he change the name of Europe to Abbatoir. Good idea—either that or Gehenna.

DEALING A HAND FOR DEATH

By FRANK H. WARE

A king's a king 'n a jack's a jack
'N a queen's allus a queen;
'N bullets is trumps 'n blood's th' stakes
On th' battlefield 'atween.
Th' discard's coffins draped in black,
'N losers lose 'n curse;
'N board's a play in th' game o' war,
When war is hell, 'n worse.

FOR two years had the siege of the capital been on. For two years had the battle raged and in those two short years ten million brave hearts cursed and died. The young men, the flower of the nations, long had been plucked and now lay half exposed, half buried in the reeking, rotting trenches where they fell.

Thousands of mothers smothered their grief and with calloused hearts donned the cast-off uniforms of their husbands and sons so they too could be fodder for cannon. Why they were fighting had been forgotten. Most of them had never known. And as the ranks became smaller the area of fighting dwindled and dwindled until at last the combined armies of all the warring nations centered about the great city.

Most of the heavy artillery was silent. Germany let England master the sea by abandoning her ships and using her marines and sailors with the land forces. Airships and aeroplanes were a thing of the past, as far as this war was concerned. No more mechanics were available. The cavalry was annihilated. A few machine guns, "home-made" cannon, vicious hand-made bombs (the work of women and invalids) composed the entire ordnance. The debts of each nation were appalling. Civilization trembled on the brink of the pit.

Rulers of non-combating countries made countless peace overtures only to find them ignored by the warring powers.

Kaisers, Czars, Emperors, Presidents, Kings and petty rulers of countries embroiled in war paused and shook their heads. "We started it," they said to themselves, "but we cannot stop it." Then these same rulers issued proclamation after proclamation urging "loyalty and support for their country in the grace of God!"

"In the grace of God, eh?" said one of the survivors as he read one of the proclamations. "And by the grace of all the Gods what for?" It seemed, that as he lay there on his cot, a great light dawned upon his mind and with a smile he turned to a companion in the next cot.

"Are you awake, comrade?" he asked.

"Yes," groaned the other and rolled over so he might better see the speaker.

"Did you ever know that bullets have sense?" asked the first.

"Not to my certain knowledge do I know it, although I may well say, with as much emphasis as my shattered body allows, that I tasted enough shrapnel and bullets to be transformed into a patchwork—but I don't know——"

"You understand me, although you do not admit it. By bullets having sense I hold that when you first go into battle, cheering and possessing a whole skin,

Let the War Go On!

you think of nothing but slaughter. Your eyes are wild with enthusiasm and patriotism floods your soul. Urged by your comrades you become insane and revel in the butchery. At last a bullet sears your skin, and goaded by the pain and warm blood you become a demon filled with fury. As your company charges forward you run to the front. You want to be first. You rush into the very jaws of a roaring cannon and spear a gunner. You reel and fall, your body full of cuts and bullets. When you come to you find yourself on a cot and a nurse and doctor bending over and an officer standing nearby to compliment you for your bravery."

Here he broke off and reaching out his arm touched

the dress of a nurse as she was passing. "Bring me water!" he begged. She did as he bade and he drained the cup.

"Are you listening, friend?" he asked when the nurse had departed.

"Aye, and you are telling your story quite well," came the answer in husky tones. "But," he continued, "what has that to do with bullets having sense and why——" here he broke into a terrific cough which lasted several minutes. When he had finished he was too weak to resume but signaled his companion with a slight nod and movement of the hand to continue.

"That was a pretty close call and for a moment I thought you were gone. You deserve an iron cross for rallying, but hereafter let me do the talking."

The ashen face of his friend broke into a smile and his dark brown eyes took on a faint luster. He again nodded weakly.

"I was just at that point where the bullets and sense enter. I had reached the point, I believe, where you were on the road to your senses. You receive your compliments very graciously—that is—as graciously as your war-torn conscience permits. But you have lost all your lust for blood. The bullets that struck you down have set your brain to thinking. Uppermost now, in your mind, are your chances for recovery. You view war from a different angle. You see the murderous side as it should be seen and your patriotism takes a slump as you read proclamations from your King condoling the wounded and wishing speedy recovery. What for? To give you another chance to wrestle with bullets for the love of your country and the grace of God!"

His voice had slowly and steadily raised in volume ending in quivering high-pitched tones. A nurse rushed to his cot to quiet him but he waved her back, shouting, "Don't disturb me! I have not finished yet!"

His face was flushed and scarlet. Back of his feverish and pained expression was a look of bitterness mingled with hate. He had debated over and over again with himself that day the folly of war. He had only let go of his surplus energy when the nurse bore down upon him. She tried to calm him but he would not listen.

"Disturbing my comrades, eh!" he sneered. They're not my comrades. They're my fellow murderers!" He flung her hand away as she tried to sooth his brow, and pointed toward an approaching surgeon.

"And you, too!" he shouted in rage. "You patch us up as fast as we come in. You send us out again as fast as we can wabble. What for? So you can patch us up again for the love of your country—and—the—grace——" He fell back and his eyes began to glaze.

"Remove that man!" roared an officer to the surgeon.

"Remove this man!" ordered the surgeon. Two orderlies ran forward.

"Take this anarchist out of here and put him in the guard house!" again roared the officer.

The pale faced comrade in the next cot heard the shuffling as his unfortunate friend was borne away. A faint smile flittered across his face. He smiled because he saw the end of war. He saw his King; his allies' kings and monarchs; his enemies' kings and monarchs fighting side by side against an angry horde. He saw those who had been forced into this war rebel, arise and strike these monarchs down. And last, he saw these joined in one great brotherhood.

He smiled again and beckoned to a nurse. She came and sat beside him. Commanding all his strength in one great effort he pulled her to him and whispered in a hoarse, death rattle, "Goodbye, I'm gone—to Hell, I guess. I'm many times a murderer—but I played the cards as they dealt them. I'm gone—for the love of my country—and gone—in the grace of God!"

CHURCH NEWS FROM AFRICA

(By the Benighted Press.)

UNGAARD, Central Africa, Oct. 25, 1914.—Resolutions were read and adopted in the Central Cannibal Church protesting against the Christian war, now being waged in Europe. The resolutions condemn the wanton destruction of life, except for purposes of food.

The Ladies' Heathen Society of the First Church of the Unredeemed voted to send a boatload of yams, gourds and breadfruit to the starving wives and children of Christians whose husbands and fathers are at war.

The Young Men's Pagan Society of Junglesia adopted resolutions calling on all young pagans to resist the insiduous teachings of Christianity; and to dedicate their lives to peace.

At the Church of the Voodoes, the Fire Worshippers' Temple, and the Second Buddists' Congregation of Tong Yong Ya, collections were taken up to carry on foreign missions among the French, Russians, Germans and English peoples.

Missionaries will go among these warlike people and endeavor to persuade them to forsake their blood-thirsty Gods and worship the One True God of Africa.

"Europe for Vood in 1915," is the slogan of these loyal religionists.—Mary Field.

Co-operation in Europe and the War

The War's Message——By Ernest O. F. Ames

LAST year in Glasgow, Scotland, delegates from every civilized country, representing thirty million co-operators, met in the International Co-operative Congress. Among other things, they renewed their pledges of international peace and disarmament.

Today, one year later, many of the nations represented are at each other's throats in a death grapple. Each nation in the fight will surely have many of these co-operators in its ranks.

It is the object of this article to show the effect of this war on the co-operative movement and the relation of co-operation to the war. The immediate future is serious for co-operation economically and from the material standpoint. Educationally, the co-operative movement may be the gainer, but at how great a cost we shall see.

Co-operation will prove of inestimable benefit during the war to the people, both members of co-operative societies and non members. Co-operative stores have already justified their existence by the steadying effect they have had on the market.

When the war broke out and panic seized big business, or rather when big business seized upon the panic and made it an excuse to inflate prices and to hold up the market, the co-operative stores stood firm. No increase in prices was permitted.

The peoples' stores published broadcast in the press, and by other advertising means, the statement that they were not advancing prices. They went further, they warned the public against overbuying from the stores, thereby deplenishing stocks and assisting the tendency toward high prices. Members were strongly urged not to withdraw their savings or capital from the co-operative funds, but to continue living in all respects as normally as possible. The co-operative factories put on extra workers to counteract any unemployment due to the war.

The effect of this attitude by the vast co-operative business interests was immediate. In Great Britain the industrial and commercial panic at the declaration of war was almost instantly squashed. The attempt to artificially inflate prices was nipped in the bud and the food pirates held in check. In some other European countries, where the power of co-operation was not so great, the government interfered to accomplish the same end.

The co-operators will thus, by the accumulated savings made in the control of their own business for many years past, be enabled to survive the present crisis,—this calamity caused by the capitalist system of monopoly and inequality.

The reserve force of co-operation will largely stem the devastation and ruin caused by capitalism. Co-operation will thus be revealed as a constructive force, while capitalism is destructive in its career and leads finally to more complete destruction, such as this war exhibits. The vast funds of the co-operators will save its members from immediate want and postpone, if not entirely remove, actual hunger and starvation, such as for instance already afflicts the Balkan people, who have been at war so long.

In this way by the very magnitude of its forces and by virtue of its stand for a higher and different form of life, in which "each for all and all for each" will be the rule, instead of fraud and aggression, the co-operators have performed a great service both to their own members and the millions of poor people, who otherwise would have been at the mercy once again of greedy traders and market gamblers.

The amount of suffering and privation prevented, the stamina and independence saved, will go a long way towards the reconstruction of democratic forces, which will be so greatly needed at the close of this fearful capitalistic climax.

While co-operation is showing its immense value as an economic saving force for its large membership, and indirectly for the whole community, it stands in the first line of the war's victims. The arrest of production, the wholesale devastation, the monstrous expenditures of life and property, will pile up a load of debt beyond the conception of even modern economists.

All waste and debt always has to be met by labor. More labor must replace labor wasted and expended and replace it with interest. The working people and their institutions are the first to suffer when wars come. They foot the bills, inevitably. The strain of supporting the people during this ghastly war, added to the burden of debt which the war will create, and which will immediately fall upon the laboring classes, will bring financial ruin to many of the peoples' co-operative enterprises.

The co-operative societies will continue to pour out their substance to ward off starvation of women and children. Thousands of men folk will be killed in the war, and general impoverishment of co-operative societies will result from this unnecessary world calamity.

Group of Colonists at Llano del Rio

The greatest loss that co-operation will suffer, however, and more calamitous even than the loss of funds and property, will be the loss of progress in the great social reforms that co-operation, along with other social forces, has advanced so steadily during latter years. The great crime of this war against all humanity will be the setting back of all social reform for generations.

Social workers, better than any other people, know how much remains to be done to bring things to an approximation of justice; at the same time it is readily admitted that the last twenty-five years in Europe have been years of great accomplishment. The chief fight has been to secure money from national and state exchequers for reforms. The gradual removal of taxation from labor to unearned increment and the increased claim upon the latter for funds to administer measures of social justice has characterized the struggle for equality of opportunity. The fight has been long and hard to get a few millions for such work and the advent of war, with its spending of millions, saddens the hearts and chills the hopes of all who serve in the cause of progress. Already the old reply seems to be renewed "there is no money for social amelioration." The deadly apathy, the sullen lack of interest, which characterizes a generation of people for whom there is no relief in sight from hard unremitting toil and want, is an impassable barrier to progress.

(To be concluded.)

WALL STREET'S NEW HORROR—By Max Hays

NOW the dude bookkeepers, clerks and typewriters of Wall Street, who have always displayed considerable scorn toward the very common persons who work, are up against the real thing.

Hundreds of the snobbish crowd have been laid off or discharged outright on account of the closing of the Stock Exchange, the bankers, brokers and other manipulators having little or no work for office servants.

It is only a few months ago that unemployed meetings were held in the Wall Street district for the purpose of impressing the money changers with the fact that there were unfortunate people in the world who deserved to be treated justly.

The nasty little satellites of the bankers and brokers created much amusement for themselves and each other by pelting the speakers with orange peelings, apple cores, peanuts, etc., accompanied by hoots and sneering remarks to display their great wit (and long ears).

Now they are getting at least a partial dose of their medicine. A New York paper says large numbers of office men and women flock around the buildings in the financial district and make anxious inquiries about the possibilities of securing employment.

They frankly admit that they are up against a serious situation, for the most of them are virtually without means, as the high cost of living in New York has become a nightmare. The real labor element is shedding no tears of sympathy for the flunkies of Wall Street, who ordinarily glory in their slavishness.

NOTES ON THE WAR

By HOMER CONSTANTINE

The Kaiser has conferred the iron cross on 189 soldiers and the double cross on about forty million others.

If you want to get up a reputation as a prophet just give it out at this hour that the Austro-Hungarian coalition will collapse with continued Russian victories. It's virtually in the goulash now.

According to cable reports the submarine that sank three British cruisers was the U 9. English sailors declare it came from the Dogger banks and this gives rise to the suspicion that it was really the K 9.

"Forward with God!" says the Kaiser.

"Full steam ahead with the Almighty at the helm!" says the King.

"What damned barbarians!" says the Fiji Island Cannibal.

Enter Henrietta Dubb,—vide the following dispatch—

PARIS—Among the wounded brought to Nois-le-Sec, a town in the department of the Seine and near the Ource canal, was a young laundress in a soldier's uniform. Before sending her to the rear the commanding officer complimented her on her bravery.

PARIS—The Matin prints a photograph of a saber bayonet found near Meux, belonging to the Forty-seventh Prussian infantry, one edge of which was notched like a saw. The Matin says that many similar saber bayonets have been found. When this bayonet is thrust into the human abdomen and withdrawn it brings out the intestines which frequently are trailed twenty feet away. Scores of living men have been found in this terrible condition.

When Russia went seriously to war the Demon Rum received a terrible swat. The government, which has had a monopoly of the booze business, stopped the sale of vodka throughout the empire. The declaration is made that a great war cannot be fought on alcohol or any of its compounds. Great petitions are being circulated asking the government to make prohibition permanent. These petitions set forth the statements that vodka has been the national curse. Meantime Petrograd is as dry as Knoxville and the cable carries no news of national disaster.

NEW YORK—Society women are rejoicing over the solution of the vexatious servant question. "Starvation and widowhood will drive the women of Europe here by the thousands and they will be willing to work at our terms. The present scale of wages will go down as the numbers increase," said the wife of a prominent financier who has made millions in western mines and lands.

Germans complain they are being killed by dum-dum bullets fired by the French soldiers. A dum-dum bullet has a hollow point and soft nose. Entering the human body it disintegrates and tears the flesh to a pulp. Andrew Carnegie had this bullet barred by rules of the Hague peace conference. (Yes he did—like Kelly did).

A gun store in Los Angeles is displaying in a window a Mercier-Bennett machine gun that fires 600 shots a minute. The gun is the property of a company of the California National Guard. The notable thing about the display is the fact the gun and extra clips are **loaded with soft-nose or dum-dum bullets!** Shall we call a new Hague conference?

"See the grisly texture grow!
('Tis of human entrails made.)"

During the battle of Hofstade, near Malines, King Albert of Belgium motored out and participated in the general engagement. The Belgians forced the German artillery to retreat. Skid chains were used on his majesty's motor before he left the scene as the highway, where a cavalry charge had been checked by shrapnel, was slippery with fragments of human flesh, blood and entrails.

The bristled boar in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

At Tomazow a Russian lieutenant (a Petrograduate from the imperial war college) showed his skill with the bayonet when he took a rifle from one of his men and with the bayonet tossed a baby high in the air and caught it again and again on the point of his weapon. The young mother of the infant, who stood shrieking at the sight, was taken away by the soldiers and the following day found dead and mutilated in their deserted camp.—German dispatch.

WHY THE WAR?

By J. H. RYCKMAN

BEFORE the war the Christians of the whole world prayed for peace, but God was on a journey or perhaps he slept and heard not. After the war came, the Christians of Germany by direction of the Kaiser, prayed to the same God for victory to perch upon the standard of the Hohenzollerns, and they modestly reminded God that he was in honor bound to give the victory to them as they were the best friends he ever had. Likewise the Czar and his priests of the Holy Catholic Church prayed to the same God for the victory and incidentally mentioned the fact that the Russian people were the only really steadfast adherents of the one true God.

This morning I saw in a London paper an appeal for 100,000 volunteers and it wound up with "God Save the King." Even the British don't intend to rely wholly upon the volunteers.

But these millions down on their knees appear to have forgotten that even if this God could answer their mutually antagonistic prayers, he seems to prefer to keep the promise he made in his own book. (Prov. 1:26-28.)

"I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind, then shall they call upon me but I will not answer."

We have no time for futilities, either of protest against the war, or speculation as to the outcome. We leave such things to those who will follow us. We look facts in the face and seek for causes.

This war is but a phase of the world-wide, age-long conflict between autocracy and democracy.

In England we saw a while ago, the extreme wing of the ruling class, the Tories, feeding the fires of revolt against Home Rule in Ireland and we see the moderate wing, the Liberals, throwing women in jail rather than give them the ballot. And so the battle rages the world around between autocracy whether disguised as Czar or Kaiser, President or Prime Minister on the one side and democracy on the other—between kingcraft and priesthood and their prerogatives on one side and the common people, the workers of the world, on the other, in their effort to get control of the government.

Crossing the Channel we see the forces of progress marshaling by millions. I care not whether you call them the forces of reform or revolution, for revolution is only reform raised to the ninth power.

On the continent these forces have grown so powerful, their demands are so insistent, their adherents so numerous that they have become an immediate menace to every throne and every chancellery of Europe, and to every religious and political superstition in the world. In France the Socialist Party at the recent election increased its vote from 1,100,000 to 1,400,000 and its representation in the parliament from 76 to 102, and at the next election it was safely counted that they would capture the government in every department and thus brave, gallant, beautiful France would take its place at the head of the grand procession of co-operative commonwealths that are soon to girdle the earth.

In Germany the forces of reform were even more powerful, the Socialists alone having 110 members in the German parliament and 4,500,000 votes—about 38 per cent of the whole, and at the next election might readily have captured the government. In Italy, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Finland, Norway and Sweden the movement was growing with astonishing rapidity. The ruling class was stricken with dread. The people were crushed with a burden of debt imposed for the building and upkeep of the paraphernalia of war. Austria, doubtless at dictation from Potsdam, declared war on Servia on the flimsiest possible pretext.

The Czar mobilized his troops on the Austrian frontier. Germany declared war on Russia and had completed mobilization of her army in 20 hours—the greatest war machine ever constructed, and jumped, not at the throat of Russia, but at the throat of the French Republic—started not for St. Petersburg, but for Paris—to wipe off the map of Europe at one fell blow Europe's greatest republic and to block the forces of progress possibly forever.

It was not Russian despotism that was to be crushed but French republicanism. Germany's war lord and his apologists seek to justify their declaration of war against Russia by saying that the autocracy of Russia is a menace to the high civilization of Europe. France agrees with him, England and Italy and Belgium agree with him and all that the Kaiser had to do when Russia menaced Austria was to beckon England and France and Italy and all Europe to his side and the Czar of Russia, coward that he is, would have called off his dogs of war and the peace of Europe

Your Class Must Win!

By Allan L. Benson

YOU cannot win unless your class wins—the working class. You cannot win unless you get together and stick together. The Socialist platform is the only place in America in which you can get together without finding grafters and bunco men sandwiched in among you.

The Socialist Party is a working man's and a working woman's party. Grafters have no use for it. Bunco men steer clear of it. Its platform does not contain a splinter of comfort for any of them. It is on the level and on the square. It will not break down and it will not blow up.

If we had a Socialist Congress today, this country would enter upon such an era of prosperity as the world never saw. As a matter of fact, the world has never seen much prosperity, except for a few. The rest of the people are always close to the hunger line.

would have been assured for 100 years, probably forever.

But the Kaiser and his government are only the executive committee of the ruling class, the capitalists, and such a dream of peace and progress was not to be realized. Russia has not won a great war in 100 years. She was the first white nation to be ignominiously defeated by a handful of the yellow race—little Japan. She has just passed through a violent internal revolution whose fires are merely smouldering ready to burst out again into a conflagration. It behooved the Czar to precipitate a foreign war to avert an upheaval at home, and he seized the opportunity to back Servia, when menaced by Austria and declared war. It fitted well the plans of the Kaiser to engage the forces of reform in the slaughter of their brothers in France and the war is on.

Let us hope that out of this horrible carnage will emerge a Europe without a King, a Czar or a War Lord or a Mailed Fist; that every vestige of autocracy and militarism will disappear and every scion of kingly rule be driven into exile; that every sword shall be turned into a plowshare and every spear into a pruning hook:

That the war drums shall throb no more and the battle-flags be furled,
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World.

SEPTEMBER MIDNIGHT

By SARAH TEASDALE.

LYRIC night of the lingering Indian Summer,
Shadowy fields that are scentless but full of singing,
Never a bird, but the passionless chant of insects,
Ceaseless, insistent.

The grasshopper's horn, and far off, high in the maples,
The wheel of a locust leisurely grinding the silence
Under a moon waning and worn, broken,
Tired with summer.

Let me remember you, voices of little insects,
Weeds in the moonlight, fields that are tangled with asters,
Let me remember, soon will the winter be on us,
Snow hushed and heavy.

Over my soul murmur your mute benediction,
While I gaze, Oh fields that rest after harvest,
As those who part look long in the eyes they lean to,
Lest they forget them.

Impressions of Llano

By J

I WAS awakened early Sunday morning in Palmdale. I was on my way to Llano Del Rio, which is twenty miles east of Palmdale, and was to have been met at the train, but a misunderstanding left me stranded in the little city for the night. However, a telephone message to the colony headquarters speedily brought an auto, and I was whisked over there in less than an hour.

Llano Del Rio Colony is situated on a plain gently sloping to northward and westward. Its smooth surface is dotted with sagebrush, greasewood, yuccas, etc. With the exception of these and an occasional ranch house, with or without its clump of trees, according to the time it has been occupied, the eye sweeps the unobstructed plain for many miles. The outskirting scenery is one of splendor. Mountain tops meet the sky in every direction. Two hundred miles to the north lie the Tehachipis, their crests scarcely discernible from the fleecy coluds floating over. Midway in the valley are the "mystic" buttes, a long line of low-lying sentinels, cast up by nature when the earth was young. They are like a line of huge battleships menacing intrusion. Though massive rock, they are sheathed in halo, their contour is graceful, their coloring divine. "'Tis distance lends enchantment," never was truer word said than of these, when in early morn shafts of light bathe them in glory, one by one, or in the "waning hours," when they change from soft purple to pale gold with the shifting of their position to the sun. From out of the "mists" into the "mists," mute and immutable, there they lie, a column of silent grandeur under the star-lit sky, a thing of eternal beauty under the "orb of day."

To fully appreciate Llano Del Rio, you must have vision. You must see with the mental as well as the physical eye. You must be able to look into the future and see that which does not exist today. The scenic beauty, the fine, dry, invigorating air, the blue sky above and the bounteous earth below, will lend wings to your imagination. You must be able to see the day, and not a very distant day, when a happy, contented people, surrounded by every comfort and many luxuries, will cluster in and around a civic center where there will be schools, library, theatre, moving pictures, pool, billiards, ball grounds, golf links, etc., etc.

Plans for these things and many more are being worked out, and their concrete realization, in a comparatively near future, seems certain. One section of a hotel, which will accommodate a hundred people, has just been completed. This will be temporary headquarters. It will consist of sleeping-rooms and apartments, a large dining-room and kitchen, a storeroom and the company's office. It is claimed that this is the only building that will be made of wood, as all the raw materials for making cement, brick and stone houses are on the land, and will be converted into the finished product by the workers themselves.

Hunter's Camp at Jackson's Lake. About a Dozen Deer Were Brought Out by the Colonists During the Season

This is a constructive, co-operative corporation in which the individual members form a working unit. Singly they could do little, collectively they can accomplish wonders. It is inspiring to see these earnest, determined men and women go about the task of con-

el Rio Co-operative Colony

s R. Nickum

Orchard Scene

Llano Colonists

verting this so-called desert into what must soon become a veritable Garden of Eden. These people are pioneering, they are building an empire, a kingdom in which each will be a king or a queen as the case may be.

The green trees, shade, ornamental and fruit, the luxuriant fields of alfalfa and the rank growth of all vegetation upon the ranches where water now flows attest, with unmistakableness, the fertility of the soil.

As to the water, I haven't the technical knowledge to measure, or even guess its quantity, or the number of acres that may be brought under its influence, but I am informed, by what I consider absolutely reliable authority, that from the water rights now owned by the company sufficient water may be conserved to irrigate many thousands of acres, and that enough may be stored to tide over two or three years of drought, should one possibly occur.

Llano Del Rio Colony was an inspiration. It was conceived in the brain of Job Harriman. It was born of him, and by him it is being fostered. His is the master mind, his, the directing hand.

Not so very long ago Harriman visited this part of Antelope Valley, for the first time, at the solicitation of one who is now a member of the colony. He traversed the country for many miles around. He compared its soil with that of the thousand-dollar-an-acre pear orchards at Little Rock, ten miles away, and found it the same. He talked with the scattered ranchers, and heard their plaint of isolated effort. Then he visited its water sources high up in the mountains. He saw their volume, their waste and their possibilities, and he dreamed a dream. But, dreams alone are fleeting pleasures, and had he stopped there this story would not have been written.

Job Harriman has given the best years of his life to a cause other than which there is none greater. To better the condition of the poor, the oppressed, the down-trodden, he has ever striven. He has seen conditions as they exist, and their cause with a clearer vision than most men.

Out of the world's unrest at the ever encroaching greed of capitalism, many co-operative plans have been devised and put into operation to obtain relief, but with largely indifferent success. Harriman familiarized himself with all these plans. He pondered over

them, he analyzed them and noted their elements of failure. With these milestones of failure as beacon lights to guide him from the shoals encountered by those who had gone before, a plan formed in his mind which gradually unfolded and grew to maturity. It was the realization of this plan of which he dreamed when he stood on the mountain heights and viewed the broad acres spread out below. Being a man, quick to act, when convinced of the logic of his course, he immediately set about it to make his dream come true, and he certainly has cause for gratification at the rapidity with which the erstwhile plain is being inhabited and brought under subjugation.

The end of each week finds Harriman on the ground, in khaki and elk-skins. A stranger would not pick him out as one of the big lawyers from the city. He would pass readily for one of the "boys" who, by their sweat are doing the actual work of building Llano. But, here, as elsewhere, that he may be found, he is a busy man. Every detail of the work is scrutinized. He counsels with all, and listens to, and makes suggestions. He doesn't say "go," he says "come" and that is the spirit that prevails at Llano.

How dear to Harriman's heart is this enterprise, and how much it means to him may be summed up briefly in the words of a member of the colony: "Its success or failure means life or death to his hopes."

Before having seen this location, Harriman, together with A. F. Snell and G. P. McCorkle, both of

Sunday at the Goodwin Ranch, Llano del Rio Colony

whom are bankers, had traveled over much of the state, and looked over many different sites for a colony. One, a 20,000-acre tract, was considered as being favorable, and a deal for it was seriously contemplated. However, Llano Del Rio was seen to have many advantages not possessed by any of the others, hence its selection. The first money put up to secure concessions of land and water was furnished by these three men, and this without hope of individual profit, except that accruing to all members. Neither Harriman, Snell or McCorkle owns or can own more shares of stock than can be owned by any other member of the colony. Each member may own 2000 shares at a par value of $1.00, but he can own no more.

It is not within the nature of things that there should be absolutely "clear sailing" at Llano in the beginning. At first there will be little jealousies, little anamosities, little bickerings, little jockeyings for

W. A. Engle, Ranch Foreman at Llano del Rio

favored place, and this would not be strange—in fact it is to be expected—for each of these workers is fresh from the grinds of capitalism, where, in order to live, every man's hand is against every other man's hand. Each, in spite of his philosophy, has been forced throughout his life, by the iniquitous competitive system, to take every advantage of every one with whom he came in contact. His life, his every act, his very being has been modeled and shaped by the conditions under which he has lived. He may have looked into the future, and, in his mind's eye, seen the Co-operative Commonwealth spread out before him. He may have looked into this land of fraternity, of bounty, of plenty, where not a single human being in all the earth went hungry, and longed for the day when he could enter therein, but this so far has been only a phantasy, and not a reality. He still is in capitalism. He thinks in the terms of capitalism, and works in the ways of capitalism.

He crosses the line. He enters this co-operative

colony, which, by the way, while not the Co-operative Commonwealth, is a mighty long step in that direction. Yesterday he worked competitively. Today he works co-operatively. Does the mere crossing of this boundary line enable him to completely change his mental attitude Can he, in a day, throw off the habits acquired in a lifetime under capitalistic environs? He certainly cannot. He, of course, upon entering this new atmosphere, feels a great change. His spirits lighten, and his heart swells with emotion. His resolves are higher, his determination firm, yet, he will have a struggle to keep, inviolate these exalted resolutions. He will find it difficult to accept assignments to work that is not just suited to his inclinations. The food set before him may not all be exactly to his taste, yet, I must say, after having partaken of it, that it is very good, very wholesome, and far above that which is spread out on the average working man's table. There may be, and very probably will be, many little things about which he feels, when he forgets himself, that he has a "kick" coming. But this is only his transitory stage from competition to co-operation, and even here, by girding himself, he will be able to keep his resolves, in the main, and as the days pass, the necessary effort to do so will become less and less. And when he comes to fully realize, and appreciate the fact, that he owns an equal interest with all other workers in this rich empire he is helping to build, its green fields, its orchards, its water, its machinery, its live stock and the beautiful white city that will arise, peace and contentment and joy will occupy his soul. He will be ready to work where his work will count for most. He will co-operate indeed and in truth with all his comrades. He will stretch out his hand and "lift up," not "press down."

The Colony Is a Paradise for the Children

Little Charlotte Earle and Her Pets

THE REAL BATTLEFIELD

By GEORGE R. LUNN

THERE is before me a picture which reveals better than words the unspeakable horrors of human butchery.

It is a picture of the real battlefield.

I see a home where starvation is ruling with ghastly iron hand.

The cupboard in the poverty stricken home is not burdened with even a crust of bread.

On the kitchen table lays the baby of the household sleeping the sleep from which there is no earthly awakening, a tiny victim of starvation.

Kneeling with her head buried in her hands which rest on the table is the grief-stricken mother.

To her right a little girl of about eight years attempting to rise but too famished to walk.

Behind, holding on to his mother's dress, is a boy of five years, thin, emaciated and so pitiful, looking frightfully toward the door.

This is a picture of the real ravages of war.

Always in the foodless, fatherless home the battle of life and death is fought to the bitter end.

It is a battle without hope for no star illumines the shadow of that struggle.

No bands are playing, no drums are beating, no trumpets are sounding on this battlefield.

The father is gone, sent, he knows not why, to be murdered.

The helpless mother and fatherless children are left behind; left to fight hopelessly against starvation and death.

Here is where we see the real war, war in all its hideous nakedness.

Not on the plain or sea where the thousands are nerved to action by the brutal excitement of death's carnage, but in the homes where slow starvation grips the innocent children and where the pitiful sight of the dead babe brings collapse of courage to the wretched mother, is the real battlefield.

Has your subscription to the WESTERN COMRADE EXPIRED? Renew it now and get a few neighbors to subscribe.

THE DESERT

By
ALBERTA LESLIE

THE Desert slept,
Breathless, 'Neath noonday's molten heat
Naught living stirred, on wings or feet,
'Till evening breezes, cool and sweet,
O'er her broad bosom swept.

Then fades the day.
Life stirs anew, the Desert wakes;
A rabbit's scream the silence breaks
As Death, swift-footed, overtakes
The gaunt coyote's prey.

Stirs Life—Death stirs also.
And from his hidden earthy bed
The rattler rears his loathsome head,
Waiting some creature's careless tread
To lay it low.

A bat flits by.
And now the new moon's silver rim
Dips near the far horizon dim,
And yucca branches sharply limn
Fantastic shapes against the sky.

Veiled by the dying light,
Through gathering dusk, now palely gleams
(Like lovely unreal shapes in dreams)
The cruel chollas shape which seems
A thing of beauty soft and white.

E'en so the desert hides,
'Neath twilight's veil, her cruel face:
The burning stars reveal no trace
Of Death in that mysterious place
Where Death abides.

Upon her breast
Lie whitening bones by dust concealed
Which, in the noon-day's sun revealed,
Show even man—proud man—must yield
His life at her behest.

But this shall pass.
Some day, from hidden founts unsealed,
'Tis Life, not Death, that she shall yield
In flowing stream and blooming field—
And greening grass.

Bide yet awhile,
And on this water famished land,
Which now bears cactus, sage and sand,
The stacks of golden grain shall stand—
And homes shall smile.

A little while and I
Shall see the orchard trees take root;
The tender leaves and branches shoot
And jewel tints of ripening fruit
Shall with the sunsets vie.

And when I've seen
The Desert's power to hurt all spent—
God's blessing on the Desert sent,
I, too, shall pass in deep content
With things that once have been.

Llano del Rio Colony, October, 1914.

Major Jarero, Who Went For Zapata

By EMANUEL JULIUS

ZAPATA—the Robin Hood of Mexico's a myth. Terrible Z (the last letter in southwest—is more than a man; he is the Mexican revolutionary alphabet) is more than a leader; he is a flag. Peons speak of Jesus and Zapata in the same breath. Praying peons often mumble Zapata's name when they mean to use the name of Christ.

Zapata and Jesus—rebels, both of them. True they differ in some respects. However, the rough Zapata, like the gentle Jesus, fights for the landless, penniless, ragged scum of the earth. Jesus turned the other cheek. Zapata never does that. Jesus was crucified. Zapata is better equipped, having splendid rifles and quick-firing guns; so, there is little likelihood of his being "dismantled." The difference between Jesus and Zapata as fighters for the poor is one of efficiency.

Jesus had his Pontius Pilate. Zapata had his Major Pablo Zayas Jarero, erstwhile leader of 4000 Huertistas in "the green valleys of Morelos," not many miles southwest of Mexico City. And this brings us to the story. Zapata is still in Morelos—a rich, beautiful country. Major Jarero isn't. That's an important difference. Z is an "in"; Major Jarero is an "out", a hopeless "out". The Major is in New York, which is a compliment for the leader of the peons of Morelos.

As a major in the federal army, Jarero had the unpleasant and difficult tasks of annihilating the rebel army of the southwest and sending Zapata to kingdom come. Don Pablo Zayas Jarero began four years ago; he quit recently. Zapata and his army are still doing business at the same old stand.

In the restaurants of the Whitehall Building, Battery Park, I met the major and heard his story. At the table were Mr. Carlo de Fornaro, noted caricaturist, author of "Diaz, Czar of Mexico," and Manuel Esteva, New York Consul during Huerta's regime.

"About 2000 Zapatistas were always carrying on a guerrila warfare against my men," said Major Jarero. "Zapata's regular army had about 2000, but he had a fighting force of at least 40,000 men, women and children (children fight for Zapata) who had and still have guns and ammunition and were ready to fight at a moment's notice. They tilled the soil most of the time, but never hesitated to leave their plows and grab their guns whenever they saw an opportunity to pick off a few of my men."

Asked how it happened that he permitted the peons to carry on such warfare, the major shrugged his shoulders and said:

"What could I do? Zapata owns the country down there. Every man I talked with would deny he was a Zapatista. It was hard to prove they weren't, since their guns were hidden. They did not fight habitually.

"They are just humble peons when they work on their land their leader steals for them, but as soon as they take their guns they become brave fighters who fear nothing.

"They would work quietly when they saw a company of my men march by, but they would count my men—I couldn't stop them—and when my men were gone, they would quickly organize a force twice the size of my party, which may have had only 50 men. Zapatistas would follow, set a trap and exterminate them. Then they would hurry back to their land, hide their guns and go to work. What could I do? Sometimes I wouldn't hear of my loss for weeks. It was awfully exasperating!"

The major frankly admitted that it was impossible to down Zapata's followers. Of course, the only action (from the major's viewpoint)—to execute the thousands of peons in Zapata's country—is impossible.

"Zapata is their god," Major Jarero continued. "The people worship him. He is a Socialist who knows little of the theory or philosophy of Socialism, but who instinctively understands its spirit. Zapata's secretary, a school teacher, is an intelligent man of pronounced Socialist views, who is the brains behind Zapata's bravery."

Zapata, according to the major, has an elaborate method of taking toll from the rich sugar plantationists. As it takes considerable capital and expensive machinery to raise sugar, Zapata, probably unready to confiscate the lands, allows the rich to hire Zapatistas, provided sufficient sums are first paid to his agents. Failure to pay results in destruction of the crop and machinery. This money is used to purchase guns and ammunition for the peons, the major said.

"Zapata," said the major, "is a strange leader, almost a myth. He goes from village to village, never remaining longer than a night. When I was after him, I found it impossible to trace him, because the peons

everywhere gave my men wrong directions, often sending them into traps."

The major then told of an incident that showed the sort of dare-devil Zapata is.

"I was looking for Zapata near the village of Jojutia, in Morelos, and at last decided to give him up as a hopeless case. He looks like an ordinary Mexican, and Mexicans, in the main, look alike. At a little hotel, a man approached me with the time of day. He told me he wished I would find Zapata, the bandit. I soon became attracted to him and invited him to eat with me. He impressed me as a simple-mannered man, quiet and sympathetic. We slept in the same bed that night. Next morning we parted. An hour later we learned that a score of my men were being attacked, so I hurried to their aid. We finally succeeded in saving some of them, and in doing so, we took a prisoner. Of course, the usual thing is summary execution, which we decided upon. The peon said he would tell me something of great interest if I should order his freedom. 'Tell me what you know; I'll decide afterward,' I told him. He answered that I had slept with Zapata! I tell you, Zapata is a funny sort of man."

Zapata is hopeless, said the major. He cannot be eliminated.

Former Consul Esteva interjected with this:

"I believe the government should let Zapata have the country unmolested. The more he is fought, the stronger he becomes. If he becomes governor, he will become conservative before long."

"But Zapata scoffs at the idea of becoming governor of Morelos," said Fornaro.

Said the major: "Every man suspected of being a Zapatista should be sent to distant states."

"Why not let the peons have what they want?" asked Fornaro. "They want land to work on."

"Oh," exclaimed the major; "that can't be done. They are too poor to pay for the land. They haven't the capital."

"Why speak of capital?" Fornaro asked. "The peons are giving capital no thought. They have rifles—that is better than capital. Let the peons work on the land and they will let their rifles grow rusty from disuse."

But the major didn't seem to understand.

THAT ROTTING BRAIN

I AM an admirer of virility and strength. To me power and beauty and life are synonomous. With this in mind I attended the first day's session of the Industrial Relations Commission in Los Angeles. I wanted to see strong men. I hoped even to see a worthy foeman in Harrison Gray Otis. My disappointment is bitter.

What I saw there when the "tyrant" gave his testimony filled me with chagrin, humiliation and nearly pity.

Instead of virility and intellect I saw a fat, flabby dotard sans mind, sans body, sans everything.

He sat on the stand, a dull lackluster glare in his almost invisible eyes. His fading intellect scarcely grasped the questions that were asked him.

When he delivered himself of a particularly venomous utterance he chuckled toothlessly, then fell into silence like an owl molested in its darkened roost. Otis spoke, in muffled tones, through his dirty, repulsive moustache and "goatee." His words and actions betrayed senility and bespoke early decay.

Governor Johnson said Otis has "a rotting brain and a gangrened heart." As we looked at him on the stand these words came back again and again.

A member of Organized Labor said:

"And we are up against that sort of thing If we had but to outwit that, and failed, I would go down and jump off the dock."—G. E. B.

LOVE WITHOUT WINGS

CHINA, like Dick Swiveller, has to sit up and inquire of the old min is friendly. Japan notifies China to remove all civil and military officers and all soldiery from the Tsing-Tao and the Tsinan districts and to abandon the railway there. The order, couched in terms of polite request, naively adds the statement that any opposition will be considered an "unfriendly act."

How sweet is friendship!

HE WAS WILLING

ACCORDING to the advance announcements in Chicago newspapers, with the God willing clause, Voliva has delivered his important address entitled "The End of the World: or When Christ Appoints the Mayor for the City of Chicago."

Later on God was willing again and Voliva utterly spifflicated a trinity of infidel theories by swatting "modern astronomy" (was the ancient astronomy better?); knocking the pee-wadding out of evolution and taking a pot shot at that delightfully nebulous thing "higher criticism."

Chicago must be grateful that Jehovah is so willing and so obliging these days.—E d'O.

TAHITI'S CRABS AND CATS

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

IN Tahiti, the most joyous isle in all the seas, 4000 miles south of here, two things struck me as being very funny.

Cats are fine fishers, and crabs climb trees. The crabs dote on cocoanuts. They climb the palm trees after the nuts, and they cause considerable loss to the owners by their thievery. They are called robber crabs, because of their wicked habits. Of course they are really water residents, like other crabs, but they have become so enamored of a cocoanut diet that they have suited their natures to their appetites to a large degree, and often remain entirely away from the water, except in the love-making season.

They have a huge claw that is very strong, and when the fancy for a nut overcomes them they climb the tree in search of it. A full-grown, healthy cocoa palm is from 60 to 100 feet high, and the nuts are nearly at the tiptop. The crab disengages the nut from its stem, and lets it drop to the ground. If his stomach urges him, he will sever two. The nut or nuts grounded, the robber comes down leisurely, in his backward way, to enjoy his dinner, just as a capitalist goes to his club to dine and wine after he has shaken the nuts off the labor tree.

The Tahitian hates the robber crab, and sometimes takes the trouble to punish him for his abstraction. When the crab is away up by the green leaves, sawing off a few pounds of grub, the native climbs up the tree about 40 feet and encircles it with dirt and leaves. The robber descending, with thoughts of gouging out the soft, delicious meat of the nut and eating it in comfort in his little parlor by the beach,

Making Copra

strikes the garland and in his fool crab brain thinks he has already reached the ground. He lets go, and is hurled to the earth, where the mad Tahitian has spread rocks for his landing. The wretched crab smashes to death on the stones beside the nut he has designed to eat.

This is "nuts" for the native, not the crab. In fact, the native has crabbed the robber's game.

But about the cats that fish. Dr. Williams, the

Water Fete at Tahiti

Tahitians Are Wonderfully Natural and Graceful Dancers

American vice-consul at Tahiti, owns an island, Tetuaroa, a few miles from Tahiti, and has planted 90,000 cocoanut trees on it. He was much troubled by rats, who ate the young shoots of the trees and prevented the nuts from reaching their growth. A cocoanut tree should bear from 60 to 100 nuts a year, worth a cent and a half or two cents each. Dr. Williams baited traps and set out Rough-on-Rats to stop his losses, but to little purpose. The rats learned to know that traps were inhospitable, and that poison disagreed with their health.

One day someone suggested cats. Of course, it was an old maid. Who else? She said that in California cats were the devil on gophers, and that they should do deadly work on Tetuaroa. The doctor bought cats. While he was about it he bought enough. Cats were swarming in certain districts of Tahiti, and when he offered a franc a piece, two whole dimes, every Tahitian kid brought a cat or two. When he had a thousand he cried "Scat!" to the next boy, put them on a schooner and shipped them to Tetuaroa.

Rat meat was cat meat for months. The cats chased the rats up trees and into caves. Never was such a cat-and-rat time. But the day came when the last rat, the tiniest mouse, had perished by the dreadful cataclysm that had overtaken their race.

Tetuaroa is an atoll. It is a coral islet, and the soil is coral dust. It has no population except the few natives sent there by Consul Williams to plant and gather cocoanuts. There is no ploughing nor cultivating, for cocoanuts grow without man's aid. The natives live on fish they catch, and on taro and feis sent from Tahiti. But they could not catch enough fish for a thousand cats, and besides with the rats gone, why support in idleness these meowing myriads?

Worse than that! This rattling home for cats had not been a Tomless Eden. The cats had multiplied. Nature had taken its arithmetical course. It looked very black for the feline families.

But right here, atavism, heredity, survival of the fittest—whatever you may call it—intervened. Time was when cats or their ancestors gained their living by fishing, as other felines do today. Instead of perishing for lack of rats, some wise old cat, courageously overcoming his fear of water, went to fishing.

Soon hundreds of cats spent their many hours a

day in snaring the many kinds of crustaceans and scaled fish that crowd those warm and exquisite waters.

It is a sight to see them! A huge Tabitha crouched upon a coral rock, her eyes intent upon the lapping tide, her paw tense for the strike! She watches the gold and green, the purple-striped, the pale pink and scarlet fish play hide and seek in the holes of the coral. Let one rise within her reach, and slap goes her claws! "Mew!" say the little kittens playing on shore, as mama cat, leaping from rock to rock, brings the food to them. It is a revelation in the adaptability of the living to the necessities of environment.

The rats are gone, the robber crabs have scuttled back to their natural habitat, fearful of the cats, and these have taken up the trade of Peter Bar-Jonah. Life is serene on Tetuaroa. Of course, it's hell on the fish.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

THE worker bowed over his task. Blazing in the heavens the sun sent down scorching rays mercilessly baking the earth and the toiler of the field. At the point nearest the highway the weary one raised his eyes and saw a stranger looking steadfastly at him. Fear gripped the worker's heart and choked him into silence though he tried to speak.

"You do well," said the stranger. "Prepare the grain, I shall need this harvest. Then I shall send for you," and he pulled a black cloak about his fleshless head and disappeared into the forest.

On through the forest the stranger strode commending the workers there. In villages and towns and cities, through factory, mill and mine, he saw the works of men and commended them. Most of all was he pleased with the toil of armorers and gun-makers. All he summoned to be in waiting but all shrank from him crying "No! No! No! We will remain at our task!" And the stranger chuckled mirthlessly and drew his cloak about the cavernous eyes and said: "My messenger will come. Be ready!"

The toilers forgot their resolve to avoid all strange messengers and cling to their tasks. The sun shone and the birds came and the toilers sang in their fields.

Then came a courier in rich panoply. He was accompanied by banners and a fanfare preceeded him. Trumpets sounded and flags waved aloft. The toilers arose in the fields and heard the shouts:

"Dulce est pro patri mori!"

"Gott und Vaterland!"

"Viva la Republique!"

"God Save the King!"

"Hurrah for the Old Flag!"

The toilers left the fields and forest and mills and mines and followed the courier shouting the cries, though their women wept and clung to their men they were flung off and from the earth cried out to the courier:

"Who are you? Why do you take our loved ones away?"

"I am patriotism and I follow the path of glory!" said the courier. And the workers shouted aloud, drowning the wails of the women and followed after the trumpets and the flags.

As the workers marched they drew myriad others to them. Then the music ceased and they heard groans. Noises like the rending of the heavens smote their ears and a black pall arose and blotted out the sky. The way grew slippery and many fell. Then they knew they were wading through blood and fragments of flesh and human entrails. Some sought to turn back, but were stricken and crushed down.

They marched steadily forward numbered in the millions. They approached an ineffable abyss, where all were doomed to plunge, and they saw on the brink the figure of the stranger, the black cloak drawn about his hollow skull. Beside him stood the courier whose garments were reddened and splashed with blood and the banners and music were gone.

The stranger spoke to the courier and said: "You have done well. The crop is good!" Then the doomed workers on the brink knew the two were DEATH and WAR.—G. E. B.

THE FACTORY HAND

By EDGCUMB PINCHON

The loathsome light is here—Another day!
The monster whose daily food am I is yelling for me!
Nervously I rise and run, yea—run, lest He become impatient—angry, and refuse to gulp me.
I hasten, gibbering with cold and dread, prostrate myself before Him, His tentacles are around me—I clutch them eagerly. I am engulfed!
My sinew, bone, my nerves, my heart, my blood, my brain—my Soul—are His—The hours writhe by:
With brutish unconcern he crunches me between his steel-clad jaws, rolls me beneath his iron tongue, sucks up my life—my Self!
And spews me forth at eve—a Thing—to gather as I may fresh blood for morrow's feast.

The Glory That Was Rome

By SYDNEY HILLIARD

NO ONE can count the books that have been written about Rome. Historians, near-historians and professors of almost everything on earth and in the heavens have had to jolly us along a little about something to do with Rome. Generations of schoolboys have been stall-fed and force-fed on Rome until they knew more about Rome than they do about home.

And all these near-historians and others have tortured the language to find eulogiums and encomiums suitable to portray what they called the glory of Rome. Most of the school and college histories are ablaze with it. Boys think that Rome was a fountain of splendor, the headwaters of human achievement, the dayspring of the waters of life.

And so, from the point of view of the tribunes, praetors, patricians and aristocracy in general, it may have been. It is their view which has been handed down to us. The other classes were not in a position to hand down their views. They were not permitted to have any views. It is the view of the aristocratic class, or at all events of the dominant class, which gets into book form. The other is extinguished.

From the point of view of the international Roman proletariat and the Italian peasantry, Rome was a hideously diseased octopus consisting of clutching fingers eternally endeavoring to fill a bottomless belly. Nothing satisfied her but the fairest, the youngest, the strongest; nor was there ever such a thing as satisfaction. Just as the tenderloins of New York and London will seize everything beautiful and reach and reach for fresh beauty to devour, so was Rome. She was an international brothel. The wide-eyed Virgin of the country village, the young mother with babe on her delicate breast, the strong-armed Syrian peasant, the dreamy Persian shepherd boy, the Gallic fisher lad—these were the prizes of Rome, and what became of them? Ask of the winds that blow up from the lawland seas!

It is to be charged against them that the textbooks in the schools and universities tell none of these things. Their view is that of the Roman Senate, not of the hillside goat-herder.

To the classicist, one Roman poet was worth the sacrifice of a million virgins and a million peasant boys, and of this was the glory that was Rome.

But to us, to the modern proletarian, the question comes, how many poets were there among those two million boys and girls sold into slavery?

A poet must indeed be a marvelous thing that is the distilled essence, the ultimate filtration of the destruction of millions of the bodies and of the souls of the best of humanity. A noble philosophy that the degredation of a thousand girls can flower in a line of Roman verse!

Slavery! No figures can encipher its extent in the days of the glory of Rome. Slavery in the United States was a chautauqua picnic compared to it. South Carolina was a Dorcas meeting alongside of a single day of the glory of Rome. On such a single day in a single market as many as a hundred thousand slaves were sold, and twenty thousand was no uncommon sale. The western and southern borders of the Mediterranean and far inland were depopulated, and have remained so ever since.

After the free Italian husbandman had become extinct, had gone to live in Rome on stolen wheat and glory, and sometimes on glory without wheat, his place was taken by chained tribes working under the lash who had been driven thither from peasant valleys where now the jackal began to roam, and has done ever since. The ruin of Italy followed by the ruin of Syria seemed to be necessary to the glory of Rome.

The punishment of slave revolt was crucificion. There were many slave revolts, notably in the Island of Sicily. More than one of these were for a time successful. Eventually they were overthrown and the roads were lined with crosses on which hung tens of thousands of bodies of beings whose crime was similar to that of George Washington or Abraham Lincoln.

The gladiators, who fought to satiate the appetite for blood of those who dared not fight, were largely slaves. Once in a while they, too, would revolt and attempt an escape to their native forests. But generally they were recaptured and crucified to the glory of Rome. Actors were virtually slaves. They were bound to a profession always loathesomely indecent and generally obscene, women and men alike being born into it or sold into it, and, once there, being obliged to go through performances of abominable lust and degredation until death or total incapacity released them.

Before the empire was established by Julius Caesar there were always factions in Rome, each one trying to obtain the supreme power. But they were ruling, or aristocratic factions, and at no time had they any conception of a free laboring class. It was always Tweedledum versus Tweedledee. It was as though the American Senate, Congress, President, Wall Street

and the landed property owners were continually in arms, with the various governors of the states siding now with one, now with another. When the president wins he massacres every stockbroker, when the real estate men win they slaughter the president and thousands of merchants. Governors are up and down, supreme today, dead tomorrow, like Jack-in-the-Boxes.

The quarrels of stock brokers and politicians, however, would not alone be of such deep significance, if everyone else were not dragged into their wars. Their troubles would not matter so much to the American hired man in Western Iowa, or the lumber-jack in California. But in Rome the hired man or slave who happened to be on the wrong side had his throat cut, too, and the properly executed victory meant the total extinction of the enemy and all his relatives, friends, servants, peasants, freedmen and slaves. His country was repopulated with old soldiers and the favorites of the winner.

Much has been made of the personal vices of such men as Tiberius and Nero, but the condition of the empire was little if at all effected by them. It was the imperial vice of wholesale economic exploitation that ruined Rome. Individual vice, even the vice of having yourself worshiped as a god in imperial temples and having a priesthood dedicated to one, as was the case even with Augustus, will not injure a peasant. The vice and glory of Rome was in making the peasant pay for it.

Modern society escapes the onus of finding a true explanation for the horrors with which the glory of Rome was mixed by laying the blame upon the personal vice of individuals. Today some of our New York 400 have personal vices but those vices are not the cause of the hundreds of thousands of the unemployed that parade our streets. It is an economic mistake that brought the glory of Rome to dust.

Even imperial flesh and blood came cheap when glory began to get a little dear. From 211 A. D. to 284 A. D. twenty-three emperors sat in the seat of Augustus, and of these all but three were murdered by their soldiery. Of the remaining three, one fell in battle—Decius; one died in prison—Valerian, and one died of pestilence—Claudius. Oh, noble line of kings! Glory must be a toothsome diet to command such terms.

Not only emperors, but long before them, dictators had met the same fate. Flaccus, Sertorius, Cinna and scores of other leaders were murdered by their own officers. What would we say of the glory of America if Winfield Scott, Taylor, Grant, Farragut, Lee, Roosevelt, Fletcher and Funston and hundreds of other generals had been murdered by the colonels, majors and privates they commanded? And yet what would you? Cinna and Octavius fell upon citizens who had collected to vote, and heaped the streets with the bodies of the slain. Sulla, armed with absolute authority, backed by overwhelming military strength, after his victories, organized proscriptions which meant the death of all the families of all his enemies. He murdered 40,000 people after the defeat of the Marians—as though McKinley and Hanna had murdered 40,000 Nebraskans after the defeat of Bryan in '96! In the absence of Sulla, Marius and Cinna grabbed Rome and Marius gratified his thirst for revenge by a frightful slaughter of his political opponents. It was as though the peerless one, now secretary of state, should cut the throat of every gold democrat and gold republican in New York and shovel their bodies into the Hudson while he annexed their property and sold their children to the Chinese.

Octavius, capturing bands of runaway slaves, crucified 6000 of them and sent 30,000 back to their masters. Under the Second Triumvirate the horrors of the proscriptions exceeded those of Marius and Sulla, and while the forum swam with blood, and the streets were encumbered with corpses, the dead Julius Caesar was proclaimed a god! It was as though President Wilson should bayonet every high tariff man in New England and ordain the public worship of Grover Cleveland. Of such was the greatness and the glory of Rome!

Under whomsoever, it matters not—consul, emperor, senate or band of soldiers—it seemed as though anyone could govern Rome, and always for its "glory." That common men should be encouraged to live lives of common decency, or even permitted to do so, was unthought of in a thousand years of Roman history. Among so many periods of glory there is none of decency.

Farming, long before the empire, became unprofitable, and its laborious life with scanty or no returns was contrasted with the stirring life of the camps, with the booty or with the largesses and gay spectacles of the towns.

Of the booty taken in war rightfully belonging to the Roman people, by far the greater part was appropriated by the successful general and his soldiers. Thus the wealth drawn from the provinces by the Roman state was trifling compared with that which individual citizens acquired. The provinces offered an unlimited field for money making; the nobles or quaestors, the publicans, the negotiatores, the slave dealers, penetrated every corner of the empire and beyond it and, protected by the legions, rivalled each other in the exploitation of the provinces. While Rome extended her boundaries, and while her nobles and merchants amassed enormous fortunes abroad, the Italian farmer sank deeper into ruin. The burden of military service pressed on him, he had to compete with stolen

foreign corn and with foreign slave labor purchased or stolen by the rich.

Nearly all the various colonization schemes were entirely abortive. The promoters, whether Senate, Gracchi, Sulla or Emperor, always failed with characteristic cowardice and stupidity to strike at the root of the evil—exploitation. They had to keep the favor of the rich, and the rich insisted on exploiting.

Every era was an era of glory; none of liberty. By the time Augustus had the empire at peace, a hundred and fifty years of extortion, extravagance and peculation, followed by twenty years of civil war, coupled with unbridled brigandage by land and piracy by water had produced complete financial exhaustion. Taxes fell on the poor; taxes and tribute on the poor of the provinces.

Even in the time of Marcus Aurelius, whom our lecturers so persistently eulogize, any Roman governor could make a fortune in a year. His fortune was spent in banquets, fetes, races, wines and prodigious retinues of slaves. Dancers, cooks and prostitutes were the popular favorites, while these scholars, poets and philosophers, of whom we have since heard so much, pined, for the most part, in attics or kennels. More than half the population were slaves, over 60,000,000 of them, but many of them were better off than millions of so-called freemen. The sick were left to perish; public charity was unknown and unthought of; education was derided; and nothing went but the glory of Rome. Two thousand people owned the whole civilized world, and their incomputable fortunes were spent in demoralizing it. Their palaces and clothes were magnificent; their souls rotten to the core.

Our learned talk highsoundedly of the glory of Rome in jurisprudence. It was the lawgiving of Tweed and Murphy. It was not only expensive to go to law, it was ruinous. The Bench itself was owned by the owners of everything else. Dungeons were for those who couldn't keep out; the gallows were for those who disapproved.

The glory of Roman art was the inflaming of the passions. Costly, indecent pictures were hung in baths and public places. Literature was flattery. There was never any real manly protest from literary men against the vices of the social system—not even from those philosophers of whom we hear so much. It was as though all American literature was written for the adulation of the New York 400. As to the hideous cruelties practised on slaves right next door to them, on slaves of their own flesh and blood, no one of the writers, artists, sculptors, poets, utters a word of protest. The whole civilized world was deceived, fettered, then mocked, all the while forced to contribute to the lusts of a single man, the Emperor or Dictator, and the gluttonous degenerates upon whom he smiled. And the glory of these ghouls was the glory of Rome.

Outside the Roman pale were the Goths. Amid the forests of Germany were no slaves, no catacombs; there were no prostitutes, no tax gatherers. On the Baltic, woman was free, the equal of her husband. On the Adriatic she was the universal courtesan, more than half the women had no husband, and they were probably better off than those who had. On the Baltic was barbarism and life; on the Mediterranean was civilization, glory and a corpse.

Anyone who tried to enumerate the monstrosities of Rome, republic or empire, in an article short or long, would be a foolish scribe. Rome's crime against the working class of all humanity can never be forgiven her. Only the satellites of a somewhat similar system can possibly be found to overlook it. To the American laborer the glory of Rome must always be a thing, not for monuments but tears. His class was crucified, all but obliterated; obliterated in many places, to feed a few who might have descended from Mars for all the sympathy they had for him.

Was Rome worth while? Historians have spoken; literatures have spoken; professors and lecturers have spoken; maybe they know; maybe they are prejudiced and do not. However that may be, Rome was Rome, from the Tweed to the Tigris, from the Guadalquiver to the Caspian, wherever she touched it was the Roman touch and when the Roman was away from Rome he did as Rome did.

It was the same in Constantinople. Rival bands of charioteers, blues and greens, were able to create here, as in Rome, factions among the populace. Justinian and Theodora were at one time knee deep in such a furore. Finally a rebellion broke out there which was only put down when the empress sent three thousand soldiers to the Hippodrome and massacred the mob.

It was as though the Nationals and Americans in New York were at gun fighting. President Wilson, siding in with the Nationals, both baseball leagues rebel against Congress. Federal troops from Washington charge the polo grounds with bayonets and cover the bleachers with thousands of the slain. Surely even glory can come high!

Glory! What must Britain, Parthia or Mesopotania have thought of Rome? What would Mexico think if the United States of America were to conquer her and sell her population under the hammer? What value would Canada set on glory if we conquered her and drove the farmers of Ontario into the forests of Ungava and used their native fields as cattle ranges and grain farms tilled by slaves bought by New York millionaires in Mexico? That must have been the

value placed by the peasant on the glory that was Rome.

Was Rome worth while? Was, or is, any empire based on slavery, force and exploitation worth while? Is the leisure to indulge in every ghoulish debauchery to be preferred to the simple virtues of barbarism? If there be but the choice between the crude, hardy life of forest, swamp and mountain, and that of Rome, which shall we have? But let us hope that there is a third alternative which will some day break in upon us.

In the night of May 28, 453, Constantine Palaeologus addressed the Roman and Greek nobles on the affairs of the morrow's battle. The death bell that tolled in Rome in 476 clanged out again, and Constantine's speech was the funeral oration of the Roman Empire. For the last time the sacrament was offered in St. Sofia, the night was spent in prayer and preparation, and the following day saw the end of Rome.

What was Rome? It was never an achievement, it was an opportunity. Rome was a lost opportunity, and opportunity lost in the glory what was Rome.

The Roman proletariat saw no way out of these things, therefore it could never alter them. Unless the American proletariat clearly SEES a way out of its own degredation, poverty and exploitation, it too will never alter its mode of life. Until the working class actually sees the Promised Land it will never enter it.

THROW OFF YOUR DUNCE CAP

By JOHN M. WORK

A MAXIM is frequently a lie.

Now and then, however, we find one that is strictly true.

The maxim that experience is a dear teacher is one of the true ones.

What then, if we do not learn by one experience, but must have our lesson all over again?

The experience of the working class, which ought to have awakened it to the situation, have been repeated again, and again, and yet again.

The great railroad strike of 1877 alone, the first great battle in the class war in America, in which the power of government was arrayed against the working class, ought to have been sufficient to demonstrate to the workers that they must cut loose from their exploiters and fight shoulder to shoulder for their own emancipation. It ought to have been sufficient to demonstrate to the workers that so long as the exploiters control the political power the exploitation will continue, and that, in order to emancipate themselves, the workers must conquer the political power, take the reins of government into their hands, and strike off their own fetters.

With this lesson in mind, what have the workingmen of America been doing to profit by it during all these years?

Why, incredible as it may seem, throughout the entire time, they have by their votes kept their enemies in power to rule over them.

If they had gone to the public school and learned their lesson so poorly, the teacher would have made them stand in the corner with their dunce caps on.

And, what is worse, the strike of '77 is but one of a myriad of experiences teaching the same lesson.

We have had Homestead, and Pullman, and Wardner, and Hazleton, and Croton Dam, and Cripple Creek, the great steel strike, the great coal strike, the great copper strike, and tens of thousands of minor struggles.

Every one of these thousands of strikes has drawn the class line taut.

Every one of them has repeated the lesson that the working class must wrest the political power from the hands of the capitalist class before it can hope to emancipate itself.

And yet, throughout the entire period covered by these class skirmishes, the votes of the workingmen of America have kept their enemies, the capitalists, in power to rule over them.

Workingmen of America, it is high time for you to throw off your dunce caps and act like men instead of kids.

Quit voting the Republican, Democratic and Progressive tickets, and thus keeping your enemies in power to rule over you.

Vote the Socialist ticket and put yourselves in power.

Political campaigns are both bad and good for Socialism—they are bad when they transform good, efficient comrades into opportunists, traders and trimmers.

Campaigns are good when Socialists make the most of their opportunity to spread propaganda and increase the understanding of the working class.

Renew your subscription to the Western Comrade today. You can't afford to miss it.

Interference With God

FROM the days of the wapentakes to the modern fly copper, policemen have added to the gaiety of the people of the world by efforts at censorship. The latest is a censorship on prayer.

Jerry O'Connor of the Chicago force censored "September Morn" from the store windows of that virtuous city and made the shivering but pulchritudinous wretch loved and famous. Since that hour nothing so funny occurred until the police of Dresden started their censorship over the prayers sent upward at the English Church in that city.

Picture two husky harness bulls standing beside the dominie during services to prevent a prayer to God to help the British workingmen in their most laudable efforts of disemboweling and dismembering German workingmen on the blood-soaked fields if France.

In wireless telegraphy they have a system of "interference" by which a powerful station can so disturb the static waves in their course that less potent plants are unable to transmit messages.

May not this be a suggestion?

Can't the warring powers rig an aerial of interence that will prevent all prayers reaching the throne of grace, thus permitting the best equipped murderers to do their work undisturbed?

This would seem all the more necessary now, that the Turks are praying—to an unchristian god—for the success of one of the Christian armies.

Why not cut all the wires and give God a rest — G. E. B.

Every Socialist should work unceasingly for the proposed war referendum.

EVERY student of modern economics knows of the universal insolvency of the banks but not everyone knows that the insurance companies are in such a precarious condition that they could not survive a large conflagration in any American city.

The European war has paralyzed stock trading. Stock exchanges everywhere are closed. Securities cannot be liquidated and insurance would not be paid if demands were made on the companies.

The companies admit that a vast amount of their security holdings is not at this moment worth much more than the paper on which they are engraved. When you see the warnings issued to policy holders to use ertra caution in guarding against fires you will know the reason.

The Purpose of Socialism

SOCIALISM stands for a new civilization. It is a world-wide movement of the working class and its sympathizers for better food, better clothing, better homes, more education and culture—in short, a more abundant life.

Socialism starts out with two terrific propositions, to wit:

(1). All men are brothers, not merely brothers in name, but brothers in fact, with a common blood, common interests, common cause. The welfare of one of us is the brotherly concern of all of us, and being brethren, all war and strife and hatred should cease.

(2). The things that men need in common should be owned in common and supplied for the common good and not for private profit.

With these ideas in mind the Socialists make some very constructive proposals:

In the political field we demand the rule of the people, i. e., democracy. In the economic field we demand the public ownership and operation of public utilities. Broadly speaking, it means:

(1). That the means of production and distribution of wealth, which are social and public in nature, should be publicly owned. This would include all the coal, oil and iron lands, the rivers, forests and other natural resources. It would also include all the great public utilities, such as railroads, telegraphs, express companies, and in short, all the great trusts and monopolies.

(2). That all social utilities, being collectively owned, shall be under democratic control for the benefit of all who work, in order that profit-making, whereby one person exploits another, shall be abolished.

(3). That all who are able shall be given opportunity to labor in the collectively owned industries and each shall receive the full profit of his toil.

(4). That each shall have for his own private property all that his labor earns of food and clothing, shelter, house and home—books, music, education, recreation and culture.

(5). That the government, municipal, state and national, shall be made truly democratic, so that the will and wish of the people may be the law of the land. This will be accomplished by means of the initiative, referendum, recall, proportional representation and other measures making for popular government.

War is the statesman's game, the priest's delight, the lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade. —Shelley.

The Field of Glory.

By Harry Payne Burton

"LA GAUCHE! La gauche!" called the old French woman to me from the upstairs window of her little pink brick villa that stood in its prim little garden on the white ribbon road to Trilport, France, and her long, bony finger betokened a passage over miles and miles of cabbage fields that lay flat as a griddle, hissing in the overpowering sun.

"La gauche?" (to the left?) I questioned again, for at the far end of these hot, sticky cabbage fields I saw only a heavy forest swimming in the heat.

"Oui! Oui!" she cried, resorting to my monosyllable French as if to make me comprehend.

And so I started "to the left—through the Woods of Meaux—to Trilport—and then to Paris!"

Cabbages! Cabbages! Nothing but cabbages!

For half an hour I dragged my way through that palpitating, sticky, saffron-grounded field until these countless, blue-green heads swam dizzily before my eyes.

And then, suddenly, I saw that the dead were all around me!

I was face to face with the most terrible sight in all the world—a battlefield of yesterday!

* * * * * * * *

I could not count them.

I could not, with the first shock, even differentiate them—French or English or German.

For they were just people to me. Clean, beautiful human beings—men and boys—young as I or younger—with most of life still to unfold before them and now marred and battered and bruised and cut into one reeking mass of carrion!

* * * * * * * *

And this was only the very fringe of horror—this cabbage field!

I knew that, for, farther on, I could now see that the dead were lying—not singly among the turquoise cabbage heads, but in ghastly little heaps where they had fallen in groups of two and three and four—fallen, perhaps, without time even to say "good-bye" into each others' ears. And in the woods beyond there I knew I should see the full price of war!

* * * * * * * *

I had a little bottle of camphor in my pocket. Living on "grospain" and raw onions produces indigestion that only camphor can alleviate, and I poured some of the balmy fluid on my handkerchief. With the cool, pungent cloth pressed tight against my nostrils, I stumbled on through this path of victory!

The horror grew.

It became more involved as I, plunging through ring after ring of the battlefield, on toward its very heart.

There were more bodies now, and the cabbages had been pulverized by tramping feet and blown apart by falling shells, and the leaves, clutched in dead men's hands, were brown with dried blood.

* * * * * * * *

But now it was not just dead soldiers that proclaimed the wake of battle. About me everywhere were broken bottles—wine bottles and whisky flasks and canteens bent beneath artillery wheels. And here and there, proud helmets—of Uhlan and dragoon alike—covered with dust, were beaten into just tin.

Muskets, too, cluttered the land, and great guns, shot from their carriages, blazed in the sunshine among the dead. One of them had fallen full across two German soldiers, crushing their heads into the ground.

Nor had the cavalrymen's horses escaped. Beautiful, sleek colts were dead there by hundreds, and many of them had, in their death agonies, crushed their riders to death also.

Pieces of shells, jagged and merciless, were strewn about thickly, and, as I approached the woods, grew in number. It was evident that the shell fire had been directed against the forest. I kicked my way through the debris and pierced the cool, green aisles of trees, and the birds were singing.

But below—

There, in the very trenches from which they had fired, were the German troops—they who had been just cheerful, happy boys of the Valley of the Rhine, it was easy to see—mowed down by sheets of raining lead. So thickly were they packed in, in some places, that they stood in death, for they could not fall!

Trees were shattered on every side—just as the men were shattered on every side by the diabolical instruments men have made. Flowers and ferns were torn up by hundreds; bushes and saplings had been blown out of their soil, and the nests of the birds, and the birds themselves, were scattered all about the ground.

* * * * * * * *

But, after all, it came to me, as I turned to flee from the sight and horror of more, nature has triumphed over the military spirit a few overlords foster among the peoples of the earth. For at my very feet lay a Frenchman and a German, the arm of one about the other and an empty canteen between them. And I like to think that, as they died they divided their water and their rations and knew that, after all, the people of the Rhine are brothers to the people of the Seine, and that they themselves had no quarrel with each other.

United States of Europe

By BASIL HOWARD

"WHAT became of Prinzip (I believe that was his name), the young assassin whose accurate and deadly aim in killing Francis Ferdinand and his consort, doubtless to his utter amazement, has plunged the world into war?" said Wurtzel carelessly, as he began to arrange the pieces on the chessboard for a game with his friend, a fellow newspaper man. They had seated themselves at a table in a secluded corner of an East Side cafe, behind the vine-covered trellis work on the sidewalk. "In the tremendous import of the events that have followed I have not seen him mentioned."

Ballard, his companion, did not answer—indeed seemed so plunged in profound study he forgot to place his men (the blacks) upon the board, and Wurtzel, having arranged the whites, also, again spoke:

"Why so abstracted? We sat down to play a chess game, but from the expression of your face one would think the fate of the world depended upon your solution of a problem."

"Assassin! Yes, so they call him—a madman, too—and I do not know what has become of him. But what if——"

"Well, go on. But what if——"

Ballard remained silent some time, and Wurtzel had begun the game with the Ruy Lopez opening, absently, but seemed waiting for his friend to speak more than for a counter play.

"But what if—one hesitates to conjecture, or at least to express such a conjecture—but what if——" He paused again. Then, gathering courage, he went on: "But what if this so-called assassin foresaw all the events that were to follow the death of Francis Ferdinand, and made up his mind to kill him and pay the price—with his life?"

"You stagger me with such a suggestion, that this man was not an assassin, but a—well, what would you call the fiend from hell that would set millions of men to cutting one another's throats?"

"But what if he foresaw that to this war there could be but one end—the end of all war, universal disarmament, and the establishment of the United States of Europe?—and finally, perhaps, the Federation of the World?"

"Then this assassin would be like the Son of——!" He stopped short, with opening eyes. "Your imagination is truly extravagant!" After a moment Wurtzel continued: "But half or all of these assassins are prepared to sacrifice their own lives, and this young madman, like others, was prepared to die. And you think he foresaw——"

"However tremendous the events that have followed, it is not impossible he foresaw it all—and what is yet to come."

"Do you really mean to say that——" Wurtzel started off, but Ballard broke in:

"From the instant the fatal shot was fired everything that has followed was not only logical, but reasoning from cause to effect, I might say inevitable; and, having followed the game so far, I can myself foresee the end—universal disarmament and the establishment of the United States of——"

"If the Allies win——?" broke in Wurtzel.

"The United States of Europe," continued Ballard, confidently.

"And if, by any possibility, Germany should win?"

"The United States of Europe—there can be but one result."

"If the war should last six months, a year, two years?"

"The higher is piled the war debt—surely not less than twenty billions—the more certain the people are to refuse to again arm and later on fight the war over. They will look for a solution, and there is but one possible solution, the United States of Europe—the boundaries of the different States of Europe being on natural geographical and racial lines."

"But each nation in Europe will resist to the uttermost any attempt to change its present boundaries," objected Wurtzel, "except the change increase its own territory in which to hold a monopoly of trade, and they will require armies to defend this area—everlastingly adding jealousies and friction."

"In other words every nation in Europe demands an increase in the area in which they may exercise free trade—to the exclusion of others—and having built these tariff walls they require armies to defend them?" asked Ballard, seeing Wurtzel was opening a way to be surrounded.

"Exactly," said Wurtzel, confidently, feeling that he had won the argument however willingly he would have lost it.

"Then every nation in Europe is fighting for free trade?" asked Ballard.

"No; for the extension of its protective tariff walls——" Wurtzel was hesitating, not certain of his own position.

"Go on," said Ballard; "go on—to increase the area in which to——" he paused.

"**Trade freely!**" Wurtzel fell in, wonderingly, as he began faintly to realize his own argument had been shaken.

Ballard remained silent a moment that the point of Wurtzel's forced admission might sink in.

"And if there were no tariff walls between the various States of Europe," said Ballard, "each would have all they are now unconsciously fighting for—the continent of Europe as a market! Each would govern itself as it does now, and the continent of Europe would be like——"

"The United States of America—oh, the United States of Europe! I see it, I see it!" Wurtzel exclaimed in joyous surprise, rising from the table, utterly beside himself. "Something I have dreamed of all my life!"

He did not speak for some time as the great truth that had dawned upon him was being more firmly grasped in his reason. Regaining somewhat his composure he resumed his seat at the table.

"What a simple solution of a world problem!" he said at last. "The rulers and statesmen of Europe have been as blind as I! What a seeming paradox! That every nation in Europe is unconsciously fighting for freer trade—seventeen million men cutting each other's throats to break down trade walls—for something they could have for nothing!"

"Yes," said Ballard, and not one of them would have what they think they are fighting for if you'd give it to them for nothing—for restricted trade that would isolate them all, carried to its logical conclusion, would destroy all commerce!"

"Seventeen million men," repeated Wurtzel, "fighting for something they could have for nothing, and not one of them would have what they think they are fighting for if you'd give it to them!"

But Ballard remained silent, and Wurtzel continued:

"But insane national and racial jealousies as to loss of nationality and the location of the capital—Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna or Rome—would prevent a union such as ours, Florida exchanging what she produces cheapest for what New York produces cheapest; as Italy should with Germany, France with Russia. But they would all fear loss of nationality."

"There would be no loss of nationality, and there need be no capital at all! Just meet at The Hague, abolish the Tariff Walls and go home! The war would be over."

"Wurtzel seemed doubting. "But with a world gone mad with war, who would stop to think? Did every nation in Europe in congress assembled at The Hague abolish the Tariff tomorrow, would not the war be fought to its bitter end?"

"The war would cease immediately. It would be absolutely impossible to continue it. I defy you to suggest the faintest purpose any nation would have to continue the war after the Tariff Walls had been destroyed. The soldiers of all countries would shoulder their guns—or throw them away—and start home. Seventeen million men would start for their respective countries over flower-strewn roads lined with happy, deliriously happy women and children in what had been the enemy's country, and war would be no more—destruction, desolation and death to be succeeded by a world of work and wealth!"

"It is not possible that I could continue this game," said Wurtzel, as he gathered up the chess from the board, "even had you made a play and were willing to continue. I find myself engaged in such amazing speculation—I seem to have discovered a new world—a game of chess would be puerile——"

But Ballard, interrupting him as they rose from the table, said:

"I suppose you doubt the possibility that Prinzip might have foreseen——" Ballard hesitated. "**You know there is only one possible end to the war, no matter who wins,** and Prinzip——"

"Here, come dine with me at 'The Boulevard,'" said Wurtzel, "and I'll listen to your theory of Prinzip, while you in turn shall know of the great military mistake of the Kaiser and his advisers."

Ballard seemed stunned. "I wonder if you, too, have discovered the tremendous blunder of the Kaiser—for he could have had all the world with him instead of against him!" [The Public].

A JOB FOR DEATH

"WANT a life job with a humane employer where there are no strikes or lay-offs, with a constant change of scene, plenty of amusement and healthy work?"

That is the wording of the advertising put out to lure young men into the naval service.

There is an error in the wording: Is it a life job? Is it?

Go ask of the bleaching bones in the Baltic! Ask of the overgorged sharks of the Adriatic!

Life? Ask the German crew of the U 9 who wept as they sank three British cruisers without a chance to live!

Job for Life!

Let's tell the truth:

Young man, if you want a job that is a living death in times of peace, and murder and hell in times of war—join the navy of any country at any time!—G. E. B.

THE WESTERN COMRADE

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Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Los Angeles, Cal.

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Subscription Price One Dollar a Year
In Clubs of Four Fifty Cents

Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. 2 Oct.-Nov., 1914 No. 6 & 7

EXPLANATION

OWING to my prolonged and unavoidable absence in the East the October number of the WESTERN COMRADE was delayed so long that it has been deemed expedient to combine the October and the November issues of the magazine.

An effort has been made to make this number larger and better than ever before. All subscriptions will be set backward one month on the list so that every subscriber will receive the full twelve numbers for the year or six months for the half year.

The management wishes to take this occasion to thank scores of comrades who have sent in new subscriptions and clubs during the month and who have said so many encouraging things about the magazine.

FRANK E. WOLFE,
Editor.

STRINGING JOHNNY

Boy's Mother (poking her head out of window)—Say, you kids stop picking on my Johnny. He ain't no dolin.

The joys of swimming who'll compute
To youthful lives and nimble
But don't forget your bathing suit.
(It's in your grandma's thimble.)

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SONGS OF REVOLT

J. A. Williams has compiled an anthology of revolutionary poems, among them a number of his own and a few selections of prose composition dealing with the class struggle. This pamphlet is entitled: "The Revolution in Song and Story." It is 48 pages of the choicest selections of the rebels of modern times. The poems run the gamut of human emotions from the humorous lines by the author entitled "When Socialism Will Die," to the heroic verses by James G. Clark: "Justice to Liberty Enlightening the World."

Comrade Williams has dedicated his booklet in a touching manner to his comrades who have stood with him in the ranks and fought in the work. Fifteen volumes the size

An introduction by Frank E. Wolfe tells the story of Comrade Williams' devotion to the cause of Socialism. The pamphlet sells for ten cents a copy. A copy will be sent free to all new yearly subscribers to The Western Comrade who request it.

RED WEEK

JUST a word about Red Week and the Western Comrade. We received more subscriptions during September by a vast number than ever before. One comrade alone sent in forty-two. Others from four to twelve. This without the usual deathbed appeal or gurgling gasp for help.

It was just the voluntary hustling of comrades who know that every time they take a subscription for the Western Comrade they are giving 100 cents worth and that they are doing excellent propaganda work for Socialism.

To these devoted friends and yokefellows we extend our sincerest thanks and good wishes. It's all teamwork for the good cause.—The editors.

THE MACHINE GUN

I speak with the voice of men and devils. My messengers speed their unerring flight to countless hearts. I work between two voids—back of me a pile of empty shells, in front of me a widening circle of empty hearths. I am no respecter of persons.

My victories lie in a horizon of homes. Hell inspired me, man created me, women and children pay for me. Each day of battle I prepare a feast of bodies, with Death as the host.

With my blackened wand I touch the breast of man, and forthwith there springs the incarnadine river of death.

I turn but an inch, and the lives of maidens are blasted, mothers and sisters mourn, and a hundred babes are fatherless.

Science, Christianity and Civilization stand sponsors for me.—Life.

AND DESERVES MORE

Friend—Do you get more for a poem now than you did twenty years ago?

Poet (sadly)—Yes. As I get older I can't defend myself so well.—Chicago News.

NOT A FIRELESS COOKER

Brawn—See that man. He's so ill tempered his wife can't keep any servants. He's fired six cooks in the past six months and now his wife has to do the work.

Strawn—Oh, I see, he's a sort of cookless firer.

"I understand the bride and groom are back from their honeymoon trip."

"Yes."

"Are they all settled?"

"Yes."

"And happy?"

"Very. She can hardly wait for his first pay day to come."—Detroit Free Press.

The British Columbia Federationist

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A labor paper unparalleled by any labor paper of Canada. Endorsed by the Victoria Trades and Labor Council and New Westminster Trades and Labor Council. Official organ of the Vancouver Trades and Labor Council and British Columbia Federation of Labor. The paper for Industrial Unity, Political Unity, Strength and Victory! If you do not take this paper you should subscribe today!

THE SCOURGE OF GOD?

WHEN the Kaiser sent his troops forward on the Pekin expedition, this was his message:

"When you meet the foe, you will defeat him (Chinese, mostly unarmed or carrying mediæval weapons). NO QUARTER WILL BE GIVEN, no prisoners taken. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy. Gain a reputation like the Huns under Attila."

At Louvain the German commander blundered and fired on his own advance guard. This awful error was covered by the sacking and burning of the city with the consequent loss of life and priceless art treasures.

Is the Kaiser still posing as the Scourge of God?—E d'O.

COULDN'T BEAT HER

Ellanora had been the negro maid at Mrs. Hopson's for several years and left to get married. She moved to another city, and nothing had been seen of her for a couple of years, when one day she called on her former mistress.

"And so you have a little son, Ellanora?" said Mrs. Hopson.

"Yas'um," smiled the woman—"a nice litte boy."

"And what did you name him?" queried Mrs. Hopson.

"Well, we calls him Eggnog," replied the colored woman.

"Eggnog!" said the other. "That's a funny name for a boy."

"Well, you' see, missus," explained Ellanora, "det cullud woman what lives nex' doah to me named her twins Tom and Jerry, an' I didn't want to be outdone by her."—Delineator.

THE MOUNTED BULL

"My papa is a mounted policeman," said small Eric to a visitor.

"Is that better than being a walking policeman " asked the visitor.

"Course it is," replied Eric. "If there is trouble he can get away quicker."

MAKING HIMSELF SOLID

Examining Admiral (to naval candidate)—Now mention three great admirals.

Candidate—Drake, Nelson and—I beg your pardon, sir, I didn't quite catch your name.—London Punch.

THE SOCIALIST CAMPAIGN BOOK FOR 1914

Will give you up-to-date information about

The Socialist Movement	The High Cost of Living
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Industrial Accidents	Profits
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and many other things of interest to Socialists and students—too many to mention.

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GREAT POPULATOR

A Louisville man tells of an incident at a Sunday school convention. In answer to the roll-call of the states reports were verbally given by the various state chairmen. When Texas was called a big man stepped into the aisle and in stentorian tones exclaimed: "We represent the imperial state of Texas. The first white woman born in Texas is still living—she has now a population of over three million." Whereupon a voice from the gallery cried out in clarion tones: "Send that woman to Idaho—we need her."

VICTORY FOR WORKERS

Carl Persons, the fighting editor who killed a notorious gunman, has been acquitted of a charge of murder by an Illinois jury. The workers rallied nobly to the defense of their yoke-fellow. This should be encouraging to those who have charge of the defense of Rangel, Cline and their comrades in a Texas prison. Funds are needed for the defense of these men.

All contributions should be sent to Rangel-Cline Defense Committee, Victor Cravello secretary, Labor Temple, Los Angeles, California.

FAKES OF JOURNALISM

MAX SHEROVER of Buffalo has written a pamphlet entitled "Fakes in American Journalism." He has devoted only 66 pages to the great battle for human freedom. of the American Encyclopedia would be required to cover even a portion of the fakes in American journalism during the past five years.

The pamphlet will do good exactly in the ratio it is given circulation. Many of the instances of cheating are tagged with the names of the newspapers and the dates. Others are not given these marks of authenticity, but one is inclined to believe them as all are in the bounds of modesty compared with the authentic cases of fraud set forth in the booklet.

This pamphlet is well worth reading. The price is ten cents and it is published by the Buffalo Publishing Company.

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LOVE'S PATRIOT

I saw a lad—a beautiful lad—
With a far-off look in his eye,
Who smiled not on the battle flag
When the cavalry troop marched by,
And, sorely vexed, I asked the lad
Where might his country be,
Who cared not for his country's flag,
And the brave from oversea.
"O, my country is the land of Love,"
Thus did the lad reply—
"My country is the land of Love,
And a patriot there am I."
"And who is your king, my patriot boy,
Whom loyally you obey?"
"O, my king is Freedom," quoth the lad,
"And he never says me nay."
"Then you do as you like in your land of Love,
Where every man is free"
"Nay, we do as we love," replied the lad,
And his smile fell full on me.

Ernest Crosby.

"Wil-yum, what can you tell us about Columbus?"

"It's next to last in the American Association."—Buffalo Express.

SOCIALISTS ATTENTION

In order to place a copy of our catalogue of union-made goods in the hands of every reader of The Western Comrade, we will send postage prepaid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS, one of our genuine sheepskin-leather card cases BEARING THE UNION LABEL.

This card case contains four pockets, one large for bills and papers, one for your dues-stamp book, and two with transparent windows for union membership cards. This is the ONLY CARD CASE on the market made by Organized Labor and bearing the union label. It is no longer necessary for a class-conscious Socialist to be inconsistent.

Send fifty cents in stamps or money order.

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ARMAMENT IS DESTRUCTION

Congress has just appropriated $30,000,000 for two battleships, the upkeep of which will be tremendous for about six years, when they will be antiquated and thrown on the scrapheap.

The annual expenditures on extension of the naval department of the United States will be about $150,000,000.

Hearst is advocating a navy that would cost $300,000,000 a year.

All of this inevitably leads to one end. Europe is at that end. Armament can result in a cataclysm. Only a few Hearsts are left and they, happily, are dwindling away.

ELOPING UP-TO-DATE

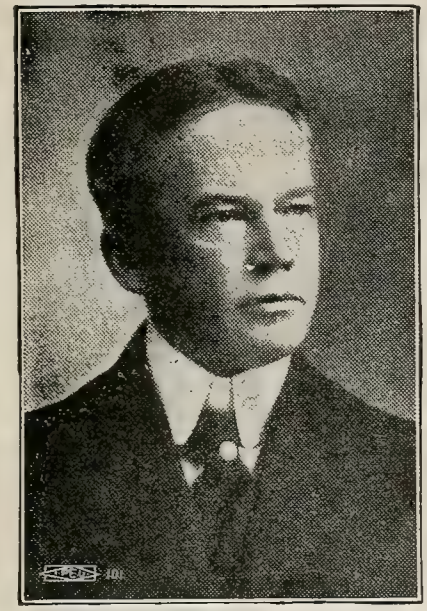
The coatless man puts a careless arm
'Round the waist of the hatless girl
While over the dustless, mudless road
In a horseless wagon they whirl,
Like a leadless bullet from hammerless gun,
By smokeless powder driven,
They fly to taste the speechless joys
By endless union given.

The only luncheon his coinless purse
Affords to them the means
Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod,
Wtih a dish of stringless beans.
He smokes his old tobaccoless pipe,
And laughs a mirthless laugh
When papa tries to coax her back
By wireless telegraph.

The papa pulls his hairless locks
And weeps with tearless wails.
His shrieks ring through the frostless rocks
In shrill chromatic scales;
And with a wingless aeroplane
Scoots through a cloud-wracked sky
And looks aloft at the beamless moon
And sniffles a sobless sigh.

Skimming above in his noiseless steed,
Her parent spies them afar,
And drops a wad of dynamite
In the path of the valveless car.
Hoisted aloft in hasteless speed,
Toward the gibbous, honeyless moon,
They join in the neb of the nebulous tail
Of a comet athwart the gloom.

Here's One Magazine You Want



Charles Edward Russell

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THIS WILL HAPPEN TONIGHT

I was sent by the "Outlook" to Russia at the time of the war with Japan.

One night with a Russian friend, on a train whose fifth class cars—cattle cars and nothing more—were packed with wounded men from the Front—out of one of those murky traveling hells we pulled a peasant boy half drunk, and by the display of a bottle of vodka we got him to come with us to our second-class compartment ahead.

He pulled off his coat and showed his right arm. From the shoulder to the elbow ran a grim festering swollen sore. Amputation was plainly a matter of days. But it was not to forget that event that this peasant kid had jumped off at each station to spend his last kopecks on vodka. No, he was stolidly getting drunk because, as he confided to us, at dawn he would come to his home town and there he knew he was going to tell twenty-six wives that their men had been killed. He laboriously counted them off on his fingers, each wife and each husband by their strange long Russian names. Then he burst into half-drunken sobs and pounded the window ledge with his fist.

It was the fist of his right arm, and the kid gave a queer sharp scream of pain. He looked to be about sixteen.

This is happening in Europe tonight. ERNEST POOLE.
—The Masses.

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ARGUMENTS FOR PEACE

"In Vienna there are 20,000 wounded."

"Five thousand wounded passed through Orleans daily for five days."

"I counted 30 trains choked with wounded."

So run just a few of the returns from behind the firing lines.

There's not a city or village, there's scarcely a farm house left standing in the embattled countries on which war has not already laid its bloody finger prints—and the returns are just beginning to come in.

It is easy for the czar to say that he will take Berlin if it costs him his last peasant; for the kaiser to tell his people that they must "fight so long as a man remains alive."

But what of those who have to bleed and suffer; who have to die?

The rulers say they aren't ready for peace; that the war must go on till the enemy is beaten to his knees.

But, after all, it is the people who have the last say.

When they get their fill of misery and sacrifice, it will not be so hard to make a peace.

Young Hopeful—Mummy, have gooseberries got legs?

Mother—No, dear.

Young Hopeful—Then I've swallowed a caterpillar.

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GOLD

By Arthur Guiterman

"MEED of the toiler," "Flame of the Sea"—
Such were the names of your poets for me.
"Metal of Mammon," "Curse of the world"—
These are the libels your preachers have hurled.
Dug from the mountain side, washed in the glen,
Servant am I, or the master of men.
Steal me, I curse you; earn me I bless you;
Grasp me and hoard me, a fiend shall possess you.
Lie for me, die for me, covet me, take me—
Angel or devil, I am what you make me.

Falsely alluring, I shimmer and shine
Over the millions that hold me divine;
Trampling each other, they rush to adore me,
Heaping the dearest of treasure before me—
Love and its blessedness, youth and its wealth,
Honor, tranquillity, innocence, health—
Buying my favor with evil and pain;
Huge is the sacrifice, poor is the gain,
Naught but my effigy, passionless, cold,
God of a frenzied idolatry—gold!

THE BLOODTHIRSTY KAISER!

"We must play a great part in the world, and . . . perform those deeds of blood, of valor, which above everything else bring national renown. By war alone we can acquire those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life."

The reader doubtless recognizes in the above the familiar strain of thought of that semi-barbarian, William II. And the reader is right.

This particular expression, however, came from the pen of our dearly beloved Theodore Roosevelt. How he must envy the Kaiser now!—The Masses.

Distressed Damsel—Oh, sir, catch that man! He wanted to kiss me.

Passive Pedestrian—That's all right. That's all right. There'll be another along in a minute.

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Georgia Kotsch says:

"* * * It strips the glamor of benevolent motives from the dealings with Mexico of the United States and other countries and presents the stark truth that American and world capitalism has been, and is, in league against the proletariat of Mexico for its own sordid interest. And while the Mexican master class is depicted as the most depraved and bloodthirsty in history, the Socialist will see that the story of the Mexican proletariat is in greater or less degree and in varying circumstances the story of the proletariat in every country."

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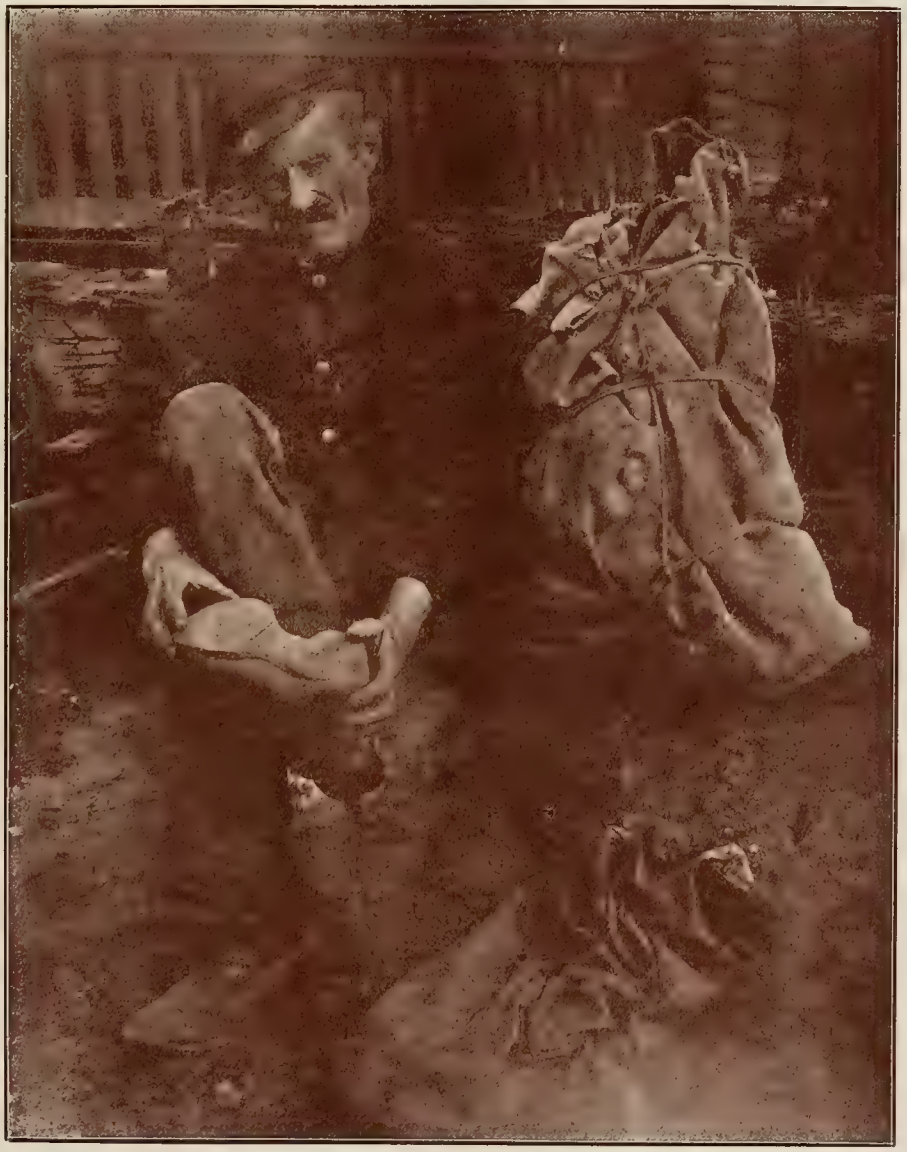

The Blanket Stiff
California's Vote
Scotch Red Snake
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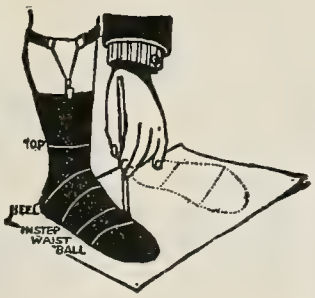

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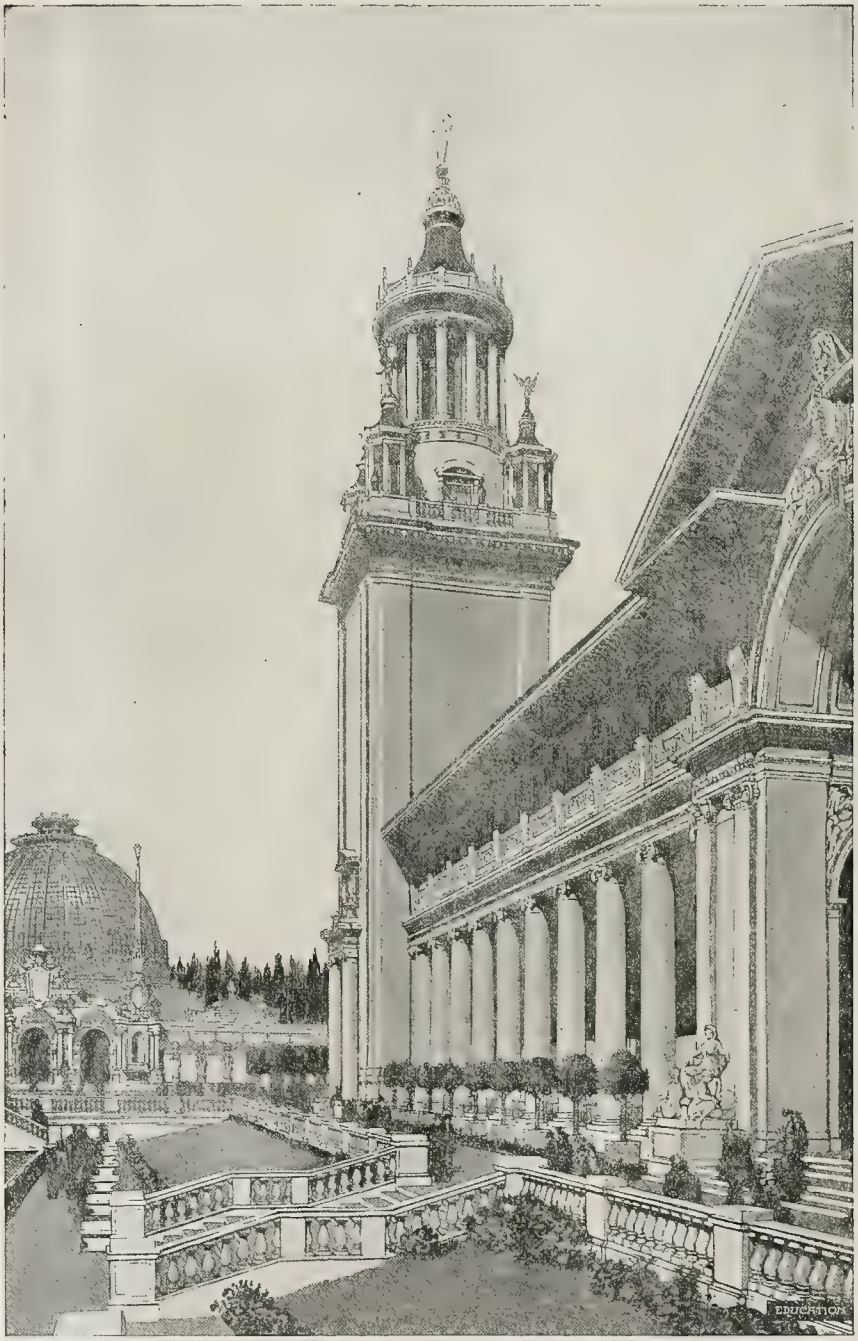


View at San Francisco Exposition

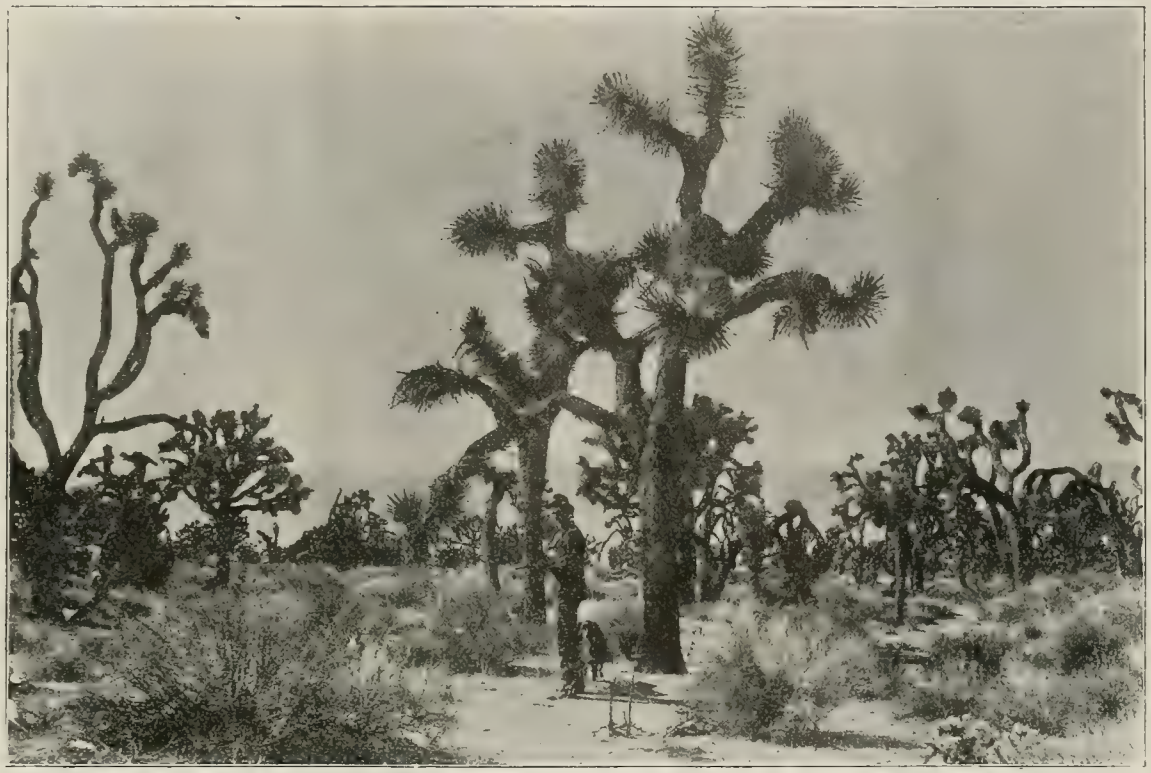
Palace of Education, Court of Palms, with Palace of Horticulture in Background

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action | Co-operation | Direct Action

VOL. II | LOS ANGELES, CAL., DECEMBER 1, 1914 | NUMBER 8



Giant Yuccas, "Joshua" Trees
Taken in the Antelope Valley 20 Years Ago

TREND OF EVENTS

By Frank E. Wolfe

FRAUDS and shams rule mankind. Cowardice is shown on every hand. California workers vote to remain slaves, thus giving a powerful argument to those who declare political action futile.

Gold bricks bring fancy prices in the open light of the day. Mental lassitude and moral delinquency mark the attitude of those who have felt the lash and might be expected to awaken. Idiotic fear—terror of a bogie man—stampedes the common herd to vote for things they do not want. Cowardice, indolence, and mentation like that of the lowly lobster, are the cause of half the misery of the world.

The working class of California is again bunkoed because it has not yet come into possession of the use of its brain. The discovery of truth and the detection of error alike involves a laborious process of thought and it hurts some people to think. It's easy to take the other fellow's word for it. It is easier to read the baseball score and let the politicians play their own game. Let the masters work out their problems—then vote as they say.

* * * * *

The full returns of the election of Governor are not yet at hand, but there are enough figures available to reach some conclusions. The vote for N. A. Richardson, Socialist candidate for Governor, should

have reached the 120,000 mark. Tens of thousands of registered Socialists stampeded to the polls and voted for Hiram Johnson, not because of love or admiration of Johnson or what he represents, but because of a panic of fear that Fredericks might be elected.

N. A. Richardson has spent a large portion of his life working for Socialism. As a writer there is none in America clearer or more consistent than he. His pamphlets in the earlier days justly gained unprecedented circulation. He has spoken to hundreds of thousands and written for millions. No man ever merited greater consideration or more whole-hearted support—yet the so-called Socialists have failed again.

Dr. A. E. Briggs of Sacramento polled the highest vote on the Socialist ticket, lacking less than 100 votes of reaching the 100,000 mark.

G. W. Woodbey came second, a few thousand below the vote for Dr. Briggs. All the figures are not available at this hour, but it is likely the total vote for Socialist candidates for state legislature and congress ran above the 150,000 mark. But this is not the Socialist vote and it cannot be depended on. In fact the vote for Richardson will be the real, rock-bottom Socialist vote.

* * * * *

The election of George W. Downing and L. A. Spengler, both of Los Angeles, to the state assembly is a matter for congratulation for they are strong men, tried and true. They represent the true revolutionary spirit of Socialism, yet both are practical and constructive, and their influence is sure to be felt in the legislature.

* * * * *

A strong legislative committee has been selected by the State Executive Board and plans are under way for the introduction of a number of working class measures.

* * * * *

When we read in eastern publications the lists of Socialists elected to office we are inclined to doubt their authenticity and to wonder how many of them really were elected.

In the California column four assemblymen are credited to the Socialists when but two were elected. Comrades Kingsley and Lindsey were not elected, though there seems to be good grounds for a contest in the case of the latter where a "Progressive," who was admittedly ineligible to the office was, on the face of the returns, elected to the office. If there is any justice in the case Comrade Lindsey will be seated.

An analysis of the primary election vote of Los Angeles county will give some idea of the need of better organization, of education—of some means of spreading the simplest information about the candidates on the Socialist ticket.

The organized Socialists of Los Angeles county will be quick to disavow responsibility for the utter assininity shown on the face of the election returns on the Socialist ballot.

Some instances of the monumental stupidity are here given:

Los Angeles county Socialists nominated Thomas Lee Woolwine, a Democrat, for district attorney, and they spattered all over the ticket, even casting 451 votes for Joseph W. Ford, who was running as a Los Angeles Times candidate on his record as a labor hater in the office of district attorney.

These voters, registered as Socialists, with 2609 votes nominated Gavin Craig as presiding justice of the court of appeals, and gave Job Harriman 91. They cast 2742 votes for Paul Wedderin, Socialist, for sheriff, and 3349 for others and gave a large vote to a reactionary office holder. They actually nominated Walter Bordwell, a reactionary Republican, for chief justice of the supreme court of California by giving him 2037 votes. Six wrote in the name of Edward Tuttle, Socialist. Bordwell, who was defeated in the finals, made his race as a Times candidate on the strength of having, as Superior Judge, imposed sentence on the McNamara brothers.

In the third supervisorial district they nominated Barney Fry, an old-time Republican politician, who is reported to have been hobnobbing with certain Socialist party members and attending Socialist meetings. In this district the Socialists neglected to put up a candidate and they spilled all over every

capitalist office seeker on the ballot.

In the vote for Governor 1377 of those voting the Socialist ticket wrote in the name of Hiram Johnson and equally as stupid and incredible as it may seem 27 of them wrote in the name of John D. Fredericks. They wrote in other names that would indicate the need of a special lunacy board.

For superior judge these pure Marxians voted for 34 capitalist lawyers, some of them infamous in their attitude toward labor. Only one Socialist, W. O. Morgan, succeeded in passing to the final election where, again, the Socialists, by their insistence in voting once for him and nine times against him, succeeded in defeating him.

Of course all this criminal stupidity must be laid at the door of the nons. No really, honest-to-God, red card member ever voted for a capitalist candidate.

Scotching Socialism

"SCOTCH the scarlet snake!" screams the Los Angeles Times in a headline over a story that tells of the organization of the "National Anti-Socialist League."

The league is to be incorporated in California and extended to all the other states. The aim of the organization is "to hold the stability, credit and good government of the nation against anarchial war and confiscation."

The organizer is N. M. Barragar, who is the president and who has "spent a lifetime in the study of comparative religion and social economy." Where this lifetime has been spent is not stated, nor are any of Barragar's antecedents given. William A. Barrager is the secretary and George D. Ball is the treasurer. Send remittances for contributions to the latter, care Chamber of Commerce building, Los Angeles.

Now, let us give thanks to whatever gods may be!

Here appears the man to start something in this day of gloom that will add to the gaiety, at least, of this nation!

This is, if the Times may be believed, an organization that openly advocates direct action—force—against political action!

Long and weary has been the day of waiting for some authorized agent openly to tell the truth about capitalism—that it will not yield to a peaceful solution of the industrial problem.

If Barragar and his comrades do not prove a miserable flash-in-the-pan there are stirring times ahead.

Barragar is quoted as saying:

"If the theory of the Socialist is right that he will use the ballot as a weapon to take a man's property from him, is there anyone so silly as to believe that any man or woman will sit idly by and watch confiscation? IT WILL BE RESISTED WITH FORCE! This resistance means war—and that is what we are coming to if Socialism shall prevail. I do not want my boys to grow up into anything of the sort."

There you are: If the majority of the people of any state, or the nation, shall, by means of the ballot (political action) elect men who will enact laws, or if the people by use of the ballot, shall adopt measures to restore the stolen, confiscated wealth of the nation, these men will meet that peaceful action by force and violence.

There is a growing belief among many Socialists that capitalism will not yield to peaceful measures; that violence will be quickly precipitated by the group that has so hypocritically decried violence; that restoration may be brought about and that exploitation and industrial murders may be brought to an end by evolutionary steps is a delusion. This belief will be greatly strengthened if the Barragar propaganda is given any considerable support and encouragement by capitalists.

That such a move will give a powerful impetus to the I. W. W. and all other "direct action" organizations cannot be doubted for an instant. It will not, however, retard the work of education and organization among the Socialists who are close students of contemporaneous history.

Within a year a movement is likely to be started in America that will draw to it all the radicals on

the continent. This movement will be able to write its program on a postcard and in so writing will inscribe the most important document since the Declaration of Independence or the Magna Charta.

If Barragar, with the support and assistance of the Times and similar institutions, can get enough action he will greatly assist and accelerate this movement.

Comment on the War

AS A prophet, a war prophet, I am not a failure. I am even, in a measure, a success. As for honor—no true prophet cares for that in his own or other lands.

My war predictions did not bring any bouquets but they brought a few bricks—not as many as I expected, but a few.

The most amusing phase of the comment and criticism of my prediction of the downfall of the European Empires, the temporary victory of Teuton and Slav, the passing of British power, has been the attitude of my British friends.

One Englishman, whom I hold in the highest esteem, politely asked me if I was not of German descent. I explained that as far as is known my ancestors had been chased out of Ireland, Scotland and England because of a low strain of fighting blood and a fatal tendency to be on the losing side in the rebellion.

Another English friend spent half an hour telling me of the horrors of German militarism and the need of putting an end to it forever. I agreed so thoroughly with him that I think he doubted my sincerity.

An English author of some renown and one who is certain to make a large place for himself among the authors of the world has written me a letter saying he agrees with me and, saddening as it is, he believes the Germans and Russians will conquer all Europe.

"We may as well view it now as we certainly shall be forced to view it a year or so hence. There is nothing in the universe that pledges the success of British arms. Certainly saying 'Britain MUST win' does not settle the case," writes this loyal son of England.

On the other hand my German comrades are not as enthusiastic as might have been expected. In fact one of them picked me to pieces, doubted my honesty and said The Western Comrade had spoken brutally about the Kaiser and the German army.

One German said I was right in predicting the fall of Paris and the permanent conquest of Belgium but he declared the Prussians would not compromise with the Czar's government nor would the Kaiser consent to the overrunning of Southern Europe by Russian troops.

This lesson teaches us how difficult it is to please all sides in predicting.

In the meantime as the shuttle passes through the loom and the warp and the woof of war is dyed with the blood of over a million men, the daily news brings stories of the sinking of cruiser and dreadnaught; of the impotency of the great maritime engines of war when a nameless, sneaking submarine comes into play far below the waves which Britannia rules so bravely—in song.

Germany's fleet still declines to "come out and fight" in the waters off Helgoland. There is a better game in waiting.

In the first insignificant naval battle off the South American coast the Germans had all the better of the fight. Presently this small fleet will be overtaken by a vastly larger and overwhelming squadron sent out by England and then we shall see some flaring headlines indicating a great sea victory.*

As the war progresses figures are printed showing the increasing war debt mounts into the millions daily. Germany subscribes for immense loans, according to official dispatches. England had no great difficulty in raising $1,750,000,000.

Everything indicates a prolonged struggle, though the Lloyds profess to take a cheerful view of the matter if one may believe the dispatches from London. Kitchener says 18 months and the Germans prepare for several years' contest.

*This paragraph was written ten days before the British fleet met and destroyed the German cruisers Scharnhorst, Leipsig and Gneisnau off the east coast of South America.

Abolishing the Blanket Stiff

By GEORGIA KOTSCH

A BINDLE stick and a flat wheel," quoth my friend down near "Second-'n-Los," adding with infinite disgust for things-as-they-are, "and not more than seventeen, I'll bet."

A young blanket stiff was limping by. Thus early does "the system" parody the Galilean's command, "Take up your bed and walk."

My friend himself is a blanket stiff upon occasion. Once he came near being the principal in an impromptu necktie party because he was not carrying a bundle. But, in the language of Kipling, that is another story. People are great sticklers for custom and fashion.

He can tell you where all the good water holes are up the coast and the present status of amenities between the stiff and the brakeman. He can tell you much more—of literature, science, art and especially of sociology, while his seraphic smile charms you—O, yes, I am still talking about a blanket stiff—and his clear blue eyes look through you and beyond you, seeing the forces which made you what you are. He could tell you, but he won't, of the little wife "back East with her folks" and whom he is eating his heart out to see.

This just to impress upon us that the blanket stiff is not another species. If he only were! How it would simplify him. But he is flesh of our flesh, spirit of our spirit. The mischief is that just the things any red-blooded person would do in his place he is doing and is going to do.

The world is not his friend nor the world's laws. His ethics are not the ethics of the housed and fed. How could they be? The star-loft which roofs him and the distances which are his walls do not press in the small caution, the timidity, the stifled soul of the steam-heated. Writing of the Blanket Stiff of Galilee, Bouck White says, "Property rights require peace and order and carefulness; human rights require genius and freedom."

Why does not my friend, if he is so well-informed, go to work and secure the comforts of life?

He is informed, but not conformed. Believing in human rights outspokenly, the clash is always imminent between him and his boss who must believe in property rights. He has the upstanding independence of a man and cannot disguise it.

Here is an element in the unemployed situation which it is convenient to understand. In the vocabulary of property it is resented as shiftlessness. It is the free spirit which does not fit into the money-grubbing groove, the only virtuous groove in present society. The cornered post of individuality will not slide into the round hole of do-as-you-are-bid. The principle of variation, so important in the evolution of the natural world, must not operate here, for property shivers at change.

So he must be an outcast, a pariah as often as not of refinement and culture and radiant personality, a relief from the conventionally molded, a living refutation of the hope that the education and the training of the schools can solve his problem. Despite adverse evidence, his passion for cleanliness bubbles up in the suds wherewith he scrubs his shirts and socks and handkerchiefs when he finds a berth in a camp. He is the Great Unsubmissive. He has no vote with which to protest his misery—not even a vote by mail—and it is the least of his troubles, for he has no faith in the vote as a condition-changer. He is young and the compelling life-tides surge through him and nature's laws mock at man's. Even so, were he otherwise, machinery has sloughed him off and were he and all people vocationally trained and submissive, the pertinence of his question and answer in his much-prized "Hallelujah Bum" song would be the same:

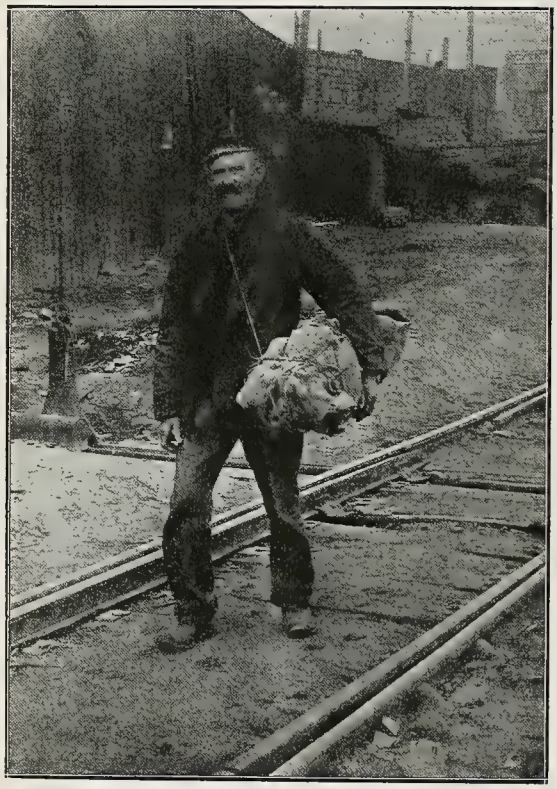
"O, why don't you work like the other men do?"
"How in hell can I work when there's no work to do?"

Still, beyond that is the fact that his lungs are not adapted to a slave atmosphere. With the scarcity

A different type has appeared in the groups of disemployed that eagerly crowd around the bulletins at the employment agencies. The clerk and bookkeeper and counter salesman with white collar and johnny hat, rubs elbows with he of the bindle stick and flat wheel.

of jobs has come the necessity for subservience to hold one, and that is foreign to him. He is the element which has heretofore creamed off from effete civilizations into new countries and has become the stock of a more stalwart race.

With no new worlds to conquer, what will he do now? Is he to be merely flotsam and jetsam, only a trench-filler for us to walk over to a higher civilization, or is he the Soldier of the Ultimate Good? Is he the uncouth Robert of "The Servant In the House"



It's a Long Way to Tipperary or Any Other Point Where There Is a Job for This Weary Blanket Stiff

who is to clean the carrion from under our reeking superstructure?

In "The Rise of the American Proletarian," Austin Lewis says, "Anything which tends to obscure the antithesis existing in a social organization, to hide the contradiction, is an obstacle in the path of progress." To the blanket stiff the contradiction is stripped bare. He knows.

And O, beware! He sings.

Loria tells how the Troubadours came and went with the feudal epoch, of the corresponding poesy of all periods of change; how language is modified by oppressed classes during times of social decomposition.

Now the blanket stiff has scratched his songs in his own language on the walls of the Spokane jail. Later he has collected and printed them. In the long shadows at the edge of forests, in the white wastes of the Northern camps, in the cheer of burning railroad ties, in vision stroking the ole sab-cat he teaches his rebel philosophy and sings. His little red songbook is sacred to him, and the sacred things of paunched plenty are his jest and by-word.

"But what would we do without him?" I said, harking back to him of the flat wheel .

"He does add picturesqueness to the landscape," said my friend. "His tin cans and the remnants of his chow decorate the by-paths contiguous to railroad yards, his dangling coffee pot, the excrescence upon his back"——

"I don't mean that."

"O, well, we all know the capitalist mode of production cannot get along without him. It must have its masses of unemployed shifting here and there with which to club down wages"——

"That is all banal—except the clubbing. He was Friday Morning Clubbed last winter, but it has not become common yet. It is in his role as philanthropist that he is indispensable. How would people know they had officials to protect them if they couldn't throw a scare through the papers now and then about the descent of lawless hordes upon our fair city? There are really intelligent persons in the upper classes who are bored to extinction in society and with culture for culture's sake in the clubs. What a boon for My Lady of the Uplift when the dear Unemployed furnishes her with an outlet for her ennui. He also furnishes our Socialist friends with endless material for resolutions, manifestoes, fiery oratory and an excuse to go to the Legislature; and the newspapers—you must admit that they said some real plain things last winter about poor people being lured here, the wickedness of it!"

"Salve. The unemployed is not a local difficulty, not a creature of geography, but of the wages system. What matter if he is in Los Angeles, New York or Chicago? HE IS, and he is in all these places. He is ubiquitous."

"Still it is a distinct gain when the public press lays the blame where it belongs and castigates the Chamber of Commerce and Big Business for causing people to come where there is no work for them. You know the great power of publicity. I see this year the police are going to chase them out of town."

"The Chamber of Commerce?"

"No, the unemployed."

"Well, we did have a perfectly lovely exciting time last winter. First they were in the River Bed—"

"Lovely for the men shivering in the rain in the River Bed."

"They were soon taken to jail. And certainly there was one splendid thing which came out of the interest in the unemployed aroused here last year. The Municipal Employment Bureau—"

"Which connects the jobs and the jobless."

"Don't be sarcastic, please. Even a Bureau cannot perform miracles and connect the jobless that is with the job that isn't. But it has provided one place where the unemployed can sit on the curb without being told to move on. And, as you say about picturesqueness, looking down Franklin street with the men strung along like blackbirds on a telegraph wire, it really gives a foreign touch, and when we get the Belgian widows—"

"Did it ever occur to you why the well-fed do all these wonderful things for the unemployed? Loria says, 'It is the voice of egoism that advises the dominent class to relieve the sufferings it has caused in order to avoid the danger of possible retaliation. . . . Under such conditions the egoistic sentiment would never succeed in establishing perfect moral relations.' "

"You do not think, then, that we shall abolish our blanket stiff?"

"What if he shall abolish you?"

"Ah-h-h!"

Lunacy

By A. F. GANNON

LEMUEL P. BARRON is a hard-headed son of the soil; a safe, sane and average citizen of the type known as the "backbone" of the country. It is notable that his kind is never accused of being the "heart" or the "soul," attributes not held in common with cold-blooded fishes and creeping reptiles.

After coercing what he considered a competence from the soil, and mortgages, of a Middle-Western state, he came to abide in Los Angeles. At an outing of a state society in Eastlake Park we renewed a boyhood acquaintance that had lapsed since one night many years before when I had folded my tent and silently stolen away to the intellectual vantage-point of New York.

From the world's way of looking at things, and his own, "Lem" was a success. One of his two daughters was attending a famous Eastern girl's college, and the second, a pretty miss of 17, was in a local high school. Mrs. Barron was exactly as I had pictured her metamorphosis from the buxomly inclined girl I knew in youth. Beaming with pride in "pa," whom she considered second only to William Jennings Bryan in sagacity, she made me welcome in their home, where I afterward visited frequently.

Lemuel's patriotism is both voluble and vehement. His "we" plays a prominent part in our many disputations anent international events that seem likely to embroil the nation. When I, after my fashion, strip the flesh of fallacy and fabrication from each successive "scare" and show him the skeleton of Profit from the closet of Capitalism, he takes sputtering refuge in the platitudes about changing human nature. His is the cleverly inculated and nurtured common conviction that war will continue until some subtle change, emanating from a vague source, probably The Hague Tribunal, comes over humanity and makes it "good." Until then, it is his belief, we should bear with its hero-producing and business-stimulating horrors, and after each convulsion prepare to avoid the next—much as if a small boy laid in a supply of unripe apples to avoid an attack of cholera morbus.

The lumbering manner in which Barron conducted his arguments often left an opening of which I was not slow to take advantage occasionally, more for the fun of noting his wry grimace on taking a cropper than in any hope of shattering his opinionativeness.

"You're as crazy as Clay Breckenridge!" was his usual rejoinder when cornered in contention, or when I laid open for his inspection, with the scalpel of Socialistic reasoning, an especially tender and deep-seated plutocratic fester in the body social.

I remembered Clay Breckenridge as a not robust-witted boy who loitered about the country newspaper office where I was employed as "devil"—and right here, to digress, let me suggest that "ministering angel" would be a far more descriptive and appropriate designation of this humble Hermes of the types.

When I was graduated to the heights of newsgathing, Clay fell heir to the position I vacated. Later, when my dream of literary dominance drove me to New York, and a decade of ultra-instantaneous lunches, he slowly faded into the mist at the back of memory. Recalled suddenly to mind again the first time my friend used the odd phrase with its ugly intimation, my eager inquiry elicited the facts from him and his wife in a joint recital.

From the story the Barrons related, it seems that Clay Breckinridge, for all his incipient mania, had the

forethought to desert journalism for an apprenticeship in a local machine shop, from whence, in due time, he emerged a competent journeyman. At 23 he married the girl of his heart.

Happy in the possession of their own little cottage, the Breckenridges, with their two children, a girl born at about the same time as Barron's oldest daughter, and a boy two years younger, were respected by all and envied by some less ideally mated couples.

Of a bookish turn of mind, and exceptional mechanical ability along inventive lines, his mind was never idle, so the growth of his mental discrepancy could not be ascribed to that fruitful source of phantasy.

Barron received his first intimation that all was not right in the Breckinridge household, although he attached no significance to it at the time, from his oldest girl, Mary, then a tot of 9. One evening on returning from school, in a burst of childish confidence, she exclaimed:

"Alice Breckenridge asked me for a piece of bread, today, pa." On the following afternoon a similar admission was made by the child, supplemented by the additional information that "she didn't eat it—she gave it to her little brother, Jimmie, to eat."

This set Barron to thinking, and later to discussing the odd occurrence with his wife. They decided to question the child more closely upon her return from school that day. Their inquisition netted them knowledge which determined them to investigate further. Mrs. Barron called at the Breckenridge cottage on the following day. After a constrained greeting and invitation to enter, Mrs. Breckenridge explained that Clay was off to work, and then lapsed into a half-sullen and unusual silence upon the plea of headache. The subterfuge did not fool the kindly Mrs. Barron, nor did a brief outburst of temper a bit later deter her, now that her intuition prompted her to action. In half an hour the slender, tear-wracked girl was sobbing out her secret on the ample, sympathetic bosom of her interlocutor.

For a year past, Clay Breckenridge, in every other respect sane, was queer on the subject of weapons. On the walls of what he termed his "armory," a locked room vacant for all else, to which the young wife admitted her astounded visitor, were hundreds of them, from the brass knuckles and black-jack of the thug to the modern high-powered and high-priced rifles. Sick at heart she viewed the gruesome collection into which Clay had put every available cent.

As his mania for arming developed, his wife explained, he grew to care less and less for the needs of her and their children and more for his growing array of murderous implements. They seemed to fill his every thought in waking moments, and though as yet he had shown no desire to use them, she feared for him since of late he had taken to carrying some of the smaller varieties about his pockets. For months she had fought valiantly by prayer and argument to drive the encroaching horror from his mind, but to no avail. Impervious to threats or entreaties when his children first began to suffer for clothing and finally for food, he rode his hobby. Only that very morning he had detailed to her the advantages of having a Maxim rapid-fire gun mounted at the window of his "armory" to command the front gate, in the event of an attack from that quarter. Old Emmons, the hardware dealer, she had taken into her confidence some months since, returning to him many weapons sold by him a few hours before and having its purchase price refunded. Constantly fearing that his employer or the public would come to learn the truth and destroy her hopes of effecting a secret cure of his hallucination, she strove for many heart-breaking months. Clay, lately, noting the disappearance of some of his most costly and cherished treasures, had broken with Emmons, after a stormy interview, and was dealing directly with a large mail-order house, so she was now deeply discouraged and on the point of giving up the task as hopeless. The one thing she dreaded most was the stigma that would attach to the children in the event that she did; but the horror of their present existence now almost equalled that dread.

Mrs. Barron assured her of sympathy and material assistance, but counseled her to have Clay examined, with a view to commitment and cure.

On the next day, while at work on a lathe in the Acme Machine Works, Breckenridge was arrested for carrying concealed weapons. "Lem" Barron and the sheriff, in searching his street clothing, found two loaded revolvers, and in the hip pocket of the overalls he was wearing, a deadly little Colt automatic. His arrest and detention for examination as to his sanity was the sensation of the little town for many a day. Much sympathy and real assistance was heaped upon his wife and children.

Clay's clever presentation of his "peace" theory to the alienists, summoned from the metropolis to pass upon his case, was of no avail. His point that "the true way to avoid trouble is to be at all times abundantly prepared to meet and cope with it" fell upon unsympathetic ears.

Devoid of technical jargon, the doctors' verdict was "Lunacy."

"Plum nutty." was the inelegant conclusion of the average citizen of the community—along whose spinal

(Continued on Page 25)

Who Are the Socialists?

By ALBERT A. JAMES

WE ARE often asked the question: Who is a Socialist? In these times of reformism we find men who call themselves Socialists voting for a "good man" for fear a "bad man" will be elected.

Is it possible that some of our former comrades are tired of being the dynamite that must blast out the rocks of capitalism? Is it true they want to join the steam-shovel brigade?

What could the mushy leaders of Progressivism do toward establishing direct legislation if it were not for the dynamite of economic truth as proclaimed by the revolutionary Socialist?

How far would the Hiram Johnsons get with their state insurance if it were not for the demand of the "undesirables" for the WHOLE LOAF?

When the oil trust and big land grabbers wanted to throw the working men of America at the throats of the workers of Mexico, what caused them to hesitate? Was it the "good men" or was it the old revolutionary wheelhorses who proclaim the universal brotherhood?

When a public service corporation meets in secret session with a city council, what power do they discuss? Is it a Progressive railroad commission or is it an initiatory law in the hands of a revolutionary Socialist who has not bowed the knee to capitalistic "respectability."

When the food trust of America is trying to determine the highest point to which they can boost the price of the necessities of life, do they consider law or Interstate Commerce Commission or any of the so-called Progressive means of controlling commercialism; or do they first think of the revolutionary cry:

"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS!"

To that comrade who is thinking of voting for a man, either good or bad, we would remind you that a man may go wrong—a principal never does.

Then again, this world is governed by ideals, not men. Today it is ruled by ideal of commercial cannibalism which forces your so-called "good man" to devour the living of his fellow.

The revolutionary Socialist votes and works for the complete overthrow of a system of industry that breeds hatred and war, and for the establishment of a co-operative system of industry in harmony with the new ideal of brotherhood.

It seems that it would be impossible for one who has caught a vision of the great suffering of the mass caused by our present system, to forget their welfare and give a thing so sacred as a ballot to one man, a helpless man.

The Poisoners

By HOMER CONSTANTINE

LOS ANGELES is plagued with a twilight journal that in its tiresome toadyism and sickening sychophancy is usually merely boresome. There are times, however, when its mephitic odors are so all-pervading the creature itself attracts attention.

This painted prostitute is an illigitimate daughter of a notorious mesalliance begotten in shame and whelped in the slimy alley of redlight journalism.

Always fawning on the big-bellied bourgoise of the Los Angeles throng of nuveau riche, this bedizened harlot has become distinguished as the champion lick-spittle of all the journalistic Doll Tearsheets that disgrace California.

The sheet is a cheap and gaudy imitation of the other kept ladies in the yellow kid seraglio. Its pages, up to the space it can spare after placing all the delectable advertising with headlines such as "Sick, Sour and Gassy Stomach" and "Baby's Head a Solid Scab," are largely given to the usual pabulum of prize fights, scandals and a vulgar and reverential flaunting of the news of the wives of the oil kings and beet barons.

Other newspapers of this stripe in more favored cities are notoriously lush with grossness, sensation, brutality, debauching incitements and brazen lies. This evening squawk tags along and does her best to keep in the drawing room with the older and more experienced Laluns of the brothel.

An example of the methods of the local Fannie Hill is shown in an item under date line of New York, November 14, in which a doubtful yarn is spun about the alleged finding of a bomb in a New York police court. After telling of the heroism of an inspector the item winds up with the gratuitous statement.

"Magistrate Campbell, several months ago, sentenced Bouck White to Blackwell's Island. Yesterday

the magistrate received a threatening letter."

Simple and easy, isn't it?

Two and two make four!

Magistrate sends White to prison!

Magistrate receives threatening letter! (From whom not stated, but the inference is perfectly plain.)

Bomb is found in magistrate's court!

Now doesn't it follow that the warden of Blackwells gave Bouck White leave of absence to run down to the Tombs and place a nifty little bomb in the court room under a seat—not under the judge's bench, but under a spectator's seat—and then scamper back to jail.

This news item was good enough to catch a top column position, page 1, column 6.

From the pen of the primal pimp in New York to the pencil and paste pot of the pusillanimous pup on the local copy chopper's desk the insidious poison was injected into the item.

Bouck White was sent to Blackwells because he thought to find Christianity in a New York church. Christ would have received the same sentence—only it might have been Mattewan!

Are they again framing something against Bouck White? Looks that way.

Nice, Green Money!

WELL, the emergency currency is in circulation. Now don't grow facetious and pretend to be surprised and say that none of it has reached you yet. It is a solemn occasion.

This new money, they say, is printed on nice crinkly paper with bright green ink and, if you can get hold of any of it, it will buy potatoes and pork.

Your great government has issued many millions of this new money. The big idea was to make it easier for you to meet your obligations. No plan was worked out as to how the hundreds of thousands of unemployed and the continuously growing number of disemployed were to get hold of any of this printed money to meet the serious obligation of keeping alive.

That is your problem and the government is too busy to worry over problems that disturb the working class.

This emergency currency scheme is working out beautifully—for the banker. The banker gets the money at a low rate of interest. Then, if you have good and sufficient security you may borrow this money from the banker at from 7 to 9 per cent!

Bring prosperity? Relieve stress? Surest thing in the world! This measure will go a long way toward ameliorating the deplorable condition of the rich bankers in California!

But the Dubb family, large and thriving, is fond of this sort of thing. Witness the fact that Henry and Henrietta of California elected an encrusted, indurated reactionary plutocrat to the United States Senate.

Historic Utterances

"THE public be damned! I'm not running this road for the benefit of the public. I'm running it for my own benefit."—Cornelius Vanderbilt of the New York Central.

* * *

"The rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared for, not by labor agitators, but by the Christian men to whom God in His infinite wisdom has given control of the property interests of the country."—George M. Baer, mine owner, during the coal strike of 1902.

* * *

"I see no solution for the problem until hunger compels capitulation."—Charles L. Eidlitz, president of the New York Building Trades Employers' Association, during the lockout in July, 1903.

* * *

"The club is mightier than the constitution."—Inspector Schmittberger of the New York police force in the police riot in Union Square on March 28, 1908.

"To hell with the constitution!"—Major McClelland, commanding the state militia (paid by the mine owners' association) during the Colorado miners' strike and lockout in 1904.

* * *

"Habeas corpus be damned! We'll give them post-mortems instead."—Adjutant General Sherman Bell of the Colorado militia, defying the orders of the civil courts.

* * *

"I'm working for my own pocket all the time."—Richard Croker of Tammany Hall, under whose regime Schmittberger became a power in the police.

* * *

"Strike! They (the American workingmen) have no jobs now. We do not want to take up work again now. So what can they do? They will have to submit or they will starve."—J. Pierpont Morgan, February, 1908.

The Hero

By JOHN RUSSELL McCARTHY

From Poetry for November

BOMB and hail and shell
Had done their work so well
That, after many weeks,
The city fell.
(To save the women, so the burghers said.)

Then with red-dripping sword,
We, the enemy, poured
Down through the streets
To know what spoils the city might afford.
(What **are** the spoils of war?)

A corporal, nameless, with a little troop
Of nameless men, has stopped before a stoop
Whose door's ajar.
The corporal laughs. "Ha! Note the family group!"
(A man and wife, three daughters—and a dog.)

Ten of the soldiers enter. "Seize the goat.
No, no, don't shoot him—cut the villain's throat.
That's right, a little blood. Don't splatter so, you fool, before the ladies.
What, not dead yet? You've bled a quart, you bloat!"
(A corporal must have his joke, you know.)

"Well, let him die. There's tastier business now.
Here, you two nearest, strip me that old sow.
Too fat by far—but get those rags off, boys—
That's it. Now tie her up so she can see the row."
(What **are** the spoils of war?)

"Now for the ninnies. Three to each, and quick!
Hell!—what a form. She'd make a queen look sick!
She's mine. You take the others,
And when you're through, a butt'll do the trick."
(A rifle butt is a handy thing, they say.)

An hour later: "Stretch them in a row.

The old sow's fainted. Didn't like the show,
Perhaps. Fat—ugh! Better unburden her belly—
That's it—a twist of the sword. Well, bring the dog, and off we go!"
(A mascot's good to keep the spirits up.)

* * * * *

Again the howl of war;
Again the roar
Of cannon, and the rain
Of bombs from ships that soar.
(And we must win, for God is on our side!)

The devilish enemy
Force onward, sullenly.
We are turned, driven, routed—
Drop everything, and flee.
(Why does not God uphold the right?)

But see! The flag is raised
And waved aloft! Amazed,
But ready to be led, we turn about.
'Tis the work of the very God we praised.
(Men can do worse than follow a flag.)

And there in the mighty din
We win,
And turn to see who bore the colors back.
We gather round and hem the hero in—
(A nameless corporal, now to be named forever.)

* * * * *

Mark where the hero stands,
A banner in his hands;
Banner of bronze in hands of bronze!
Bronze on granite forever he stands.
(Was he not chosen of God?)

The Tales of a Traveler

THOSE who have not been following the "Tales of a Traveller," running in EVERYMAN, have missed one of the keenest pieces of satire that has been printed in modern times. A stranger from a distant planet visits Acirema (spell it backwards) and makes an investigation of conditions there. Upon his return to his home the traveller has an almost incredible story to tell. The weird customs of the strange land are described in language that is direct and convincing. The stories ruthlessly tear aside our mask of hypocrisy and sham and show up our so-called civilization in all its hideousness. Luke North has handled this in his usual admirable way, but his style in this is new, crisp and delightful. It is hoped that this clever series may be reproduced in **book form**.

Co-operative Colony

Socialists Making History in

WHEN the sun rises over the Three Sisters buttes, it tints the snowcaps on the Sierra Madres with a ruddy glow that grows into golden glory and becomes a dazzling white background to the foothills of the Llano del Rio.

Down in the valley the rushing streams flow between rows of cottonwood, and spread out over the broad green alfalfa fields and the growing orchards.

Members of the co-operative colony who are spending their first winter on the llano declare the climate ideal for there is a nip and tang to the morning air.

For two weeks at frequent intervals, heavy banks of clouds have veiled the face of the mountains and lain in heavy folds over the foothills, pouring out floods of rain and snow in the high range while the valley below and to the northward has been bathed in sunshine and the middle part of the days have been warm and pleasant.

Colony activities have been unabated and no time has been lost on account of the light showers that have fallen in the valleys.

Thanksgiving dinner at the colony was the occasion for the most notable gathering since the colony has been established.

One hundred and thirty-four persons sat down to dinner in the big assembly room at the Club House and sixteen of their comrades were the volunteer waiters.

Good eats galore had been provided and over a score of fat and well garnished turkeys formed the piece de resistance at the tables. While there was no formal program, George Heffner, who is chairman of the welfare committee, presided and speeches were made by Job Harriman, Frank P. McMahon, W. A. Engle, D. J. Wilson, and L. A. Cooke of the board of directors. At night a dance was given under the auspices of the entertainment committee, of which Miss Florence Cedarstrom, Mrs. Sara Richards and Bert Engle are the leaders. The children's dancing class gave an exhibition minuet and danced the Virginia reel.

The Saturday night dance has grown to be a popular fixture and the social life in the colony has developed rapidly as new members have been recruited.

Colonists starting to the polling place on election day

Hot rivalry exists between the two leading baseball organizations which go under the names of "Headquarters" and "Hotel" teams. Their Sunday games are largely attended and new talent is eagerly sought. New recruits are frequently described in some such manner as "Mr. Blank is a plumber, single, 22 years of age, plays the slide trombone and third base."

A glimpse at some of the temporary houses at Llano del Rio

The state election was an occasion to test the solidarity of colonists. It was made the occasion for an outing and all of the registered voters were taken to Palmdale to vote. A big truck with a trailer was the means of transportation. The racks were filled with alfalfa, covered with blankets, lunches provided, and the merry crowd of voters started on their journey which was made the occasion for a delightful outing.

Shows Rapid Growth

ifornia Community Enterprise

They voted the straight Socialist ticket and let the "good men" and "bad men" on the Capitalist ticket go their way.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Mescal Company was held in the assembly hall and was the occasion for an enthusiastic rally. The officers for the ensuing year are: Job Harriman, president; F. P. McMahon and A. F. Snell, vice-presidents; W. A. Engle, secretary; G. P. McCorkle, treasurer. These and the following compose the board of directors: David Cederstrom, L. C. Dawson. The latter two are new directors and take the places of A. J. Mooney and F. D. Howell, who resigned some weeks ago. Perfect harmony prevailed and the result of the election was satisfactory to all.

Before January 1, four departments of the colony are expected to receive a tremendous impetus by the addition of stock and new heads to the division. Probably the most important of these will be the acquisition of a new herd of dairy cattle, Jerseys and Holsteins.

W. S. Anderson, formerly of Ontario, will have charge of the live stock and dairy department. He is one of the best equipped ranchers in California and a valuable acquisition to the colony. Good progress has been made with the new buildings for the dairy. This department is expected to be a success from the opening day.

Another important addition will be the poultry division under the direction of D. C. Copley, formerly of Bellflower, Cal. He takes nearly one thousand white leghorn hens and pullets to the colony. Under the directions of the expert, George Reeslund has drawn plans for the latest and most scientific poultry house. Mr. Copley expects to have nine thousand birds in his pens by next spring. He is particularly proud of his champion first prize tom turkey, the winner of the blue ribbon for the best bird at the Southern California Breeders' Show. He says the llano is the most ideal turkey raising country. The Toulouse and Emden geese in the colony pens are also prize winners at the same exhibition.

B. G. Burdick, formerly of Redlands, for several years of the Beekeepers' Association of California, has taken charge of the apiary department and is completing arrangements to take several hundred stands of bees to the colony. He expects to have several thousand stands of bees and to make this one of the best paying departments in the enterprise.

Waterfall a short distance above Luckel's camp. The ice cold stream will be diverted and used in the trout fishery a few hundred yards below.

James N. Stevens, of Bellflower, has joined the colony and will remove several hundred pure blood Belgian hares to the colony as soon as the new houses are completed.

George T. Collins, formerly of Portland, Oregon, and Madison, Wis., an expert accountant, has joined the colony and has been appointed auditor. He will take charge of the accounting and will "expert" every department of the colony. Collins as a student and an athlete, became instantly popular. He is a pitcher with a red hot twister that makes him in great demand. In the accounting department he will be expected to show heads of departments how to charge a hen with each grain of kaffir corn and credit her with each egg. He looks with dismay at the prospects from time to time of taking the census of the Belgian hares.

Miss Elinor Richards has made wonderful progress

with the school. She has about thirty-five youngsters. New recruits arrive every week. Many of the children have never seen such magnificent distances as the valley shows, and the altitude is conducive to a strange exhilaration that must make the new comers difficult to handle in the confines of the schoolroom.

The new brick machine has arrived at the llano, and soon the snow white Roman bricks will be turned out at the rate of several thousand a day. Then will come the day of ascendency for the bricklayers. L. A. Cooke, chief architect, declares when he gets his crews working he can turn out houses at the rate of five a week. These houses will be of white brick and red and green tile and will contain all the modern conveniences and luxuries. The smallest of them will have a dining room 12x25, kitchen, dressing room, bath, pantries, closets, and three additional rooms, any of which may be used as bed chambers.

Horace and Frank Farmer broke their own records by clearing eighty acres of land in five days by the use of the giant tractor. Two men follow them and keep the pace by burning brush and gleaning behind the big machine.

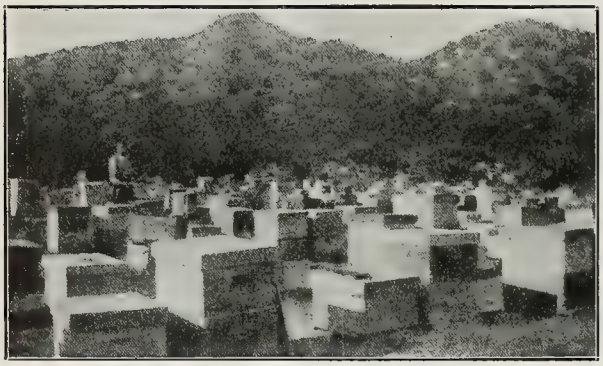
View of the Llano club house just before completion.

Enough apple trees have been purchased to plant 160 acres additional orchards. These will soon be put into some of the land recently cleared.

The Colony Apiary

BEES have been described as the most perfect Socialists. Certainly no more wonderful team work could be imagined than that of a colony of honey makers.

On the broad plateau of the southern part of the Antelope Valley is found an ideal place for a number of apiaries with a total of several thousand "stands" of bees and it is the intention of the Llano del Rio colony to establish this extensive industry there.



B. G. Burdick among the bees

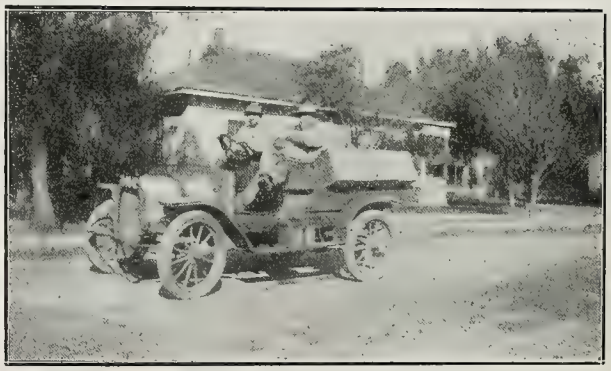
B. G. Burdick of Redlands, for several years president of the California Bee Keepers' Association and president of the San Bernardino Bee Keepers' Club, has taken out his membership in the co-operative colony and will transport from Redlands to Llano about 150 two-story hives of bees.

Probably no bee keeper in California knows more about modern scientific methods of handling bees than Mr. Burdick, who for the past year has devoted himself to the production of queens. He has met with wonderful success in raising Italian queens, Leather, Golden and Carniolian queens.

Mr. Burdick made but one visit to the Llano del Rio Colony. He spent two days looking over the various projects and immediately cast his lot with the comrades in the colony.

Among the vocational classes of the future will be one of scientific bee raising with special attention given to the production of queens.

With myriad wild flowers in the spring, a steady growth of sage and the proximity of the colony orchards, and hundreds of acres of blooming alfalfa, the llano is an ideal location for the business of production



Trucking honey to market

of honey. Mr. Burdick says he is certain he will have plenty of efficient and experienced assistants among the colonists.

"A small person who uses his head is worth more than a ton of 'beef' in the bee yard. A liberal supply of both brain and muscle is the ideal combination and I am certain to find plenty of this sort of men among the colonists," said the queen maker in talking over the plans for future apiary activities at Llano. "Women will find ideal occupation in queen rearing. The work is light and women take to it very aptly. They learn quickly and like the work. I see no reason why women should not take a large part in this department of industry."

Nothing to Live For

By CLARA R. CUSHMAN

THERE is a boy in our town—a clean, husky lad with a fighting arm and chin. He works 12 hours a day in a sugar factory, and spends a great deal of his spare time with the girl he would marry if he only had the money. But he always finds an hour or two to read a little history or adventure.

"It's no fun living these days," he constantly grumbles. "No punch to life, just drudge, drudge, drudge. Now if a fellow had something worth while to fight for between jobs he wouldn't mind the work so much. I wish I had lived when there was something doing. I wish I had been in the French Revolution. I wish I had been my great grandfather and fought the British soldiers here in America. Gee, that was some cause."

He flexes his big arm. "But everybody's free in America, nowadays. Nothing to think about and nothing to do but slave!"

At some future time there will be another boy in our town—a clean, husky lad with a fighting arm and chin. He too will thirst for romance and adventure and something big and fine to live for.

"What tame times these are," he will grumble, as he flexes his big arm sadly. "Everybody is comfortable nowadays. If I only had a great cause to fight for! If I had only lived back in the beginning of the twentieth century!" His eyes will glow. "Those were the stirring times, when the workers were fighting for freedom. What songs they had, what writers, what orators and poets, and best of all, what fighters and what martyrs! 'Workers of the World Unite!' Ah, there was a cause to work and live and die for!"

Making More Heroes

LET us now praise heroic deeds!

At last the German cruiser Emden, scourge of the Indian Seas, has been destroyed.

Great credit to the mighty British Navy? Not at all.

An archaic, undersized, poorly equipped cruiser of an inferior class has been driven ashore and burned. The victory, the V. C. and such glory as will be taken goes to the officers of an Australian cruiser of speed and guns.

Before it was destroyed the Emden roved the Southern Seas and captured or sunk twenty-two ships, mostly unarmed steamers of commerce, flying the British flag. These acts of legalized piracy also will be chronicled as heroic and brave.

Now that the Emden's bones bleach on the coral reefs of Cocos, the whole performance stands out in all its ghastly, sickening sordidness.

Victory? Glory?

It all reeks of capitalism's putrescence and smells of a dead and decaying system.—F. H. W.

Our Final Aim

THE final aim of Socialism—its ultimate purpose and goal—is as follows:

The free democracy, with equal economic and political rights: the free society with associative labor. The welfare of all is for us the one end of the state and society.

We seek justice and fight injustice.

We seek free labor and attack wage slavery.

We seek the prosperity of all and struggle against misery.

We seek the education of all and fight ignorance and barbarism.

We seek peace and order and combat the murder of people, the class war and social anarchy.

We seek the Socialist people's state and attack the despotic class state.

Whoever desires these things and struggles for them, let him unite with us and work with all his strength for our cause—for the cause of Socialism—for the cause of humanity, whose victory is assured.

Might is Right

THERE is positively no such thing as right. Nowhere in this world, or out of it, can man place his finger upon any one item and call it right, and proceed to prove his assertion. Infinitely less can he show where this patent commodity, abstract right, has its domecilium.

Man has talked about right, fought for right, preached about right, sung about it, taken up collections for it, paid for it, but he has never owned any, for the mature reason that there's none in the market.

People, in moments of abberation, have touchingly informed us that the laws of nature are right. But it is perfectly natural for a man to get drunk, set his mother-in-law on fire, and then commit suicide. At the inquest they express horror at this triple act of nature, and the priest refuses to the departed brother, and son of nature, a Christian burial, because of the fact that he didn't do just right.

They tell us that the laws of God are right, and when we ask what they are, they refer us to the Bible. Turn us loose in the Bible and we find all kinds of things going on, commanded by God and continually practiced by His servants. These things may be right, but we put men in jail for doing some of them now. Amongst them is war. For practicing private war we jail men, while some of our leading citizens and international "lights" are trying to abolish international war, maintaining that it isn't right.

Almost every kind of sex-relationship has been right, somewhere along the line. Polygamy, polyandry, and monogamy have each been proved to be both right and wrong. Prostitution has been a sacred rite and accounted holy in some religions, and even the Japanese government appears to look upon it as a lawful and natural institution. This of course does not prove that it isn't wrong, but the point is not what is wrong, but what is right.

When a nation, such as the Tartars, the Turks, or the Goths, ceases to care for its old-time stamping ground it looks around it. What next? Why the next thing is—move onto someone else's stamping ground. And what becomes of someone else, poor fellow? Why, he just becomes, that's all; he fades off the landscape into a seascape somewhere and they forget about him. Then the nation that stays on the film proceeds to establish property "rights" in the new territory. It becomes bad form to interfere with these rights and strictly irreligious.

Thus Tamarlane the Mongol, Othman the Turk, and Theodoric the Goth acquired rights which powerful churches have since shown to be divine.

Kings rule by divine law! This is true. Every Socialist does or should recognize it, and every Socialist should hurry and recognize it before the establishment of the co-operative commonwealth—else what right have we to have a commonwealth?

Charles, by the grace of God, Rex, and Defender of the Faith, discovered the divine right of Kings, and the Socialist Party National Committee, Rex, should endorse him.

The king had the power to disjoin heads from shoulders, and therefore he had the right. Then Oliver Cromwell had something happen to the king's head, equally right. Then nature (who had the power) had something happen to Oliver, and that was wrong; he wouldn't have let it if he could have helped it—he would have lived longer if he could. Did we say that nature was wrong? We meant to say right; it was a little mistake.

Things are, because they have the power to be. Nature makes us suffer because she has the power to. Therefore she is right. But we wouldn't let her if we could prevent it, and when we can stop her we do. Therefore we are right.

The Dago, pick and shoveling Wall Street to lay wires or drains, may only annex two dollars a day, but he annexes it by might, otherwise he wouldn't have it. He'd be something else, or nothing, or fertilizer,—it's nobody's business. And the capitalist, in the same business metaphorically speaking, boosts the price of water and keeps out of the penitentiary as easily as you and I eat a billysundae at the soda fountain. He has the divine right.

I have in my possession a title-deed to a few acres of land situated in an abandoned military post in Texas. The title is signed by William Howard Taft, now a college professor. Will someone in the audience please explain to the chair (a chair might be able to get it) by what right one, Taft, sells land in Texas?

The Indians once owned Texas. Why do they not punish this naughty Taft man for giving their land away? I'll tell you, Archie,—they haven't the power! If they had, me and Taft would both go to the same jail. They certainly have the right under the Constitution, for between us we have stolen their property. But we also have the right to stay out of the penitentiary as long as we are able to, although I'm not saying how long that may be.

If it came to a show down the Supreme Court in upholding the ex-President and myself would probably

hand down (happy expression) a decision that it was those wicked Spanish Dons who stole Texas and not Mr. Taft. Anyway, the Texas Indians wouldn't get their land back. Our Supreme Court knows what's right and it's not afraid. If anything goes in italics, Mr. Printer, let it be the latter part of that sentence rather than the former.

But that's true what the Court got off about those Spaniards. They did annex the Indians' land, and the Indians' wives and daughters and whatever else they had room for. And as for the Indians themselves, they roasted them if they weren't quick enough in acquiring the Nicene Theology, and dropped them into Hell if they didn't acquire it at all. The Spaniard came over here to annex someone else's money or otherwise he wouldn't have come at all.

The Mexicans stole that piece of land from the divine King of Spain. As to who owns Mexico just now and by what right I leave Mr. Taft's successor and his cheerful chautauqua Secretary of State to guess. The Secretary is well up in Divinity.

Then the Texans stole it from the Mexicans. Their right is founded on two unimpeachable, impregnable, inviolable bases of human right—they wanted it; they got it. That'll do now!

Then the United States eagle flaps cheerily down from the north and annexes Texas. Hymn number 427; 32 in the old book! (It has a number in all previous books since the world began.) "Come ye needy!"

Finally Wm. H. Taft, representing you, gives me that piece of land, and I defy every law shark and every law troglodyte on earth to break the title. Why? Because the army and navy, the church, the stock exchange, Big Business and little business and no business, the courts, the police, and every dollar in America is behind that title and others like it. If it breaks somebody has to admit that somebody was **wrong** about something, and that is what nobody has ever done and it can never happen. All nations are quite sure that they are always right—and so they are.

Now when the working class of America gets around to annexing the United States it will have to take the United States away from the Standard Oil Company. God has given America to Mr. Rockefeller, otherwise Mr. Rockefeller couldn't have got it away from God. Therefore the Standard has a divine right to America, and the working class has a divine right not to own America until it gets it. When that hour strikes, be the victory by ballots or that other thing, it will be force that will win and without force the Standard Oil will remain God's vicegerent on earth.

God rules because He has the power. If he hadn't He wouldn't be on the throne ten minutes. Because He has the power what He says is right; and it changes every day. If God hadn't the power "Satan" would rule and his right would be right. Then the servants of "Satan" would claim that they were the right, as they do now—does not the Senator, the grafter, the white slaver, the child exploiter claim to be right in the commission of his "crimes"?

Let the working class take a lesson some Fourth of July and get by heart how things are done—and then go and do likewise! S. H.

And "Born With a Job!"

LOS ANGELES newspapers are making much ado about a girl who says she lives on $1.75 a week.

For the benefit of working girls, department store employes and others, who are earnest students of modern methods of subsisting a fraction above the dead line, the newspapers print the following expense list for one week's food:

Coffee—1½ cents daily.
Bread—2½ cents daily.
Beans—3 cents.
Potatoes—3½ cents.
Meat—10 cents.
Tea—1½ cents.
Miscellaneous—3 cents. Total 25 cents.
Total for one week—$1.75.

This was clipped from a column opposite a big spread on prosperity, an increased bank clearings boost, a story that France had placed a $1,000,000 order with an American auto-truck firm and the statement that Charles M. Schwab had closed deals in Europe for $50,000,000 worth of steel.

There will be some criticism on the expenditure of three cents a day for miscellaneous food. This should be itemized.

Then, again: why the extravagance in buying 10 cents worth of cat meat?

This girl is out of work and looking for a job. There are thousands in the same predicament. Where will they get the $1.75 plus room rent? Perhaps the editor doesn't know, but the juvenile court officials know. So does the coroner.—G. E. B.

Montreal bond houses are urging "definite news of victories by the allies" so that they can start trading in securities. Sound the bugles for a charge! Kill a few thousand Germans and stimulate stock gambling in Canada. That's what the Henry Dubbs of war are really good for.

Social Evolution and Social Economy

By JAMES C. CRAWFORD

MAN'S evolution through the various industries is comprehensively exemplified in the classification of exhibits at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. They are divided into eleven different departments—Fine Arts, Education, Social Economy, Liberal Arts, Manufactures, Machinery, Transportation, Agriculture, Live Stock, Horticulture and Mines and Metallurgy—and those departments, taken in the order of their naming, afford a wonderful economic interpretation of human progress since the earliest age.

Art, primitive and rude, was man's first essential education. By scratching on rocks the caveman communicated with his fellows when oral communication could not be accomplished, and having learned to give and receive graven messages he learned to think and thus became possessed of a greater number of symbols to convey his thoughts. When able to standardize the observation he had so acquired he was enabled to teach the young. Thus came education.

As man became better educated he also became imbued with a sense of his responsibility and dependence upon his fellows—to realize that relations of mutual helpfulness existed between himself and species—and social economy had its beginning.

When man began to form communities the results of whatever culture they had acquired found expression in liberal arts. Then they commenced to manufacture, at first in a crude way, and gradually machinery was developed. With it came transportation, and mechanical facilities to transport made it possible to profitably cultivate the soil's products in distant places. Thus came agriculture, naturally followed by live stock and horticulture, and when man explored beneath the soil mines and metallurgy resulted.

In every one of the great exhibition palaces at San Francisco there will be much to interest and instruct the student of industrial progress since this old world was very young, for the Exposition is to be an epitome of human accomplishment throughout the ages. But while examples of early civilization will be shown for purposes of comparison and education, the results of latter-day achievement are to be most elaborately exploited. That the Exposition will have a beneficial and lasting effect upon the industrial relationships in this and all other countries is a foregone conclusion, for it will inadvertently teach how the conditions of living can be bettered for all people.

Perhaps in no other department of the Exposition will both employer and employe find more to mutually interest than in the Palace of Education and Social Economy. The exhibits in this magnificent structure will show what has been developed along educational and sociological lines during the last decade, and by specializing on prominent movements and reforms will aim to forecast the education of tomorrow.

In the Department of Education there will be a comparative exhibit of the educational system employed by each participating nation and a graphic demonstration of educational work in all of its phases in the United States, from kindergarten to university, including a model schoolroom and moving picture hall with model appliances. The latter will be the first exhibition of its kind offered by an international exposition, but since the last one was held the "movies" have become a mighty factor in public instruction, and that the Panama-Pacific directory appreciates their potency is shown by its expenditure of $1,500,000 for educational films which will show all that has thus far been similarly shown and much that has not yet been exhibited in this country's institutions of learning. To describe all the subjects that are to be animately depicted in the Department of Education would consume vast space.

Half Done Court of Four Seasons

New York has spent $35,000 on her educational exhibit, which chiefly aims to show the benefits resulting from her system of public school supervision. By means of an extensive relief map will be illustrated how every school in the state is directly and constantly controlled from the Capitol at Albany, and the lesson thus conveyed may be of advantage to more than one commonwealth whose school system needs concentration of management.

Ohio specializes on her unequalled work in agricultural and horticultural schools, and the exhibit is both elaborate and costly. Massachusetts devotes $23,000 to showing the success attained by her vocational and textile schools. Wisconsin makes a specialty of her

university extension work, Oregon's rural school system is to be especially exploited—in brief, every state in the union is contributing what it considers its most distinctive educational feature, and the entire exhibition will be the greatest of its kind ever held.

By tremendous labor intelligently applied the Department of Social Economy has succeeded in assuring a comprehensive collection of exhibits illustrative of the conditions and necessities of man considered as a member of organized society and government, together with displays showing the agencies or means employed for his well-being and suggesting how it would be even more improved. Wherever possible, operating examples of these agencies will be given.

Palace of Varied Industries

All labor problems involving working conditions and standards, welfare and efficiency, and including domestic science and woman's vocations, have been exhaustively studied and will be compared by means of exhibits in this department. No exhibit of this kind will attract more attention from all classes of visitors than the one contributed by Henry Ford, the philanthropist manufacturer of automobiles, whose profit-sharing with his fifteen hundred employes has won him universal fame. How the system is conducted and what its results are will be practically illustrated for the enlightenment of people interested in the problem of strengthening amity between wage-earners and wage-payers—and that means at least ninety-five per cent of this country's population.

In this connection it may not be amiss to hope that the exhibit will also explain how the Ford philanthropy came to be exercised in that particular direction, inasmuch as the credit for conceiving it is not unanimously awarded to Mr. Ford, but is given to his wife by many people, especially of the gentler sex, and neither he nor she has seen fit to settle the mooted question. The story which femininity prefers to believe—and repeat—is that Mr. and Mrs. Ford, being plain folk, were somewhat embarrassed by their rapid piling up of wealth until the lady devised the means of relief which her husband put into execution by allowing each of his workmen a liberal percentage of the factory's profits after all wages and other expenses are paid, and that the recipients of the extra compensation know to whom they are primarily indebted for it and have manifested their appreciation by turning out better machines and more of them than ever before, thus augmenting the profits to be divided between their employer and themselves.

Another feature in the Department of Social Economy that will receive more than cursory notice from workingfolk is a great model of the human eye through which may be seen how different degrees of illumination in a factory affect the optics of operatives. This device, which cost $5000, is intended to convey an object lesson in the proper lighting of workroom interiors, and may be the means of preventing much ocular defectiveness in people who toil.

There will also be models of restrooms, lunchrooms, billiard-rooms and other chambers which every well-regulated factory has for the comfort or convenience of its daily occupants. To adequately describe all the exhibits that will tend to improve the conditions of working people would consume vast space.

Such matters as finance in its relation to the public welfare and in connection with banks and provident associations and modern credit systems will be elaborately illustrated for the instruction of the masses, and business men will be especially interested in the exhibits pertaining to commerce in the way of the distribution of goods and existing and proposed business standards and systems. The latest discoveries in hygiene, methods of missionary work, international and universal peace institutions—whose efficacy is now being sorely tried—all these will receive a broad and sympathetic treatment by means of exhibitional studies in this great department of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Babes Bred For War

By MARY FIELD

In Everyman

ALL military governments, that is all Christian governments, depend for their perpetuation and extension upon fruitful and obedient women. Given millions of docile women to breed armies, given cunning priests to extol fruitfulness, and kaisers and kings and Krupps will flourish forever.

Said Prince Bismarck with a shrug of his shoulder to a comment on the great number of men killed in one of the Franco-Prussian battles, "Oh well, we will have another crop in twenty years!"

It is crops of men that governments depend upon. At the outbreak of the war, the military nations of Europe took immediate steps to provide for the next crop of soldiers. Before the ranks mobilized the seed of warriors was sown. In Germany all soldiers were urged to marry before leaving for the front, a brief furlough even being granted in order that there might be time for impregnation. In many churches hundreds of couples were married simultaneously that not time might be lost. One of the emperor's own sons set the example which thousands of marriageable men immediately followed. In some villages "holy matrimony" was recognized as the equivalent of an engagement. Everywhere throughout the fatherland distinctions between legitimate and illegitimate have become indistinct. An illegitimate son receives the support of the government. To bear children for the fatherland is of greater virtue than that they shall be born of wedlock, for thrones are greater than altars and exigencies greater than ceremonies.

In England, marriage fees were cut in half, and later all fees were removed in order that there might not be a half crown's reason for delaying the crop. Clergymen married soldiers in depots, in open lots, anywhere, anyhow that the crop of human beings might not fail, that soldiers might not be lacking twenty years hence.

This wholesale breeding the military governments of Europe deliberately encouraged with the full knowledge that for years to come the spectres of pestilence, of starvation, of cold, of despair, of insanity and disease would haunt the steps of these babes from their cradles to the training camps. In twenty years if another war breaks out, one-fifth and more of the seeds which these governments now sow, will be murdered. And thus today in the wombs of hundreds of English brides are the embryos that in twenty years, as state-owned warriors, will march forth to disembowel the German youths that now sleep in the quiet darkness under their mother's hearts. Babes bred for murder, bred by a state that prohibits and punishes murder!

Bred, what for? Bred that the colonies of England may be held for English commerce. Bred that Germany may expand her trade, stamp with the word "German" the products of the world; bred that Russia "may sit in the sun."

Empires need soldiers and soldiers must come through the bodies of women. Thus it is that in every country dedicated to commercialism, maintained by Christian teaching and the sword, all forms of murder except that legalized by the state and called "war" are punished. And especially must women be held accountable for the life which it is their duty to bring into the world. In times of peace the kings of industry need men for the factories, mines, mills and fields. In times of war, kings need men for the defense or the extension of their power. For kings and commercial lords and aristocrats women must breed, and no mother may say unto her own body "thou shalt not increase," nor say unto the unconscious life within her, "thou shalt not live." It matters not that she sees the unborn child shadowed by disease, driven by hunger, lashed by fear through his entire life. Only the king shall kill! Only the kaiser shall have power over the fruit of her body! She belongs to the state.

In all Christian countries the law is that abortion and even the spreading of the knowledge of means of prevention is punished with severity. The law means that no child can be killed until he is twenty-one—and even then, the state alone, the state which punishes the mother for a remotely similar crime, may take his life.

It is not because of the preciousness of life that there are laws against abortion, against the spreading of knowledge of controlling birth. Nothing but commerce is precious to the state. It is in times of war that the real reason for laws against abortion flash forth with vivid clearness. In the red glare of the camp fires, women read the meaning of the law. In letters of blood women see the real meaning of their lives to the state, read that they are but breeding-machines for soldiers, that their bodies and their children belong no more to themselves than do the pigs in the stockyards.

Will this war make women think? Will it make them act. What if after this war, and yet another and still another, there were to come to women a great awakening? What if silently and secretly there were

to take place in the minds and bodies of women a tremendous revolution so fundamental that it would rock thrones and decide the orbit of nations? What if women were to refuse to marry soldiers, to procreate soldiers, were to demand, that inasmuch as the state finally killed their offspring, they too, had the right to take life before it knew consciousness? What if they demanded that they and not kings be the arbiter of the fate of their children, they who gave them birth?

The birth force, the sex force is a tremendous power. It pulses through every atom of the universe. In our solar system are tremendous forces which man gradually learns to isolate and command. For thousands, yes millions of years, electricity flashed its presence across the sky before man's uncomprehending eyes. For eons of time the hills spoke no word to shivering mankind of the stores of coal which lay deep below the surface. Earth and air and water yet hold forces undiscovered. Much of life is still written in cryptic forms. And greatest of unexplored forces is the mind of man and of woman. Woman, especially, still covers her eyes with her hands before the burning face of Science.

But all things change—shape and form and content and direction—and the minds of women. Thus in the dim centuries to come women may learn to control the life force, demanding that it be their right to swing back the gates of life, deciding that it is even more heroic to strike at the unborn child than years later to plunge a bayonet through his quivering breast.

And meanwhile? The war has raised the question in the minds of thinking women, what is this man-made state that fixes the laws of abortion and prevention? By what right does society make divorce well nigh impossible, and compel women to breed whether they will or no? Why do kaisers decide these matters and not nature? Do you say that were the mother to decide and not Law, the race would not continue? Look to Nature, you of little faith. Look in the hearts of women, you blind men, who believe in force. The love of children is the very tissue of woman's mind. There is not a women in all the wide world, married or unmarried, who would take the life of the germ-child that was conceived in love, born to sure protection and loving support, born to a heritage of health and opportunity.

The difference between the act of the state and that of the mother is just this: The state when it kills has only its own aggrandizement in view; its motive is selfish; its object, financial gain, territory, power; whereas the motive of the mother in denying life is love of the child, unwillingness that it shall suffer. Perhaps poverty, shame, disease, struggle wait like ugly gray hags at the gates of birth for the unwelcome child. None of these things matters to the state. From these the mother would save her child. It is the inhumanity of man, the beastly inhumanity of war, that has commanded fruitfulness, fruitfulness not of quality but of quantity, vast numbers that ranks and divisions and companies and regiments and trenches and coffers may be filled.

Well may women question the laws which deny them the right to give or seek information on the subject of prevention, that deny the right to abort. In the light of the bargain-sale marriages in England, of the wholesale marriages of Germany and Austria and Russia, of the bonuses and premiums and bribes for the illegitimate, well may women say to their military governments—give us first peace, give us food, give us opportunity, give us the land, give us strong bodies before you punish us for destroying life. You insist that life shall live, at least until it is twenty-one, then give us the conditions that make for life, under which we best can breed and continue the human race. But until these conditions are granted we will continue to question your man-made law, we will continue to disobey your soldier-breeding mandates, disobey in secret as we have done for ages, your kaisers and priests, until we have the courage of our emotions and shall openly and brazenly, and for the love of humanity, defy the laws of the land, stupid laws which forbid us to take life in order that life may be taken by the state.

When you say abortion is a crime let us look at Europe. "Hell in the field, rape in the towns and villages, plunder in the cities, blood and tears and sorrow everywhere, and around its edges a panic of terror." Life is sacred! Murder roars from a million guns, murder and rivers of blood, fields soaked with the blood of women's sons!

Abortion a crime! Women who hate war should demand it as a right, as a blessing. Abortion a crime! That law makes gargoyles grin. And that law is going to make women think—slowly think, whose shall be the right to take human life.

Lunacy

(Continued from Page 12)

column "Fleet Maneuvers at Hampton Roads," via the movies, sends patriotic self-complacent quivers.

"Insanity!" shrilly piped "The Clarion," after Editor Severn had aired his erudition by exhausting literature on the subject—two columns off from a "patent inside" article, inspired by the Peace-With-Profit League, bemoaning the shocking defenselessness of "Our Fleetless Pacific Coast."

Send in your renewal today. You can't afford to miss a number of the WESTERN COMRADE.

Woman

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

The Worker

LIKE the grandeur of mountains is her beauty—calm, steadfast, enduring.

Wherever her spirit breathes, lillies of goodness and kindness spring up.

To give is her greatest desire; it is the wellspring from which flow her heart's treasures of labor and patience, healing the world's grievous wounds.

Her presence sheds a radiance upon those about her. Whether she be in the vanguard or the rear of the aspiring army of humanity, she bears her burdens lightly and sings her song of comfort to the footsore and the weary.

Though she be bent with burdens and weary with labor, she still has strength to help those who trudge beside her.

Sympathy is never denied those who come to her.

Day by day and year by year, she gives gifts to the world, asking in return but the strength and the desire to give more.

Her faith in her people never wavers. Their hopes are hers. Upheld by her courage, they surmount many difficulties.

Labor, endurance, and motherhood have made her wise and the world receives good counsel from her.

She builds the mount of the future with the souls of little children, whose voices ring about her ever in a sweet chorus.

As the flowers grow out of the moist, black earth after a spring rain, so under the touch of her hand, there grow in the human being hopes and aspirations that reach far into the sky of the Tomorrow.

Wherever there is a nation enriched with her spirit, there is a nation striving to achieve the ideal of universal freedom. Whatever nation is blessed by her presence blossoms forth in material wealth and intellectual strength, meeting the tides of Time with dauntless courage.

Though she often goes unsung, she but smiles for her joy is in the doing.

None are more highly rewarded than she.

The Parasite

LIKE the opium weed, she is a deadly poison, but pleasing to the senses.

She is strong as the desire for drink in the drunkard. Yet is she weak as the tree whose roots are buried in polluted soil.

To take is her one great impulse; it is a fire that turns inward—the fire of selfishness—burning up the halls of her soul and all that is in them, so that though she takes the world's dearest treasures unto herself day after day, she never possesses anything.

Though she lives in the midst of a striving humanity, she has never heard the thrilling, powerful, holy song of human endeavor.

She surrounds herself with the marvelous beauties of the world, created at the cost of much suffering and labor and she defiles them; for she uses them only as a lure to passion.

Each look, each touch, each movement, each tone she uses to beguile—as there are always men awaiting beguilement.

Soft laces, rings, bracelets, seductive robes she hangs upon her body—her foul body that has never known the cleansing balm of labor.

She constantly absorbs the beauties of the world; yet they never spring to seed in her soul, for she is barren.

In mind she is impotent, never having gained the strength that comes from suffering.

She weeps for a lover lost, but not for her children unborn.

She abuses the power that has been given to women by Nature and influences men for evil instead of for good.

All women's duties she neglects. All men's weaknesses she plays upon.

Her appearance forbodes the downfall of nations. Where her shadow falls, men become weak in body and vicious in mind; laws become tyrannical and industries stagnate; citizens become demoralized and rulers debauched. Wherever she becomes a power, society rots from within and crumbles to ruin.

Created by fools, she becomes an overmastering impetus that drives them and their helpless dependents still faster down the road to an inevitable destruction.

Though she cringe beneath it, upon her rests the curse of all the ages.

Saintly Journalism

"YOU have a sick, sour and gassy stomach!"

"Baby's head a solid scab!"

"Girls, Girls, Girls, you Must Try this!"

"Get Back Your old time Vim!" (This one is said to make an old man "Feel like a young colt that won't stand still without hitchin!")

"Ouch! Back Ache? Know what causes it?"

"You need this! Take Ambition Pills!"

"Nothing Better for Weak Women!"

"Are you kept awake with itching and Burning?"

These are some head lines, in regular news type, gleaned one day from the columns of a moral and religious daily printed in Los Angeles. This newspaper is so sure that all is well with the world that it will not print the words "killed" or "died." People don't die in its sacred columns—they are lulled to rest or pass away.

Here is the style:

Patrick Riley, a structural iron worker, fell from the twelfth floor of the magnificent new three million dollar office building the Steenth National Bank and Trust Company is erecting at Nth and Spring Streets. This is one of the many great edifices now being erected as a mark of the splendid prosperity and growth of Los Angeles. Riley struck a pile of steel in his fall and he gently was lulled to rest.

Or something like this:

Jesus Ramirez, a track laborer, fell beneath a switch engine in the Southern Pacific yards last night and was ground beneath the wheels of nineteen Pullman cars that were being shunted into the Arcade station. The train bore hundreds of wealthy tourists who are flocking to Los Angeles by the thousands, where they will enjoy the glorious and incomparable climate of the Southland, where peace, plenty and prosperity reign.

When the coroner's assistants had swept together the decentralized fragments of the unfortunate Mexican, it was found that he peacefully had passed away.

The marvel is that the readers of the pietistic journals escape that sick, sour and gassy stomach—or do they?

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Nietzsche on Women

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You will, if you are normal and have fairly happy hours, enjoy a little of the mad philosopher.

If you have loved and blundered and lost you will find keen enjoyment in some of the maxims of "Count Nietsky" as he called himself in his youth. Take some of his causticisms on love and marriage:

The same emotions are in man and in woman, but in a different tempo; on that account man and woman never cease to misunderstand each other.

Women can enter into friendship with a man perfectly well; but in order to maintain it the aid of a little physical antipathy is perhaps required.

Man thinks woman profound—why? Because he can never fathom her depths. Woman is not even shallow.

A soul that knows that it is loved, but does not itself love, betrays its sediment; its dregs come up.

Some husbands have sighed over the elopement of their wives; the greater number, however, have sighed because nobody would elope with theirs.

When there is neither love nor hatred in the game, woman's play is mediocre.

In revenge and in love woman is more barbarous than man.

Would you go to woman, take your whip!

THE WESTERN COMRADE

43

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In Clubs of Four Fifty Cents

Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. II. December, 1914 No. 8.

Ora Pro Nobis

WHAT a sweetly solemn thought comes to one when pondering o'er the hour of prayer in Europe—Christian Europe. How from the rich, full throat of the French priest must roll the litany when he reaches the "vouchsafes," especially in the devotion of the forty hours.

"Ut regibus et principibus Christianis, pacem et veram concordiam domare digneris."

and

"Ut Turcarum, et haereticorum conatus, reprimere et ad nihilum redigere digneris."

(That Thou would vouchsafe to give peace and true concord to Christian Kings and Princes;

That Thou would vouchsafe to defeat the attempts of Turks and heretics, and bring them to nought.)

Now that the Moslems are aiding the Christian Kaiser in his attempt to kill a few million Christian subjects of the Christian Czar, is the latter vouchsafe politely omitted?

Naturally Would

"When I was shipwrecked in South America," said Captain Bowsprit, "I came across a tribe of wild women who had no tongues."

"Mercy!" cried one of his listeners of the fair sex. How could they talk?"

"They couldn't," grinned the old salt. "That's what made 'em wild."

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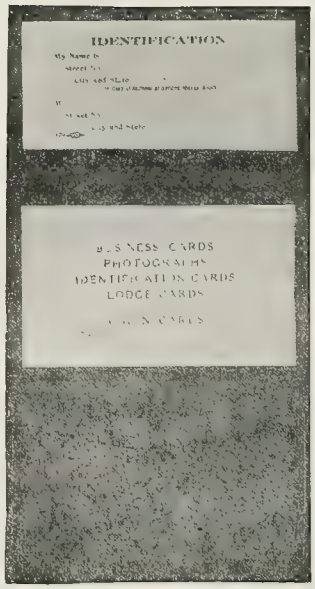

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Vincent Astor is serving on a committee to investigate recreation facilities in the Chelsea neighborhood and a union man is on the same committee.

Now if someone can get Vincent into his own tract where hundreds of thousands of les miserables are huddled in unspeakable warrens and make him believe the property belongs to some other landlord, a Christmas joke may lighten a million hearts.

Joys of the Author

Theodore Dreiser, the novelist, was talking on criticism.

"I like pointed criticism," he said, "criticism such as I heard in the lobby of a theater the other night at the end of the play.

"The critic was an old gentleman. His criticism which was for his wife's ears alone, consisted of these words:

"'Well, you would come!'"

Political Sabotage

If you really want to know what sabotage means read the history of what the city council of Los Angeles did when they refused to submit charter amendments to the people at an election. The lone Socialist councilman fought a courageous but uphill fight against the incivism of a bunch of cheap, narrow and stupid office holders.

Those Maladroit Men

"But, Captain," said pretty Miss Plute coquettishly, "will you love me when I grow old and ugly?"

"My dear Miss Plute," answered the Captain gallantly, "you may grow older but you will never grow uglier."

And he wondered why their friendship waned so suddenly.

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Evening

By Charlotte Wilson

Go, little Sorrows! From the evening wood
Faint odors rise, that touch the heart like tears
With inarticulate comfort. Lo, she bears
A weary load—small cares that drug the blood,
Small envies, sick desires for lesser good—
All day, till now the evening reappears,
Then drop away, and she with wonder rears
Her aching height from needless servitude.
The tree-tops are all music; light and soft
The brook's small feet go tinkling toward the sea
Bearing the little day's distress afar;
While yonder, in the stillness set aloft,
My one great grief, still glimmering down on me,
Smiles tremulous as a bereaved star.

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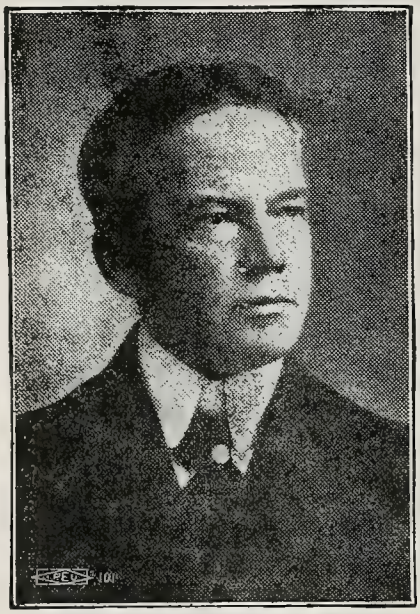

Charles Edward Russell

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"* * * It strips the glamor of benevolent motives from the dealings with Mexico of the United States and other countries and presents the stark truth that American and world capitalism has been, and is, in league against the proletariat of Mexico for its own sordid interest. And while the Mexican master class is depicted as the most depraved and bloodthirsty in history, the Socialist will see that the story of the Mexican proletariat is in greater or less degree and in varying circumstances the story of the proletariat in every country."

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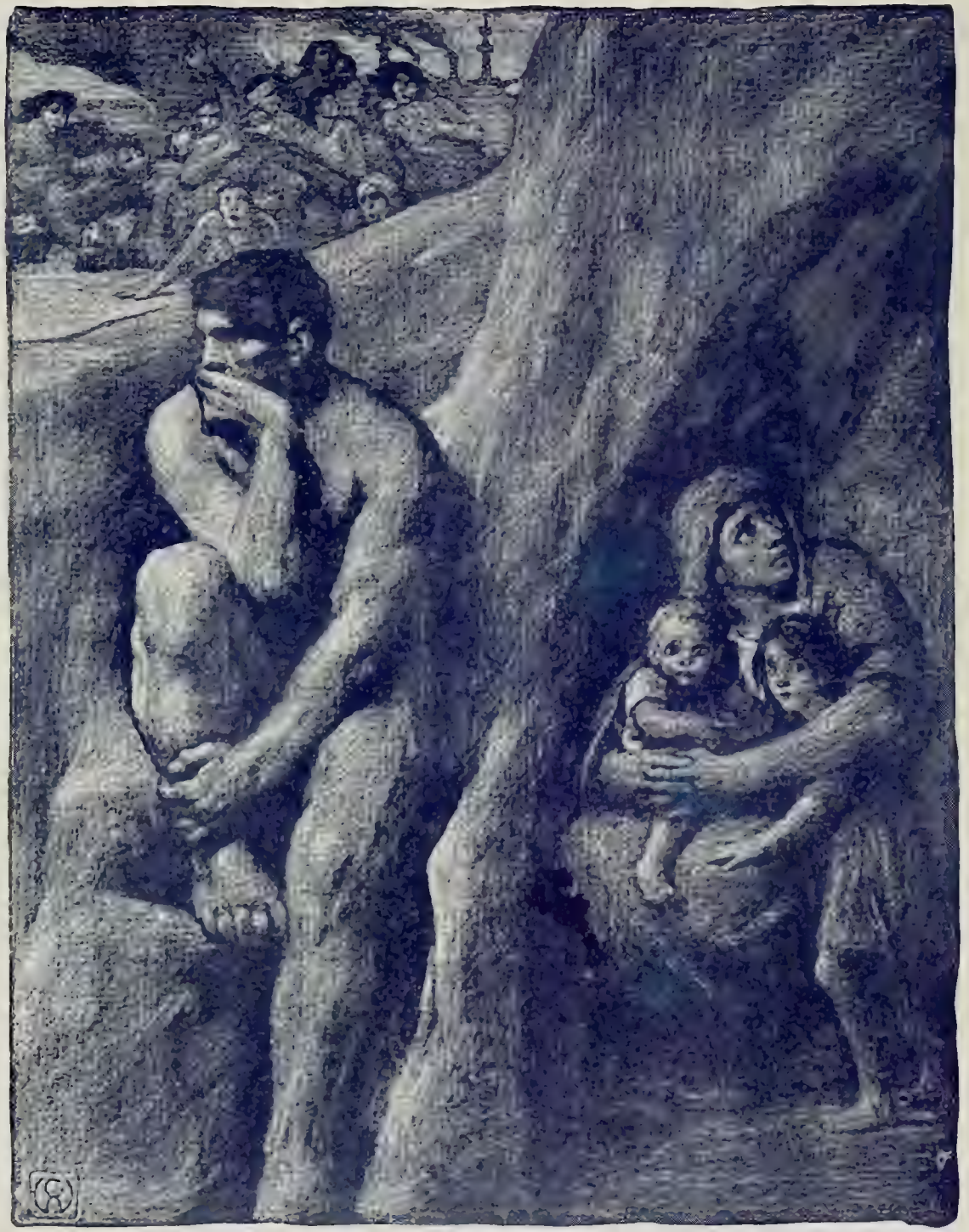

"And shall ye rule, O kings, O strong men? Nay!
Waste all ye will and gather all ye may,
Yet one thing is there that ye shall not slay—
Even Thought, that fire nor iron can affright."

—*Swinburne*

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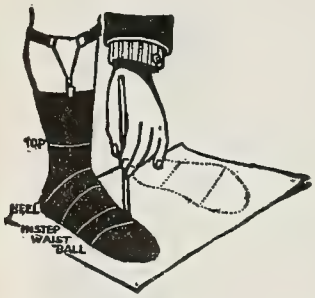

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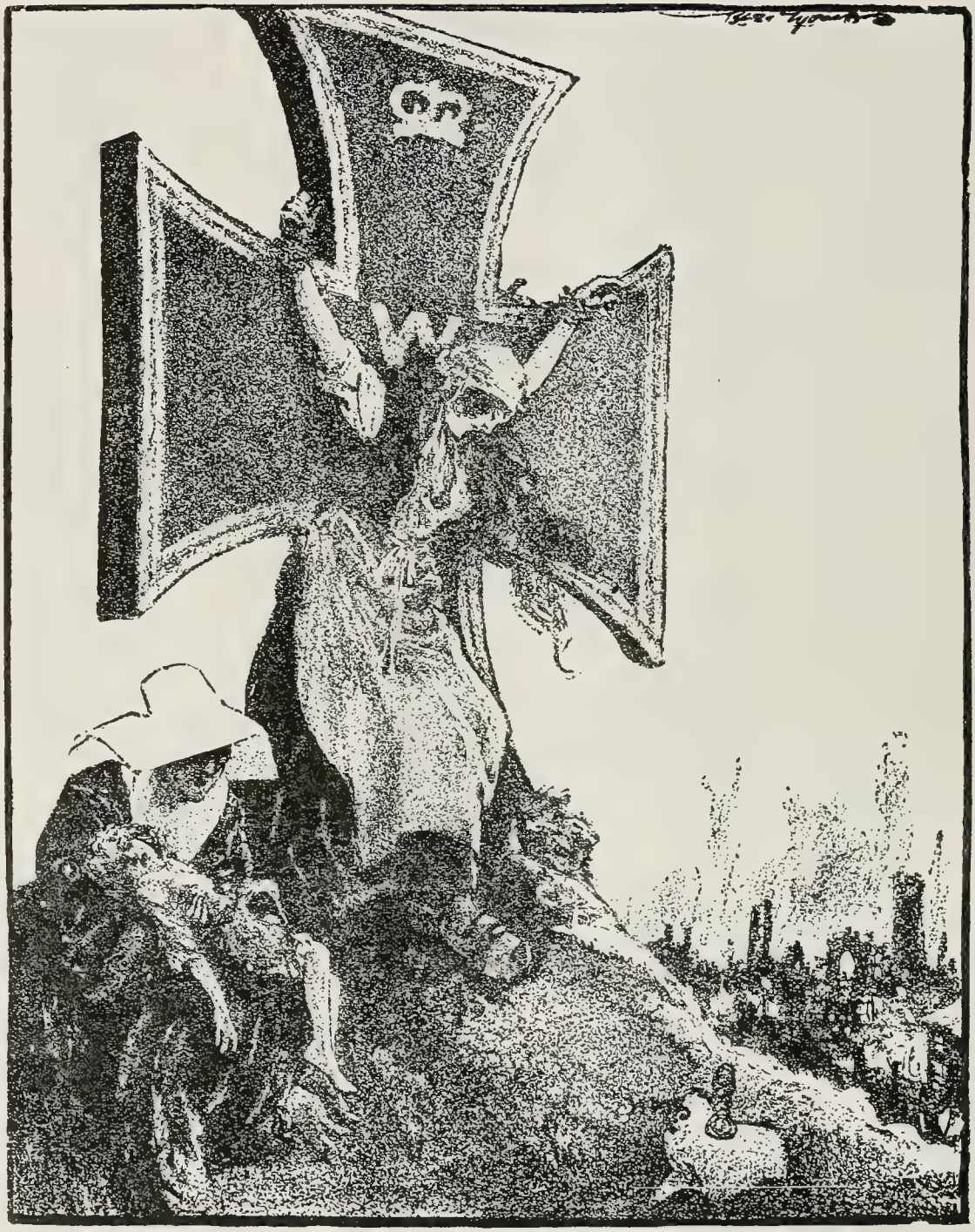

The Iron Cross in Belgium

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Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action — Co-operation — Direct Action

VOL. II — LOS ANGELES, CAL., JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1915 — NUMBER 9-10

Valle Rio del Llano

Looking South From Dam Site on Big Rock Creek, Llano del Rio Colony

CURRENT COMMENT

By Frank E. Wolfe

WHILE the European war has occupied the down-stage position to the all but obliteration of other news, the fighting in Mexico again forces its way into the spotlight. Out of the garbled news in the daily newspapers one may pick from day to day grains of truth. Judging from these reports, there is no inclination on the part of Villa, who has long been the dominant factor in the struggle, to yield to any side-tracking issues. He holds the question of land monopoly paramount and for years he has led his hordes of "sandlefeet" into battle with the cry "Tierra y Libertad!"

These peons have learned their lesson well. They have come to believe so profoundly in "land and liberty" that they are fighting upon that issue irrespective of military leaders and ambitious politicians who seek to divert their attention.

Carranza made no pretense of carrying out the program to free the land and he will go the way of his numerous predecessors who have failed either in courage or understanding.

In the meantime the average American reads the vapid newspaper comment on the Mexican struggle and smiles at the stupid cartoons, and goes his way as ignorant of the actual conditions of the cause of the revolt as he was three years ago.

A BEAUTIFUL conspiracy was thwarted when the European war swept millions of peasants out of their fields and rushed them into the trenches or into military camps of both warring and so-called peaceful powers. Steamship agents had been busily engaged for a year in selling, on the installment plan, tickets to California and other coast states, via the Panama Canal. Two hundred thousand immigrants were to reach California inside of the year. A million more were to follow in the next few years.

There are in California today 150,000 unemployed men. The number has been regularly rounded out by the closing down of seasonal industries. On a recent trip I saw in scores of roadside camps many hundreds of blanket stiffs who would eagerly go to work if given an opportunity. In Los Angeles they crowd together at the Municipal Employment Bureau and at other private agencies and block the streets and line the curbs all day long. A call for 500 jobbers at "six bits a day and cakes" to work in war and mob scenes for the motion picture producers usually cause a riot. Add to this a couple of hundred thousand of European peasants and a few thousand more ragheads and we will have a situation that at first will be very much to the liking of the Otis-Hearst outfit, but later will be likely to prove serious if not disastrous to the entire exploiting class.

That this immigration plot will be revived at the conclusion of the European conflict no one will question. Hordes of hungry and homeless men will flock to America and they will work for any wage. Exploiters of labor will welcome them to mill and ranch and Americans will be displaced.

In the meantime our wise statesmen are prattling about protection of cotton and steel and hogs. Any discussion of plans to free a few million acres of monopolized lands? Not yet. That would presuppose brain power, and there isn't any!

❖ ❖ ❖

GRAND ADMIRAL VON TIRPITS is so elated over the success of the German submarines that he declares the plan to blockade England will be pushed with great vigor.

Conan Doyle first suggested the plan in a story entitled "Danger" and it appears the admiral is willing to follow out the English author's suggestion. In the meantime, one after another of England's dreadnaughts is finding a berth with Davy Jones in the bottom of the sea.

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HOW many persons realize the universal insolvency of the banks of the world? In England the disillusionment came when for more than a week prior to the declaration of war every British bank suspended payment and virtually acknowledged insolvency. This even included the Bank of England, "the Gibraltar of Theadneedle Street."

The helpless condition of British banks continued until the government came to the rescue with the only remedy, and the one that should be made permanent—that is, the substitution of the national credit for the unsound and illusive gold basis.

If the people of England and America had the sense to profit by this lesson and take advantage of it, the war, despite its wrong and its horror, will have done infinite good.

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ALTHOUGH they are suffering terribly in the trenches, the German soldiers are sticking to their task with a doggedness that is perhaps characteristic of the Teuton. Slowed down, worn and weary, the men have lost the keen edge that characterized their first fierce onslaught, but they are more than holding their own in the east and west. Prussian militarism was a stronger machine than was supposed by the blithesome Britishers who went forth to destroy the army of the mad Kaiser. England must brace up and fight for her life. Conscription is inevitable, and conscription will start riots and untold troubles, but it must come. The colonies must send vast numbers to fill the ranks decimated by wounds, exposure and disease and death.

In the spring, when the Germans make the next onward rush, a great army will be needed to check them. Germany is as determined to crush England as the Britons are determined to destroy Prussian military power.

Up to this time Germany has had all the better of the struggle. Germany is fighting Russia, Eng-

land, France, Belgium, Servia, Portugal and Japan, and within a short time Italy will be conducting a vigorous campaign against Turkey, Germany's ally in the south.

After five months' struggle these combined powers have been unable to effect an invasion of Teuton territory. The Germans have occupied all Belgium and turned the Belgians out of their country; they hold a large portion of France; they have successfully invaded Russian Poland; they have created a greater rebellion in South Africa than the world has been allowed to know of; they are meeting with some success in starting revolt against British rule in Egypt and Persia; they have torpedoed half a dozen of England's dreadnaughts, even as far away as the north coast of Ireland; they have made a bold naval raid, bombarded English seacoast cities and escaped without harm; they are building Zeppelins with the frankly acknowledged purpose of bombarding London; their submarines and mines have sunk dozens of British fighting ships and, so far as their own safely interned fleet at Heligoland is concerned, there is not a ship damaged.

In the spring England must fight for her life.

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WHEN war was declared by England the people were given some quick and simple lessons in the facility with which public utilities may be socialized. These institutions were taken over by the government so easily and naturally that the public heard of no opposition—if, indeed, there was any. Of course, military seizure is not socialization, but it shows how expedient is quick, powerful action.

The trams, the railways, docks, mines and, in fact, everything socially used, was put into the hands of the government. Of course the fact it was a war measure allayed the fears of the bourgeoise. Then, again, to have protested would have been branded as unpatriotic and the protestant would have risked severe censure, if not social ostracism.

Now that England has put a ban on sugar importation there is a serious move on foot to have the government embark into beet-sugar production on a large scale. There is a phase to this proposition that will strike terror to the hearts of the British land monopolists. They propose to seize large tracts of land for government use. Verily, war is more than Sherman dreamed!

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ENGLAND'S system—or lack of system—of meeting the national obligation to her fighting men is growing to be a national disgrace. A. M. Thompson, writing in the Clarion, takes a sharp hack at the royal and noble cadgers who are raising funds by all the known methods save the right one. He says:

"The Duchess of Splash has a National Patriotic Fund to provide goloshes for consumptive aviators. The Hon. Miss Brandish is collecting funds to supply spats to 'nutty' artillerymen. Mrs. Fussory-Blazon wants money to furnish warming-pans to the crews of submarines. The Countess Pfumppferspitzel aspires to warm the legs of Highlanders with red flannel bloomers. The cackling clamour of these society advertisers is a disgrace to the nation."

Thompson calls upon the government to supply everything that money can afford to ease the condition of the soldiers and sailors—including a living wage for combatants, pensions for the disabled and adequate provisions for the dependents of the killed. It's a big bill, he declares, but England must pay and the slackers must dig up if it costs them their all.

If this be not done, promptly, wholesale conscription will become necessary, for men will no longer enlist under present conditions.

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THE WESTERN COMRADE is endeavoring to give in this issue all latitude to expression of thought of the leading Socialist writers of the world. George D. Herron's article and that of Thomas C. Hall are antipodal and both are printed with the intent of giving our readers an opportunity to get the viewpoint of these famous writers. We have no other policy than to further the cause of the workers of the world. We will not remain neutral when the hour arrives to strike a blow at Capitalism. Our chief aim is to educate and arouse the workers.

You of Little Faith

COLONISTS at Llano del Rio have a singleness of purpose and that is to do something toward the solution of our social problems. Our vision extends far beyond the boundaries of a single colony.

There are very few, if any, among us who would be in the least interested in merely establishing a co-operative colony only for the benefit of the few who might dwell therein.

It is our aim to develop one large successful community to deliver greater benefits both economical, moral, intellectual, and social to each and every one for less effort, than can be delivered under capitalism; to establish such a variety of industries that every individual may be occupied in what is to him the most desirable and congenial employment, and to provide for ourselves substantially all the comforts and necessaries of life.

When we shall have been able to find every man at his post, and there by his own choice, and that because of the pleasure he takes in his work, and when we shall have been able to shorten our hours of labor, to take advantage of the joys of the game and the happiness afforded by intellectual pursuits, and yet shall feel free and safe from want; we shall know that we have done something toward the accomplishment of our aim.

We shall then lift our voices to those who are asking if "any good can come out of Nazareth," and tell them to "come and see."

We shall then endeavor to show our brothers beyond our borders how they, too, may live in joy when bound together by a common interest.

Does it seem singular that we should from time to time state the purpose of those gathering at Llano del Rio? Singular though it be, it seems necessary in order to disabuse the minds of many ardent Socialists who are throwing every possible obstacle in the way of the colony.

Only yesterday, the secretary of one of the largest Socialist locals in California said, "I hope the colony will fail. If it succeeds the members will no longer be Socialists." Will a little prosperity ruin these Socialists?

Oh, what a distorted view of human nature. How can you, Comrade Secretary, explain William Morris, the great poet, who died in his palace fighting for Socialism?

What explanation have you to offer for Singer, the German millionaire, who spent his fortune to further the movement?

How does your theory tally with Hyndman of England, who has spent his fortune and his life in the same struggle?

Did you, Comrade Secretary, ever know of a millionaire who died for his money? No, indeed; there is not one millionaire on earth who would not give his last cent for his life.

Did you ever know of a man who died for his convictions? Why, every great humanitarian movement is full of such characters!

A little prosperity will spoil these men of convictions at Llano del Rio? Far from it!

You, Comrade Secretary, will find many a treasure "Not dreamed of in your philosophy" if only you will look a little deeper into human nature.—J. H.

CAPITALIST newspapers are doing everything in their power to work up a war scare in the United States and the predictions are freely made that unless certain foreign powers meet with certain demands there will be a declaration by the Washington government. That the people of this country should be stampeded by the bombastic utterances of these jingoists seems incredible. This is the time to keep cool. The working class has nothing to do with this "hucksters' war." In a recent vote taken of several hundred capitalist newspapers a great majority of them voted in favor of the continuation of the export of war munitions. None favored a move toward starving the war and most declared for "making all we can out of it." This is the true expression of capitalism's greed.

Duggan

By A. F. GANNON

I DO NOT know if Duggan be hero or villain. I shall merely set down the facts. Duggan was born in the slums of New York City—not an auspicious beginning, one must admit, for an heroic career. Be that as it may, by way of fist, stomach and heart he had at twenty-five lived life, after his light, to a fullness vouchsafed few. Foregathered with several of his ilk (a bit blase, and cynical as to the motives of all women and most men) one morning in a groggery in Avenue C, fate dealt our subject a new hand, in the person of a sleek stranger who entered confidently and put a sudden quietus to their underworld discussions. The newcomer's habiliments instantly aroused a mixture of hatred and fear in the bosoms of the gang. Instinctively the visitor singled out the swaggering Duggan as leader and after a few rounds of drinks took him aside for a chat.

Twenty-six "deputy sheriffs" are under indictment in New Jersey charged with shooting down twenty-nine strikers who had revolted against abominable conditions in a fertilizing factory.

The upshot was that the pair departed (after two more all-inclusive rounds) uptown to call on the Sleek One's "boss," who wanted some men for an adventure of high emprise. Duggan's command that the rest remain until his return met with sudden and vociferous acquiescence, engendered to a considerable extent by a goldpiece nonchalantly thrown on the bar by the Sleek One with instructions to the barkeep to entertain the boys therewith in the departed one's absence.

Duggan returned in an hour—full of his subject, and a superior brand of booze. Convened in a back room about a table laden with bottles and glasses the leader explained: A "bunch o' guineas" in St. Louis were trying to run the street car business in place of the owners. Duggan had bargained with the "boss," in the latter's sumptuous uptown offices, for the services of himself and the gang to go down there and help to see that the "guineas" didn't pull the stunt. The "boss" was to arm them uniformly that night and start them south. The honorarium was to be "five bucks a day an' foun'," from the time they left New York till they got back.

In sixty days they were back, covered with glory. The "guineas" didn't pull the stunt. The God-given right of men to run their own business was once more upheld. By mutual agreement their stipends for the entire period were to be brought to the Avenue C headquarters by Duggan and the Sleek One and there distributed. All wants of the outer and inner man, food, clothing, courtplaster, liniment and, last but by no means least, liquor being furnished free by the trac-

tion company during their strenuous sojourn in the southern city, their wages were intact. The Sleek One made a neat little address, complimenting Duggan and his contingent particularly for their true patriotism and fealty to the laws and institutions of this great land of the free and the home of the brave. He also promised to soon give them further well-paid employment in their line.

A fortnight of sybaritic life for Duggan and his confreres ensued. The leader beamed as he basked in his followers' open adoration. Many new and capable recruits were added; and a score of successful sorties from the beseiged citadel of Capital, in the course of time, added to their laurels.

In the middle of one of their well-earned revels a peremptory call came for their services. The "boss" himself dropped down to Avenue C in his French limousine and held private counsel with Duggan—who was now his trusted and high-salaried lieutenant on the field of action. Duggan was a bit under the weather, but steadied himself in his superior's presence and promised to arm and entrain himself and his worthies that night, bound for the conflict.

The scene of Duggan's exploits this time was to be a little Colorado town where "a bunch of bohunk miners were trying to run the government and the mines," the "boss" informed him. His mission was to "put the fear of Hell into 'em."

In due time, doubly vicious from train-confinement and a country-wide debauch, Duggan and his associates entered the mountain village and encamped on the property they were to "guard."

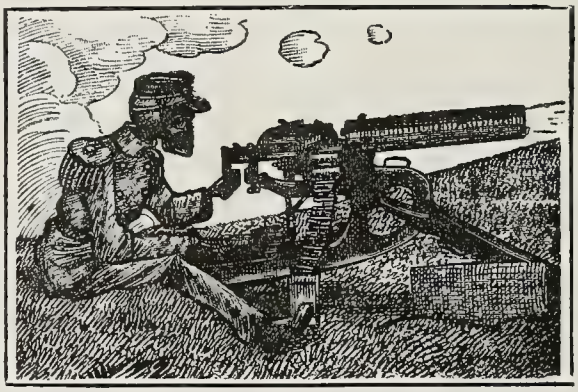
Hobnobbing with the militia, already there, they soon learned what had happened before their arrival, laughing or cursing immoderately as the incidents related struck their fancies. Women of the social netherworld were to be had at beck and call, a convenience much appreciated by Duggan's followers; but, curiously enough indeed it seemed to the latter, Duggan had himself eschewed this form of entertainment for a long time.

For many weary months the trouble went unended. What manner of "hunkies" were these who could only be subdued in death? Many guards and militiamen had been killed of late. A giant reprisal, an orgie of destruction and death, was in preparation. Getting wind of it the armed miners had taken to the mountainside and there entrenched themselves for defense—leaving their women and children in the tent colony in the keeping of some crippled and a few able-bodied men who stayed to guard them.

Duggan, in the throes of a protracted drunk, was not present when the melee started, being foraging for whisky in town with a couple of boon companions. At the first sound of the shooting they hurriedly started for camp. Nearing the scene on a run, Duggan suddenly swerved from the others and started toward the miner's colony, where men, women and children ran wildly about.

"Don't go that way y' damn fool!" one of the deserted pair yelled at the top of his hoarse voice, "they're firin' on the tents."

If Duggan heard he paid no heed. His bloodshot eyes had beheld a man with a child in his arms go suddenly to earth with half his head shot away. The baby, disengaged from the dead man's arms, toddled off laughing, thinking it some new sort of game. Duggan's hat was gone. He now discarded his coat, in either pocket the precious whisky for which an hour before he would have sold his soul. He intercepted the crowing, stumbling tot midway in a little clearing and gathering her hungrily up into his arms with a half-



"A sower went forth to sow."

drunken, breathless sob, whirled and started running back out of the danger zone. The baby threw her arms about his neck in the utter abandonment of mirth and pressed her velvety cheek against his two-week stubble of beard.

"God!" he panted.

A screaming woman ran after him but he was unaware of it. The widening swath of a rapid-fire gun overtook the woman and mowed her down. Above his head passed a screeching hail of bullets from the miners' stronghold on the hillside. Duggan weakly went to his knees with death close at his back, but instantly regained his feet with a curse, under the stimulus of baby laughter in his ears. He had only made a few strides, however, before the leaden stream reached him and riddled both. The big gorilla-like body of Duggan crushed the fragile frame of the dead babe into the soft ground. With howls and cries of demented beings, the gunmen and militia charged the tented

town and pouring oil on the flimsy shelters ignited them. Beneath some tents were pits where women and children cowered and shrieked before death silenced them by flame or suffocation.

Stealthily that night under cover of darkness a frantic miner searching for his child found her beneath the dead gunman. He spurned the khaki-trousered body of Duggan with his boot and picking up his bloodied and broken offspring stole away with hate in his heart and foreign oaths on his lips.

That same night in New York, in the bedroom of a snug Harlem flat, a slender girl with a babe at her generous breasts, tossed restlessly and full of fear, wondering how long it would be before she saw her big, lovable bear of a man again, and trying to fathom the manner of his business that took him so far away and for so long a time.

Among many other things, two morals suggest themselves, one from the Bible:

"They who live by the sword shall die by the sword," and one from Bobby Burns:

"A man's a man for a' that."

The Madness of Capitalism

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

THE shuddering horror with which we read of battlefields whereon the dead lie piled in heaps, of torn and mangled youths shrieking with the torture of their wounds, of towns burned and peasants put to death, is only a part of the black night that has come upon us. Not only this year is dreadful but the years to come will be. For every shot that is fired and every march that is made the future must pay and pay again and there can be no payments of this bill except from the products of industry already bent to the ground under the burden of past follies.

Before the war began the economists had uttered solemn warnings against the heaping up of the debts of the nations. They pointed out that the interest charges on these debts were steadily mounting to a sum that could not be paid. They showed that because of their interest charges the poor were still further impoverished, ignorance and darkness were spread around the world, and want threatened the toilers in every land.

These were the results of the existing system, of the debts of former wars, and of the huge armaments that the nations maintained.

Think, then, that this war is costing these nations Sixty Million Dollars every day, that practically all of this staggering sum must take shape in national debts for succeeding years to pay, and that these debts and the crushing interest charges they will entail can be paid in no way except by the sweat of labor.

Before the prospect thus opened the mind sickens and hope dies.

We are paying today the expenses of the wars of Napoleon, a century old. Should the present system last, three centuries hence men will toil and children be reared in ignorance and insufficiency that the monstrous bill for this day's insanity may be paid.

From such a burden piled upon the debt burden the world already bears could come but one result. Mankind would revert to savagery. Knowledge, progress, hope and light would be overwhelmed in one abysmal catastrophe.

Instinctively we cry out against this prospect. We declare that such a thing must not be. That this war must be stopped. That all war must be abolished.

Then, if we really mean what we say we must set ourselves to great and enduring changes.

We see now the certain results of the present system of Business founded upon grab and gain, the cutthroat system of competition, the deadly system of Business conducted for private profits.

A few made rich and the many poor; a few made powerful and the many made the battle-pawns of these; the resources of the world and the strength thereof controlled by a few for their own benefit and the rest obliged to go out and fight the wars engendered by the competitions, jealousies or maniac dreams of their masters.

Meantime, the masses sinking to lower levels of existence and the joys of life more and more restricted to the beneficaries of the system.

All this for just these same two reasons, the Surviving Feudalism of Autocracy and the Surviving Savagery of Competition.

Let the competitive system survive, and whichever way the present war results it will assuredly breed other wars as gigantic or worse. From that conclusion there is no logical escape. The same causes will produce same results, always, automatically, irretrievably, as certain as night follows day, as certain as the stars travel their roads. No man may sow his field with any faith that he can reap it and no man can look forward to a year of peace. So stands the terrible fact that now confronts mankind. We can shut it from our minds if we are cowards, or try to forget it if we are fools; but refute it or deny it may no man living.

The Outlook in Europe

By GEORGE D. HERRON

THE existing Socialist Parties may be destroyed by the European war, but not the international work of Socialism. Even if the worst that is feared should come to pass; if the duration and devastating effects of the war should so exhaust both governments and peoples that, under the strain, they should give way, and chaos follow; if out of this chaos should rise new tyrants and tyrannies; still the seed of Socialism, so deeply and patiently sown in the human soil, will ultimately bear its promised fruit.

The co-operative world—in which all children shall be born the equal heirs of social wealth and freedom and opportunity—will certainly come. It does not matter under what name it comes; its coming is no less a universal necessity. The world cannot go on otherwise. No matter how great the catastrophe through which mankind is now passing, beyond that catastrophe waits the universal communism that is the only condition of human sanity and continuity. Human brotherhood, solidarity of the people, will perchance become reality after the present conflict?

Human brotherhood may be a speedy result of the present conflict. That will depend largely on the conflict's intensity and duration. It seems a terrible thing to say, but it is no less true, that the great danger to the working class, to the peoples internationally, lies in a too-early peace being concluded by the rulers and diplomats. Now that the catastrophe has come, for the sake of the workers it should be complete and final. It should continue until the peoples, looking out over a Europe that has become a graveyard, looking out over their weed-grown fields and ruined homes, and reflecting on their shattered lives, shall resolve to make an end of mere political government forever; and to take the ordering of life and labor into their own hands, and to put the sane and brotherly administration of industry and society in the place of political and military organization. The danger of the present catastrophe is, that the rulers and politicians may become apprehensive, and for their own self-preservation conclude a too-early peace. It is not at all impossible that, threatened with social revolution from within, Germany and England and Russia and France may compromise their issues through secret diplomacy, and conclude a peace that shall be merely a truce, leaving Europe, industrially and socially speaking, just where it was.

German Social-Democracy has proved itself a traitor to Socialism, to labor, to freedom and democracy, and should be outlawed by the International Socialist Movement. Indeed, judged by the present conduct of that party, we may say that there is no Socialist Movement in Germany. There is only an immense political party that represents a certain number of votes and

Capitalism Incarnate: "Having the time of his life."

nothing more. The conduct of that party is without excuse, and its leaders know it. English or American Socialists also know that the conduct of their so-called German comrades is inexcusable. They may try to say that the German Social-Democracy will be found true when the time for the action comes. The time for action has come and gone, and the Socialist Party of Germany has not acted. It has only proved how destitute it is of courage, of sincerity, of Socialist principle. And it has proved its utter lack of moral force as well as its lack of fidelity to freedom and to international Socialism. The Social-Democratic Party of Germany could have prevented this world-catastrophe if it had had the manhood in it to do so. If the four million men who vote for Socialist condidates had so decided, and their leaders had so ordered, every wheel in German factories or on German railroads would have ceased to turn the moment Germany declared war. This would have involved insurrection, and would have

resulted in Socialists being shot. But it is the business of Socialists to be shot when a great crisis arrives. If there had been enough men in Germany ready to give their lives for the cause they profess, they could have changed the face of the world. * * *

When the Socialist Movement does become powerful in Russia, it will be a Socialism that is real, that has purpose and spiritual force within itself, and that will have some sense of humanity in its doctrines and procedures. Russia today is immeasurably nearer freedom than Germany, and its leaders are vastly profounder and more spiritual in their culture than the German leaders. Yes, if it is a choice between the Cossack and the Teuton, then give me the Cossack. He is nearer the co-operative commonwealth, is potentially a more human and spiritual being than the Teuton. * * *

The German Socialists seem to utterly ignore the fact that it was Germany who declared war on Russia, and not Russia on Germany. This whole catastrophe is brought about by the Kaiser's Germany, to which the German Social-Democracy cravenly submitted. It is Germany that has brought this catastrophe upon the world. If Russian Socialists are in the Russian army, they are fighting in a war of defence. The Belgian Socialists, under the leadership of Vandervelde, are fighting for their very existence as Socialists, as well as for their nation and their homes. The French Socialists are also fighting for Socialism when they fight for French national existence. When such revolutionary Socialists as Jules Guesde, Vaillant and Anatole France summon the call to arms then surely the Socialists of France are fighting righteously.

It is true that England declared war on Germany. And while I am the last to have any sympathy with the English ruling class, in this case England is fighting for the world's freedom. She is fighting for the preservation of all that is worth while in cilivilation. She is fighting for such public morality and social freedom as we have been able to gain in the last two thousand years. * * * What we call civilization is largely a hideous phantasmagoria. But judged by even our low and hypocritical standards, Germany has proved herself not a civilized, but a barbarous—yes, a savage nation.

I deeply hope that Italy will maintain the absolute neutrality that the Socialist Party has demanded. If Italy, in the beginning of the war, had joined with England in the defense of Belgium's neutrality, she would have acted with reason, and the action would have been courageous, and have won the approval of mankind; but that time and opportunity have passed. Or if Germany should now attack the neutrality of Switzerland, as she is threatening to do, then Italy would do well to go to the defense of Switzerland. Otherwise Italy should maintain her neutrality. To attack Austria now would not only be a breaking of her treaty, but it would lay Italy open to the charge of cowardice, in view of the fact that Austria is now practically a finished quantity, so far as the war is concerned. If the Hapsburg dynasty dissolves, as every man who cares for freedom prays it may, then Italy would be right in occupying Trieste and the Italian provinces yet unredeemed. But that need not involve war any more than the Roumanian occupation of Transylvania, in case of the dissolution of the Austrian Empire, need involve war.

I wish Italian statesmanship were wise enough, and had the courageous initiative, at this moment to form a

Wilhelm: "God, you have betrayed me. I condemn you to be shot at daylight.' '

league of all the neutral powers—Switzerland, Spain, Roumania, Bulgaria, Greece, Norway, Sweden and Denmark. She should take the leadership of such a league, and be in a position to mould the European future, and mould it democratically and ethically.

Let me say, in conclusion, that I think the rebuke of the Italian Socialists to the German Socialist Committee—the committee that came to Rome to defend

the action of the Geran Socialists regarding the war—is one of the noblest things in the history of Socialism. The reply and rebuke are brave and wise and true. It has made me proud of the friends I have among Italian Socialists. It enables me to say to my American comrades that there is at least one Socialist Moveent in the world that really stands for Socialism—the Socialist Party of Italy.

Who Are the Ignorant Laborers?

By MILA TUPPER MAYNARD

THERE are but two classes of persons industrially—capitalists and laborers. Yet, strange to say, more than half the people are not consciously in either class.

It is too apparent to most of us that we are not capitalists and yet we patronizingly talk of the "laboring classes," quite unconscious that we belong in that group. Every one who depends on another for employment, whether it be for large pay or small, with head or with hand, is a laborer in every true sense of the word.

"But some working people are so ignorant, it is not fair to class all together," it is objected.

True, some workers are ignorant. Indeed, most of them are so ignorant they do not even know that they are laborers. They are too ignorant to unite with men and women of their own class to improve the conditions under which they must labor.

The engineer as he looks out of his engine is grimy and disheveled; the clerk in the railroad office looks at him, rejoicing that he is not a "laboring man." Yet the man in the iron monster draws wages which would make the clerk's "salary" appear pinched and weazened.

The teacher passes a stone mason, and patronizingly moralizes on the man's "honest toil," while the man who knows he is a laborer would scorn to work for what the teacher is glad to get; to him such pay would be even worse than the "scab" scale.

The men who are conscious of their class not only gain great practical good from union and the assertion of class rights, but they have an immeasurable moral advantage in the sympathies, ideals and heroism fostered by class loyalty.

The labor union men know what universal brotherhood means; they know the importance of strengthening the weakest link; they have left behind the standard "every man for himself."

It has been long since men seriously sacrificed for religious faith. Tolerance leaves no room for martyrdom.

Politics and commerce have taken the luster even from the glories of war.

Is the Heroism, for which Ruskin so yearned that his peace-loving soul could even tolerate war to secure it, vanished from off the earth?

Ask the nation which looks on all too calmly while men risk "the means whereby they do sustain their lives" in a strike, not for larger crusts only, but for principle.

The heroisms of any strike are magnificent, but when the risk is borne and the ideals held and the self-control maintained by "ignorant foreigners" for a principle of justice, we may well recoup our reverance for human nature.

The cause of all labor has been defended by these noble brothers of ours for months, yet how many of us have said, "They are fighting my battle for me"?

Alas, not a fragment of those whose cause has been at stake.

What a pity not to be alive in one's own generation!

What shame not to stand up and be counted with the army of the world's workers!

What blindness not to know oneself as one of that army!

The dignity of the man who knows that he is a laborer is immeasurably greater than that of those who, equally dependent, yet ignore the fact, sympathizing more with capital than with labor, and refuse to unite, or are too ignorant to unite, with other workers of their own class and thereby secure benefits impossible without this union.

Not only do they miss the dignity belonging to the conscious worker, but they also lose the highest pleasure that life contains for this generation. A great cause has been the chief blessing conferred upon mortals in every age. The cause of labor has never been excelled in worth or in magnitude by any which at any time commanded the devout allegiance of the heroic.

The triumph of Labor is the victory of the race.

What Labor wins for itself, it wins for all.

Best of all, in the cause of Labor there are no individual triumphs. The individual represents a class, and the class represents humanity.

It is a glorious thing to know oneself a part of a great stream whose current sets toward equality, brotherhood and liberated labor.

Surely one who feels this even in dim, instinctive groping, is wiser than the school-fed ignoramus whose own scantily feathered nest bounds his utmost horizon.

Strangling By the State

IN less than one week the people of California have murdered three men, one of whom was convicted on merely circumstantial evidence. Our "palaces of justice" have been the scene of two more struggles where victims fought for life before juries composed of men who were only admitted under confession they believed in capital punishment. Thousands of people pleaded to deaf ears for the life of one of them—a mere youth—who was proven to be mentally defective. But "justice" decided in favor of the gibbet.

By CLARENCE DARROW

BACK of all punishment the real reason is vengeance and nothing else. Many who have done a little thinking will disagree with me. They will say it is for the prevention of crime, or what they call crime, for the world has never known what crime is except the breaking of some human law.

They say hanging is good for two reasons: Because it keeps the man from committing murder the second time, and because it keeps other men from murdering. If you hang Tom Smith then Tom Jones won't murder anyone. As to the first: Hanging is useless and barbarous. A murderer can be kept from repeating his crime by shutting him up.

The other theory is that you will make the rest of the world good through fear. So they believe in hanging to keep other people from murder.

You want to hang a man so other men won't murder. You want a powerful penalty so as to frighten people into being good. In olden times, when men had the courage of their convictions, they used to burn men in oil, which had a deterrent effect, or they burned their victims at the stake, as men still do if their victim happens to be an African. If we would substitute burning at the stake instead of hanging it would perhaps have a more deterrent effect than hanging. Then why not restore the stake and the rack and the thumbscrew?

If it is torture you want and if it is fear you are after and nothing else is to be considered by the community, then why not make it as horrible as possible? We are not logical. We are not willing to follow our convictions to the end. We don't like the looks of blood. If we were logical we'd invent something that would frighten more than hanging and make all people good.

"You can't touch the human heart in this way. You can't reach the human soul in this way. You can't change the human mind. You can only scare them in this way, and if scaring is good for them, then you ought to have a good scare while you are about it.

There are many things that even an intelligent legislature does not know. I used to be a member of one. The chief business of a legislature is repealing natural laws and passing laws God forgot to make. They forget man is as much a product of natural law as the rest of the universe.

If a doctor were called in to treat an epidemic of malaria he would order the draining of the swamps and the extermination of the mosquitoes. But if you called in a lawyer he would hang every man who had malaria.

There never was a crime committed that could not be traced to a cause if we were wise enough. Most crimes grow out of property. Crimes of violence, like murder, are not so easily classified. A large percentage of them can be traced to property reasons. Burglary begins with boys in adolescence, boys whose beards are just beginning to grow and who feel strange powers and impulses they do not understand. There is no one to tell them the truth, because that is the last thing people like to tell. In the big cities these boys have no place to play, no way to relieve their animal spirits, and they turn as easily to burglary as other boys to baseball.

Most crimes can be cured, not by killing boys, but by changing conditions so boys can have a chance.

We claim to be civilized, yet the larger our cities the more jails. And we do nothing to remove the cause.

Most of our punishing involves human judgments. Twelve men try to determine how much better they are than the man who is being tried. We all have feelings that move the basest criminal, and we all have feelings that move the highest legislator. If we are to judge we'd say: "Have you done more good than bad?" not "What have you done?" If the All-Wise Judge ever judges us he will judge by striking a balance and not by individual acts. And yet twelve men, hiding a smile, if they realize what it is they do, try to determine, not how good a man is, but how bad he is, and if he has done some particular act.

There are men wise men, great men, who have found that crime increases in the same proportion as the rise in the price of bread. In the East where we have a cold winter there are more people go to jail in winter than in summer. They go there to keep warm. They haven't any other place to go. It depends

entirely upon the food supply. For man is as much subject to natural laws as the muskrat.

Probably the greatest cause of murder is involved with sex relations. A man becomes mad with jealousy, or husband and wife quarrel. Do hangings prevent jealousy? Do they prevent a man from killing his wife if he grows to hate her? Society must find some way of letting them live apart and do something in that way to get at the cause.

Any person who has studied it in the most careless way can't come to any conclusion other than that hangings are wrong—wrong to the victim and a wrong to society. This example of brutality by the state breeds murder. It does not prevent murders. They finally abolish public hangings. How many of you would vote to hold hangings on some high place in your vicinity and to bring the people up there free to see them? If not, hanging should be abolished. The only excuse for it is as an example to make people refrain. Suppose we kill men privately and secretly, then does it furnish an example or is it pure vengeance by the state? We don't like to see it. It is too horrible to contemplate. So we have a man taken to the penitentiary, bind him and put him on a scaffold with only a dozen witnesses.

Is there any way of telling what the effect is on tens of thousands of children? In some states they don't let the newspapers report it. That means society says to a poor unfortunate being who has murdered somebody:

"We'll try you in silence and we'll hang you in silence, and then no one will know you are dead."

What do you do then? You simply kill a human being in violence and hatred and revenge, and no humane person could believe in it. You can't make an argument for it.

It's the old theory of government by fear. Now, fear never makes men better. Of all things in this world, fear is the first thing that should be banished. The first thing a child should be taught is to banish fear. It causes more suffering and misery than anything else in the world, and yet we seek to prevent crime by fear instead of trying to find the causes.

Some day we'll really learn you can't change men by fear; that the only course that will reap benefit to the human race is the law of love. You can't reach the heart of a child except by the law of love, and you can't make a penal code to control men. Teach them to love their fellow-men, and if you do that you won't need your statutes.

Deadwood

By EDGCUMB PINCHON
In Everyman

You dull, unhallowed mass of stunted souls!
You terrible progeny of a million crawling years!
You bloodless, sightless, soulless Things!
You blight upon the Tree of Life!
You choking pall upon the spirit's energy!

Yet there is That in you which is not so;
The Living Flame is lurking in you—
Ready to make of you (despite your heritage)
—great souls, great gallant souls—
—the warriors of humanity!

Despite your heritage—I say, but not despite yourselves.
The Dawn's at hand! Come make your choice!
See here a Hell deeper than reverend pagan's naive imaginings can paint you!
See here a Death—the crawling corpse is fair beside it!
This living Hell is you—unbrotherly!
This living Death is you—unsavory!
Yes!—you—who rot in life,—who never caught the vision of a choiring earth,
—who never quivered with a thrill of fellowship,
—who never strove to right the mighty Wrong of Inequality,
Who bow to Baal,
What chant Success,
And never in the great loathsome paunch of plutocrat divined—
The scrawny bodies of a hundred starveling babes.

Awake! Awake! Awake!
The fast-rotting carion of your dead selves cries out for burial!
To wake is painful?
Yea, the birth of soul is more terrible, more splendid than birth of babe!
But better die like medieval monk beneath unpitying self-flagellations:
Better to die—brute food for cannon in a huckster's war:
Better never to have known the womb
Than live ignobly—
Live like you.

Organized Capital Seeks Control

By GEORGE W. DOWNING

PERHAPS the boldest recent act of organized capital is the sending out of marked copies of some of their most subservient sheets to each legislator with a view to keep the latter from voting for labor laws. The reason offered is that to vote for labor legislation would mean defeat at the next election.

To prove their point they cited the defeat of labor candidates at the last election and even went so far as to boast of the election of Penrose in Pennsylvania. Again and again in the three-column articles did they repeat that labor legislation was unpopular, and that all who favored such measures were doomed to defeat.

Let us see how unpopular labor laws are. Twenty-five years ago there was no labor legislation worthy of the name in the United States. Today we find labor laws on every statute book. Backward nations have no such measures. The mark of rank in nations is the amount and quality of labor legislation.

Practically all the laws that make for a wider democracy were first advocated by the forces of labor. For instance, workers had a demand for the initiative, referendum and recall when the forces of organized capital thought the initiative was something that grew in the garden. A well-known capitalist paper today calls the initiative and referendum the "banner with the strange device."

So popular are all great democratic measures and laws inaugurated by organized labor, that when such measures are gained, the parties vie with each other in claiming the credit of securing them.

Legislators need have no fear of popular approval on this score. Re-election is not the highest motive for determining one's votes. It may be the only ground known to some papers and to organized capital, but a legislator should have the public good as his test.

To test the measures of organized labor and organized capital we have but to compare:

First—Labor asks for safety appliances in the work because it would save life and limb.

Capital opposes safety appliances because it takes from the profits.

Second—Labor asks for the abolition of child labor; it saves the children of the poor and leaves the work of the world to be done by adults.

Capital employs the labor of children; it is cheaper and means more profits.

Third—Labor asks for shorter hours; this means more humane living for the workers and safety for the public.

Capital asks for long hours; it means bigger dividends.

Fourth—Labor asks for increased wages; then wife and children would not be forced out to work.

Capital again opposes this for profits.

One might go through the whole list of labor legislation; it is all for the benefit of labor, but the demands are so humane, so reasonable, so far-reaching in beneficient results, that it comes to be human rather than class legislation. The thoughtful legislator must vote for such measures, not because they are advocated by organized labor, but because the interests of organized labor are at one with the best interests of society.

In the Day of Reckoning

CAPITALISM is a system, but it is sustained by men, by living human entities. There are individuals who are responsible for many modern atrocities. It may be very well to talk abstractly of "the system" but MEN are to blame and upon their heads will come the wrath that is gathering at this hour.

Men are breeding hunger, and hunger breeds rage, and out of that will grow the horror of the reckoning to come and not so very far away. In the hour of the bursting wrath men blind and maddened, will wreak a terrible vengeance, not upon a system but upon MEN and the blood of men will flow.

Socialists everywhere have ever decried violence, have preached against it and have sought to prevent what they have called its abortive action while they spread their propaganda of peaceful revolution. They have been met and will be met with resistence from men, individuals, who ought to know and do know, but who reject the truth of Socialist teachings.

These men are exploiters of the people; landlords, employers, capitalists and parasites who will cling, leechlike, until the last. But they will pay the toll when the storm shall break.

In every city and town there stand forth individuals, preeminent in their notoriety as oppressors and exploiters—political and commercial pirates. These men have bred hatred and rage and they will be marked in the day of wrath and tears.—F. E. W.

Socialism and War

By MORRIS HILLQUIT

IN every civil war waged by an oppressed class of the population against their compatriot-oppressors or carried on for the cause of liberty or progress, the Socialists range themselves on the side of the oppressed and of progress.

Thus in our own Civil War the sympathies of the young Socialist Movement were emphatically with the Union army. The ranks of the Socialist organizations in the United States at that time composed largely of German immigrants, were almost entirely depleted on account of the numerous enlistments of their members, and many leading Socialists of that day, such as August Willich, Robert Rosa and Joseph Weydemeyer, gained high distinction in the Union army.

In London the newly organized International Workingmen's Association enthusiastically endorsed the cause of the North in an address to President Lincoln, drafted by Karl Marx. "From the beginning of the titanic American strife the workingmen of Europe have instinctively felt that the Star-Spangled Banner carried the destiny of their class," reads the historic document, and again: "When an oligarchy of 300,000 slave holders, for the first time in the annals of the world, dared to inscribe 'Slavery' on the banner of armed revolt; when on the very spot where hardly a century ago the idea of one great democratic republic had first sprung up, whence the first declaration of the Rights of Man was issued, and the first impulse given to the European revolution of the eighteenth century, when on that very spot the counter-revolution . . . cynically proclaimed property in man to be 'the cornerstone of the new edifice'—then the working classes of Europe understood at once . . . that the slaveholders' rebellion was to sound the tocsin for a general holy war of property against labor, and that for the men of labor, with their hopes for the future, even their past conquests were at stake in that tremendous conflict on the other side of the Atlantic."

It is possible that our Civil War may yet be re-enacted on a larger scale and even over more vital issues. The world-wide struggles between capital and labor, between plutocracy and the people may be determined by armed conflict in one or more of the modern countries. Whenever and wherever that should occur, the Socialists of all countries will undoubtedly be found fighting on the side of labor.

The wars which thus invite the support rather than the condemnation of Socialists have not even always been restricted to national or popular struggles for liberation or emancipation. Socialists have even been known to favor certain wars of invasion under circumstances which led them to believe that they would serve the cause of progress and civilization. Such wars are in the nature of crusades or "Holy wars" in the name of liberty. Thus in 1848, the youthful founders of the modern Socialist philosophy, Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, called for "A general war of revolutionary Europe against the great stronghold of European reaction—Russia." But as the Socialist and labor movement of each country grew in strength and numbers the notion of bestowing political liberty on any people by the intervention of foreign powers gradually subsided, and today it may be said to have been entirely abandoned. The modern Socialist doctrine is that the people of each country must conquer their own political and economic emancipation, and that while the workers of all countries can and should help one another in their respective struggles, no nation can depend for its salvation entirely on another nation.—The Metropolitan.

Starve Which War?

STARVE THE WAR?

How will America do it? Also when? Also which war?

Beef cattle are being shipped out the country in vast numbers. Horses and mules are going in great shiploads to become victims of the war. These animals are needed here in agricultural pursuits to produce food.

American capitalists will reap a quick, temporary harvest. Then will come a winter with a greater number of disemployed than ever before known in America. This will be followed by demonstrations and food riots.

Hungry men and women will raid storehouses and their sons and brothers in the uniform of militia will shoot them in the streets.

Gunmen will use the sawed-off shotgun with deadly effect on the unarmed throng!

Mercier-Bennett guns—capable of firing 600 shots a minute—and these will be the dum-dum bullets shown in the windows of a Los Angeles gunstore—will be brought into action.

There will be war in America and it will not be stopped by starvation. Starvation will merely start it.—E. d'O.

Red Ink Uxtra Bunk

ANOTHER great naval victory! Glory and undying fame were won in a sea battle off (or on) the West African "theater of war."

Picture a fleet of battleships and cruisers grimly patrolling a stern and rockbound coast. The commander eagerly awaits the news that's slow in coming as his squadron spreads out in a great crescent off the estuary of a small river. High above the fleecy clouds an aeroplane circles and hovers over a spot far inland. Then comes a signal and in a flash there is a great activity on all the ships. Shrill whistles pipe on all hands to battle quarters. The lifeboats are nested and thrown overboard. Spars are cast into the sea. All deck gear is jettisoned, every gun is manned. "Cast loose and provide" is the order to the gunner and the gunner's mate. Soon the roar of great sea artillery makes the heavens resound. Tons of great projectiles are thrown—enough, rightly placed, to sink the channel fleet. Then after an hour's terrific bombardment it is all over. The victory is won. The "far-flung battle line" is the conqueror. Brittania rules the waves! Burn the cable with the news. Let the evening journals open five barrels of fresh red ink and cut the throat of the sixth latest uxtry!

But, what victory? Why the destroying of the Koenigsburg, a measly little German cruiser of scarce three thousand tons that had run as far up a river as it could climb.

And, in the meantime: A sneaking, wet-nosed, slimy, skulking Austrian submarine slips down to the heel of Italy and sinks the Courbet, a 23,000 ton French battleship, and put another of a similar type out of commission.

German prowlers of the undersea world have sent more British dreadnaughts to the bottom, and again incarnardined great Neptune's ocean with the blood of thousands of working men. All this murder, suffering, sham and fraud is perpetrated for more profits for the exploiters—and the fooled, betrayed and blinded workers that form the great public, stupidly fall for it again.—G. E. B.

THE RULER OF THE WAVES

"Behold, oh, world, how do I look?" "Like this, Britannia."

Lustige Blætter.

Who's Fighting and Why!

By HOMER CONSTANTINE

WHO are fighting in this war that has become all but world-wide?

Well, there's the Englishman, the Ghurka, the Frenchman, the Egyptian fellaheen, the Cossack, the Canadian, the German, the Boer, the Portuguese, the Sengelese Arab, the Servian, the Malagasy, the Austrian, the Turk, the Irishman, the Pole, the Belgian, the Japanese, the Scot, the Persian, the South Sea Islander, the Hindu, the Chinese and a dozen other nationalities and a hundred tribes.

What are they fighting about?

That's easy! England is fighting because Germany violated the neutrality of Belgium. If you don't believe it ask any Englishman. Germany went to war because Russia insisted on mobilizing—declared war on the Cossack and bludgeoned Belgium out of existence.

France went to war because Germany did. The Ghurkas joined the French and don't know where they are or whom they are fighting. The Egyptian is fighting both for and against Great Britain. The Russians have violated the neutrality of Persia and Eng-

land doesn't know it. The Canucks are fighting because H. R. M. King George (God bless 'im!) wants them to. The Portuguese are fighting to hold their African possessions and they are aided by the Boola Boola tribesmen.

The Austrians are fighting because a madman slew an absurd parasitical prince. The Servians are fighting to keep the Austrians from swallowing them alive.

The Boers are fighting as a winter sport and because Englishmen are not popular with the real red-blooded men of that conquered but unassimilated country.

The Arabs are fighting because the green sherif is thrown to the breeze and someone carelessly has left a few cases of cartridges lying around loose. Allah, il Allah!

The Irishman doesn't have to have a reason. He just fights.

The Boola Boola boys are fighting for beads, booze and bibles.

The Japs are fighting to free the Chinese Empire from the foreign (Caucasian) invaders and incidentally open the ports for his Imperial Majesty's commerce. Ko-ko! and chu chu!

As for the others your guess is as good as mine and we probably are both wrong.

Our Revolutionary Recruits

COMRADE THEODORE ROOSEVELT is disappointing. In his initial article in that brilliant Socialist magazine, the Metropolitan, this new recruit to our ranks disavows all responsibility for the snappy little revolution in Panama in 1902, during which the United States made a bold and successful grab and secured the Canal Zone. Comrade Roosevelt denounced Secretary Bryan and President Wilson for the proposal to pay Colombia $25,000,000 for what he calls "the Blackmail treaty."

Theodore is right. Why should we, at this late hour, admit that we stole the C. Z.? We got it, didn't we? We also have it. Colombia isn't big enough to make us pay—therefore we shouldn't do it. It would be, as the writer says, "grossly improper." Let us be proper at any cost.

There is sense and logic in the statement that we couldn't have acquired the land by any other method than that pursued by the United States. Undoubtedly the "Covenant ran with the land"—we were to protect what we grabbed and we have protected it from everything but the fortnightly slides in Culebra cut.

When Bryan reads the article he will realize a fire has been built beneath him. A short and royal road out of his difficulty will be to accept this clever young Socialist writer's suggestion and give the $25,000,000 to the Belgians. That will relieve England and France of much of their obligations and leave them more funds to provide kanonenfutter for the Kaiser's howitzers. Capital idea!

It's now up to Bryan and Wilson. We Socialists have done our part.—F. E. W.

The Purpose of Socialism

By CARL D. THOMPSON

LET us consider what the changes proposed by Socialism would mean.

It would mean that all the wages of the workers would be progressively increased until they received, as nearly as possible, the full products of their toil.

It would reduce the cost of living for everyone. The trusts being publicly owned and operated without profit—the cost of the necessities of life would be reduced.

Exploitation—or the power of man or set of men to live off the labor of another man or set of men—would be at an end.

No one being able to live off the labor of another, all would be compelled to work—to render some useful service. All who were able to work and refused to do so, if there should be such under Socialism, would receive what they produced—nothing if they produced nothing. The bible says: "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat."

There would be no unemployed—no hungry, weary, hopeless, disheartened men tramping the city streets and country roads begging for work and unable to find it. The state, controlling all natural resources and public utilities, would find work for all.

Every young man and woman being able easily to earn a living, marriage would be promoted, the home saved, and prostitution and vice robbed of their victims.

Every adult—father or mother—receiving the full product of their toil, there would be no need of child labor, which forthwith would cease.

The fear of want and poverty would be removed; all children would be given an equal opportunity for an education; and the aged and disabled would be pensioned and protected.

The workers, receiving their full and just dues, strikes and lockouts would end. Henceforth industrial peace would prevail.

Socialism would establish peace upon the earth. There would be no need to fight for foreign markets. The economic reason for wars would be removed.

And finally, many of the devoted believers in the golden rule, the brotherhood of man and the spiritual ideals of religion, have discovered that Socialism is the program by which their hopes may be realized.

To some these claims may seem too big to be possible of realization. And the question naturally arises: By what means does Socialism propose to accomplish these things?

That question we shall answer in subsequent articles, as fully and as satisfactorily as space will permit.

The Sentence

By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

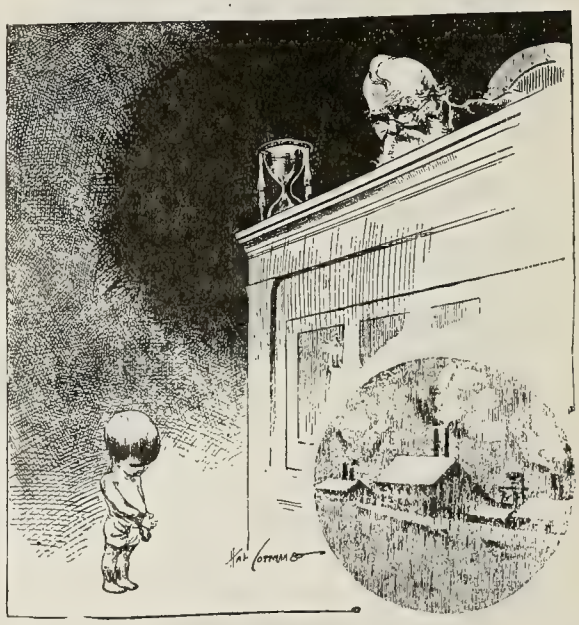
THE court was open. It was always open. The judges worked overtime and were never through with the docket, the criminals came in so fast. They came and came steadily, swiftly, in a continuous procession, now faster, now slower, but always about so many every day; dozens and scores and hundreds of them.

Most of them came unwillingly, making feeble efforts of resistance, and crying out; but they were brought in just the same. They all looked strangely alike, having no distinction in costume, and they behaved in much the same way so that one wondered that the judges knew how to discriminate among them, and deal out their sentences so swiftly. Some divine instinct of justice must have inspired them, for they handed down their opinions and decisions without losing a meal or a night's sleep. Yet one would think the severity of the sentences in the majority of cases would have touched their hearts.

A very few of those before them were set free, and given great rewards; other few were given comparatively light punishments; but to the vast majority of these criminals the weary judges, with business like swiftness and calm severity, meted out the same sentence—life imprisonment with hard labor. By dozens, by scores, by hundreds daily, they went to their punishment; by accumulating thousands upon thousands they bore it.

I was curious enough to follow, to inquire, to satisfy myself if this terrible sentence was carried out. I found that on account of the immense number of the criminals, they were allowed considerable liberty of motion in going from their cells to their work; but that there was no possible escape from the prison limits—except by suicide—a way often chosen. Their cells were small, dark and unclean; their food poor and scanty, their clothing ugly and incomplete; and there was much sickness among them, owing to these conditions and their long hours of exhausting toil in surroundings which made health impossible.

"GUILTY!"



"Hard Labor for Life"

Confinement with hard labor for life—a heavy sentence! And they were so young when they received it—only just born!

That was their offense.

Willing and Eager

England fears to reopen the London Stock Exchange because German and Austrian capitalists are likely to throw securities they hold into the market and the money secured by this liquidation be used to finance the war against her. American brokers are under suspicion of being "willing to forward dividends to Berlin." Well said—only the word "eager" might be substituted for "willing." Anything to start some "trading" and get some commission.

Why Andrew is Merry

LET us now praise great men:

Andrew Carnegie, who once said it was a disgrace to die rich, is determined to deserve disgrace and achieve it even though he might merit something better.

Carnegie demands—and gets—his five per cent dividend on three hundred millions of steel bonds. A brief mental calculation will convince you that Andrew is drawing down a snug bit like a million and a quarter a month. Don't figure it any further, Henry, it may jolt you into thinking deeper. It might give you pause to understand that Andrew sits and smiles and absorbs over $48,000 a day, $6,000 an hour, and if he smiles 26 working days, eight hours a day, he receives over $100 a minute for the effort. It ought not be an effort to smile at that rate.

One time Andrew attended prayer meeting in a small but select gathering of God's chosen. At a point in the proceedings the bible beater, who was acting as announcer at ringside, with a voice as soft as the sprinkling of hyssop, and proper unction and antiphon, said: "Brother Carnegie will now lead us in prayer."

Andrew was sitting near the door smiling at the rate of a gilder and nineteen kopeks per second and, naturally, he didn't want to stop so he simply arose and tiptoed out while every head was bowed. The hat had not yet been passed. The pulpit pounder reckoned his loss at ten centavos Mex.

There is in Los Angeles a newspaper man who once wrote a book under the nom de plume, "Andrew Carnegie," and Andrew gained much fame and glory as an author, albeit he wrote not a line.

As for the real author—did he gain gold galore? No, Henrietta, he received no plethora of piasters. Rather keenly he felt the paucity of praise and the pinch of penury while his fellow type-whackers subjected him to much ribald laughter and coarse jest.

Andrew is the rarest humorist of the ages. Nothing more wonderful or funnier than Andrew's smile has been known since the birth of the Tychonic star—no, not since the mountains skipped like rams and the little hills like the lambs of the flock.—E. d'O.

Folly of the Fixed Idea

MAN, your head is haunted; you have wheels in your head! You imagine great things, and depict yourself a whole world of gods that has an existence for you, a spirit-realm to which you suppose yourself to be called, an ideal that beckons to you. You have a fixed idea!

Do not think that I am jesting or speaking figuratively when I regard those persons who cling to the Higher, and (because the vast majority belongs under this head) almost the whole world of men, as veritable fools, fools in a madhouse. What is it, then, that is called a "fixed idea"? An idea that has subjected the man to itself. When you recognize, with regard to such a fixed idea, that it is a folly, you shut its slave up in an asylum. And is the truth of the faith, say, which we are not to doubt; the majesty of (e. g.) the people, which we are not to strike at (he who does is guilty of—lese majesty); virtue, against which the censor is not to let a word pass, that morality may be kept pure; etc.—are these not "fixed ideas"?

Is not most all the stupid chatter of (e. g.) most of our newspapers the babble of fools who suffer from the fixed idea of morality, legality, Christianity, etc., and only seem to go about free because the madhouse in which they walk takes in so broad a space? Touch the fixed idea of such a god, and you will at once have to guard your back against the lunatic's stealthy malice. For these great lunatics are like the little so-called lunatics in this point too—that they assail by stealth him who touches their fixed idea. They first steal his weapon, steal free speech from him, and then they fall upon him with their nails.—Max Stirner.

When the End Comes

EUROPE is a seething inferno.

Ten thousand grain fields are bloody shambles. Pastures are foul with rotten carrion of what was men.

Millions are tearing at each others' throats, and none knows why he fights.

Only the masters, the overlords, the priests and the kings know.

As long as there are masters and pietistic soothsayers, kings and priests, there will be wars and legalized murders, because of the man-made gods and man-made laws.

Was it a brutal time in the days of the French revolution? Yes, but the truth was the truth then, as now, and it was and is true that "the world will have no rest 'till the last king is hanged with the guts of the last priest."—H. C.

To Be Kind is to Die

SOCIALISTS are opposed to murder. Socialism is the only organized movement in the world that opposes all kinds of murder. It is opposed to individual murder in all forms and especially to the industrial murders of capitalism. We oppose legal murders under the cloak of the law and collective, glorified murder under the guise of war.

If war is hell Capitalism in America has demanded a modicum of hell on an average of every 22 years since our existence as a Christian nation began 132 years ago. We have financed all those wars with gold coin bearing the lying legend, "In God we trust." In what God do we trust? The Jehovah of the Jews? If so it is eminently proper for he is or was, a god of war.

In the murderous system under which the so-called civilized nations exist we are continually surrounded by war, by legalized murder, by judicial murder, industrial murder and deliberate, cold-blooded slaughter by the gunmen of capitalism.

We live under a system where to be kind is to die. Every man's hand is against his brother, not because he is naturally bad or depraved, but because the struggle for existence is so fierce that we must kill, and murder is war.

When they tell me that war is hell I am profoundly sorry that there is no real Christian-Hebrew, orthodox hell because it would be such a perfectly splendid place to send the kings and their rulers, the captains of capitalism who give us each day our daily hell.

We are making more guns, calculated to kill miles away, more bayonets calculated to eviscerate humans at arms length, more intricate instruments of murder than ever before in the history of the world. Here in the United States where everybody is pleading for peace we are establishing more armed camps, training more children in the sweet and gentle art of murder, fostering Boy Scout movements and arming more gunmen, thugs and "operatives" than at any time during our existence.

To stop war we must stop the causes of war. We must put an end to the murderous, malicious, cutthroat competitive system; stop war in our streets, in the mills and the mines; stop murdering the hundreds of thousands in the industries; stop starving and freezing and driving to death in the industrial world. Abolish the outgrown and outworn capitalist system. Free the land and free all the other sources of life. Put the disemployed worker and the idle exploiter at useful work. Begin the work of restoration and begin it now!—G. E. B.

THE JEWS' FATHERLAND

"I have no Fatherland to live in, but I have many Fatherlands to die for."

The Big Kibetzer.

The Breadline

The breadline stiffs, with hungry maw, are waiting for the pious paw
That hands out grub to every dub
That's down and out and under;
The fly-cop swings his come-along and eyes the guys that bum along,
The engine hoots, the auto toots,
The news boys pause and wonder;
The lady in the tooting car, the merchant in the buffet bar,
And Hinky Dink and Bath-House Gink
All have their quip at Hobo!

But when they're through with "Weary Will" and "Tired Tim" and "Lazy Lil,"
Their talk's a bluff that's old enough
For prehistoric Dodo;
Your Weary Will and Tired Tim may read no text and sing no hymn,
May nest with fleas and smell of grease
And tramp without a kettle.
But Tim and Will have turned at bay, they're dragged along a judgment day
And never fear but it's right here
And now you've got to settle! S.H.

Seven Months' Progr

Co-operative Colony Shows Remarka

WORKERS at the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony are making such rapid progress in so many departments that it is difficult to keep up with them. Since the adoption of the department plan there has been greater enthusiasm and activity than ever before.

The system of departmentization is called the "Organization Rules." Under this plan there are six departments: (a) Agriculture, (b) Building and Engineering, (c) Commerce, (d) Industry, (e) Education, (f) Finance.

A manager of each department is appointed by the board of directors. The manager of department A acts as superintendent and has the control of the working of all ranch departments. This manager was first appointed and the remaining appointments were made on his recommendation and with his approval.

Growing Rows of Temporary Houses

Each manager serves subject to a recall by two-thirds majority of the workers in his department and at the will of the board of directors. Vacancies in the departments are filled by the directors on advice of the superintendent. Departments are divided into divisions with foremen appointed by the manager of a department and removable by him.

Weekly time cards are made out by each worker and these pass through managers to the superintendent and the accounting department. Weekly reports are made by foremen and these go through the same channel and to the directors. A monthly report is made by the manager of the financial department showing number of workers employed, total number of hours

Bessie and Babe, Jerseys

worked, expenses of departments and covering all other phases of industry.

Provisions are made for the amicable settlement of differences that may arise. The superintendent and managers keep certain regular office hours and these are set during the evening. Managers may not make or initiate rules or regulations without the sanction of the board of directors.

Upon entering the colony members are assigned to a department subject to transfer at the direction of the superintendent.

The agricultural department covers farming, horticulture, irrigation and stockraising. Managers of departments are responsible for the work done in their departments, and they are held accountable for all implements and material assets of the department.

The manager of the educational department has within certain restrictions charge of the social welfare of the colony and is ex-officio president of the Social Welfare organization.

The foregoing is a brief outline of the working plan. Since it has been in operation it has proven an excellent working system.

W. S. Anderson, a rancher of several years' experience, who knows California ranching in all its phases, took charge as superintendent January 1. He has department A and his method of handling men and affairs has created a favorable impression on everyone.

The colony started May, 1914, with no members

ess at Llano del Rio

e Growth in Numbers and Prosperity

and no assets. Before the end of the month there were five members—working men. They possessed 4 horses, 1 cow and 16 hogs. Now there are more than 150 persons in Llano and nearly 300 members, many of whom will go to the colony in the spring. Applications are coming from all parts of the United States, and the correspondence shows "prospects" from every English-speaking country. California ranchers predominate in number.

The lonely milk cow has been joined by 100 of her kind. A herd of fine Jersey and Holstein dairy cows, numbering about 85, forms one of the important features of the colony. There are over 110 hogs in pen and pasture and there should be more than that number of brood sows in the spring.

The first half-dozen hens are a small part of the poultry department, as there are now 600 laying hens —white leghorns—and several hundred pullets and fowls. There are a number of blue-ribbon geese and some turkeys of excellent stock. The colony boasts the champion tom turkey of Southern California and will make a specialty of turkeys. There are about 800 Belgian hares in the rabbitry and they are the most remarkable multipliers.

The apiary department, as all other divisions, is in the charge of an expert. B. G. Burdick will henceforth supply honey for the colonists and ultimately run the number of stands of bees up to the thousands.

Four Generations of Colonists

Two experienced gardeners are in charge of the garden department and they are preparing to plant 60 acres in a short time.

The colony's giant tractor is plowing every day,

Mountain Pastures Produce Superior Dairy Products

and a large crew is sowing grain and doing other planting. Within a few weeks the tractor will return to the work of clearing the new land, preparing 160 acres for an apple orchard and about the same amount for additional pear orchards. There are 7,000 additional trees on the way to the land. A nursery will be established on the colony land. This will be under the care of an expert horticulturist. Fifty thousand grape cuttings have been planted. These will be used as table grapes and to manufacture grape juice.

The new dairy building is of stone and concrete construction, 150 feet long and is of the latest model and will make the colony dairy one of the best equipped in the state. The dairy products are all contracted for and are bringing good prices. The Llano del Rio creamery butter has already gained the reputation of being the best in the great valley.

Two of the new chicken coops are finished. These are 60 by 18 feet and each have a capacity of 500 hens.

Where the New Lime Cement Kiln Is Being Constructed

To these will be added others of a similar type designed along the latest scientific lines.

In the various stacks the colony still has 500 tons of alfalfa with which to feed the stock, and the output of alfalfa next year will be considerably increased. The grain now planted will be sufficient for all purposes.

It is expected that by midsummer the colony will be producing 90 per cent of all the food it consumes.

By the use of the tractor, two men can plow 30 acres a day. This machine, pulling a large lister plow, digs ditches at a rate that makes it do the work of 100 men in that sort of construction. This machine has dug a ditch two feet deep, two feet wide, and thrown the dirt three feet, for a distance of half a mile and completed it in twenty minutes.

A complete modern steam laundry is being set up at the colony and with it there will be steam for the dairy, the laundry and a power plant to generate electricity to light the houses and supply power for the printing plant, the planing mill, window, sash and door mill, the shoe machinery and all other appliances on the spot, all of which have been awaiting the power.

One lime kiln is running and another of a more modern type is in the course of construction. These are furnishing material for the brick machine and the power mixer. With the white Roman cement bricks made at this plant on the colony land, the permanent houses in the colony will be built, including the large administration building that is projected.

Eighty thousand feet of lumber have been shipped to the colony and 50,000 will go within two weeks. Later it is expected the colony will secure its timber from the United States forest department and mill it at a point near the proposed hydro-electric generating plant in the Rio del Llano canyon. This will enable the colonists to produce nearly all their own building material.

The colonists have built a large clubhouse—50x150 feet, and in this building most of the single men are housed. Families are housed in small wooden bungalows and California tent houses and at ranch houses where ranches have been purchased. The building of the beautiful white bungalow with red and green tiles will relieve the situation and enable the colonists to more comfortably house the incoming members.

The clubhouse forms the civic and social center at this time. In the large assembly hall, 50x50 feet square, the dances are held and here the children have their dancing classes.

The school has over 40 pupils and more are being added each week. It would require much space to tell of the school plans. Two teachers are having all they can do to handle the school at present. A woman

Colony Clubhouse With New Dormitory

of wide experience and considerable renown is likely to join the colony within a few weeks and establish a Montessori department. This, with the day nursery department, will take charge of children of almost any age and relieve mothers of much of the strain of care of large households.

Group of Llana del Rio Colonists, Christmas, 1914

The first year in high school work has been begun. The school has received over $100 worth of supplies from the county. A reference library is supplied by the county. The school furniture is made by colonist cabinet makers and they keep up with the steadily increasing demand. Vocational classes will soon be established. The upper-grade pupils have organized a literary society and a debating team will quickly be developed.

In the recreation department there are two crack baseball teams and two or three senior basket ball teams and numerous groups of youngsters. Tennis was most popular on a cement court until a building was erected on the floor. Since that time dirt courts have been resorted to. A new basket ball court is proving popular. In the summer, swimming and hunting were among the popular sports and pastimes among the younger men.

The Saturday night dances attract young people from all over the valley and have done much to popularize the colony with the younger set of the district.

The school has grown from nothing to its present size and importance in four months, and it is still growing and is considered by all as the most important feature of the colony life.

Night schools are planned and some classes have already been started. Men and women of all ages will attend these classes and lectures. Technical training is proving most popular. There will be classes in engineering and other professions.

The United States Government has recognized the importance of the colony and Llano postoffice has been allowed and Gentry P. McCorkle, secretary of the Llano del Rio Company, has been appointed postmaster.

The Big Rock Creek Irrigation District has been established and at an election of the district recently held five members of the colony were elected directors and two other members were elected tax assessor and tax collector. Thus the first election held in that part of the valley saw a clean sweep for the Socialists, who elected every officer on the ticket.

When the school district was established three Socialist members of the colony were appointed to the position of trustees. The regular election will come in April.

The foregoing is but a brief outline of the achievements of seven months. Such progress is being made in all departments and divisions that news grows stale in the printing. Colonists are joining daily and it is

believed the thousand memberships will be taken before the end of the year. The white city will be the most unique and beautiful in the world. It will house 6,000 persons.

If you think this is an exaggeration in any way, that a miracle has not been wrought in this valley, the colonists will do their best to convince you. You are invited to be their guest and to see for yourself.

Can the colony succeed? Can co-operation be made a fact? Can any good come out of Nazareth. Come to Llano del Rio and see. The colonists invite you to come and see. After that it will be a matter as to whether you can qualify to become a member. The invitation is extended to all comrades.

Hypocrisy and the War

By W. J. GHENT

IS there anything in history quite comparable with this general howl against the Socialists because they did not prevent the war? Has hypocrisy ever shown itself on so universal a scale?

This howl of complaint and detraction is raised by those who have always fought the Socialist party—who have striven to keep it small in numbers and impotent to obstruct a war.

By those bourgeois anti-militarists who have always ignored or minimized the work of the Socialist Party for peace, and who now profess to find that party all-powerful in its ability to prevent the use of arms.

By priests and parsons who conveniently ignore the utter failure of Christianity to exert the slightest influence for peace.

By those who know that the Socialists are not in a majority in any national representative body.

By those who know that the Socialists have less than one-third of the membership of the Reichstag.

By those who in past times have labored to show that the Reichstag is without power, and that even if the Socialists controlled it they would be helpless against the monarchy.

By those who know full well that a general strike in the face of a mobolized army of millions would be sheer madness.

By those who know that the war was hurried on by the ruling powers faster than any human agency could organize to resist it.

By those so soft and timid that they shrink from a policeman and who yet declare that the Socialists in Europe should have stood up to be shot rather than go to war.

By those who shout for Old Glory but who denounce the nationalism of other men.

By those who themselves nurse the pride and prejudice of race feeling but who censure it in men of other races.

By so-called Socialists who have persistently antagonized the party organization here and elsewhere and whose verdict would be sure to be adverse, whatever the facts.

By those who, under like circumstances, would have done exactly what the men in Europe are doing.

By Syndicalists and so-called "direct actionists" who declare that parliamentarism is at fault, in the face of the fact that their European comrades of like faith are fighting quite as resolutely as are any of the others in the ranks.

By those fomenters of anti-Socialist feeling to whom any charge against the Socialists is good and servicable so long as it supplies the moment's need.

And lastly by those idle-brained persons who do not think for themselves but who merely shout what they are told to shout.

Surely in all recorded history there has been no such universal outburst of hypocrisy as now vents itself against the Socialist Party.

The Paths of Glory

WHAT an ennobling thing war is!

An English newspaper gives this account of the Scots Greys, in a sword attack on a troop of German cavalry:

"They went right through the Uhlans, except in two or three cases where the horses go stuck together and two or three men were slashing away at one another and then bursting free. I don't know how they did it, but they were stark mad.

"They all go mad at a charge like that. You'd see the queerest thing—like one of the Greys sticking his man and a German sticking him on the other side, and another Grey sticking the German—and the whole thing like a flash. Then they clear away or all go down and leave a dozen dead or mortally wounded, writhing, cursing and praying there on the ground."

War Brides

By SAMUEL C. MEYERSON

"THE war brides were cheered with enthusiasm and the churches were crowded when the large wedding parties spoke the ceremony in concert."—Press clipping.

War brides! Breeding machines for Mammon! What a mockery of all that is beautiful and sacred! Savior of your country, indeed. Your country that bids you bear children so that they can send your flesh and blood to the carrion fields.

Mothers, what admirable fertilizer these boys of yours make. Boys whom you have watched over so tenderly and reared; boys whom you have clasped to your loving hearts, for whom you have toiled endlessly without murmur, without complaint, finding your reward in the innocent smile, in the cuddling forms of your dear ones, in the puny hands seeking for the breast; boys for whom you have stinted and starved, worried and fretted—for what end?

And you, sweet maidens, now that they have taken your brothers and fathers and sweethearts, become War Brides. Do your duty, yes, breed, multiply, for the cannon are waiting and the devil must be fed!

What matters it if you are left to suffer alone in your labor, to watch and wait for the flickering life which is already doomed? What matters it if you have conceived without love and will give birth to your child in tears and agony? What matters it that your boy will be born an orphan, or will have nothing better for a father than a maimed wreck, a wholesale murderer? What does it all matter when your country bids you breed! Oh, glorious patriotism!

Women, I suppose you were consulted when war was declared. No? So it was not you who sanctioned the death agony of your dear ones, the bleeding, fevered, dying shadows of what once were human beings? Then do not condone it by being War Brides.

Reichstag Rebellion

FROM the meager news that is allowed to leak out from the storm center in Berlin, the indications are the German Socialists in the Reichstag are not so docile as the world has been led to believe.

Liebknecht's open rebellion against appropriating further funds is finding strong support among his comrades. The bombastic speech of Finance Minister Lentze made no impression on the Socialists. The silence that followed Lentze's statements about the war encouraged the Socialists.

The finance minister said: "Russia, England and France attacked us for the purpose of destroying us. Never was a peaceful people more outrageously attacked, so also never have our enemies made such a profound miscalculation."

He did not mention the case of Belgium.

Dr. Heydbrand, a conservative leader, said the Prussians demand unity of the entire people in regard to the war and declared that that unity would endure "As in the first hour." This statement was promptly challenged by Liebknecht, who declared the speaker had no right to speak in the name of the people.

American Socialists have been harsh in their criticism of their German comrades and much of this is due to the false and misleading statements given out by the government and the subsidized and censored press. We may well await developments and rest assured Socialists of Germany and of all Europe are alert and will be ready for the hour of their opportunity.—

G. E. B.

Sam is Safe

SAMUEL GOMPERS says there will be trouble when the authorities start taking the homes away from the Danbury workers on the $252,130 boycott damage verdict against the members of the United Hatters.

If this prediction should come true and there be any disturbance, it wont be the blood of Samuel or any of the politicians of the executive council that will be shed in the streets of Danbury.

Gompers and his cohorts vote and work for the perpetuation of a system that not only robs and exploits the workers, but maintains the militia that will shoot down the union hatters if they dare attempt resistance.

Evidently Lincoln's famous utterance about not fooling all the people all of the time does not apply to the average craft unionist who supports the idle parasitic "leaders."

Is it not time for the workers to awaken to the truth? Why decry political unity for the toilers and incite them to a hopeless violence?

Poems of the Revolt

"Guerre a la Guerre"

By FREDERICK FRYE RICKWELL

Around the war-spent world's wide rim,
Beneath the cannon-shaken skies,
Once more the battle-lines are flung,
Once more the bugle's lip has sung
Hands to the harvest, futile, grim,
'E're all war dies.

Once more the lean and singing sword,
Flooding the world with death and flame;
A king's hurt pride—the traders' gold—
Some vision of empire—as of old!
Murder and rapine, stalking, gaunt, abroad,
In the Lord's name.

And after them Disease, with lips
That writhe, and Famine, starved and stark.
The flower of manhood mown, while grain
Wastes down and rots beneath the rain,
And fields grow rich with blood that drips
And clots.—But hark!

Across the night a new star rings!
The measured tread of unarmed men
Comes down the mind in every land
Till granite cities shake like sand.
Against the words and swords of kings
The mightier pen.

Against the bankers' greed of gold,
Against the needs of trade and gain,
The silent Meek's conspiracy,
Resistless as the rising sea;
Till swords are rust and scepters mould,
And wealth's power 's vain.

To arms! oh toilers of the world,
Workers with hand and tool and brain,
To arms against the common foe;
Strike for yourselves the bloodless blow
That shall one world-wide flag unfurl!
You have the world to gain!

Voice of the City

By GERTRUDE WEIL KLEIN

When midnight has hung her mantle of stars,
Across the limitless sky,
And the moon reigns supreme in her domain wide,
There floats a somnambulant sigh.

Light as the zephers that flirt with the trees,
Soft as the falling snow,
This is the Voice of the city of gold,
That speaks to the few who know.

Always I wait for its eerie approach,
By shuddering fear oppressed,
Lest I should be counted unfit to hear,
The city voicing its quest.

Each time I have heard its ominous wail,
That rises on white-winged steed,
The breath of the city's inhabitants,
With its message of "Speed," ever "Speed."

Thus speaks the Voice of the city of gold,
At night when the speeders sleep,
"Hurry, now hurry, there's no time to dream,
Or think of life's wonders deep."

For each moment that flies is more precious than gold
In our wasteful, speed-crazed life,
The whip of oppression unceasingly speeds,
The toil-ridden sons of strife.

If War is Right

By PARKE FARLEY

If war is right, then God is might
And every prayer is vain:
Go raze your temples from the hills—
Red death is in the plain.

If war is right, then God is might,
And every prayer is vain:
Look not for Christ upon the hills—
He lies among the slain.

Among the Red Guns

By CARL SANDBURG

Among the red guns,
In the hearts of soldiers
Running free blood
In the long, long campaign:
Dreams go on.

Among the leather saddles,
In the heads of soldiers
Heavy in the wracks and kills
Of all straight fighting:
Dreams go on.

Among the hot muzzles,
In the hands of soldiers
Brought from flesh-folds of women—
Soft amid the blood and crying—
In all your hearts and heads
Among the guns and saddles and muzzles:

Dreams,
Dreams go on,
Out of the dead on their backs,
Broken and no use any more:
Dreams of the way and the end go on.

Equanimity

By A. F. GANNON

Babies whimpering for milk or bread—
Be calm.
Women wasting in the clutch of dread—
Be calm.
Men asking justice and receiving lead—
Be calm.

Gunmen, squatted, shooting from a trench—
Be calm.
Strikers rotting with a nasty stench—
Be calm.
Justice, owl-like, robed upon the bench—
Be calm.

Children striving in the mill and mine—
Be calm.
Idlers sipping at ambrosial wine—
Be calm.
Workers shuffling in the long bread line—
Be calm.

Papers lying as they have of yore—
Be calm.
Writers toiling like the boughten whore—
Be calm.
Government gangrened at its very core—
Be calm.

Preachers droning out without a qualm—
"Be calm,
Brethren, dear, in Gilead is Balm—
Be calm."
I say to you, and to your cursed calm:
"Oh, damn!"

The White Slave

Again I wake, as from the beds of Hell,
That sleepeth with the viper on my breast,
That lieth down with strange and loathed face,
To rise debauched by lusts that never rest.

Or to the trembling arms of leering age,
Wasted in all but frenzied, ghoul's desire,
That feeds on me, on me, alas, that struck
The match that flames the imperishable fire.

Am I not I, the clutched of every hand,
The kissed of every wine-besodden lip?
Am I not I, the spurned of early morn
That runs at even before the slaver's whip?

A woman I, or ranked among the beasts
That range among the jungle's grewsome deep?
If such am I—that I might to the wild
In she-wolf's lair to lay me down and sleep.

The hand that pours my liquor rules the town,
And sell the creeping drug that soothes my brain;
Ye men; that boast so loud in every cup!
Can ye be men that dance to such a strain?

You bed of straw where I was given birth!
You poverty; my midwife and my nurse!
No girlhood; never youth; just child and hag,
What was there left to add to such a curse?

Awaits you then that calm dead-reckoning day,
That's writ upon the angel's silent face,
I, that was fed to dogs, my flesh will speak,
Accuse you yet, you mocking human race!

H.

Need of the Hour

By JOSHUA WANHOPE

THERE have already been a thousand million words of all sorts written about the war, and there will be ten thousand million more written afterward.

And if they were multiplied ten thousand million times again, they would not save the working-class one single pang of suffering from it, and they would not have the slightest effect in preventing war from occurring again. And we Socialists add our quota to the immense outpouring. We over and over again insist that the fundamental cause of the war lies in the economic system, in the capitalist mode of production.

And we say that if the people understood this, there would have been no war. That is quite true, but saying it is of no particular value by itself.

The capitalist system produced the war, but unless the majority know it, and know it sufficiently well to act upon the knowledge, the knowledge itself is of no use.

But to know that, is to know Socialism. If a hundred million people had known Socialism and known it well enough to act upon it, there would have been no war.

True again. And if they know it after this, there will be no war to follow this one. That will be the end of all wars.

All this may seem trite, but it leads up to the question we want to ask. What do YOU know about Socialism?

Do you know enough about it, so that if all people were like you, there would be no more war? Are you quite sure you do? If you are, then what is your first duty?

Why, to teach others what you know, so that all may learn how to make war impossible.

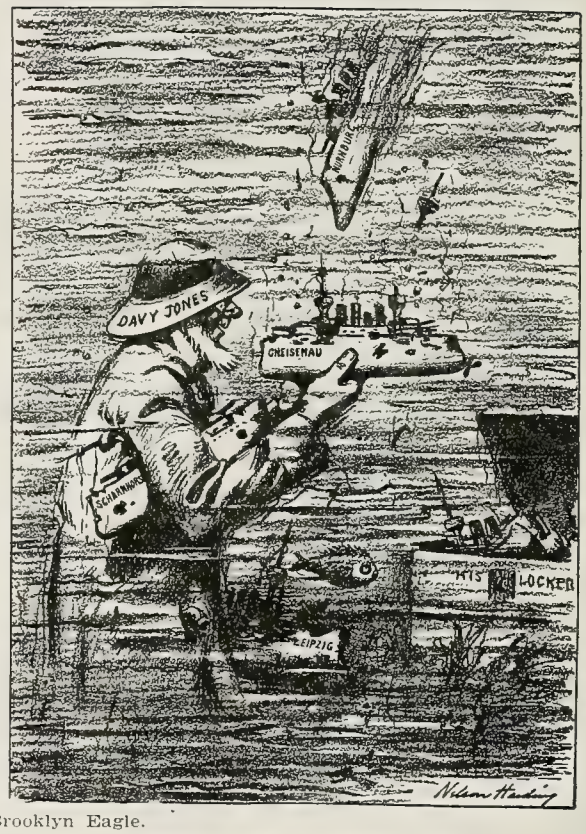
And if you don't know enough, what then? Why then, your first duty is to know more about Socialism.

That is what we wanted to say. The great, the pressing need for all of us, is to know Socialism; to educate ourselves; to keep on learning, for there is no limit to knowledge. Never was that need greater than now.

You can talk from now until doomsday about the war; you can argue and wrangle with your neighbor about it until the crack of doom. You may take any side or no side or all sides, but it will make no difference. The war will continue. And there will be other wars after it ceases.

The thing to do right now is to learn all you can, and do what in you lies to teach others all you have learned, and to do that, you will need ever to learn more.

If there is one thing more certain than another, it is that this war has demonstrated clearly how little the mass of us, after all, know about Socialism. We can



Brooklyn Eagle.

"Hello! Made in Germany!"

throw bricks at the Germans, the English and others, but they are boomerangs that come back and hit ourselves. We may think we know what we would have done had we been in their places, but that is after all, only conceit. It is doubtful if we know one whit more about Socialism than they do.

So while the war proceeds, the one great and pressing duty of the occasion is to learn all we can about Socialism—we can never learn too much—so that when next the capitalists attempt to turn their hell-blast loose, it shall not fall upon us, as it assuredly will if we lack the knowledge—which is power—to frustrate it.

The Menace of Child Labor

IN a speech on child labor Miss Whiting, representing the Child Labor Committee of New York State, said that every year there are on an average about 15,000 children leaving school to seek 5000 vacant positions and that this average shows how vast a number have to wander about the streets looking for work which they are unable to find.

Disinherited Childhood

"Pupils who leave school before graduating," she continued, "especially those under the ages of 16, usually enter the field of unskilled labor at low wages and remain there the rest of their life. This is due to lack of mental training and sometimes to improper physical development. They often wander from one job to another because they are unable to stick to one long enough to make any headway.

"But not only does going to work impede progress in business, it often impairs the health. The death rate among the workers is far greater than among the nonworkers—the chief cause being consumption.

"Worse than all is the bad effect on the morals of the child. More working children go wrong than nonworkers. More working children are arrested and brought before the Children's Court than school children. This is largely due to the bad associations formed."

Last Line of Defense

By WILLIAM E. BOHN

BORDER towns are being taken and retaken. A few yards of trenches are fought over till they are covered with dead again and again. First the Russians drive westward and then the Germans drive eastward. Hundreds of thousands fall and nothing is gained for either side.

But this is not what a Socialist has his eye on. What we are watching for now is the reaction against war. And it is coming faster than victory for either side.

The last line of defense is made up of those who are doing the work at home. No hymns written to them, but they bear the brunt of work and woe. In Paris women are working for a franc a day. Children are exploited as they have not been for fifty years. In France the government seems to be doing less than elsewhere to keep conditions tolerable. Their soldiers are sent to do work for which civilians would receive real wages. But everywhere men and women are unemployed in tremendous numbers. In London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Lodz the tale is the same. And everywhere wages are being forced down. The Germans, as usual, show superior power of organization. German employers' associations have shown wonderful efficiency in the ease and speed with which they have changed their methods and products to suit the war conditions. But the cost of living is going up and the wages are going down.

There is a story going the rounds of an Irish regiment that went on strike because pay was withheld and food was not up to the requirements. And a German union man writes home that a good many of his Socialist comrades are with him. They are carrying on a ceaseless propaganda, he says, and many new Socialists will come out of the war

Fear of Russian Invasion

By THOMAS C. HALL, D. D.

THE war in Europe breaks in upon many visions of both the Christian and the Socialist. Immediately the question arises: Did German Socialists give up their international character; surrender their doctrine of the class struggle, and their visions of a democratic state, when they joined hands with feudalism and the bourgeoise in defense of their particular country? To answer this question we must try and look at the war as it appears to the German Socialist in the beginning of the struggle.

No Socialist is committed to any doctrine of absolute non-resistance. Karl Marx would have gladly embroiled Germany in a war with Russia when Russia was struggling with her autocracy, in order to free Russia from that feudal tyranny. Today, as Socialism has no such following as would enable co-operation among Socialists to paralyze the military machinery of all the struggling nations, a passive revolt in Germany when the war broke out would simply have resulted, so far as successful, in the land being overrun by Russian cossacks. To the last the German Socialists raised their voices against all war, and a strong minority blamed the bad diplomacy that, they claimed, bound them to Austria without power to efficiently control the conduct of Austria. Dr. Leibknecht is understood to still take that position; but for them the real enemy was Russia. No party in Germany did really desire war at this time. Germany's alliances were in bad working order, and from the naval point of view enough ships were not ready (they never are!). It is safe to say, we repeat, that for one reason or another, some good, some less so, **no political party in Germany wanted war at this time.**

What then happened? It was the irresistible proof of the intentions of the Russian oligarchy that decided every German Socialist to a man to support the Emperor until war was over. They surrendered not one of their principles, proclaiming them to the last; but simply saying as over against the triumph of a brutal, individualistic Asiatic oligarchy, the social organization of Germany cannot be sacrificed. Social Democracy has no quarrel with the Russia of Tolstoy or with the Russian peasantry. But the Jew baiting, dishonest and corrupt oligarchy that holds down every honest aspiration for religious and political freedom and does it in the name of an alleged Christian Church, is the worst enemy that the Russian people have, and the triumph of the "Allies" would be the salvation of the Autocracy from the revolution otherwise inevitable.

Nor has the entry of England into the war done aught but confirm the wisdom of this action. England openly fights Germany, according to the really national defenders of her policy, on the ground of capitalistic terror of a commercial competitor. The hypocritical pretences about Belgian neutrality is merely "Colonial dope," as it is called in London clubs. * * *

Not at present is Social Democracy facing any difficult decision. Life and death are at stake, and military discipline, like all discipline, even a Party discipline, demands some sacrifices. But the trust the Social Democracy bestowed upon the Government has been repaid by a new attitude of the governing classes to Social Democracy. After the war many questions will await a settlement, and struggle for political power will again begin, but Social Democracy will have gained a hearing that cannot easily again be lost, and the life of Germany will be increasingly democratic after the war. Modern warfare weakens the possessing class out of all proportion to its numbers, and all lands will see a turning to the proletariat for recuperation. The State Socialism of today in Germany is not democratic Socialism, but in efficiency it is a long way ahead of the anarchic competition for the food supply which it is displacing. And never will any community that has entered upon social organization in such a bold manner and with such success turn again to capitalistic competitive chaos.

One of the reasons the vulgar rich of America are bitterly anti-German is that this social organization is a success and is a menace to private monopoly. State ownership, for instance, of railways is not social democracy, but they think it is, and know that it is a success in Germany, and that its measure of success threatens their monopoly.

The Socialists of Belgium complain bitterly of what they regard as their betrayal of their Socialist comrades in Germany. But one of the things that convinced the Socialists that they were fighting a conspiracy against Germany was the overwhelming proof that since 1906 Belgium and France have secretly conspired with England against Germany. Had Belgium and England gone openly to Germany and said, "Here are our plans if you attack us; will you enter with us on similar military plans should France attack you?" then Germany would have felt safe as in 1870. But the plans were secret jug-handled military measures which exposed Germany at any moment to a flank attack on her most vulnerable side.

Moreover, Belgium has been steadily incited against Germany for some time. Only a year ago a wealthy German told me he had stopped going to the Belgian coast where he had gone for years because of the growing hostility to the Germans. The French press carried on a distinct campaign of abuse and misrepresentation. Belgium feared Germany. The old individualistic household industry still maintained itself in Belgian districts. And in these districts Germany's wholesale factory competition was seriously felt; and this bred ill-feeling and jealousy. Men born in Antwerp, and well-known there, but of German blood, were murdered and their houses wrecked upon the opening of the war.

The Socialism also of both France and Belgium, like that of Italy, has never cleared itself of the individualistic element that find better expression in anarchy. And the feeling for country and group, however dominant in all parties, is in Germany far more of an organizing factor in its life. It is doubtful if Social Democracy in Germany would have gone into the war had it only been with France and England. But for Germany the war was from the beginning the outcome of the Russian aristocracy's long cherished plan to attack Austria and Germany just as soon as she thought she had a good chance for success. The hour struck, and, realizing the issue, Social Democracy to a man entered upon the war as one of national self-defense against autocratic feudalism and commercial capitalism. And the Socialist majority still hold this position.

"My beloved subjects! I am reminding you of the many and great blessings that you have received from me. I expect that you will obey the call to arms with rapture."

Lustige Blætter.

Moreover, England and France are not democratic or even socially advanced countries. They cannot be while despotically ruling great colonial empires. England exploits India and as long as colonies are exploited democracy is a farce. With Ireland at her doors and on her conscience, England cannot claim to be the divine protector of "small nationalities." Italy is engendering crude and anarchistic type of Socialism by pandering to colonial expansion. She has no right to lecture German "militarism" or to view Germany's army as less democratic than her own. And all talk about pacific France is moonshine. France has linked herself with the worst elements in Russian life when she sold out to the Autocracy and financed the repression of the Revolution, and the establishment of capitalistic exploitation. It is all vain to say Socialist currents are running in the life of Russia. A triumphant autocracy with a victorious army will dam those streams for years to come and distract the proletariat by visions of conquest in Persia, India and Asia Minor. Even since the war broke out the Autocracy has trampled on the last liberties of Finland, in spite of all protestations and promises, and is even now carrying on persecution of Jews and patriots in the Ukraine. With a triumphant English capitalism exploiting the seas and mastering the commerce of the world without a rival; and Russian autocracy mastering Europe and exploiting Asia, Socialism, though sure one day to come, would be postponed for generations. Russian autocracy would prevent the spread of education and propaganda and prevent the awakening of the workers.

Original Sin

By LUKE NORTH

ATTEMPTS merely to reform, rearrange any of the existing institutions of christendom are futile, because each of them is based on the concept of Original Sin. The child comes into the world as the result of deadly sin and in a foul, unclean manner. Thus is it written in the old church books, not so very old either—and all the judges, lawyers, detectives, clergy with their gallows, chains, dungeons, and whips are the outgrowth, the development, the amplification and refinement of the peculiarly christian tenet that the second impulse in sentient nature is shameful and depraved and all its fruit inherently evil—until sanctified by the sorceries of the church—or governed by statute.

Detectives, judges, hangmen, and clergymen are maintained by and for the exploiters of human life—to keep wages down—but they would not follow their fiendish occupations, nor would the exploited millions submit to their tortures were it not for this basic concept of Original Sin which is pounded into the consciousness of every christian child, so that it has become a fixed mental mold through which is run, quite automatically, all the thought that flows through the mind—to which is subjected all the impulses that result in self-consciousness or awareness.

So long as this concept of Original Sin remains in the popular comprehension it will reflect itself in those christian institutions of state, church, gallows, and militarism any reformation of which will amount to nothing more than intensification of their inherent cruelties.

Only the big truth—and for this era the most important truth—that Man is God, the only God, each his own God; inherently and potentially self-sufficient, by nature more kind than unkind, instinctively gregarious and religious; his native impulses trending upward toward the light, toward an ever increasing refinement; all his elements and their functions neither good nor evil, but natural and necessary—

Only as this truth permeates human consciousness and drives out the deadening christian dogmas of external deity (authority) and original sin, is there reasonable hope for a decenter and kinder world.—Everyman.

The Great Socialist

By MAX EASTMAN

THE solitary vote of Karl Liebknecht in the German Reichstag against the war credits is to me the greatest event of the war. He was denied the privilege of speaking upon his vote or of having a statement printed in the official record, or published in the German press. But it was published in a Dutch Socialist daily, and has been translated into English. I quote from the New York Call:

"My vote against the war credit is based upon the following considerations:

"This war, which none of the peoples engaged therein has wished, is not caused in the interest of the prosperity of the German or any other nation. This is an imperialistic war, a war for the domination of the world market, for the political domination over important fields of operation for industrial and bank capital. On the part of the competition in armaments this is a war mutually fostered by German and Austrian war parties in the darkness of half absolutism and secret diplomacy in order to steal a march on the adversary.

"At the same time this war is a Bonapartistic effort to blot out the growing labor movement. This has been demonstrated with ever-increasing plainness in the past few months, in spite of a deliberate purpose to confuse the heads.

"The German motto, 'Against Czarism' as well as the present English and French cries, 'Against Militarism,' have the deliberate purpose of bringing into play in behalf of race hatred the noblest inclinations and the revolutionary feelings and ideals of the people. To Germany, the accomplice of Czarism, an example of political backwardness down to the present day, does not belong the calling of the liberator of nations. The liberation of the Russian as well as the German people should be their own task.

"This war is not a German defense war. Its historical character and its development thus far make it impossible to trust the assertion of a capitalistic government that the purpose for which credits are asked is the defense of the fatherland.

"The credits for succor have my approval, with the understanding that the asked amount seems far from being sufficient. Not less eagerly do I vote for everything that will alleviate the hard lot of our brothers in the field, as well as that of the wounded and the

sick, for whom I have the deepest sympathy. But I do vote against the demanded war credits, under protest against the war and against those who are responsible for it and have caused it, against the capitalistic purposes for which it is being used, against the annexation plans, against the violation of the Belgian and Luxemburg neutrality, against the unlimited authority of rulers of war and against the neglect of social and political duties of which the government and the ruling classes stand convicted.

"KARL LIEBKNECHT.

"Berlin, December 2, 1914."

With so many millions acting from mere instinct and social suggestion, we can only greet these solitary evidences of intelligent judgment with a sad reverence. Intelligence and the knowledge of truth do survive in a few hearts, and when the time comes, when all these millions of animal activities have spent and wrecked themselves—in the quietness of devastation, they will issue forth and begin their sacred work again.

But in our tribute to Karl Liebknecht must lie also a tribute to thousands of German citizens who stand with him. They are few at this hour, by comparison with the mass, and perhaps their function for a while is to store and preserve the truth—"unto the day"—rather than fight for it.

And yet who knows? We may see the rebellion of Liebknecht's followers in spring, or when the summer levies and the new campaign begin. Are we ready to do our part?—The Masses.

What is Socialism?

By JESSIE WALLACE HUGHAN, Ph. D.

THE world is getting so full of arguments for and against Socialism and of expositions concerning various phases of the subject, that it is well for the student to have at his tongue's end the simple facts as to what Socialism is.

To begin with fairly well-known negatives, Socialism does not stand for "dividing up," for equality of income, for anarchism, for hostility to religion, the family, or the flag, for violence or for an impossible transformation of human nature.

Furthermore, Socialism is not a creed, a sentiment, or a code of personal ethics, and it is something more than a philosophy, an ideal, or a party. It is a movement, primarily a political movement, though closely allied to the economic struggle of the unions; a movement of the working class, though in it are numbered many individuals from the capitalist class who have chosen to range themselves on the side of labor.

The Socialist Movement is founded upon the philosophy of Marx and Engles, which teaches that economic relationships are fundamental in society; that when these relations outgrow the social forms that are based upon them, a revolution, peaceful or otherwise, is inevitable; that such a revolution is now maturing on the one hand, through the conscious struggle of the working class to obtain the whole product of their labor, and on the other by the automatic concentration of industry which can end only in social ownership.

The aim of Socialism, therefore, is to work in harmony with these social forces for the establishment of a new commonwealth, of which this shall be the essential characteristic—**the ownership by society of the principal means of production and distribution and their democratic management with a view to the abolition of exploitation.** He who consciously promotes this aim is a Socialist, whether or not he accepts the philosophy upon which it is based. It is recognized, however, that the realization of the ideal must come, not all at once, but only as the outcome of economic development, and that a transition period, whether long or short, must needs intervene.

The movement is international, as well as political, existing in every civilized country as an organized party, seeking to capture the control of society through the ballot. In the United States the Socialist Party, with the now negligible Socialist Labor Party, is the accredited representative of the international movement on the political field. It has banded the working class into a permanent organization, distinct from all other political parties, which, while others have risen, fallen and divided, has continued its uninterrupted growth until it has become a force to be reckoned with.

A New Doctor General

GENERAL VON HINDENBURG has received the degree of Doctor of Divinity by the Prussian University of Konigsberg, because he has "Taught the youth of East Prussia that the God of Battle still lives."

Some of the youths of East Prussia have not survived the general's teaching. In fact, over 100,000 of them are beyond reach of their distinguished teacher.

This new and eminent divine might well be given an A.B. by some packing house university. He has splendidly qualified as a butcher. His record of 140,000 Russians killed in one month, at the expense of 100,000 Prussians, seems to eminently fit him for this honor.

Crisis of the Hour

By A. M. SIMONS

THE Socialist Movement of America, and of the world, is passing through by far the greatest crisis in its history. On the way that situation is met depends the answer to the question of whether it shall be a crisis preceding a collapse and complete reorganization, or whether it shall be an opportunity risen to and seized by which Socialism shall become infinitely stronger in the immediate future.

In this country the combined effect of the war, widespread unemployment, high prices, the flat collapse of progressivism and general triumph of reaction over radicalism, has created a situation which must end with a mighty impulse toward Socialism. Whether the Socialist Party will be the political expression of that impulse depends upon what we do during the next few weeks.

* * *

The war has been the touchstone that has brought all our weaknesses into prominence. One of those weaknesses has been shown to be a cowardly tendency to apologize for our own mistakes. We once boasted of our "self criticism," and it was our strongest security against error. Now we are inclined to believe in our own infallibility and as a result are much less infallible.

The war has shown that wherever we made a compromise with capitalism, we inoculated our movement with an infection that is now developing into a serious weakness. We made friends with nationalism and patriotism and are now washing out the sin in oceans of blood. We compromised with the beast of militarism and he is now devouring us by hundreds of thousands.

We collected votes as we collected dues and now dues and votes are both slipping away. We tried to swap principles for popularity and, like the dog crossing the stream, lost both the substance and the shadow.

The first thing to do is to recognize these facts and quit being cowards. "The Lord hates a coward" is an old Yankee saying and in this regard the voice of the people is certainly the voice of God, for the masses will never give support to a man or a party that is afraid to face the truth.

A young party, a growing party, a minority party, a party that cannot offer political plums, must be a crusading party—a party with a mission that arouses enthusiasm and personal devotion. We had this once. We must gain it once more or disappear.

* * *

The world is ready for a crusade against militarism and capitalism and the patriotism that ends in murder for greed. Socialism must be the inspiration of that crusade.

The Socialist Party can have the splendid mission of organizing and leading that movement if it dares now to stand as it stood when it was a crusading force in American life.

This does not mean the adoption of "impossibilism," "syndicalism," "I. W. W.'ism" or even the acceptance of the sort of "smart Aleck" criticism of certain supposedly intellectual literateurs, whose antics have been partly responsible for the reaction that has led us to reject even what was good in their criticism.

It does mean that we should recognize that the main function of the Socialist Party today, and for several days yet to come, is vigorously to criticise capitalism and hold up a standard to be attained when we shall really enjoy power. It means that we should quit asking for votes on the ground of our superior administrative ability (which we do not possess), of our greater anxiety to lower taxes (which it would be a bad thing to possess), of our nationalistic patriotism (of which we should be ashamed) or of any of the other vices we have adopted from capitalism.

It means that we should not be afraid to draw the lessons of this war frankly, openly and unreservedly, and should prepare to change our tactics nationally and internationally to accord with the lessons we may learn.

These are largely generalities. I can be as specific as desired. So can most of us. It is not knowledge we lack, but courage.—American Socialist.

The Cost of a Rich Man

AT the smallest average for the making of a single rich man we make a thousand whose lifelong is one flood of misery. The charnel houses of poverty are in the shadow of the palace, and as one is splendid, so is the other dark, poisonous, degraded. How can a man grow rich except on the spoils of another's labor? His boasted prudence and economy, what is it but the most skillful availing himself of their necessities, most resolutely closing up his heart against their cries to him for help?—Froude.

The Poor Savage of Civilization

THE poor ignorant savage ventured to put a few questions to the pious missionary who wished to save him from his benighted condition, and to confer upon him the benefits of civilization.

"You say that I should work?"

"Yes, certainly, my good brother. Satan finds evil for idle hands to do!"

"Who is Satan?"

"He is the devil."

"Does he live in your country, then?"

"Alas, my sinful friends, he lives everywhere," said the Good Man.

"Well, he's never done me any harm," said the savage, "so I think I'd better stay as I am."

"No, no," cried the Good Man. "Your life of idleness is wicked."

"Do all the people work in your country?" asked the savage.

"Yes."

"Work hard?"

"Um, e, most of them."

"And are all those who work hard quite happy?"

"Er, no," replied the missionary, hesitatingly.

"Why is that?"

"Well, you see, there is a great deal of poverty," the Good Man explained.

"What! Among those who work hard?" asked the poor savage in surprise.

"Yes, it is indeed so," admitted the Good Man.

"Then I suppose those who do no work at all have an awfully bad time?"

"Well, no. As a matter of fact, they are so rich that they need not work."

The savage mused in silence for a time.

"What do you mean by poverty?" he asked.

"Not having enough to eat nor good houses to live in," the missionary explained.

"Why is that? Is there a scarcity of food in your land?"

"N—o," said the Good Man, slowly; "there is plenty of food, but don't you understand, they are poor, and have little money, so, of course, cannot buy much food, nor afford nice houses."

"But I think you said they worked very hard," said the poor savage with patience at the other's stupidity.

"Yes, that is so."

"Why do they work so hard?"

"To get money to buy food," replied the missionary with a touch of impatience at the other's stupidity.

"Well, why don't they buy the food?" said the savage. "Do they like being hungry?"

"Of course not, but they don't earn enough."

"And yet they work as hard as they can, I suppose?"

The Uplift — Chicago News.

"Yes."

The savage pondered before he spoke again. "On this island," he said, "I do not have to work to any extent, and when I'm hungry I take my food from the trees or the sea. By the way, what do you call your country?"

"Civilization," replied the Good Man, blushing slightly.

"I don't think it would be good for me if your customs were introduced here," said the poor savage thoughtfully. "You will pardon me, sir, if I say that I think that your country is a fool of a place. Good afternoon. Mind the snake."—Brisbane Worker.

Buriden, the scholastic, said that if a hungry donkey was placed between two bundles of hay of the same size and equal distance apart in every respect and equally distant from him, he would starve, not being able to decide between them. How long will the working class continue in the attitude of Buriden's ass? How long will the hungry waver between direct action and political action and take no action?

EXTRA—"Thirty-five thousand killed in battle"—that's glory!

LATEST—"Eighteen-year-old boy hanged for killing chum"—he was a murderer!

Worship Up to Date

By UPTON SINCLAIR

"SHERIFF MAX GRIFENHAGEN has been appealed to by several clergymen for protection against any possible bomb outrages, and in response to these appeals he has already enrolled the head ushers of six churches as special deputy sheriffs, with the right to carry arms while on duty in the churches to which they are attached. The churches whose ushers have obtained deputy sheriff's badges are St. Stephen's, on East Twenty-eighth street; St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, the Rivington Street Synagogue, the Church of the Incarnation, and the Church of St. Stanislaus."—New York World.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
(Wonder if my pistol shows!)
Let me to thy bosom fly,
(Sticking out behind my clothes!)
While the nearer waters roll,
(Coat-tails hanging in the way!)
And the tempest still is high.
(Couldn't get it quick in play!)

Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
(Wonder if that chap's Bouck White!)
Till the storm of life is past:
(He got out of jail last night!)
Safe into Thy haven guide—
(If that fellow tries to speak)
O receive my soul at last!
(Throw him out upon his beak!)

Other refuge have I none—
(Six detectives in the choir!)
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
(Police Headquarters on the wire!)
Leave, ah! leave me not alone—
(See that chap in red necktie!)
Still support and comfort me.
(Glad that copper's standing by!)

All my trust in Thee is stayed,
(Could that hand-bag hold a gun?)
All my help from Thee I bring:
(Gee! This ushering's no fun!)
Cover my defenseless head
(God Almighty! What was that?)
With the shadow of Thy wing.
(Feather in a woman's hat!)

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
(Jesus Christ! A bomb at last!)
Wilt Thou not regard my prayer?
(No, it was a subway blast!)
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall—
(Damn all anarchists to hell—er—)
Lo! on Thee I cast my care.
(Good morning—Mr. Rockefeller!)

A Christian Audience

AT THE initial exhibition of a twelve-reel feature motion picture in a Los Angeles theater the three thousand persons present wildly applauded the character portraying the part of the assassin who presently slew an atrociously made up Abraham Lincoln. They applauded all the murders and a brutal lynching scene came in for cheers and shouts of approval. When the mutilated body of a negro was thrown on a doorstep there was a demonstration of joy. The group murders were met with expressions of satisfaction and admiration. The people who packed the auditorium were similar to any other American theater-going group. In fact they were representatives of the ordinary "refined" cultured Christian people.

We know they were good people because they applauded God when he appeared in a "melt-in-and-melt-out" in the last part of the picture.

Fine For the Secretary

CONGRESS has appropriated money to purchase for the use of the honorable the Secretary of Labor several automobiles, including one brougham, one cabriolet, one opera bus and one touring car. Now if Congressman Mann will put over another one providing one steam yacht, a ninety-foot sailing sloop and a couple of speed launches Secretary Wilson will be able to uphold the dignity of his position as protector of the poor proletarian. What labor really needs is the dignity and poise that these things bring.

One Born Each Minute

THURSDAY, Friday, Saturday the newspapers flare forth with stories of the discovery of ledges of platinum and palladium—"Worth three times as much as gold" in the wonderful field just discovered in Nevada.

Sunday's papers come out with a big smash and add to the list copper, iron, lead, zinc and cinnabar. Every variety of sucker bait known to fakers. Right on the same page comes the real estate grafter selling town lots for $50 each. Thousands of victims will be trimmed and polished to a hard-oil finish. Verily there is one born every minute.

The Punitive Expedition

THE Servian troops have been hammering the Hungarian army into a disorganized pulp and as a consequence the threatened invasion of the Czar's hordes has caused great alarm in Budapest. The cry is going up from Hungary that the Germans and Austrians have deserted them. Hungarian newspapers voice their protests, and one of them at least openly accuses the Kaiser with draining the country of troops to defend Prussia and Silesia.

The article winds up with the rather naive sentence: "People of neutral countries believe that we are too weak and too enervated to fight our own battles even against the Servians, although the expedition we undertook against them was to have been a punitive one."

There you are! There is one reason for the fight. Somebody had to be punished for something. It doesn't always work out that way, these days, and when the Cossacks shall ride into the beautiful halls of Budapest all thought of punitive forays will disappear from Hungarian minds.

Intentions Were Good

Billie, who had been having trouble with his older cousin Ralph, came into the house. His mother, knowing nothing of the trouble, said:

"Billie, what would you like to give your cousin Ralph for his birthday?"

"I know what I'd like to give him," said Billie savagely, "but I ain't big enough."

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—By—

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Georgia Kotsch says:

"* * * It strips the glamor of benevolent motives from the dealings with Mexico of the United States and other countries and presents the stark truth that American and world capitalism has been, and is, in league against the proletariat of Mexico for its own sordid interest. And while the Mexican master class is depicted as the most depraved and bloodthirsty in history, the Socialist will see that the story of the Mexican proletariat is in greater or less degree and in varying circumstances the story of the proletariat in every country."

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Meinself und Moses!

BIBLES are issued to the Kaiser's soldiers in the field and the German people are urged to read God's book to the exclusion of all other printed matter.

Good idea! The soldier who searches assiduously will find plenty of justification for slaughter. Divine precedent will encourage him to greater action. Bestiality of invasion will find a strong support and Moses will give the conqueror valuable tips about treatment of women in the subdued domain.

Belgians may well look with alarm on this new move of the Kaiser to doubly arm his fighting hosts.

Anyway, Seine Majestaet, der Deutsche Kaiser, er lebe hoch, hoch, hoch!—G. E. B.

The Wrong Rooster!

Uncle Josh was comfortably lighting his pipe in the living-room one evening when Aunt Maria glanced up from her knitting.

"Josh," softly remarked the good woman, "do you know that next Sunday will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of our wedding?"

"Ye don't say so, Maria!" responded Uncle Josh, pulling vigorously on his corncob pipe. "What about it?"

"Nothing," answered Aunt Maria, "only I thought maybe we ought to kill them two Rhode Island Red chickens."

"Say, Maria," impressively demanded Uncle Josh, "how can you blame them two Rhode Island Red chickens fer what happened twenty-five years ago?"

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"ARIZONA is getting hep to the society stuff," a salesman who travels in that state tells us.

"I was at a hotel last month," he said, "and an old chap was sitting at a table with his son. Somebody called Son a liar. The kid didn't pull a gun, the way they do in picture shows. He just grabbed a table knife and started after his detractor.

"There was no tragedy, though. That boy's dad grabbed him by the collar and forced him into a seat in less time than it takes to tell it.

"'Ain't ye got no manners?' hissed his pa. 'What have I learned ye?'

"'He called me a liar!' yelled the struggling son.

"'What if he did? They's strangers from the East in this room. You shame me! Drop that knife an' use yer fork, like ettiket says!'"

Soft for the Orphans

Here is a story of a small boy, a mother and a barrel of apples, and a moral which does not have to be told in words:

The windows of an orphan asylum overlooked the backyard of the house where the boy, the barrel of apples, and the boy's mother lived. Now the apples that were in the barrel disappeared at a famous rate, and the mother being a knowing woman as a matter of course, made inquiry of her son. Yes, he had eaten the apples, but, "Mamma," he said, "I have to; the orphans want so many cores."

Lesson on Form

The teacher was examining the class in physiology.

"Mary, you tell us," she said, "what is the function of the stomach."

"The function of the stomach," the little girl answered, "is to hold up the petticoat."

The Fox Trot?

"I understand your husband is learning to dance!"

"No," replied Mrs. McFizzle. "That report was started by some neighbors who happened to be looking through our basement window just after he had dropped a hot cinder on his foot."

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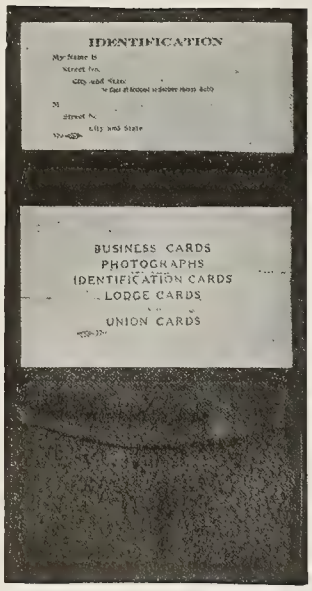

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Too Late

LITTLE Bobby's father was a doctor, and Bobby liked nothing better than to take his father's case in one hand, his overcoat in the other, and go down the street for a block or two to some imaginary patient. One winter's day, when he started out he forgot to close the door.

"Bobby," called mother's voice, sweetly, "please close the door." But Bobby was in a hurry and went on.

"Robert," came father's sterner voice, "close that door."

Bobby returned and closed the door. Some time later he came in quietly, put up the case and overcoat and started upstairs.

"Bobby," said mother, ingratiatingly, "how's your patient?"

"Dead," was the laconic answer. "Gone dead while I was shutting that old door."

Not Worth the Pain

Jean longed for a kitten with all her heart, but mother was not fond of cats, so her eager pleadings were unrewarded until illness made it necessary for Jean to go to the hospital.

"I will make a bargain with you, Jean," said her mother. "If you will be a brave little girl about having your operation, you shall have the nicest kitten I can find."

Jean took the ether without a struggle. But later, as she came out from under the anesthetic, she realized how very sick and wretched she felt. The nurse leaned over to catch her first spoken word.

"What a bum way to get a cat!" moaned the child.

Not An Ally

"Of course, doctor, German measles are seldom serious?"

"I never met but one fatal case."

"Fatal!"

"Yes; it was a Frenchman, and when he discovered it was German measles that he had, mortification set in."

All Aboard!

"Artie, where are we going on our honeymoon?"

"Around the world, darling. They are going to give it in seven reels at the corner picture show."

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Trees of the same size and shape, at one year and twenty-two days from planting in orchard, were chosen for experimental purposes. Measurements made nine months and six days after fertilizing began, are shown.

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Height .....3 feet, 9 inches
Breadth at top.....1 foot, 6 inches
Circumference of trunk at ground .....2 inches
Circumference of trunk at lower branches .....1½ inches

It should be remembered that while any chemist can make a soil analysis, yet not every one has had sufficient experience and of the right kind to enable him to correctly interpret the results and apply them to treatment of the soil so as to give a reasonable certainly of profitable returns to the person paying for the analysis. This is certainly the most important thing to consider.

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Height .....5 feet, 1 inch.
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Circumference of trunk at ground.....5½ inches
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Only in Self-Defense

"Begorra, thim's six fine sons ye have there, Casey," said Dennis Flaherty to his friend.

"They do be that, Flaherty," replied Casey.

"Do yez have any trouble with thim?" inquired Dennis.

"Trouble?" repeated Casey. "I've niver had to raise my hand to one of thim, excipt in self-defince!"

High Cost of Living

Since October, 1913, the high cost of living has declined .4690, according to experts who claim to be keeping tabs. Unversed in the wonderful alchemy of the professional statistician, the average working man might be forgiven if he substituted the word advanced for declined, and misplaced the decimal point.

Kidding the Kidder

A prominent and popular Llano colonist, who has a beautiful head of hair when in Los Angeles and none at all to mention while on the ranch, was taking a bit of good-natured kidding as he knelt beside a running brook laving his classic forehead.

"The chief drawback to being bald is this: When I wash myself I have to keep my hat on so I can tell where my face stops."

Poultry Department

Fine music and fine poultry were two things of which little Ella's father was very fond. Recently he bought a talking machine, and among other records was one of a very brilliant aria by a great coloratura soprano. The baby listened closely to the runs of the bewildering music until the singer struck some high arpeggios and trills at the close, when she exclaimed:

"Daddy, listen! She's laid an egg!"

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Somnolent

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, speaking of the auto bus, says editorially: "It is hard to say why the latter should be virtually unknown outside of New York City, and not very extensively used there, unless generally bad pavements furnish the answer."

Can you beat that for indurated, encrusted and mossbacked provincialism?

Bad pavements! This from the notoriously poorest paved large American city!

Think of an editor who doesn't know that millions of Americans in almost every city and town in the country are riding in auto busses!

In Los Angeles the street car companies complain that the auto busses have diverted half a million dollars a year from them in local traffic. Interurban bus lines are paying well and being extended.

The Saturday Evening Post is slumbering in its chimney corner of 1728. It doubtless will come in for the profound consideration of its distinguished contemporary, The Jitney Journal, of Seattle.

Crescendo Por Yahno

There was a young lady who'd sneeze
At the sight of musical keeze.
One day on the llano
She sat at the pllano
And sneezed at the A's and the G'eeze.

Jack Doesn't Get His

"But your fiance has such a small salary, how are you going to live?"

"Oh, we're going to economize. We're going to do without a lot of things that Jack needs."

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(By Luke North)

"If law and order, respect for conventions and property rights are to be maintained in this land and its civilization continued, publications like Everyman must be suppressed . . ."

And again Gen. Otis says:

"Its lamentably brilliant pages pervert art to the cunning uses of social disturbers . . ."—and also, says the General, still speaking of Everyman:

"It is disturbing to mental stability."

Thank you kindly, General. I could ask no greater boon from the Los Angeles Times.—Luke.

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Place stocking foot on paper, drawing pencil around as per above illustration. Pass tape around at lines without drawing tight. Give size usually worn.

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BREEDING REVOLUTION

What London Punch Thinks is Awaiting the Kaiser

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action | Co-operation | Direct Action

VOL. II | LOS ANGELES, CAL., MARCH, 1915 | NUMBER 11

Sunday Sight Seers
Scores of Investigators Visit Llano del Rio Colony Every Week End

COMMENT ON WORLD EVENTS

By Frank E. Wolfe

ALLAH il Allah! God is God, and Mohammed is or is not his prophet—just as you believe. The jehad has failed and only trickery of diplomats or intrigue among conquerors and conquered can prevent the overthrow of Moslems in Europe. The shereef has been waved in vain. That erstwhile all potent green banner has not aroused the frenzy of the faithful as of yore.

Moslems of Asia, and many in Turkey, deny that the successor of Osman is the true caliph, and that the blood of the prophet flows in his veins. Only the descendants of the tribe of Koreish may keep the green flag. The Shiah Moslems are mostly Persians and Indians who, either secretly or openly, deny the Turkish Caliphate, and they are not responding to the call. The summons by sacred fetwa has all but fallen flat, and the British and French cruisers have battered their way through the Dardenelles; the Rusians have run them a race at the Bosphorus.

Constantinople was the prize. Ere this is read, the candles in St. Sophia will have been consumed, though the waters of the Sea of Marmora be incarnadined with human blood. The Christian God will triumph over the Moslem God and the infidel followers of each will pray and curse and go down in death grapple. Greece and Italy will join in the struggle and the Aegean Sea will be filled with fleets of Europe.

❖ ❖ ❖

IN HIS fetwa, Mehemed-Reshad, Sultan of Turkey, says to his soldiers: "Grasp your weapons; trust to God! Hurl yourselves with full might against the foe and the Divine help will be with us!"

That seems fair enough. The Christians have put their case in the hands of Jehovah, their God of

War. Why shouldn't the Islamitic Caliphate have the assistance of its own God? Under the Sheriat, those of the Mohammedan faith, who fight against

"Goddam! What kind of fleas have I got in my mane, anyway!"
Simplicissimus, Munich.

Turkey in this holy war, will be "regarded as murderers and punished with the fires of hell."

All right: Forward, with God! Onward, Christian soldiers!

❖ ❖ ❖

LITTLE of the truth of the labor situation in England is allowed to creep into the censored and cowed British press. Little publicity was given to the railroad strike and prompt adjustment by way of increased wages and other concessions to the workers.

Now come reports of the strikes of the dockers at various ports. Pleas for patriotism have been of little avail and these workers have stood firmly against threats and cajolery. There is much hope to be gathered from the action of these workers.

There is a smoldering fire in all the countries embroiled in the war. May it burst into consuming flames.

❖ ❖ ❖

WITH an admitted half million unemployed in New York City, the Gary committee has trifled and stalled through the winter and done nothing at all. It organized a blue print diagram department, spent thousands of dollars piffling around its offices and finally reached the height of assinity by sending out "Christian spirit" letters to employers asking them not to discharge anybody.

Wonderful thought, that! When the Gary bunch starts the mighty enginery of such masterly brains something gives. In this instance it was the "Christian spirit" letter. After the issuance of that letter, about 100,000 more persons were disemployed by the Christian-spirited employers.

The amazing thing about the performance of the catfish that make up Mayor Mitchel's committee is, that out of the whole miserable mess of poppycock and piffle not one thought has been expressed about the cause of unemployment—not an idea has found its way through their skulls.

In a letter to the mayor of New York, Amos Pinchot declares that "if we make it clear to the community that the government must own and control (1) the natural resources which are the basis of industry and the sources of energy, and (2) our transportation systems, we will have taken the first great step toward meeting the unemployment question with a sound, constructive and practical program."

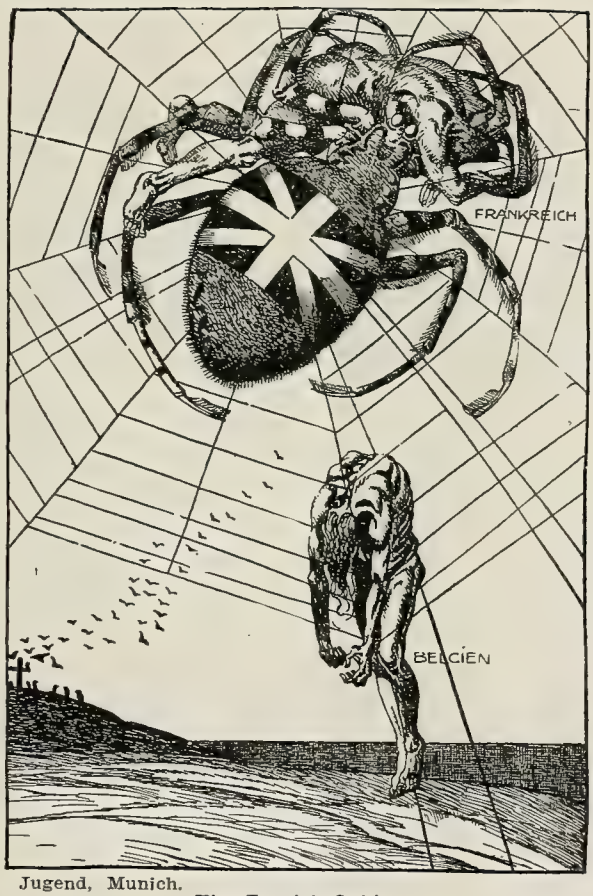
Yes, Amos, that will be a step. But why stop with the step? Let us make the whole journey. Let us start now and not stop until the people have taken possession, by wholesale restoration, of all of the means of production and distribution of the necessities of life. Let us immediately take over the means of communication and exchange, and

wrest from the capitalist pirates all the machinery of exploitation.

If you and your class will join the workers in this we will yield you a point and begin with the land, but you must stick with us and insist on no cessation until we reach the goal—the socialization of the sources of life.

* * *

THAT Europe's Armageddon is turning out to be Socialism in disguise is the hopeful declaration



Jugend, Munich.
The English Spider

of Stephen Aspden, who is a special correspondent and whose articles are printed in that delightfully progressive and sterling daily newspaper the Los Angeles Times. In an article that is cheerfully headed with the little idiotic top caption used by this sheet, "Bad to Worse," the writer has cribbed extensively from the Russian writer who declares that the war has brought Europe fifty years nearer to state ownership, of all things collectively used. The writer says: "The Socialists claim to be a peace party, but what they could not get through peace they will get through war. When war broke out short-sighted people said that Socialism had disappeared. Socialists everywhere, in France, Germany and Austria, stuck patrioically to their governments. The short-sighted claimed that by this surrender to Chauvanism the Socialists gave their cause away. In reality Socialists were unconsciously doing Socialism their best conceivable service. They are helping the state to realize Prof. Wagner's old prediction that 'war on the scale of our modern million armies can be provided for economically only if the state have refuge to the most drastic schemes of Socialistic expropriation.' The war is a bloody way of realizing Socialist notions. A social revolution might be equally bloody and it would have no chances of success."

The writer goes at length to show instances where England and continental countries have seized public industries and makes a rather strong case that after the war there will be a distinct movement in favor of holding and operating all that has been taken. Like all superficial students he makes the profound mistake of confusing state capitalism with Socialism. We wish his predictions as to Socialist gains were based on more careful deductions.

* * *

THOSE discerning ones who have been taking consolation from the statements that Socialism is no longer a menace to capitalism in Germany must have experienced a distinct shock to learn that a Socialist had been elected to the City Council in Berlin and that there is a great rallying movement all over Germany.

It is true that Socialists of the world suffered a terrible defeat when the world war began. Our dreams of peace were shattered. We had hoped that the propaganda had spread and that the working class of all countries was alive to the needs of

solidarity in the stand against war. We had hoped to establish an unshakable international working class that should know no artificial geographical boundaries; that should recognize but one common cause—that of bringing about the new age of co-operation, peace and plenty for all mankind.

As for the present cataclysm, Socialists, whether they be in the trenches of Europe or in the industrial battle of the so-called neutral nations, realize that it is the barbarisms of "peace" under capitalism that are the greatest cause of war.

In countries involved in the struggle there is an admitted check to our great movement, but to call it a collapse of Socialism as some writers have expressed it—that is an expression born of the hope in the hearts of the privileged classes. These exploiters, who are riding easy on the shoulders of labor, may see the terrible consequences of war. They may feel that business will for the time be paralyzed, but they prefer this to the hostile hosts of Socialism who were steadily, possibly slowly but with great precision undermining the foundations of their house.

❖ ❖ ❖

WHILE you are getting your morning shudder over the statements of the killed and wounded on the European battle front, pause between your oats and your eggs and take a look at the list of killed on one of America's fields of slaughter.

Take the mining and quarrying industries: During the past year the victims killed and wounded total 103,631. Of these 3631 were killed outright. This is a death rate of 3.49 in every 1000 of the 1,047,000 men employed in the industries mentioned.

Dr. J. A. Holmes, director of the bureau of mines says the death rate is excessive and unnecessary and a discredit to the industry and the country. Let us quote this authority:

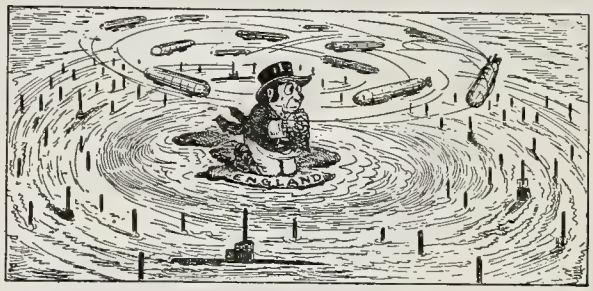
"I believe I am conservative when I say that half of the 3651 men killed in the year 1913 might have been saved, and three-fourths of the 100,000 men injured in the same year might have escaped injury had all the various agencies involved—the operators, the miners and the state and national governments—done their full duty in the matter."

None will disagree with the director. Had these capitalist institutions done their full duty toward humanity it would have reduced the dividends upon which private ownership depends for its existence.

There is but one remedy—the nation must take over these and all other large industries and all the natural sources of life and operate them for the benefit of the collectivity.

❖ ❖ ❖

WAR has taught to thousands in the field the power of cooperative effort. As one magazine writer has put it: Sooner or later, if the world is to stand and mankind is to continue to advance, peace will have to go school to War to learn the



A Horrible Picture
Philippine Free Press, Manila.

art of caring for men. That divine altruism which we see fusing in one great glow the armies in Europe today will somehow have to be blown abroad through the infinite tomorrows. The millions who in the trenches today see on every hand the manifold advantages of cooperation will not forever tolerate the lack of this fine thing in times of peace. Not forever will a mere extension of boundaries and huge indemnities to be used by the state in the preparation for further wars be accepted by men as compensation for the bloodshed and ruin of homes.

This does not mean that war is a desirable school, but it indicates that there will be something wholesome and of value taught to the survivors of the struggle.

After the struggle shall have ended there will come an era of constructive effort under collective control that will mark the dawn of a new and glorious day for all mankind.

City Mothers' Fox Trot

By GEORGIA KOTSCH

PROFESSOR LARKIN, in a recent article, pronounces the sustained poise in the air of birds on motionless wings one of the greatest mysteries of nature.

That isn't a circumstance as a mystery to the happenstance in human nature of a lot of politicians, no better, if no worse, than average folks, being transmuted presto pronto by the fact of election to office into protectors of virtue and moral models for the youth of the land.

Which is by way of remarking that we have had a municipal dance.

A municipal dance is a philanthropic effort put forth by the Managers of our Morals to furnish chemically pure, government inspected recreation for people who will do wrong if not watched.

Dollars and decency, purity and privilege are synonymous terms. That is why the moment an individual or a family annexes a sizeable bunch of kale it automatically becomes respectable and of some account. Accordingly, it would seem that a brass-bound, fully guaranteed method of regenerating the world would be to make all the people well-to-do. A cheaper way is the municipal dance. People usually prefer a round-about way of doing things, anyhow.

This dance was a great success. As the first requisite it was thoroughly chaperoned. The only picture I every saw of God represented him with an eye in the back of his head—the creation of the unco guid who believe that nobody can be trusted out of sight.

The dance was more than chaperoned—it was mothered, and by a new and most appropriate sort of mother. The old-fashioned article furnished for some years past by Dame Nature for ordinary requirements has proven inadequate to modern exigencies. Neither were these foster, step or in-law. They were City Mothers, as becoming to a municipal function. To climate Los Angeles has added this second distinguishing feature.

Beautifully gowned, they stood in a row, graciously patronizing, ready to receive the naughtily inclined boys and girls who have no nice dances to go to, and saying in effect:

"Dear girls, gaze upon us. What we are, you should try to become. We have come as Exhibit A and we have even loaned for the occasion the scions of our families, that you may be impressed with the fact that virtue and money and good clothes are their own reward."

But there was nary an impress. The dance, as remarked, was a tremendous success. The only thing that was the matter with it was that the people for whom it was planned didn't come. Instead, a lot of nice young folks who are accustomed to going to respectable dances (or the dances nowadays designated as such) and to behaving themselves as respectable people behave there, came and were neither better nor worse than if they had attended some other dance.

But suppose the children of the perverse poor had attended! Think of the cruelty of it! As intimated, the affair was also chaperoned by the City Fathers. They also stood in a row. Middle-aged men, even if personally justified in so doing, seldom go it too strong on the pattern of virtue pose. Young America is irreverent and given to knowing winks. But there the Fathers stood, sartorially resplendent in up-to-snuff haberdashery, like veritable Dukes of Kalamazoo or Viscounts of Watts receiving their tenantry. The City Sons and Uncles and Nephews were there, too.

Think of the susceptible hearts of $3 and $6-per-week cannery and department store girls palpitating through one brief, butterfly evening, tripping the tanglefoot, dipping the devil-dare, breathless in the bunny hug, in a perfectly respectable dance with these irresistible creatures! The great inducement held out in the advertisement of the dance was that you would have an opportunity to shake a foot with Somebody.

Many a young heart would have gone to the next day's grind haunted by the hopeless vision of the graceful flapping of a police sergeant's coattails in the tango. It would simply have created needless mental suffering.

If Mrs. Charity Club-Dub or Mrs. Fashion de Fussfeathers lend the luster of their presence and their sons to grace the festive scene, does that indicate that they will countenance a mesalliance with a $6-a-weeker? Nay, Natalie; alas, Alys, not so. Philanthropy runneth not to such extremes.

Take it all in all, there is just this one thing can be said: A joyride originating at a police-City Mother supervised dance is orthodox, while a joyride originating at other dances is likely to furnish a text for a sensational preacher next Sunday.

One other thing some simple people may say, and that is: If the people had what they earned they would look after their own recreations and would be just as likely to be decent as their betters.

Whether City Mothers were invented to mother the city or to mother the chances of political candi-

dates, take it from me, a new brand of mother is not the crying need of the hour. What is more needed is a fair deal for the common or garden variety.

They must bear the race and everybody's advice. The City Mothers have not only given a muny dance, but they have issued, through the schools, a letter of advice to mothers about their girls. Every reformer who sets out to fix up the world includes advice to mothers in his kit of tools. If it would do the good folks seem to think it will, the world would long ere now have ceased from troubling and we would be going downtown and to the beach on snowy pinions instead of being racked with the jitney bus problem.

For ever since that first indiscretion of Foremother Eve, followed by a tragedy—among the boys, by the way, and not the girls of her family—advice to mothers as a remedy for the ills society is heir to has been pretty well tried out. The girl problem, which is still with us in increased proportions, seems to indicate that they either cannot or will not act upon the advice showered upon them free as salvation. I am inclined to think it is the former. However excellent the quality, the quantity would give them moral indigestion.

The City Mothers, however, seem to take a different view, for they say, "Why wantonly waste boy and girl life?" Mothers may ignorantly waste the life of their young, or they may, as is generally the case, see it wasted through stress of circumstances, but I think there is no appreciable number of mothers who wantonly waste it.

The letter points out that the dangers to girls have multiplied a hundred-fold in the last twenty-five years, owing to the fact that they must be employed largely outside of the home—which is more a multiplication of working girls than of dangers, for the poor girl who had to "hire out" always had her dangers.

"The welfare of the girl is woman's problem, especially the mothers. The safeguarding of the daughter lies in the first place in the mother's knowledge of danger, her conviction that her daughter does not differ vastly from other girls, etc." With that statement, one mother wants to flatly disagree, because it throws on her mother the responsibility which belongs equally to the father and beyond him to all society. Often the father has more time to look after the girl's whereabouts than the mother; has a better suit to go in and knows a heap better where the places of enticement are, but it has never occurred to anybody to expect him to spend his spare time that way. His duty is to go into conniptions and pretend he wants a gun after something has happened.

"Let Ma do it," so says he, and so says a shirking society.

Sympathy between the mother and daughter is the one great safeguard—that and improved social environment. I say that, and it sounds exactly like a safe and sane reformer, which I am not. I must spoil it. That very sympathy costs money. The mother must have money for presentable clothes in which to go out and for leisure in which to think and train her children—money to provide recreation for them if they are not to depend on men for it.

If through poverty she is cut off from the social world, how can she guide her child's feet through it? This is a fact: Mothers seeing their girls deprived of the youthful pastimes to which they are entitled, in the pity and pain of their mother hearts, allow them to go with slightly known men because it is their only chance for entertainment. This is not wise, but it is mighty human and good advice will not correct it.

Espionage will not protect girls. It arouses resentment and a determination to circumvent it. No more will public paternalism or maternalism protect them.

I am set in the belief that the only improvement in social environment which will be basic and will not let loose as many evils as it suppresses will come only when all the people have enough of the world's store to provide them time and means for attending properly to their own affairs, and when the managers of our morals will be so busy doing their share of the world's work that their advice will be all bottled up.

U. S. Battleship Sunk!

"REMEMBER the Maine!"
To arms! To arms!

Stop the press and open up page one. Take out the picture of the heiress, whose airdale pup swallowed grandma's pearl. Give us room according to our strength. We've got to make a smear on this story when it comes through.

Read this flash bulletin: "Battleship Maine sunk at the Brooklyn Navy Yard!"

But hold! Here's the story: "First-class battleship Main was sunk at her moorings in a shallow basin at the Brooklyn navy yard today. An officer whose duty it was to see that the torpedo tubes below the water line were closed had been absent from his post three days and the ship filled with water and sank. An investigating board has been appointed."

Shades of Paul Jones, Decatur, Farragut, Schley: be kind to us and withhold thy ghostly mirth.—G.E.B.

The Municipal Hesitation

SOCIETY dames of Los Angeles and Chicago have assumed the task of the censorship of the morals of the dancing portion of the proletariat. In Los Angeles the City Mothers have taken up the censorship of the fox trot and the eagle rock—which have followed the grizzly bear and the bunny hug. These city mothers are providing dances and inviting the daughters of the poor and sons of the rich to mingle, without regard to the fact that the junesse doree of the city has papa's fast roadster or limousine at the door, and it's but a few minutes' run to roadhouse or beach resort. In Chicago the ladies of Lake Shore Drive and Sheridan Road intrude at the municipal dance and insist on chaperoning and censoring. The following was written by Ed. McIntyre of Sioux City and printed in the Union Advocate. It is a clever satire and fits the California case:

Yetta to Ignatz.

Eegnatz, in dot hesitation,
Hold me loose—like some relation—
Eff dee choperone gots mad
Dot veel mek me feel so bad.
Oye! I got it such a feelink
Dot it makes my head go reelink
Mrs. Potter Palmerstein
Veel not like dot dip of mine.

Fiametta to Tonio.

Joost-a-wait-a one a-minute-a, Tonio.
Dees-a hug-a me tight-a beez-a, he no go.
I gotta for you-a joost-a leet-a tip—
Dees a—what-a you call-a?—lame-a duck an dip
You gotta cot out-a, queek; you mak-a me sore,
Nobody dance-a dees-a way no more.
Hesitaish? Ah, dat's-a rot'
You gotta do-a fox-a-trot
An' jump-a, pump-a, bump-a 'round da floor.

Hulda to Ole.

Ay know all does ladies faces.
Ay bane maid at lots o' places.
Ay skall tall you, Ole Bensen,
Ven de do deer Tango densen
Dee don't kaar hoe tight men hold 'em—
No von ever came to scold 'em.
Ven dee go avay from haar
Ve vill dense da grizzly baar.

Mayme to Steve.

Listen, kid. I'm good and sore.
Say we beat it off the floor.
These here dames from Lake Shore drive
Gets my goat. Let's do a dive.
If the hens stick 'round an' snoop,
Me for some place in the loop.
I can't dance Y. M. C. A.,
Lead me to a cabaray.

New Worlds to Conquer

By JOHN M. WORK

I DON'T know whether it is true or not, but it is reported by tradition that after young Alexander the Great, in the third century before Christ, had overcome the pirates and freebooters of the Aegean Sea; after he had subdued the Thracians, the Getae, the Illyrians, the Taulantians and the Thebans; after he had reduced Asia Minor to submission; after he had undone the Gordian Knot, to the untier of which the fates had decreed the empire of the world; after he had overcome Darius in the great battle of Issus; after he had captured Demascus; after he had compelled Tyre to surrender and butchered its inhabitants; after he had captured Gaza, willed all the men and sold the women and children into slavery; after he had subjugated Egypt, founded the City of Alexandria and named it after himself; after he had consulted the oracle of Amun and been declared by it to be the son of Jupiter; after he had defeated Darius at Arbela; after he had scared Babylon and Susa into submission; after he had annihilated Ariobarzanes and his 40,000 picked men; after he had taken Persepolis, the seat of the Persian Empire, and while drunk burned the gorgeous royal palace at the bidding of an Athenian harlot; after he had reduced Media to submission by the terror of his name; after he had hunted Darius to his death and then buried him with great pomp in the tombs of the Persian kings; after he had conquered Spitamenes, the satrap; after he had answered Oxyartes' scornful question as to whether the Macedonians had wings by climbing the cliff and taking his position; after he had murdered his faithful general, Clitus; after he had subjugated India, conquering innumerable hosts; after he had quelled a mutiny of his soldiers by a flattering speech; and after he had put the finishing touches on his ascendency by subduing the Cassees: it is reported by tradition that he sat down, put his face in his hands and wept because there were no more worlds to conquer.

And, because he thought he had run out of things to do, this brilliant Macedonian, who, with all his inordinate vanity and ambition, was nevertheless more

humane and magnanimous than his contemporaries, resorted to dissipation, gorged himself at a magnificent feast, and died, at the age of 33, in the three hundred and twenty-third year before Christ.

If this tradition be true, Alexander the Great was a short-sighted man.

He had not even conquered himself.

There were greater unconquered worlds lying all about him than that which he had already conquered.

Before and since his time, men have been conquering new worlds.

For example, they have reduced language to a science.

They have evolved a literature to be proud of.

They have compelled the lens and the waves of ether to do their bidding.

They have penetrated the secrets of the stars.

They have hypnotized the prehistoric rocks and compelled them to reveal the mysteries so long withheld.

They have lighted the lamp of investigation and banished the shadows of superstition.

They have undermined the doctrine of the divine right of kings.

They have lashed the continents together.

They have girdled the earth with steel rails and electric wires.

They have discovered and invented myriads of useful devices of varying degrees of delicacy from a watch to a piledriver.

They have conquered many other worlds.

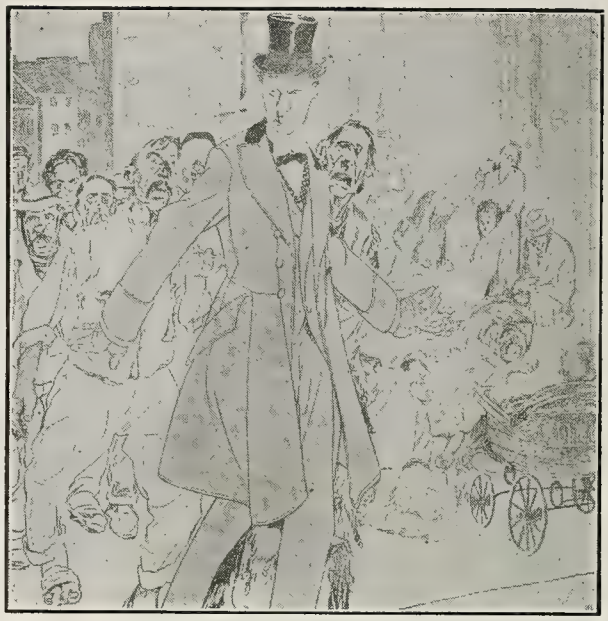
Nevertheless, there are still untold new worlds to conquer—scientific, philosophical, literary, artistic, mental, moral and spiritual.

Individuals here and there are attempting to conquer these new worlds.

But, the masses of the people are barred out from any such attempt. The masses of the people have to work so hard and such long hours that they have no time nor vitality left for higher things. And, even if they had the time and vitality, they have not the means.

Before the masses of the people can take any part in the exquisite pleasure and profit of conquering these new worlds, they must emancipate themselves from these conditions which now prevent such participation.

They must abolish capitalism, which bars them out from these higher privileges, and introduce Socialism, which will open up to them all the avenues to the higher life.



THE BELGIANS IN LONDON

"We asked you to die for us only—you needn't live for us."

Simplicissimus.

In other words, the new economic world must first be conquered, before the conditions wherein the other new worlds can be conquered, are to be obtained by the masses of the people.

The Socialist commonwealth must be introduced—the collective ownership and control of the industries.

This will emancipate the working masses and give them free access to the higher things of life.

Into the Lunacy Fringe?

NOW that Theodore Roosevelt has joined the Metropolitan staff, we shall have to watch our breakovers. Wouldn't it be awful to catch the wrong "Continued on Page 24" line and read out of the colonel's superb diction and the matchless English right smack into something written by a prowlingtarian of the "lunacy fringe"?

When Comrade T. Roosevelt and Comrade M. Hillquitt and Comrade A. Lee get in on the same page, T. R. will do well to acknowledge himself in the "parlor socialist" class he formerly has so sharply brought to task.

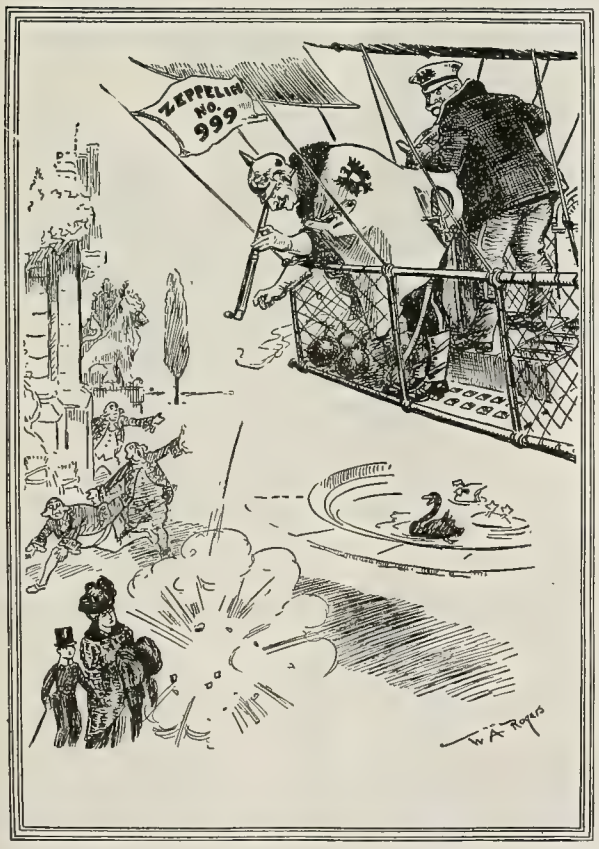
Anyway, we welcome this new writer to our ranks. Once out of the murky and cobwebby pages of the Outlook into the clear, crisp atmosphere of the Metropolitan, the colonel doubtless will brighten up and contribute as much to the gaiety of a dull, drab season.—E. d'O.

Sees Progress in Defeat

FRANK HARRIS, formerly editor of the Fortnightly and Saturday Review, London, has written for American newspapers a remarkable article in which he boldly asserts that England's hope of progress lies in a sharp defeat. He declares her gift to humanity is all given—all that can be done under the rule of capitalism—and that ultimately the powers of the world will take the sceptre of the seas from her nerveless hands and neutralize the waters as they must neutralize the air.

Placing his interpretation on the situation the writer views England and Germany as the dominant factors in the struggle. He says:

"What Germany ought to do at once is to conclude peace with Russia and with France and address herself to the real conflict with England. She would have done that already if her diplomacy had been at all equal to her fighting power. Clearly it is now her most pressing need. But is it possible? one will ask. England has been very clever in binding both Russia and France in a treaty not to conclude peace separately. What can Germany do to untie the allied bond?



New York Herald.

"Hi, Count! I almost got Cousin Mary."

"Bismarck would tell her to begin with Russia. The Czar admires the Kaiser; the Romanoffs are still more despotic than the Hohenzollerns; in many respects, too, the needs of Russia and the ambitions of Russia resemble those of Germany. Russia wants to get to Constantinople above all things, as Germany wants to keep Antwerp. Germany can give financial aid to Russia almost as freely as France has done, and if Russia demands territorial aggrandizement it would pay Germany to give her Galicia for the sake of an immediate peace.

"With Russia pacified, Germany could deal with France at once. She could offer to withdraw from French soil and even concede some French communes in Lorraine, or else overwhelm France and overrun the whole country. France could not hesitate. She would conclude peace, and so Germany would at length come to hand-grips with her real enemy.

"Thanks to the greed of her landowning oligarchy, England does not produce one-quarter enough food to supply her own wants; this is the Achilles heel of England.

"Face to face with England alone, Germany would quickly build a navy, or at least submarines and airships enough, to lame English commerce and send up the price of food in Great Britain to famine prices. But why do I assume that Germany will show more initiative and forethought than England? Simply because she is showing more now.

"Already, had there been any prevision or ordinary foresight in Great Britain, her statesmen would have established vast granaries and filled them with American corn and American canned meats. Germany has already taken measures to protect her food supplies, and Germany's need in this respect is not a tenth so pressing as England's need. But nothing will ever teach the English oligarchy or dissipate their pleasure-sodden dream of perpetual parasitical enjoyment except defeat in war. They have always 'muddled through' somehow or other, and it is easier to go on from day to day and from hand to mouth than to think and by thinking avoid catastrophe and prepare triumph.

"The great trinity of Asquith, Churchill, and Kitchener may be trusted to muddle sleepily along till they are awakened by a sudden terrifying rise in the price of bread and by the growl of revolt from the East End, hunger supplying courage. One-third of England's population is always on the verge of starvation, as Booth proved; this is England's desperate weakness.

Half a dozen bread-ships captured by the Germans or sunk by their submarines, and England would have to pay at once for the callous selfishness of her rich, the corruption of her judiciary, the inhuman shortsightedness of her politicians. There would either be a social revolution in England or she would accept defeat,

Numero, Turin.

A New Form of Paving for the French and Belgian Cities

hand Germany her sea scepter, and sink to the level of another Holland. Her oligarchy—her Roseberys and Sutherlands, her Manchesters, Rutlands, Norfolks, and Bedfords—might in their hearts prefer this latter alternative; but the English people are a proud and struggle-loving people; once 'up against it,' they may be trusted to get rid of their snobbishness, make short work of their parasite masters, and get down to business.

"The one hope of progress in England is sharp defeat in war. Everyone who loves England should pray for a bitter lesson. More than a hundred years ago now Tom Paine declared that nothing would civilize England till the blood of her children had been shed on their own hearths. It will take a defeat in war to wrest the land of England from the lords who stole it and give it back to the people. . . . Defeat would turn England into 'a modern state and give her a chance of union with her colonies on a democratic basis and a new lease of life as a confederation of sister states.'

"It would be easy for England to put her house in order without the sharp compulsion of defeat and necessity; but I am convinced there is no hope of it. Those who think so don't know England, the numberless warnings she has had and the adder ears she turns to every suggestion of right and justice or even of enlightened self-interest.

"Prophets have been sent to her, such as Carlyle and Ruskin; but England does not even listen to their jeremiads; again and again, as in the South African War, she has only managed to escape defeat at an overwhelming cost; but still she won't stop even to think. She alienated Germany by her unprovoked attack on the Boers, and France in order to grab Egypt,

Punch, London.

Imperial Dachshund: "Here I've been sitting up and doing tricks and you take no more notice of me than if—"
Uncle Sam: "Cut it out!"

and Egypt is plainly a source of weakness to her today and not of strength, and South Africa she had to restore to the Boers, though the silly war had cost her a thousand millions of pounds. At length she has a real enemy and will have to fight for her lordship of the seas and her vast unused oversea possessions."

Out to Sea

By A. F. GANNON

SLIPPED from her moorings at some sheltered quay,
So trim of line and straight of slender spar,
I saw her drift across the white-capped bar,
And out to the inclement, wind-swept sea.

THE Sweetest Woman was in a controversial mood. As we left the public library and turned uptown toward Central Park, in the early morning Los Angeles sunshine, she contended:

"But, dear, Emerson DID love the mass."

"Not like the Good Gray Poet," I opined—not without intent.

"Poet!" she pouted, "poof!"

I had touched a tender spot. The lyrical Tennyson was her ideal of a poet, and his mystical "Memoriam" and "Two Voices" were to her the last word in poetry.

"Yes, indeed, a true poet!" I fervently and futilely insisted; for this was not the first time that the S. W. and I had argued as to the status of the wondrous Walt.

"Emerson knew," I continued, "but Whitman felt, and shook his fist at injustice, stupidity and conventionalism, rising to heights that your intellectual aristocrat, Emerson, never topped."

We had reached the trim little square, in all its geometrical grandeur, and crossed diagonally toward the Fifth and Olive streets corner, which was reserved for women and children with their escorts.

Seated here on one of the green slat benches that edged the broad brick walk, the S. W. turned to her book, "The Conduct of Life," and I to mine.

"A WOMAN'S BODY AT AUCTION! I HELP THE AUCTIONEER—THE SLOVEN DOES NOT HALF KNOW HIS BUSINESS. GENTLEMEN, LOOK ON THIS WONDER! WHATEVER THE BIDS OF THE BIDDERS, THEY CANNOT BE HIGH ENOUGH FOR IT. EXAMINE THE LIMBS, THEY ARE SO CUNNING IN TENDON AND NERVE; THEY SHALL BE STRIPPED THAT YOU MAY SEE THEM."

I felt a soft, solicitous hand on my shoulder, and a tremulous voice was saying:

"Bobbie, dear, don't look JUST now, but I think that girl is ill or in trouble and wants to speak to me. She has SUCH a look in her eyes."

I knew from her use of the diminutive that she was deeply concerned, so with an assumption of nonchalance I looked up from my book and after sweeping the park with a glance let it rest on the young girl who occupied the bench almost directly across the brick paved way.

She was probably twenty years of age, and was dressed in a cheap gray and not overly well-fitting suit, with a broad dark hat upon which bobbed a black plume. She was undeniably pretty, but at the moment my glance surprised her there was a driven look in the stare fixed upon my companion that with the pallor of her face detracted much from her comeliness. Her eyes fell and she fumbled at the little black reticule in her lap as a modish young fellow with clean-shaven though somewhat pasty cheeks sat down beside her.

Evidently park rules had no terrors for him and common courtesy was not on his calling list, for he was no sooner seated than he drew an elaborate case from an inner coat pocket and yielded himself to the solace of a cigarette.

"What a nerve!" whispered the S. W.

I concurred.

"He'll be speaking to her next—he IS!" she indignantly concluded, under her breath.

A little gust had blown the smoke from his cigarette across the girl's face and forced her to cough slightly. In an instant he had removed his hat, thrown away the offending cigarette and was apologizing profusely for his obviously premeditated act. The girl, after nervously replying with a frightened half-smile that it didn't matter, edged away toward the farther end of the seat; but my gay lothario, placing a proper value upon the virtue of perseverance, managed soon to ingratiate himself into the girl's favor until in the end an intermittent conversation was in swing.

I could see that S. W.'s interest in the affair began to wane rapidly at this point, and that her opinion of the girl had undergone a sudden metamorphosis—she applied herself to her Emerson in determination.

"SEX CONTAINS ALL, BODIES, SOULS, MEANINGS, PROOFS, PURITIES, DELICACIES, PROMULGATIONS, SONGS, COMMANDS, HEALTH, PRIDE—ALL HOPES, BENEFACTIONS, BESTOWALS—LOVERS' BEAUTIES, DELIGHTS OF EARTH, ALL GOVERNMENTS, JUDGES, GODS——"

The voice of the girl broke in upon my reflections:

"And papa said: 'If you DO go to Los Angeles, don't send to me when you're broke'."

I looked up. The girl's cheeks were flaming and the youth was talking to her in a low voice.

She opened her reticule and dropped into it a white

(Continued on page 29)

Colonists Clear and P

Great Activity Shown in All Dep

ABOUT 60,000 new members have been added to the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony since last month. Of these 55,000 or more are in the fry stage. Later they will be fingerlings and still later they will be fully recognizable as members of the family salmo irrideus, beautiful rainbow trout.

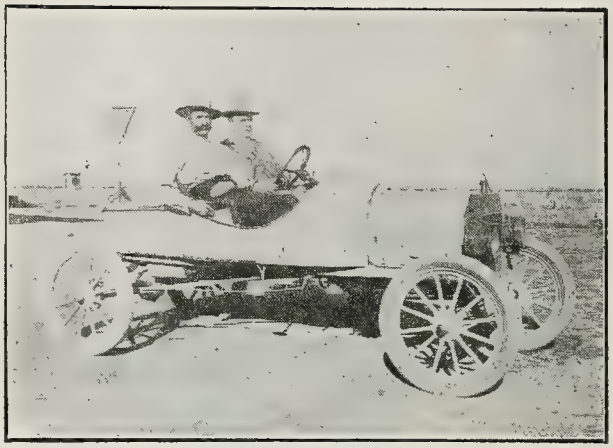
Then there are several hundred white leghorns—pullets and hens. There are several hundred rabbits (if this is an over-estimate, the rabbits will doubtless make good in a brief space), and other animals and fowls are arriving with and without previous notice.

As for the human membership, that is also increasing with satisfactory speed. The greatest activity has prevailed during the past few weeks, owing to the necessity for rushing the spring crops, getting the irrigation system in good order and preparing the land for planting.

The large clearing crew has completed work on the 160 acres known as the Goodwin place and a number of the men have been transferred from this work to the irrigation department, where they are running new laterals and irrigating.

Llano Girls Have Several Basketball Teams

In the horticultural department eleven thousand grape cuttings have been planted, and seed beds have been completed for seedlings and these have all been planted. During the past week 4500 trees were placed in nursery rows. It is expected that by next spring many thousand additional trees will be added to these.



D. J. Wilson (at wheel), manager of Commerce Department, and W. S. Anderson, ranch superintendent. The machine is known as the Llano Lizzie. It has the record between Los Angeles and the colony—three hours and twenty-five minutes.

In the garden department, they are working several teams and half dozen men. Six acres have been planted in potatoes and all of the seed for the lettuce, radishes, onions, beets, carrots, parsnips and peas are in the ground. Hot beds have been completed and sweet potatoes planted. Head Gardener P. A. Knobbs reports excellent progress and is irrigating the land in his division.

D. C. Copley, who is in charge of the poultry department, has taken over all of the geese, ducks, turkeps and chickens and added to them to something over six hundred chickens which he took into the colony. He has two large modern poultry houses and has his division in excellent condition. He is making preparation to receive one thousand additional chicks in his division, on April 7.

The fish hatchery is shaping up in a satisfactory manner, under the supervision of L. A. Zachritz, who reports little loss in the hatching. Two new troughs have been completed and David Kennedy and Pete Schindler have completed trout pond No. 1, which is 30x120. Thomas Robinson, formerly of the Canadian fisheries, has charge of the fish hatchery and according to reports he has made it has the potentiality of one of the greatest hatcheries on the Pacific Coast.

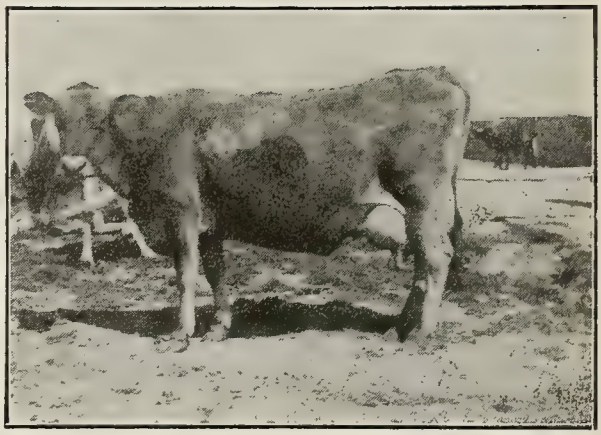
ant Community Lands
rments of Co-operative Enterprise

Superintendent W. S. Anderson reports good progress in all departments, both as to live stock and agriculture

Under the new constitution a community commission has been formed composed of nine members. This makes the organization of the Llano del Rio Colony as follows: Board of directors, composed of nine members; community commission, composed of nine members; a tribunate of three, two censors (this is a sort of board of survey) and two advocates. The general assembly elects all of these officials except the directorate, which is elected by the stockholders of the company.

Under this arrangement, the community commission, which meets in general counsel with the directorate once a month, has charge of affairs of the colony, but does not enter into the business management of the general offices which are handled by the directors. The new plan is working well and will work smoother as soon as all parties understand the new method.

The directorate is composed of Job Harriman, president; G. P. McCorkle, secretary, and Messrs. Wilson, Cooke, Engle, Snell, Anderson, McMahon and Wolfe. The community commission is organized as follows: J. A. Cokely, chairman; E. E. Glass, secretary and Messrs. Stanley, Richardson, Valla, Spencer, Harper, Heffner and Kilmer. The censors are Messrs. Boeken and Groves. The advocates are F. F. Schmidt and Ray Keough. The chairman of the general assembly is J. A. Stewart and H. A. Wille is the secretary. The tribunate is composed of Horace Farmer,



An Ideal Jersey of the Llano del Rio Colony Herd

The "Grandstand"—Group of Colonists Who Were Spectators at a Baseball Game.

chairman, George Reeslund, secretary, and Messrs. Knobbs, Page and Dawson.

The new working plan divides colony management and activities into six departments—agriculture, building and engineering, commerce, industry, education and finance. These departments are divided into divisions. Each department has a manager and each division a foreman. The head of the agricultural department acts as general superintendent. In the agricultural department, Superintendent W. S. Anderson has charge. The divisions under this department and the foreman are as follows: Gardening, Knobbs; horticulture, Dawson; irrigation, Harper; dairy, Mathewson; poultry, Copley; hogs, Gustenberg; rabbits, Kilmer; apiary, Burdick; horses and teaming, Cokely.

Building and engineering, Messrs Cooke and Glass. The former is chief architect and the latter chief engineer; carpentry, Reeslund; millwork, Heffner; masonry, Cedarstrom; plumbing, Ruff.

The department of commerce is under the charge of D. J. Wilson, who is the purchasing agent.

The industrial department is under the charge of J. L. Stanley; blacksmithing, Taylor; repairing, Wille and Hermance; tractor, Farmer; auto-transportation, Spencer, Miller.

In the educational department, Miss Helen Tyler and Miss Elinor Richards have charge of the school and Prudence Stokes Brown will soon be added to the teaching staff. There will be a reorganization and enlargement of this department and it will take in the night schools, lectures and other extension features.

At a recent meeting of the general assembly, the following standing committees were selected: Reception, Mrs. Biles, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. McMahon, Mrs. Landon and George Milligan; amusement, Ray Keough, Miss Cassady and Mrs. Cederstrom; fire department, Messrs. Earl Glass, Frank Ruff and Bert Kenney; athletics, Kate Heffner, H. Farmer and W. S. Anderson; children's welfare, Miss Tyler, Mrs. Earle, Heffner, Page and Taylor; sanitary department, Messrs. Harper, Moss and Mrs. Groves.

Earl E. Glass, Chief Engineer, Llano del Rio Colony

Miss Kate Heffner has proven popular as chairman of the athletic committee, and George T. Collins, auditor of the company, has been appointed athletic coach and he will drill and instruct the young people in outdoor games.

Need of New Brains

By MORRISON I. SWIFT

A MAP of the brain such as I am making, is given in lieu of the microscope or chemical photograph which we cannot have because our agencies are not fine enough. A drawing of the signs must answer. These signs are what men **do**, and what they needlessly **tolerate**; they are the social conditions we live in without social vomiting. If a man can live contentedly in a sewer we know his nature, and if a race can live without vomiting and rebellion in a social sewer, we know what its brain constitution is.

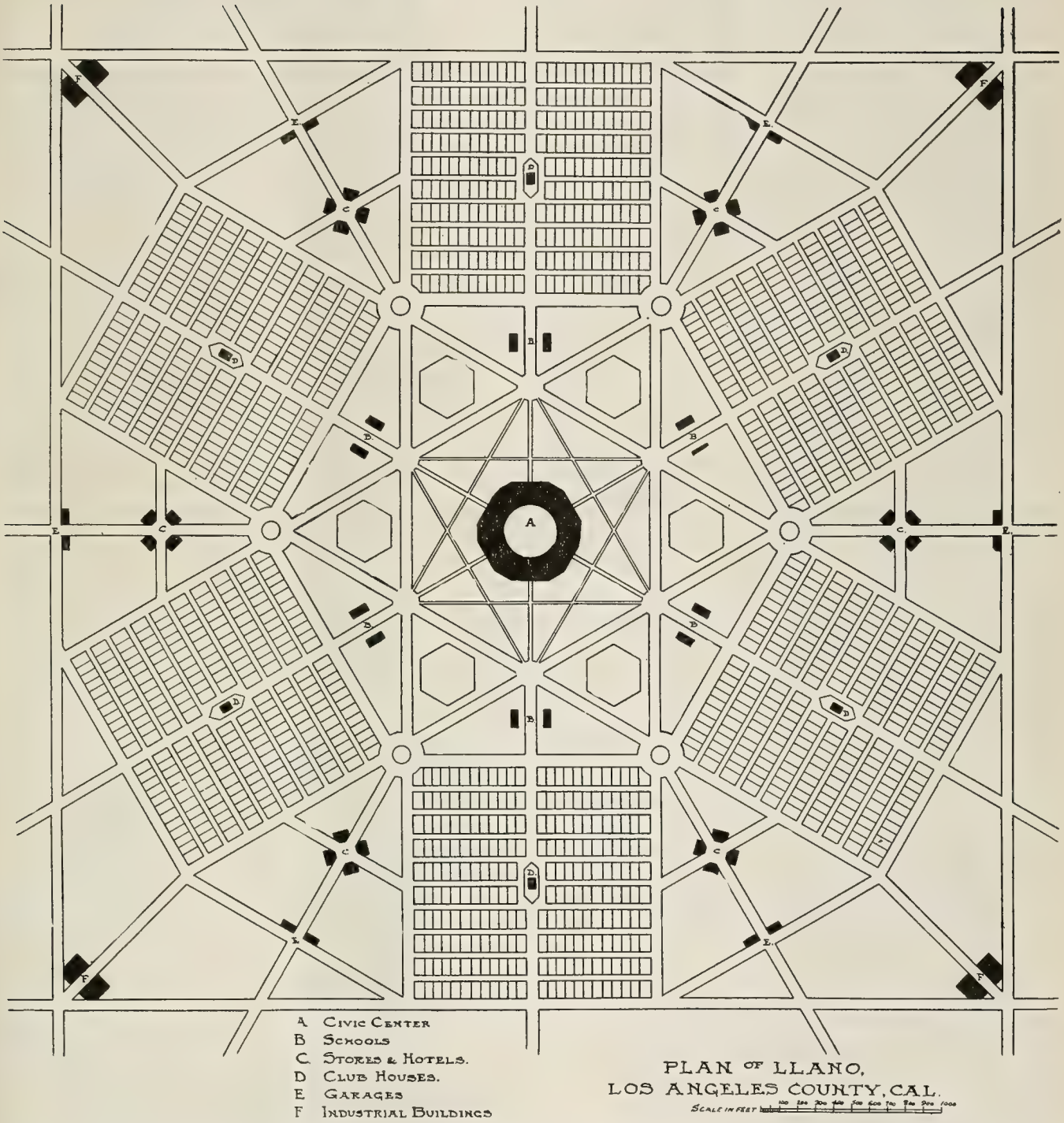
Now I affirm that we Americans live without retching or rebellion in a social sewer—in a society as vile to a right brain as a physical cesspool is to right senses.

IS THIS SO?

If it is so, we certainly need a new type of brain and will use any means offered by heaven to get it. The sewer resident would, if he learned how to see and smell.

To educate these organs in the sewer man is the problem. To educate the brain organs of seeing, smelling, hearing and feeling in ourselves, is the problem for us who dwell without loathing and rebellion in the social sewer. A true map of the sewer will do this. And so I give the facts of life about us as proofs of our ligatured, underformed brain faculties, not to ridicule that brain, but that we may correct it.

Map of the City of Llano



THIS map of the proposed city of Llano was designed by Leonard A. Cooke, chief architect of the Llano del Rio colony. The present settlement is on the main highway, just to the left of the civic center circle. The office building now stands just above the letter A on the map. The first permanent houses, according to plans, will be erected in the section at the upper center in the map. The first permanent school building will be at the right of the letter B, upper part of the map. The second section to be built up, according to plans, will be that in the upper right portion of the map. This will not be begun until the first section has been all taken. The blacksmith and machine shop is now located at the point near E in the left center part of the map. All the broad streets will be lined with ornamental shade trees and in the narrower streets will be pergolas and vines.

Open Under New Management

By FRANK H. WARE

SCENE: Heaven, from the exterior. In center, massive gates marked "18-karat. From Tiffany." From within can be heard a great choir singing Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus." Slowly the heavy gates swing inward. In center on throne sits Jehovah. Surrounding him is the large choir, among whom are many great celebrities and warriors of the ages. To the right of the throne is Bismarck, carefully balancing a halo on his head. On the left stands Moses. Others lounging about the foot of the throne are Caesar, Hannibal, Tamerlane, Napoleon, Sherman, Mark Antony, King Arthur, Gambetti, Hamlicar, Garibaldi, Wallenstein and Nibbin, the latter a converted cannibal from the South Seas.

(As music ceases, a messenger enters flying and cleverly volplanes to landing in front of throne, folds his wings and kneels.)

Jehovah—Speak, thou feathered courier. What now?

Messenger—(rises)—Almighty! A long prayer is sent up from every German church.

Jehovah—Well?

Messenger—(bows)—A prayer written by the Kaiser.

Jehovah—(interested)—And what doth the prayer say?

Messenger—That thou art on his side and that thou wilt aid him in defeating the enemy.

Jehovah—(smiling)—Verily, he speaketh with knowing voice.

Messenger—But, O Lord (bows) Thou dost not understand what ruction it hath caused in heaven.

Jehovah—(angrily)—Who interferes with a Lord's prayer?

Messenger—The chronicler of prayers, O Lord. He refuses to list and file it.

Jehovah—(rising in wrath)—Who is this chronicler!

Messenger—(frightened—)An Englishman. His name is Cromwell—Oliver Cromwell.

Jehovah—What right hath he to refuse this prayer?

Messenger—On the grounds that England is also a Christian nation and that thou art on their side; therefore, according to strict English censorship, he cannot catalog this prayer.

Jehovah—My worthy subjects, according to the law of Moses, Cromwell shall be assigned to the warmest spot in hell! Hannibal! Tamerlane! Mark Antony! Gambetti! Hamlicar! Garibaldi! Wallenstein! I call upon thee to remove this disobedient chronicler! Sherman, as an honorable soldier from America, and therefore neutral, I call upon thee to replace Cromwell.

(Hannibal, Tamerlane, Sherman, etc., all bow and exit.)

Bismarck—(to Caesar)—God is right.

Caesar—Alas, yes, Bismarck! As our friend Mark Hanna once remarked, "The Almighty has a corner on right."

Jehovah—Nibbin, thou art the best angel in heaven. On earth thou waxed fat on missionaries until converted; in heaven thou art content and satisfied. True, thou art ignorant and do not understand.

Nibbin—(looking into the face of Jehovah and grinning)—Etaoin shrdlu Nbskl qrbltnd brrbldnpt!

King Arthur—(aside to Napoleon)—By my word, Napoleon, as allies we should protest.

Napoleon—(shaking his head slowly)—I fear a breach in heaven, Arthur, which will wind up worse than Waterloo. Let us take a short stroll. Perhaps we may gather suggestions. (Both exit.)

(Enter messenger, hurriedly in hasty volplane. Bows.)

Messenger—Almighty! More news from the front!

Jehovah—Proceed.

Messenger—A report comes directly from Petrograd that the Russians have the Germans at their mercy. They have captured Pr—Pr—Prz—(Aside: Fires of Hell! I can't pronounce it.) They have taken Premizzizzle.

Jehovah—(rising)—Yes?

Messenger—Another prayer has come from the Germans requesting your aid in defeating these Russians.

Bismarck—(excitedly)—By heaven! It is just as I said it would be—some day all Teuton or all Slav!

Jehovah—Bismarck! Thou art not completely loyal! Remove thy presence until thou hast repented. Then return and salute me. PERHAPS I may forgive! (Exit Mismarck, dejectedly.)

Moses—Almighty Father, Thy wisdom knows no ending.

(Another messenger hurriedly flies in. Bows.)

Messenger—Great Jehovah, two prayers have arrived at the same time.

Jehovah—Well?

Messenger—One is from the Russians begging you to—

Jehovah—Censor it! Come, the other one! From whom?

Messenger—From the Kaiser himself.

Jehovah—Well? What does it say?

Messenger—It tells of another German defeat at the hands of the Russians—and—

Jehovah—And what! (Angrily)—Why dost thou tremble? Come, what else does it say?

Messenger—(timidly)—It—it—it—

Jehovah—(impatiently)—It WHAT!

Messenger—(frightened)—It says that you are not doing your duty—and—and that if there is not a complete German victory within the next two days he is coming here to find out why!

Jehovah—(aghast)—Wilhelm coming?

Messenger—(bowing)—Yes, Almighty!

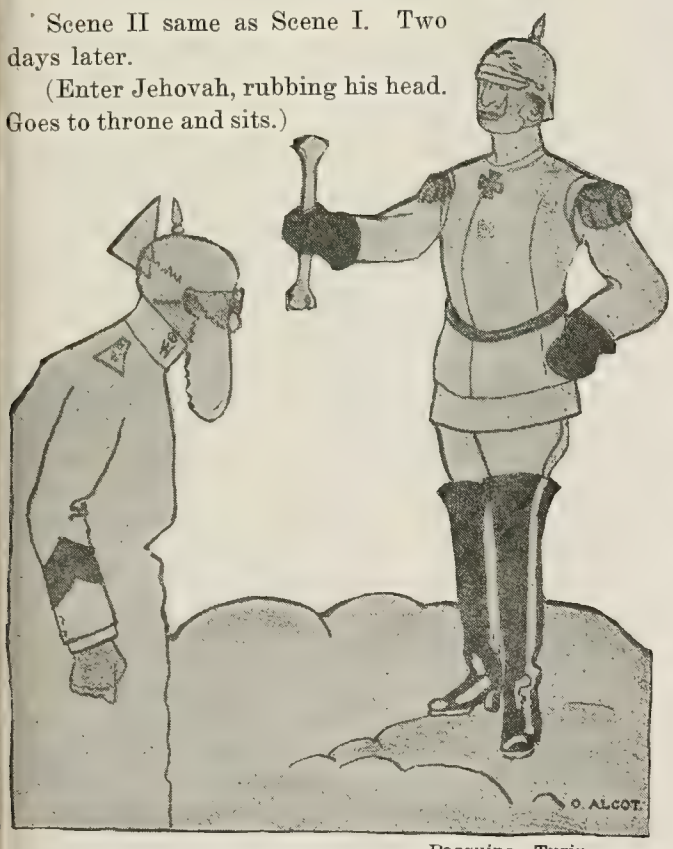
Jehovah—(turning hurriedly to chorus)—My celestial choir, break forth in song! For two days sing in German everything from "Der Wacht am Rhein" to "Hoch du Lieber Augustine!" And if one dares to rest or lower his voice, let him be consigned to the most superheated zone in hell!

(Chorus sings.)

(Curtain.)

Scene II same as Scene I. Two days later.

(Enter Jehovah, rubbing his head. Goes to throne and sits.)



Pasquino, Turin.

Almighty: "What are your majesty's orders for tonight?" Wilhelm II.: "An earthquake for the neutral countries."

This remarkably prophetic cartoon was published Nov. 1, in Italy. The earthquake which arrived a few weeks later took a toll of 50,000 lives.

Jehovah—(musingly)—What a night! Such dreams! (Turns to Nibbin, who is stringing beads beside the throne.) Nibbin, fetch Moses here—and Nibbin, see that he doth hasten! (Exit Nibbin.)

(Enter Caesar.)

Jehovah—Come, Caesar, what news?

Caesar—(bowing)—Father, I have heard of some, but there is none.

Jehovah—Verily, thou talkest in riddles, Caesar.

Caesar—Almighty, I have had a fearful dream.

Jehovah—What? Thou, too?

Caesar—(shaking head)—Alas, yes! A dream of mystery that holds a hidden message.

Jehovah—Calm thyself, Caesar. Nibbin hath gone to fetch Moses and dreams of thine and mine shall be interpreted.

Caesar—(dubiously)—I hope it is not for the worst. (Enter Nibbin, followed by Moses.) Ah! They are here! (They bow before throne.)

Jehovah—(graciously)—Moses, my worthy prophet and interpreter, listen to my dream. (Considerable disturbance as everyone gathers about throne.) Last night I saw a tree, a venerable oak, drop an acorn to the ground. No sooner had it struck than forthwith sprang another tree which did grow with such rapidity that it soon outstripped all others. Then from its branches did reach out limbs, gnarled and grotesque, spreading in all directions; touching here and there the earth and clinging with a firmness, then reaching out again. Then, as by magic, all vegetation vanished from the earth and in its place did stretch this tree until its branches touched.

(All shake their heads in wonderment.)

Caesar—O, worthy Moses, I , too, had a dream. Instead of oak, my tree was weeping willow, and down its limbs rolled huge salt tears and splashed upon the ground in pools of blood. And, like the oak, this tree reached out and covered all the earth.

Moses—(shakes his head dubiously)—A great calamity is near!

(All shudder save Nibbin, who does not understand the situation.)

Nibbin—Blskdffrno—(jumps to his feet and points to left)—Vnnfgrd! Rpn Jqprdh chrvdglkh qprtkdlgbx znznznzn!! Brdlf!!!

Jehovah—This beast which talks the language of a devil! What doth he say?

Caesar—Like a whirlwind doth a messenger approach us! (All stare to left.)

Moses—He doth exceed the limits of speed allowed by the laws of Heaven!

Jehovah—Back! Clear a space for him to land!

(Enter messenger. Hastily loops a loop and settles before throne.)

Jehovah—Quick! What news?

Messenger—(breathless)—Germans—ceased praying!—fleeing!—Russians—taken Konigsburg——!

Jehovah—(sinking back on throne)—What Gods' powers are these that thus thwart me?

Messenger—Bhudda!—Shinto!—and Mohammed!

(Enter Napoleon, King Arthur and Bismark, quarreling.)

Jehovah—Silence! Fools!

Napoleon—(advancing to throne, speaks in defiance)—Almighty: Arthur and I protest against thy partiality!

Jehovah—(fiercely)—Away from my presence! Hasten or I'll send thee both to hell! Thy squall is but a cricket's chirp to that which I feel coming! (Exit King Arthur and Napoleon.)

(Enter another messenger. Rushes to feet of Jehovah. Kneels.)

Jehovah—(excitedly)—What now! Come—speak!

Messenger—(frightened)—Wilhelm is coming!

Jehovah—(turning to Caesar)—Caesar! To the outer portals and bar them fast! Quick! Ere he be—

Messenger—(tearfully and quaking)—It is too late! He is within the Kingdom of Heaven!!

(Storm breaks. Lightning flashes.)

Jehovah—(rushing about)—Children of the choir! Arouse thyselves from thy lethargy! Let your voices ring out praises! Wilhelm!—Wilhelm is here!

(Fearful bursts of thunder and lightning flashes. Enter Wilhelm.)

Jehovah—(rushes to greet him)—Wilhelm!—My—

Wilhelm—Stop! (Advances step and folds arms.) You were to make me Emperor of the Earth! You failed! God, I trusted you!

Jehovah—Ah, Wilhelm! If thou could but understand what obstacles prevented me—

Wilhelm—Enough! Get off that throne!

Jehovah—(slowly descending)—Wilhelm! Thou cans't—

Wilhelm—(Ascending to throne)—Silence! I conscript you to my guards of hell! (Turns to Caesar)—See that he gets there! (Exit Jehovah and Caesar. Wilhelm sits on throne.)—Henceforth I shall be God!

Grand Chorus and Choir—Vilhelm! der Deutsche Kaiser, er lebe hoch, hoch, hoch!

Wilhelm—(suddenly jumping to his feet)—By Heavens! As God, I now declare war on all Nirvanas and heavens in the Universe! (Curtain)

Patriotism

By W. A. JACOBS

IT is said that the Socialist workingmen are not patriotic because they do not rise and stand attentively when a third-rate band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner" or a lot of "ham actors" draw swords and salute the flag. Perhaps not.

However, before we can discuss the subject of patriotism intelligently, we should agree on some definition of the terms.

The common dictionary defines patriotism as "love of one's country."

Many workingmen have no country.

Most of them do not own a foot of the country in which they live. What special inducement have they to love a country which they cannot hope to own? Why should they take up arms and play the part of the soldier? Why should they blow the heads of other workers to "kingdom come" or splatter their blood against a wall or cause it to flow down some hillside into a stream and onward to an endless sea?

Some of them have only a boarding house to fight for, while others live in rented houses they will never be able to own. They are allowed to remain under shelter only as long as they will consent to serve another and do his bidding at all times.

There is but little incentive for the average workingman to love the country in which he lives. And yet the American Socialist workingmen love this country better than do the people who own it.

Many of the owners do not live in this country. They live in Europe, spending their summers in the mountains or at the seaside and their winters in the cities. When the hot summer days come the owners climb the mountains of Switzerland while the workers climb the treadmill of capitalism. The owners will fish in the cool brooks of the Alps, while about the best the workers can do is to go out to some muddy stream, sit in the hot sun all day and possibly catch a few bullheads.

The owners love this country only because they are able to exploit the workers who dwell here.

After all, if love of country means patriotism, then the Socialist workingmen are true patriots. They love the country so well that they want to own it. And feeling the kinship of the race, are anxious to have all other workingmen own it with them. And gladly do they welcome all people into the working class.

Then awake, you sleepers! Get out of your trance! Study Socialism and join the movement which will make the world the property of all the people. Then all will have an inducement to be patriotic.

Socialism Inevitable

By JOB HARRIMAN

MERCANTILE and industrial enterprises of the world are now, and always have been, conducted on the theory that "competition is the life of trade."

Competition is so engrained in men's minds that everyone has become his neighbor's enemy. There is no act, however vile, that will not find its champion if only it offers a pecuniary advantage. The churches are decaying with hypocrisy; the courts are rotting with perjury; the "business lie" hangs like a pall over the commercial world; honor and conscience have been crucified; "success" has become the standard of morals and conduct; all for the money there is in it. Whoever controls the business and industrial undertakings, whether local or general, commands at the same time all those who are dependent upon those undertakings.

Not only is there a conflict of interest between rivals in similar enterprises, but also between those in control and their employes and also a conflict between the employes themselves as they struggle for the better positions and the best pay.

Thus it is that a world-wide war rages in all classes for economic advantages. The more powerful competitors have formed commercial, industrial and financial combinations, some of which control hundreds and millions of dollars and thousands of men who are dependant upon them. These gigantic interests, octopus-like, reach from every great industrial center to the uttermost ends of the earth. Battling as they are in the industrial, commercial, and financial fields, yet they form a solid political combination within each nation by means of which they are able to send a sufficient number of emissaries to control the state and national legislatures while they themselves or their attorneys sit as counsels of state.

Though hypocrisy and fraud and villany and deceit everywhere appear and play their part in the business world, yet at the same time there has developed such efficiency in production that every powerful nation produces vast quantities of products over and above its consuming power. A market must be found for this surplus or heavy losses will be sustained. A failure to find a market is a failure in the every purpose of the struggle. The constant increasing surplus causes an ever persistent urge in every powerful nation to extend their colonies and develop their markets and to capture the customers of other nations.

Each nation having become a world commercial power is, by its own surplus, forced into the effort to become a world trust. There is no point short of a world trust which the trust magnates of any nation can stop. But the world markets are exhausted. The ends of the earth have been reached. With the machinery of government in their hands, shielded by the laws of their own making, in full command of the army and

London Daily Mail.
Wonders of Science

navy the captains of industry, of commerce and finance, with apparently unlimited resources, can by conscription if necessary, raise millions of men to shed their blood not only in their native land but on the high seas and in the lands beyond, wherever the arms of the octopus may reach.

Thus they take by force of arms what they are unable to take in the marts of the business world. Thus it is that the war in Europe, the world cataclysm, is forced upon us. The universal conflict of interests among the people of every nation has given rise to this world conflict in which the armed powers are at war. The nations are bleeding in a sacrifice on the altar of greed of personal ambition and cupidity. The in-

centive, the motive of each and every country is the same. Some persons lay the blame on Germany, others on England and still others on Russia. Each nation has its peculiar characteristics and race tendencies which are developed as naturally by its environments as are the characters of men.

Surrounded by the allies, her financial, commercial and industrial enemies, Germany developed her navy, her forts, her siege guns, her aerial war equipment, her wonderful military machines and her still more wonderful military spirits, as naturally as the porcupine developes its quills or the swordfish its deadly spear.

National defense, military conquests and commercial power was the burden of her song and the strength of her hope. Neither she nor her people are less guilty or more responsible than the other belligerents for the brutal slaughter of the war.

Man in every country who enters the struggle for money alone, who endeavors to get rich by expropriating his fellows is equally guilty. His prayers will avail him nothing. The blood of Cain is upon him. The blood of the noblest sons of the world are upon his door lentles. Yet the war goes relentlessly on, devouring like a ferocious demon its human gorge and the food supplies of the nations.

The superior efficiency of Germany is pitted against the vastly superior commissary of the allies. Indeed, the vital issue of the war has resolved itself into the question of the commissary. Germany excels both in the efficiency of her military machines and the production of organization. But the allies excel in their vast reserve commissary.

As the commissary shrinks the crisis looms up. Each is endeavoring to shut off the other's supplies. Probably this is the first great war when the commissary became the vital question with all the belligerents. Woe unto them when the supplies are exhausted! Where will the army be in those days? Who will feed the hungry mob? What power can resist the tidal wave of starving men?

Yet all is not without hope. Humanity will learn its lesson. These are the birth pains of a new civilization. Competition has run its course. It has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Out of the struggle an international congress will arise. Acting in concert with the legislative bodies of each nation they will lay the foundation of a new civilization in a community of interests in all productive property. The philosophy of collectivism is the synthetic philosophy that has arisen out of this blighting commercial system. It is the only philosophy that offers a hope to the world. Individualism is dying out. Socialism is being born.

Great Battle—Great Flapdoodle

ANOTHER glorious sea victory! The newspaper headlines were one smear of gory read when the Dresden was sunk. They played up a lurid word picture of a gallant running fight wherein the Germans replied shot for shot and shell for shell. At last, overwhelmed by force of numbers, the German commander surrendered to the English admiral and the prisoners and fifteen wounded were transferred to the conquering ships. The band played "Brittannia Rules the Waves" and paeons of joy went up over the glorious victory, which proved that God was again on the side of right.

Thus the breviary of the daily press. But what is the truth?

The Dresden was sunk while crippled and without fuel and while anchored in neutral waters.

Almost no resistance was offered and the ship never got up steam or slipped her cables. She went down with her anchor on the bottom, about a quarter of a mile from shore.

The Dresden was a comparatively small cruiser, with nothing larger than four-inch guns. British cruisers Kent, Glasgow and Orama entered Cumberland Bay and opened fire on the Dresden at close range. Three Germans were killed and fifteen wounded. The German commander ran up a parliamentary flag and sent a launch to protest against being attacked in neutral waters. He was told that orders were to sink the Dresden where found and let the diplomats arrange matters later. The Britains said they would sink the Dresden then and there unless the Germans did it themselves. The German commander then sent his crew ashore and blew up his ship.

American newspapers were either victimized or they were parties to as rank a fake as has been perpetrated since the beginning of the war.

The whole story was concocted at the cable station and dished out for the delectation of the Britishers, who were financing the war. It was a piece of cheap claptrap and closely parallels the story of the sinking of the Emden.

One feature of the "battle" neglected by the cable was the killing of a woman and child ashore, who got in the way of a British shell, and the battering of shipping in the harbor. Great battle? Great victory? Great flapdoodle!—G. E. B.

Who Are the Best Slaves?

By HOMER CONSTANTINE

IN REPORTING on wages received by 23,000 of the working women of California of 18 years of age and over, the Industrial Welfare Commission has brought out some interesting facts that may be used as official and conservative statements.

First fix in your mind the fact the commission states that the cost of living for a self-supporting woman is $9.21 per week.

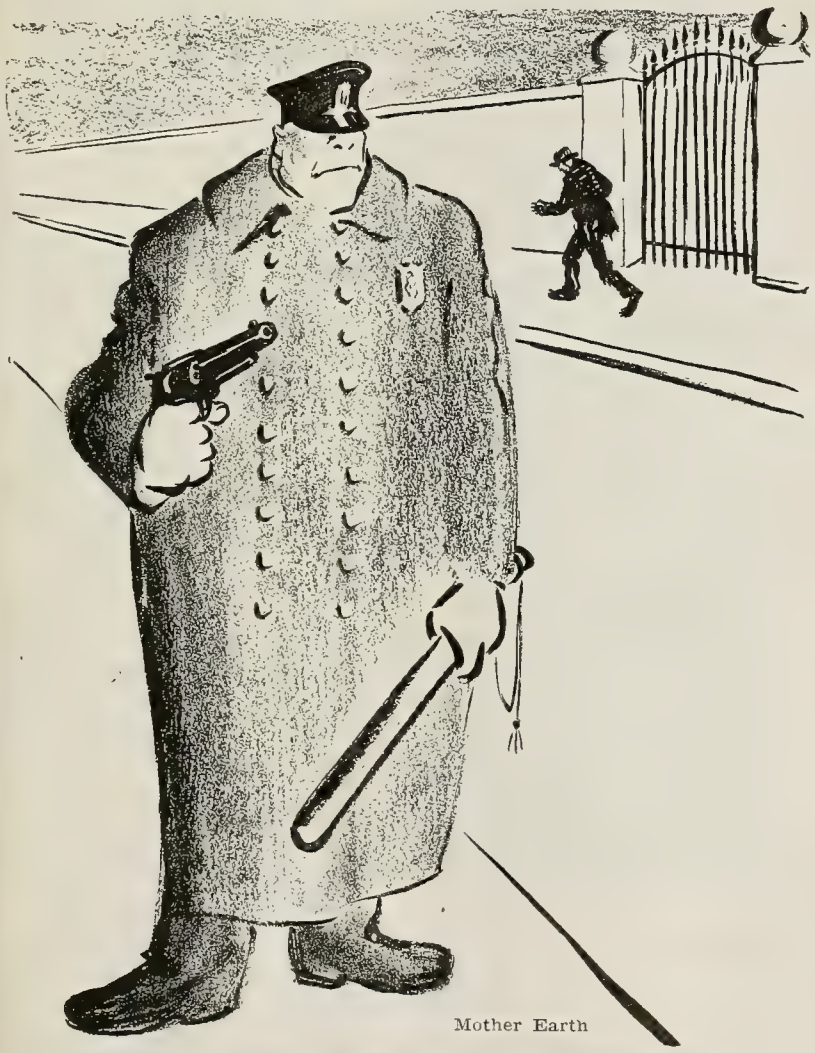
Of the adult women workers in all lines there are 56 per cent who receive less than $9 per week. This puts them 21 cents below the living line—into the subsistence class.

Of the minors 41.8 are paid less than $6 per week and almost half the entire number receive between $5 and $6.99 per week.

Sacramento makes the most disgraceful showing. There, in the shadow of the stately capital dome, 92.5 receive under $9 a week. Of the San Diego women workers 31.1 get less than $8 a week and the condition of the unorganized laundry workers is pitiable.

The commissioners probably have made little study of slave psychology, though they had a wonderful opportunity. Witness their naive statement that "widows and divorcees with children to support are the best workers; because of their responsibility they are eager to keep their jobs!

THE GUNMAN



On guard to see that the property remains stolen

Sartorial Fake

A cablegram from London says:

> Lady Randolph Churchill has designed a smart uniform for her maid servants, her man servants having enlisted. The uniform is that of a footman above the waist and a parlor maid downward.

Isn't this a sartorial transposition? Some English girls might qualify for the parlormaid upward or the footman downward, but no one will be deceived otherwise.

The Savage Behemoth

Timid Woman—(After gazing into the cavernous depths of a yawning hippopotamus)—Is he amphibious?

Keeper—Yes, amphibious as hell! He'd just as soon bite you as not!

Cheering Henry Dubb

"Who are those people who are cheering?" asked the recruit as the soldiers were marching to the train.

"Those," replied the veteran, "are the people who are not going."

Cuts Out the Crab

First Deaf Mute (gesticulating)—What do you do when you come home late and your wife begins to scold?

Second Ditto—Turn out the light.

Cruel Punishment

A Los Angeles judge has sentenced another man to matrimony for an indefinite term. This is clearly unconstitutional. Cruel and unusual punishment is forbidden.

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Gen. Otis says editorially in The Times, of

EVERYMAN

(By Luke North)

"If law and order, respect for conventions and property rights are to be maintained in this land and its civilization continued, publications like Everyman must be suppressed . . ."

And again Gen. Otis says:

"Its lamentably brilliant pages pervert art to the cunning uses of social disturbers . . ."—and also, says the General, still speaking of Everyman:

"It is disturbing to mental stability."

Thank you kindly, General. I could ask no greater boon from the Los Angeles Times.—Luke.

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Wealth Accumulates

IN THE Twentieth Century, H. C. Whitaker shows the beauties of interest drawing:

"Had 1 cent been loaned on the 14th day of March, A. D. 1, interest being allowed at the rate of 6 per cent, compounded yearly, then 1894 years later—that is, on March 14, 1895—the amount due would be $ 8,4 9 7,8 4 0,000,000,000,000,000,000,-000,000,000,000, 000,000,000 ($8,497,-840,000 decillion dollars). If it were desired to pay this in gold, 23.2 grains to the dollar, then, taking spheres of pure gold, each the size of the earth, it would take 610,070,-000,000,000,000 of them to pay for that cent. Placing these spheres in a straight row, their combined length would be 4,826,870,000,000,000,000,--000 miles, a distance which it would take light (going at the rate of 186,-330 miles per second) 820,890,000 years to travel.

"The planets and stars of the entire solar and stellar universe, as seen by the great Lick telescope, if they were all of solid gold, would not nearly pay the amount. A single sphere to pay the whole amount, if placed with its center at the sun, would have its surface extending 563,580,000 miles beyond the orbit of the planet Neptune, the farthest in our system.

"It may be added that if the earth had contained a population of 10,-000,000,000, each one making $1,-000,000 a second, then, to pay for that cent, it would have required their combined earnings for 26,938,-500,000,000,000,000,000 years."

Censoring the Stage

"At a show, when an Oriental dancer came on, a young man leaned forward and said eagerly to a lady in front of him:

" 'Would you kindly remove your hat, madam?'

"The lady swung round and glared at him.

" 'Certainly not!' she said. 'You're much too young to look at a turn like this.' "

Does the Shutter Stick?

Jones—I hear you are quite a movie fan.

Smith—Yes, I see them so much that when I go to bed at night each dream ends with "Passed by the National Board of Censors."

Dobbin and I

By Edward Moray

BOTH of us work for the boss;
All through the heat of the day
Dobbin, the old white-faced hoss;
I, just a man growing gray.
Dobbin is fed of the best,
Plenty of oats and of hay,
All of his food stood a test;
Mine's on the verge of decay.

Never a hoss had a stall
Perfect as Dobbin's for health.
Couldn't be better, that's all.
Boss is a man of much wealth.
Dobbin is curried with care;
Dobbin is petted a lot;
My house is perfectly bare;
Home is a comfortless spot.

I get the curses and sneers,
Dobbin, the care and applause;
I am thought less of by years;
Dobbin thought more of because
Horses cost money to buy;
Men are much cheaper than clay;
Horses mean loss when they die;
Men—but a moment's delay.

Fair Enough

The new baby had proved itself the possessor of extraordinary lung powers. One day baby's brother, little Johnny, said to his mother:

"Ma, little brother came from heaven, didn't he."

"Yes, dear," answered the mother.

Johnny was silent for a minute, and then he went on:

"I say, ma."

"What is it, Johnny?"

"I don't blame the angels for slinging him out, do you?"

Encouraging Her

The sailor had been showing the lady visitor over the ship. In thanking him she said:

"I see that by the rules of your ship tips are forbidden."

"Lor' bless yer 'eart, ma'am," replied Jack, "so were the apples in the Garden of Eden."

Testing the Power

Brown (on fishing trip)—Boys, the boat is sinking! Is there any one here who known how to pray.

Jones (eagerly)—I do.

Brown—All right. You pray, and the rest of us will put on life belts. They're one shy.

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Georgia Kotsch says:

"* * * It strips the glamor of benevolent motives from the dealings with Mexico of the United States and other countries and presents the stark truth that American and world capitalism has been, and is, in league against the proletariat of Mexico for its own sordid interest. And while the Mexican master class is depicted as the most depraved and bloodthirsty in history, the Socialist will see that the story of the Mexican proletariat is in greater or less degree and in varying circumstances the story of the proletariat in every country."

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THE WESTERN COMRADE

43

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Subscription Price One Dollar a Year
In Clubs of Four Fifty Cents

Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. II. March, 1915 No. 11.

Cousin to the Cabbage

THE cat is the aunt of the catnip and the dog is the uncle of the dogfennel; the cow is the sister of the cowslip (noun); the horse the brother to the horseradish, and the squirrel the first cousin to a nut.

This is established by an East Indian scientist who declares that plants are stationary animals, and animals, plants that move around. He declares that plants sleep and eat and that drugs have the same effect on them as they do on animals.

If there is anything in the theory, what plant is mostly closely related to this savant, whose name is Jagadish Chunder Bose?

Shifting Responsibility

Teacher—I shall not keep you after school, Johnnie. You may go home now.

Johnnie—I don't want to go home. There's a baby just come to our house.

Teacher—You ought to be glad, Johnnie. A dear little baby—

Johnnie (vehemently)—I ain't glad. Pa'll blame me—he blames me for everything.

Hence the Wriggle

Millie had just heard an impressive service that clung to her mind and the child used phrases and expressions in a startling manner. She sprung this one when her mother implored her to stop squirming:

"Well, why does Freddie do all the things that make me squirm and omit the things that do not make me squirm?"

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Ethics of Evisceration

IN THE polite but somewhat muddled ethics of modern warfare one may or may not do certain things to an enemy. It is well, therefore, to study the subject.

To mothers who are contemplating putting their sons through a Boy Scout course, enrolling them in a Boys' Brigade or allowing them to enlist in the militia, we offer the following instructions:

Your boy may not shoot his neighbor with a soft-nose or hollow-point bullet, but he may safely and honorably smash his skull with a charge of judicially placed shrapnel, well directed shell or hand grenade.

Your son may not poison the water supply of another mother's son, but he may honorably and humanely throw a lyddite bomb on the roof of a Red Cross hospital and suffocate the helpless and crippled by noxious gasses.

Your offspring may not use a saw-toothed bayonet to disembowel his brother, but he may eviscerate him with a sharp saber or tear the tripe out of him with a knife, provided the knife is fastened to the end of a rifle.

Your little lad may lawfully kill unarmed men and women and even children provided he is told there has been sniping in the town.

If your boy is in an invading army he will learn all the finer points of the game. He will learn that it is honorable to steal, to loot and to wreck homes; to rape women and murder defenseless men, but he should always remember that these things must not be done unethically.—H. C.

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NEW REVIEW
30 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Out to Sea

(Continued from page 15)

card, evidently given to her by the young man, who now arose, sauntered across the street and entered the pharmacy in the Auditorium building.

The color slowly died out of the girl's face. She glanced intently at my companion, but the S. W. was deep in the delights of the essay on "Culture," quite unaware of the surveillance, or that the girl quickly arose and made her way out of the park.

I watched her cross Hill street and go east on Fifth.

The S. W. closed the book and looked about.

"The girl is gone!" she said in dismay. "I meant to speak to her. Did she go with that—that—freshie?"

"No, went alone."

"Let's go, Bobbie."

We were coming out of a photo supply store on Broadway when I felt the S. W.'s grip on my arm tighten.

"There's that girl, Bobbie! See? Just across the street. Come."

We dodged, jayhawkerwise, through the traffic to the opposite side.

"We'll get close behind her," she suggested, "and if she turns and I catch her eye I'll speak to her. I'm sure she wanted me to do so in the park."

The girl was some thirty feet in advance of us. I saw her hesitate, glance at a white card she held in her palm and then up at the street number over the flashy, near-marble entrance of a rooming house.

Distracted by a window display for a few moments, the S. W. turned just in time to see the girl disappear into the capacious doorway. My companion caught her breath sharply, a delectable little trick of hers that indicated disappointment.

"She's gone!" she murmured.

"Assuredly!" I answered.

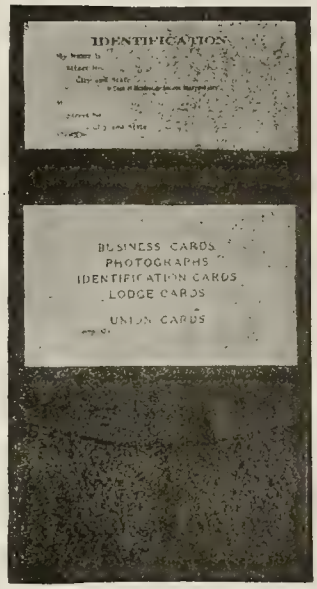
I read the gaudy glass-and-gold sign on the door jab, "The Lutrella Apartments, Transient." Then surveyed the "Manicure" signs displayed in some of the richly curtained second-story bay windows.

I ventured in a spirit of irony a line of Walt Whitman's:

"IF ANYTHING IS SACRED, THE HUMAN BODY IS SACRED!"

And the Sweetest Woman, being nobody's fool, understood and sighed.

Socialists Attention!



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Clarence Darrow's labor day speech is contained in this number.

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All Present

A LITTLE girl traveling in a sleeping car with her parents greatly objected to being put in an upper

A little girl traveling in a sleep-berth. She was assured that papa, mama and God would watch over her. She was settled in the berth at last and the passengers were quiet for the night, when a small voice piped:

"Mama!"

"Yes, dear."

"You there?"

"Yes, I'm here. Now go to sleep."

"Papa, you there?"

"Yes, I'm here. Go to sleep like a good girl."

This continued at intervals for some time until a fellow passenger lost patience and called:

"We're all here! Your father and mother and brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts and first cousins. All here. Now go to sleep!"

There was a brief pause after this explosion. Then the tiny voice piped up again, but very softly:

"Mama!"

"Well."

"Was that God?"

Dead Easy

A party of English and Americans were touring on the Continent, and one American greatly annoyed one of the Englishmen, whenever they went sight-seeing, by invariably asserting:

"Oh, that ain't much! We can beat that all to ribbons over on the other side of the pond."

When Naples was reached they went to have a look at Mount Vesuvius and the Englishman remarked to his American friend:

"Now, sir, can you beat that over in your country?"

The American quick as a flash replied:

"Well, I don't know that we can beat it; but we have a little waterfall over there that would put the damned thing out in five minutes!"

Accident or Catastrophe?

Employe—Mr. Brown, I should like to ask a raise in my wages. I've just been married.

Employer—Very sorry, my dear man, but for accidents to our employes outside of the factory we are not responsible.

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Mr. R. R. Snowden, Los Angeles, Cal.

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FRANK P. ALLEN, JR., Director of Works.

(The exposition authorities have twice since used my services, which fact also tells its own story.)

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WITHOUT SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT

Height .....3 feet, 9 inches
Breadth at top.....1 foot, 6 inches
Circumference of trunk at ground .....2 inches
Circumference of trunk at lower branches .....1½ inches

It should be remembered that while any chemist can make a soil analysis, yet not every one has had sufficient experience and of the right kind to enable him to correctly interpret the results and apply them to treatment of the soil so as to give a reasonable certainly of profitable returns to the person paying for the analysis. This is certainly the most important thing to consider.

Mr. O. H. Hottel, an orange grower, said to Mr. Chas. D. Baker, a banker of Pomona, Cal.: "The money I paid Snowden for soil analysis is the best money I ever spent." (On the strength of this testimony Mr. Baker has had two orange groves examined and prescribed for by me.)

RECEIVED SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT

Height .....5 feet, 1 inch.
Breadth of top.....3 feet, 11 inches.
Circumference of trunk at ground.....5½ inches
Circumference of trunk at lower branches .....3¼ inches

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Champion Tom. The llano is an ideal place to raise turkeys and these birds will form an important branch of the poultry department of the community.

Do you not think it time that Socialism was started so that you can to some extent realize its great benefits in your lifetime?

Are you ready to apply the theories about which you have talked and dreamed?

Cooperation is a practical thing and must be worked out step by step and the great World Movement accelerated thereby. Socialism will not come as a glorious overnight gift. We must work it out practically. Let us begin here and now.

Do you want to solve your own problem and to assist in this great enterprise?

We want colonists and we want representatives who can speak and write the message of Freedom. You can make good from this hour securing members for the Llano del Rio Colony. You can make this organizing a permanent business.

If you want to own your own job and gain independence, see story of Colony on page 16 of this magazine. Write for particulars today.

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Silent Souls in the Ranks—By Eugene V. Debs

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Place stocking foot on paper, drawing pencil around as per above illustration. Pass tape around at lines without drawing tight. Give size usually worn.

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RETRIBUTION

Austria, who precipitated the war, is doomed to defeat by the irresistible force of onrushing Slavs.

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action — Co-operation — Direct Action

VOL. II — LOS ANGELES, CAL., APRIL, 1915 — NUMBER 12

Cabin at Jackson's Lake. The altitude here is 7000 feet and the climate most ideal. This is a popular outing resort for the hunters and the younger set of the colony. The scene is strongly suggestive of Kipling's "Wood Smoke at Twilight."

CURRENT EVENTS

By Frank E. Wolfe

AT the end of the second year of the Wilson administration there are more unemployed in the United States than ever before. Of the working class one out of every five is either walking from place to place seeking work or sitting hopelessly, exhausted in the vain effort.

Estimates have run as high as five millions of disemployed workers in America during the winter. Despite the opening of spring work and a revival of building, there has been hardly perceptible diminution in the ranks of the jobless army.

This is not written for the purpose of casting aspersions on the Democratic administration. It is probably no better nor worse than the Republicans or the so-called Progressives would have made it. No one with a glimmer of understanding believed the pre-election promises of prosperity. Wilson was foredoomed in that respect. Each successive administration will have a more difficult time than its predecessors in this respect.

The approaching dissolution of the capitalist system will make it harder and harder for those whose

duty it will be to sit at the throttle of the archaic engine.

This is the hour for Socialist activities. There is but one solution for the problem before us—the socialization of the sources of life.

❖ ❖ ❖

A LINE that sifts through, perhaps owing to inadvertancy or carelessness of censors, gives us a glimpse of the true situation of the labor troubles in England.

In a strike wherein the "leaders" were largely ignored, the engineers and shipyard workers on the Clyde and the Tyne, the coalheavers and stevedores on the Mersey have demanded more pay. These men declare speculators, grafters and war contractors are rolling up large fortunes in their profits on war munitions and goods handled, and that these manipulators have so advanced prices that the cost of living has so mounted that the purchase power of their wage has greatly diminished. They lacked the support of trade unions and of public sentiment, but they struck boldly and tied up commerce to such a degree that their demands were successful in many instances. The congestion became so great that Lord Kitchener grew alarmed and sent a sharp note to the secretary of the Dockers' Union in which he made a covert threat to use drastic measures at Liverpool.

Most of the capitalist newspapers unhesitatingly blame the workers and never give a thought to an investigation of causes. The London Daily Citizen, the "labor organ," is guarded in its remarks and smugly British in its style, but it does not retreat entirely, as it says:

"There are many who without a second thought would condemn such men off-hand and set down their conduct as simply an enormity. For ourselves, we should want to know first why any real wages grievance should in such circumstances be allowed to arise. If we found that the men had genuine ground for complaint—if, for instance, the real value of their earnings had been suddenly and largely cut down, while the necessity for their labor had suddenly and largely gone up; if they had applied in these circumstances for these things to be taken into consideration; and if that application had been in effect refused, then we should say that the responsibility would lie on those who had given the refusal."

In the meantime the navvies who do not read the newspapers are going about their affairs and forcing the masters where their representatives in the House of Commons are met with the cold reply that war is war and that the Government can do nothing to bring down the cost of living.

TOMMY (home from the front, to disaffected workman)—"What'd you think o' me, mate, if I struck for extra pay in the middle of an action? Well, that's what you've been doing." Punch, London.

WORKINGMAN—"I'd think maybe a glimmer o' light had soaked through your muddied brain an' you'd decided to let the masters who made the bally war come out an' fight it."

(Answer supplied by Western Comrade.)

It is cheering to know that these workers have stood fast under the pressure brought from all sides and that all the ballyhoo of the "patriotic" press has been of no avail.

American workers who go off on a wild tangent

at the sight of the flag or cheer themselves hoarse when some faking showman pulls the spread eagle and plays the "Star-Spangled Banner," might well take a leaf from the book of the dock wallopers of England.

* * *

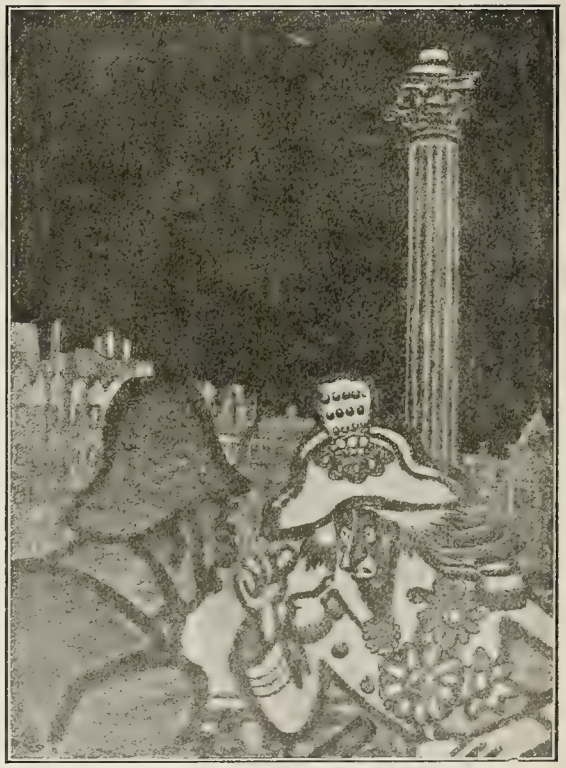
CONSCRIPTION in England? Not yet, but soon. That is to say, no regular conscription under the name. That has not yet begun, but the coercion goes on with still greater vigor each week. The popular method is to urge employers to discharge their workers. Having made the men jobless and wanderers they try to starve and shame them into the army. The London newspaper advertisements go at it in this manner:

> Have you a butler, a groom, a chauffeur, gardener or game keeper serving you who at this moment should be serving King and Country?
>
> Have you a man serving at your table who should be serving a gun?
>
> Have you a man digging your garden who should be digging trenches?
>
> Have you a man driving a car who should be driving a transport wagon?
>
> Have you a man preserving your game who should be helping to preserve your country?
>
> A great responsibility rests on you. Will you sacrifice your personal convenience for your country's need?
>
> Ask your men to enlist **today.**
>
> The address of the nearest recruiting office can be obtained at any postoffice.
>
> GOD SAVE THE KING.

There you have it: The "sacrifice" of the "personal convenience" of a duklet and his dukess is a godawful thing to contemplate, but probably it is one of the endurable horrors of war. Anyway the master class of Britain must come to it. England must win if the nobility has to shed every drop of blood in its servant's veins.

✣ ✣ ✣

A GERMAN professor at Heidelberg has started a school for one-armed men and he is receiving a large number of applications as there has been many thousands amputations since the beginning of the war. The English aristocrats are meeting this by providing a fund to purchase artificial arms and legs for the mutilated victims of the conflict. A British rebel has made bold to suggest that inasmuch as there have been 24,000 amputations the Secretary of State for War should have foreseen this necessity and supplied the knapsack kit of each Tommy Atkins with an extra arm. We respectfully submit that it won't work. Why, right here in our own country Henry Dubb would balk if he caught sight of an extra leg.



Lustige Blaetter, Berlin.

"Goddam, Mister Nelson! What are you looking for down here?"

"Well, just you suppose you stay up there for a while among the Zeppelins, yourself."

✣ ✣ ✣

"THE skirt is a neat blue and the coat of the same material is cut plain with a square back and both skirt and coat are edged with gold braid."

No, Hortense, this is not a fashion item. It's

war news hot from the cable from Glasgow, Scotland, where women are working as street car conductors. The company officials say they are honest, efficient and do not think of organizing or participating in labor agitations. These women are paid $6.25 a week and their honesty is considered a valuable asset to the company.

In London (where also a woman's place is in the home) the telegraph department of the post-office is employing a large number of girls 15 and 16 years of age to act as messengers.

With Henry gone to the front, Henrietta Dubb steps right in and dividends are not seriously interrupted.

❖ ❖ ❖

WHEN a bill was up before the New York State Senate the other day, which exempted the canneries of the State from the operations of the law limiting the hours of work for women, one Senator defended the bill on the ground that canning fruits is not work at all but a lighter and more enjoyable pastime than a city girl's dancing. Carry the news to the women and children of California who work in scores of canneries in the cities where they toil ceaselessly long dreary hours in miserable surroundings. The 8-hour law for women exempts canneries and the owners of these establishments are in many instances the most brutal and greedy set of Simon Legrees that ever coined the blood of children into dirty dollars. These are the men who resist every effort to amend the eight-hour law and they find ready support in the great Dubb family.

❖ ❖ ❖

HERE we offer a bright gem, gleaned from the pages of that never ending source of amusement and joy to readers of light, airy literature, the Congressional Record.

This is a fragment of the anti-suffrage speech made by Representative Diaz of Texas. Need we say that Mr. Diaz is a member of the Ancient and Indurated Order of Ivorybeans, the Southern Democracy, sah? But to the sparkler of purest ray:

"Mr. Speaker, the man mind and the woman mind are essentially different. This organic difference has been accentuated by centuries of training and practice along different lines. The mind of man rather runs to prosaic reasoning, while the mind of woman is given to poetical idealism. It is inevitable that woman's natural bent of mind should incline her to Socialism, and nothing would set Socialism up in business as quickly as woman suffrage. The Socialist Party recognizes this and as a result are almost to a man for woman suffrage. And I can think of nothing worse that can happen to this republic than a reign of Socialism, unless it would be woman's abdication of her crown as the queen of the American home."

New York Call.

"Woman's place is in the kitchen; if you take her out you will destroy her beautiful home life."—Observation of Henry Dubb, her husband, confirmed by Congressman Diaz in extract of his speech reprinted on this page.

Hostages of War

By HOMER CONSTANTINE

WHO has looked at Rodin's wonderful group of citizens of Calais without a thrill of admiration for those early day hostages of war? The story of the heroism of those old patriots who went forth to give their lives if the supreme sacrifice be exacted has been re-enacted a hundred times during the present war.

Instances given here are taken from the recorded proclamations of German command as in Belgium. After warning the inhabitants of Namur that he had caused about 100 citizens of Ardennes to be shot as a vicarious atonement for the sins of snipers, Van Beulow's proclamation reads:

"French and Belgium soldiers must be surrendered as prisoners of war at the prison before 4 o'clock. Citizens who do not obey will be condemned to enforced labor for life in Germany.

"A rigorous inspection of houses will begin at 4 o'clock. Penalty for interference: death by shooting.

"The citizens who know where a store of arms is located must inform the Burgomaster, under penalty of enforced labor for life.

"Each street will be occupied by a German guard who will take ten hostages in each street, whom they will keep in custody. If any outrage is committed in the street, the ten hostages will be shot.

"Doors must not be locked, and at night after 8 o'clock three windows must be lighted in each house.

"It is forbidden to remain in the street after 8 o'clock. The people of Namur must understand that there is no greater nor more horrible crime than to endanger the existence of the city and the life of its inhabitants by attacks upon the German army."

At Grivegnee, Major Commandant Dieckmann issued a statement to the inhabitants in which he demanded certain hostages be delivered to be detained in twenty-four-hour shifts, and added:

"The life of these hostages will depend upon the population of the aforesaid communes remaining pacific under all circumstances.

"I will designate from the lists submitted to me the persons who will be detained as hostages from noon of one day to noon of the next day. If the substitute does not arrive in time, the hostage will remain another twenty-four hours. After this second period of twenty-four hours, the hostage incurs the penalty of death if the substitution is not made."

In order to protect the fair name of the German soldiers who may have looked on women as the spoils of war, the following order was issued:

"Any one who by spreading false news prejudical to the morale of the German troops or who by any means tries to take measures against the German army renders himself a suspect and incurs the risk of being shot immediately."

The true story of this invasion is too horrible to print. Looting and the rape of women is written on every page and yet the invasion of Belgium and Western France is probably no more brutal or bestial than any other invasion of modern warfare.

THE EMPEROR—"What! No babes, sirrah?"
THE MURDERER—"Alas, Sire, none."
THE EMPEROR—"Well, then, no babes, no iron crosses."

The story of the horror of Poland where the semi-barbaric Cossacks have overrun the country would be more shocking than anything outside of the Turkish atrocities which began at the outset of the present hostilities in the Balkans.

These atrocities are not the result of any training, although the rules of modern militarism do not bear heavily upon the conquering soldiery. The cruel mar-

tyrdom of thousands of inoffensive peasants wherever troops of any country have invaded, indicates the temper of both Allies and members of the entente.

Systematic pillage and wholesale carnage mark the trail of the invaders. The excesses and licentiousness of officers and privates alike are almost unbelievable, and one shudders to think of the possibilities when invading Frenchmen whose homes have been wrecked and wives raped, shall sweep across the Germain domain.

Fighting to a Finish?

By HENRI LA FOUNTAINE

"TO a finish!" This is the unanimous cry of the belligerents! In Germany and in Austria, as in France, in England and in Belgium, the cry goes forth with a rare misunderstanding of what it means.

A fight to a finish! To the finish of what? Of militarism, will be the answer. But nobody reflects on the terrible sacrifices, the frightful massacres, the unheard-of ruin that this answer implies. Day by day the Allies repeat, with an enervating and disgusting monotony, a wearisome anthem like a litany: "Along the whole front a huge battle from the Swiss frontiers to the shores of Flanders, no notable change has been produced. The German attacks have been everywhere repulsed and considerable losses have been inflicted on them."

As to the losses of the Allies, they are hardly referred to. In reply to a member of Parliament, the British Government has recently admitted that in 75 days the "casualties," to use the English euphemism, amounted to 57,000. During the ten days of the battle of the Yser those of the Belgians were reckoned at 12,000. Competent military authorities estimate that, if the war should last for a year, 75 per cent of the soldiers will be killed or wounded.

It is estimated that at the present moment 20,000,000 men are under arms, and those who, in their wicked dream, wish for a fight to a finish, to the final exhaustion, to a collective suicide, are talking of levies en masse which would bring up the effective armies to 40,000,000 combatants destined to become 40,000,000 corpses or invalids.

It must finish some day, unless in their turn the mothers and daughters are armed, and already in London women have shouldered the rifle and are being trained for the impious work of death, they who are, by destiny and duty, the creators of life.

An end must be put to the young, the growing, and the adults in all the force of their experience and development. An end must be put to the savants, the thinkers, the highest intelligences, and the most brilliant artists. An end must be put to civilization, progress, inventions, and beauty. An end must be put to the age-long madness of men in loving and trusting. An end must be put to shining prospects and splendid hopes. Under the impassive stars and the triumphant sun, an end must be put to the human race. That is the real meaning of the fatalistic cry which is hypnotizing the world! Indeed, if in presence of the horrid spectacle of muddy trenches filled with putrefying corpses and wounded men awaiting tetanus and gangrene, humanity does not rise and shout, in an access of clear-sighted madness, "Enough, enough!" it had better come to an end.

A Place in the Shadow.

Better that the earth unencumbered with the dwellings of men, freed from the criminal multitudes who, thirsting for blood and murder, abuse it with their shells, delivered from the frightful cacophony of their war-cries mingled with the deafening roar of cannons and the crackling of the mitrailleuses, better that the earth roll inert and verdant, inhabited by birds and filled with their songs, in the vast spaces restored to their eternal calm.—The Public.

California Ground Hogs

By EDWARD P. E. TROY

UNEMPLOYMENT and the poverty and distress it brings to hundreds of thousands throughout the land are recognized as a grave element of danger to our country. "The Government must give every man a job," is the remedy proposed by some. "Charity" is the cure-all of others. Yet "jobs" that would enable every idle person in the whole nation to gain a decent living lie all about us out of doors in California. God has given us the land on which to make our living, but man-made laws enable a few to prevent us from gaining access to it. In every county in California thousands, and in many counties hundreds of thousands, of acres of fertile land are being held out of use.

Although the land area of the State is one hundred millions of acres, the census bureau reports that only twenty-eight millions are in farms, of which not half or less than eleven and one-half million acres are improved. A few great speculators own practically all of the rest of the arable land.

The Southern Pacific Company is probably the largest speculator. It owns about ten million acres in this State. The report of the state forester shows it to possess nearly a million acres of forests, or 18 per cent of all of the timber land in California. Miller & Lux is another great land monopolist. The assessment rolls show it to own 700,000 acres in four counties of the San Joaquin Valley. It is reputed to own over a million acres in California, and thirteen million acres in other states. In addition it controls many more millions of acres by claiming all of the water in the San Joaquin and other rivers. Litigation is its most potent weapon in preventing the use of these waters by any farmer.

Of the total farm area in California 17,300,000 acres are in "farms" of over one thousand acres, being owned by 4693 persons. The farms of less than 100 acres are owned by 53,819 persons, and comprise but 1,579,727 acres. Thus 5 per cent of the "farmers" own 61 per cent of the farm land, while 61 per cent of the farmers own but 6 per cent of all of the farm land in California.

The Census shows the value of farm land in California to have increased $686,750,488, or more than double, in the past 10 years, although the area in farms decreased 900,000 acres. This increase, at 5 per cent interest, means an annual charge of $15.00 against every person in the state, which must be paid for in "higher cost of living."

During the past year I have had an opportunity of making a practical study of land monopoly in all parts of the state, in my work of investigating land ownership, assessments and taxation in more than 40 counties of California, in behalf of the Home Rule in Taxation League.

Land of all kinds in California—farming, timber and speculative—is rapidly coming under the ownership of a few persons, because our tax laws heavily fine and punish those who develop and improve the country, while they give a bonus or reward to the speculators who hold the land idle and do nothing to improve it.

A group of farmers will settle in a neighborhood, erect buildings, set out trees, plant alfalfa, bring horses, cattle, pigs, chickens, farming implements and other personal property on their land, build good roads, establish schools, churches, places of amusements, and —immediately their taxes are increased. At the same time the large owner who has no improvements, finds his taxes reduced by these very improvements of the farmers, because they have added so much more property to the total assessed value of the county.

In different counties of the state I had assessors tell me that one farmer was assessed more than his neighbor because he was an industrious man, who took good care of his orchard, and made more money off it than the other. One assessor in the south, when I pointed out to him that the assessment on some orange trees had been cut in half two years ago, while others were not reduced, said: "That farmer smudged his trees, and saved his crop." He could not see that he was punishing the industry of the farmer.

In Siskiyou County on the Oregon border, I found the Central Pacific Railroad to be assessed for 665,000 acres, and its tax to average less than 7 cents per acre. The Walkers are assessed for 100,000 acres of timber land and pay a tax of 12 cents per acre. Farmers with improved land pay from 4 to 20 times as much taxes per acre as these monopolists. Attorney B. K. Collier, of Yreka, recognizing how our tax laws prevent the growth of his community, said: "Our tax system is wrong. The root of any tax system is. Do not tax energy."

In Shasta County the Central Pacific is assessed for 324,000 acres, and pays less than 8 cents per acre in taxes. The Walkers are a close second. In the Anderson Valley I found a farmer, C. L. Bouk, to have 20 acres, assessed for $800, which, with his improvements

and personal property, made his taxes average $2.27 per acre. A neighbor, adjoining, has 20 acres, unimproved, assessed the same as his land, on which the tax averages but 84 cents per acre. This is a clear instance of the tax system punishing thrift, and rewarding the speculator.

In Tehama County the railroad also has the largest acreage and pays less than 8 cents per acre taxes. Farmers pay $1.00, $2.00 and more per acre. One, Georgiana Tidrick, having 10 acres at Corning, pays a tax averaging $4.16 per acre.

In Butte County the railroad, again the largest owner, by keeping its land undeveloped, pays the smallest tax—8 cents per acre. Many large timber interests are similarly taxed. In this county is a considerable orange belt subdivided into small holdings. Practically all of them have a total assessment two or three times as great as the land value. F. R. Frick's land is assessed for $150 and his trees and other improvements $1000. His tax is increased sixfold because of his industry.

Over the Tehachapi, the difference between the idler and the worker is greater than in the North. In San Bernardino County the Southern Pacific is assessed for 642,000 acres of land, which it keeps as a desert, causing its tax to average 2 1-3 cents per acre. Redlands, Highlands and San Bernardino Districts, comprising one and one-half per cent of the land area, have to pay most of the taxes of that county. I found the average tax paid by a large number of these farms to be from $17 to $20 per acre, and many of them are paying $30, $40 and even $50 per acre in taxes (not the assessment) each year.

The Imperial Valley was known as a desert up to a short time ago, and was largely owned by the Southern Pacific Railroad. The muddy waters of the Colorado River are now making its lands world-famous for their fertility. The assessor of that county told me that it is his rule to assess the raw valley land $15 to $20 per acre. When the sand dunes are leveled, which cost from $10 to $80 per acre, the assessment is raised to $40 per acre. When alfalfa is planted, $5 are added to the assessment. And this is all as is required by our tax laws.

How to Preach

By G. E. MORAY

STUDY the Bible. Then read up on the history of Jesus. Follow His example until you come into danger of being crucified, but be careful to avoid meeting His fate.

Remember that Christ was rewarded with a glorious crucifixion, but you will want to be rewarded with a good salary.

Never take your mind off of that question of how to get the salary. Preachers like money as well as other folks. Be sure to get all that comes your way.

Do not follow Christ's example alone. Study the sermons of other successful preachers too—such men as Spurgeon, Talmage, Cuyler, Joseph Smith, Dowie, Sam Jones and Billy Sunday.

Copy the methods used by the most successful soul-savers. Especially such eminent divines as Sunday, who knows the game from A to Z. Bear in mind that he not only saves plenty of souls, but also gets possession of lots of coin. Nothing but supreme ability and sanctification can enable a man to kill both these birds with the same stone.

In copying Rev. Sunday's methods it will be well to endeavor to improve upon them. Careful training is necessary. The following points are especially valuable:

Study the language of the gutter. Nothing is quite so impressive or effective in the pulpit. To learn this language you should associate regularly with gunmen, crooks, prostitutes and all manner of toughs. You will find your contact with them very enjoyable. Nothing is quite so picturesque and convincing as the epithets they make frequent use of.

Practice circus gymnastics. Almost any circus will give you a free trial and take you over the country with it if you possess sufficient adaptability. Also learn to be a first-class clown.

As a useful daily exercise, practice standing on your left ear, wiggling your nose violently, then folding your arms and locking your feet together jump six feet into the air, and, landing upon your right ear, turn a triple somersault, with a big grin on your face, and spring to your feet, yelling: "I will fight the race tracks and whist clubs from hell to a good hot breakfast."

When varying the exercises, hit yourself on the head with a big stick, make cries like a kangaroo, throw a baseball at the prettiest girl you see in the audience, slide to base all over the aisle, tear your hair out by armfuls, and call the members of the Young Ladies' Shakespeake Club a "bunch of hollow-chested, four-flushing, wobble-legged heifers."

Other appropriate exercises will probably suggest themselves to you. If not, go to the nearest insane asylum and learn the latest movements, and get a line on the conversation used by the inmates. After five or six years, you will be able to save souls—and coin.

Dieu Et Mon Droit!

By FRANK H. WARE

WHERE are the minstrels of war?

Why are there no more heroic songs to inspire men to greater deeds of valor?

Has the howitzer and the pom pom destroyed all romance?

Americans fought and won that sweet, sticky conflict, the sugar trust "war," in Cuba, to a silly and sensual negro song that was amorously suggestive. The United States despoiled Mexico while its soldiers

—From Le Rire, Paris

"Confound their infernal shells. If a feller didn't have to work it would be better to stay home these days."

sang sentimental slush with a refrain that ran "Green Grows the Rashes, Oh."

Now the British sing a catchy but cheap music hall ditty about a "sweetest girl" in Tipperary.

But there is hope. Now that the green shereef is flung to the breezes and the Aegean sea swarms with hostile ships of unbelievers, the line will be drawn and Moslem and Christian will come into grips with prayers and invocations of curses to strange gods.

"Allah il Allah! God is with us because we are true believers," says the Mohammedan Dervish.

"God is on the side of right!" shouts the Christian chaplain.

"Desus in adjutorium meum intende!" chants the priest.

God punish the Moslems!

They all pray to different gods. Yet each god is a god of war.

There is something picturesque in these claims of God's help, but the songs are peurile.

May we offer a suggestion for our side?

Let all of our Christian allies sing some of the standard hymns for Soldiers of Christ.

Of course they can sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," but as a diversion we suggest this one taken from that sterling volume never out of reach, the parochial hymn book:

Arm for the deadly fight
Earth and hell unite,
And swear in lasting bonds to bind us,
Raise the cross on high,
Jesus is our cry,
With Jesus still the foe shall find us.

There is inspiration to great deeds of valor in those lines. "Hot Time in the Old Town," forsooth!

But here is another one we can highly commend to the Christian soldier marching on to war. The watchword of this one is "For God and the Right!"

Christians, to the war!
Gather from afar.
Hark! Hark! the word is given;
Jesus bids us fight
"For God and the right,"
And for Mary, the Queen of Heaven!

That will drive terror to the hearts of those dogs of Moslems!

But when cannons are booming and bombs bursting and machine guns spitting a gay hail of bullets into the thick ranks of a charging enemy, raking them down in heaps, a suggestion comes from Gospel Hymns which could be sung in time with the turning of the machine gun handle. This one should be rendered by a standing choir.

Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night,
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

"Tipperary" is tomfoolery in the sight of this.

Let's win the holy war by fighting it out on its merits.

Onward and upward, aviators of Abraham!

Onward and downward, submarines of the Saints!

March on, militia of Moses!

Full steam ahead! Forward with God!

The Stalker

By A. F. GANNON

A BIRD-CALL in the deepening twilight close to the open window of his shack awoke Bonchar from a tense-nerved, fitful sleep. He sprang to his feet. The irony of the actuality to his awakening fancy that he was a boy again in the big woods of Michigan made him recoil as from a physical blow. About him were the tall, sombre pines, but they were of the Sierra Nevadas, and a lapse of many years, strewn with the debris of dreams, lay between the clean-minded boy of the Upper Peninsula, who joyed in the life of the open and knew its super-secrecies, and the present booze-bespotted creature. To him the click of celluloid chips was sweeter than the twitter of nestlings, and the aroma arising from the newly sprinkled floor of Strongarm Jim's mountain groggery was more acceptable than the entrancingly fresh odor of a morning after rain.

He had only meant to lie down for a few breath-getting moments after gaining his cabin ere striking into the wild toward Nevada. Now perhaps a precious hour was lost. Damn whisky, anyhow!

Higginbottom, the burly logger who took in his woman, Louise, when she fled after her last beating, was dead; of that he had no doubt. Had he not seen him crumple noiselessly in the chair on the opposite side of the green baise gambling table after the shot? That was well, at any rate—pursuit or no pursuit.

With febrile, accurate movements he strapped a full cartridge belt about his slender waist, slipped a loaded six-gun into his holster and donned his Stetson and a heavy mackinaw coat. From the corner at the head of his bunk he snatched a rifle and an instant later crossed the clearing before his cabin and entered the heavy wood. His nerves tingled for a touch of the whisky he had damned a few moments before.

AS he made his way quickly along in the growing dark he ruminated on the possibility of his escape. The posse no doubt already formed at the big flume company's camp would, he thought contemptuously, search for him on main traveled roads or some of the trails leading to the valley. Jacques Lorrilard, the French-Indian deputy from the foothills, was the one man whom he feared. Bonchar knew that the telephone would summon him to the scene of the murder as fast as horseflesh and a vicious quirt could bring him. That he was not surprised in his drunken sleep he ascribed to the fear of the hangers-on about the groggery, for the integrity of their own cowardly hides, and the fact that Strongarm Jim, himself an avowed friend and sympathizer, had probably diplomatically headed off any such action in order to give him a good start. Little help from that quarter he knew would be given Jacques on his arrival, although a seemly respect for the law would require that he be notified of the incident by phone.

Jacques was known far and wide in the hills as The Stalker, because of the animal-like pertinacity and cunning of his pursuit and the fact that he always brought back his man—or a gruesome voucher that he had found his quarry. It was the half-breed's ready boast that, given a hot scent, he always took the trail alone, afoot and unhampered save for the knife and pistol ever at his belt.

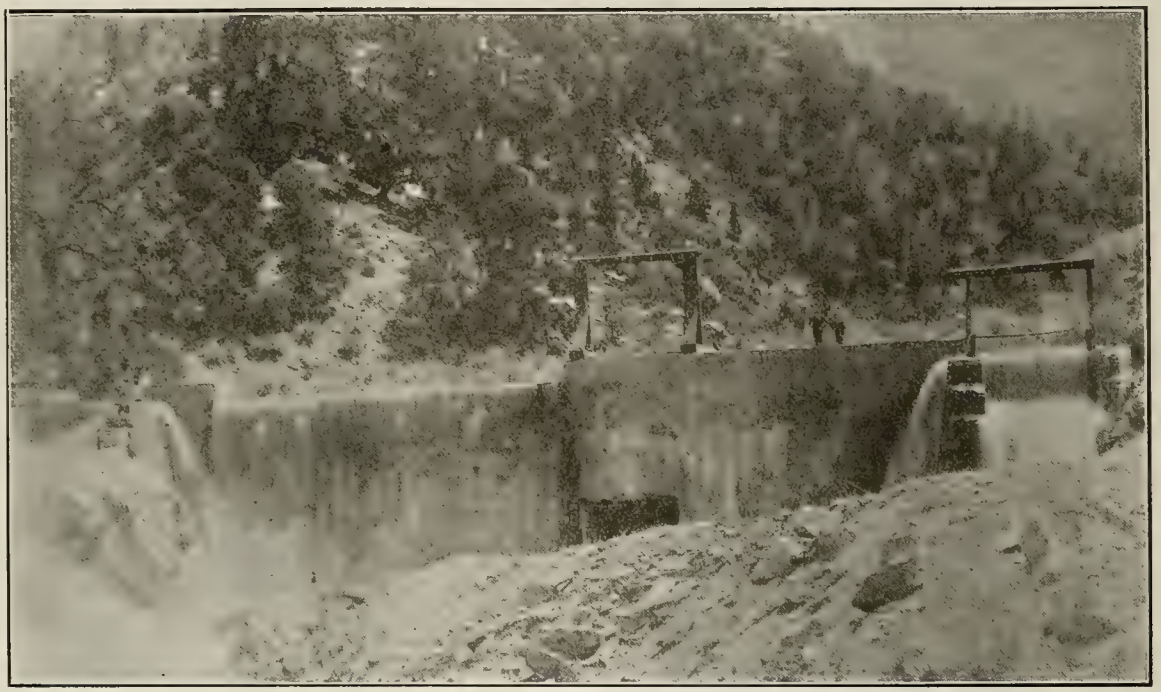
Bonchar recalled the case of Joe Friday, a Digger Indian who had killed his squaw a year before. Far better, he thought, to fall beneath the death-dealing impact of a creature of fury and fangs or a pellet of lead than that he should return again such a broken imbecile, as was the hunted Indian, to the haunts of men and the hands of the law.

Damn the whisky for that lost hour!

WORN out and with nerves acquiver, the gambler cast himself down in a covert of brush. It was late in the night. The shrill, woman-like scream of a distant mountain lion awakened him in a panic. Though it was yet dark, the dull touch of gray atop the far-off eastern peaks warned him of dawn. At a rivulet he drank greedily, allaying the nausea of his whisky-parched stomach, and then laved his face and head in the cooling waters. The first pangs of returning hunger assailed him after he had traveled for an hour. It was now light. About him scurried and flew the animate life that could assuage it, but he dared not shoot. A handful of wild berries and some edible leaves answered for his first meal.

At mid-day a too-inquisitive ground squirrel and a well aimed pebble furnished his second repast. Though the raw meat was not overly palatable, for a fire was out of the question, it heartened him considerable. In pocketing his pen knife he felt his well filled wallet. This he hurriedly withdrew and opening it counted the contents. Four hundred and eighty dollars! If he could only cross the range without mo-

(Continued on Page 27)



Diversion dam built by Llano del Rio colonists on Mescal Creek. Water is diverted from each side of the dam and this will flow into natural reservoirs to north and south of the dam.

Colonists Celebrate May Day

WHEN the spring planting is finished at the Llano del Rio Colony and the community has rounded out its first year, there will be a grand celebration. This will take the form of a May Day Festival and Reunion of the Socialists of Southern California.

Completion of planting spring crops does not mean the cessation of work, however, as there are thousands of acres that must be cleared and prepared for planting permanent crops, such as alfalfa and fruit trees.

Then there is the first industrial plant which is held awaiting the hands of the men who are so busily engaged in preparing and planting. This plant will be set up in a few weeks. The motive power, at least in part, will be steam, but gasoline engines doubtless will be used. A large steam engine and boiler will be the first heavy machinery set up. This will be used for the modern steam laundry and the dairy, and to run the other machinery.

The industrial building will house the shoe machinery, the planing mill, the printing plant and the machine shop. A large gasoline engine has been added to the power plant, and with it a big lathe, a drill press, a planer, shaper and other equipment of a modern machine shop.

Arrangements are being made to establish an ice plant, knitting mills, a tannery, a cannery, a motion picture factory and other enterprises of a productive nature.

There are about 75 acres in the colony's garden and this department is working in excellent form under the management of an expert who declares the division will produce a great quantity of food stuff from this time henceforth.

There will be certain acreage set aside each year for experimental purposes. Those who have this work in hand declare they will be able to produce almost everything that the soil produces at any place.

A new pool has been completed at the fish hatchery and about 60,000 rainbow trout will soon find their home in this water. The pool is thirty feet wide, one hundred and twenty feet long and three feet deep. Additional pools of a similar size will be constructed later on. The line connecting the pool with the main stream is about 120 yards long and forms an attractive brook.

Living quarters in the big stone fish hatchery have

Merry Masquerader

Miss Gladys Cassidy was a charming Pierrette. Edwin Thomas was Pierrot and this couple made a pleasing impression by their graceful dancing.

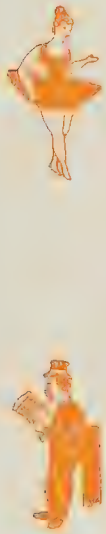
Group of masqueraders in front of the Llan
Reeslund, Miss Gladys Cassidy, Elizabeth Richard
and Frank Harpe
Florence Cederstro
Mrs. Harper, Mrs. C
Spencer, Leonard A
Heffner, Mrs. Jame
Miss Elinor Richa
and Miss Marachio
per, Evelyn Keough
Charles Earle and

Llano Yaquis. Left to right—Ray Keough, Mrs. Cederstrom and Mrs. Harper. Mrs. Cederstrom's disguise as a squaw with papoose was the most baffling of the evening and her identity was a mystery.

Baby
H

at the Colony Ball

lub. Top row, left to right—Ray Keough, George Jessie Richardson, Kate Heffner, Mrs. Keough Lower row—Miss Frank P. McMahon, erstrom, Miss Dona ooke, Miss Francis hite, W. A. Engle, , Horace Farmer eated—Irene Hari dre Fremont, Mrs. s. McMahon.



Miss Florence Cederstrom and Frank P. McMahon as Turkish girl and Omar the Tentmaker. Omar's costume was a triumph in wardrobe work.

ss as elf

Pierrots and Pierrettes. Left to right—George Reeslund, Miss Elizabeth Richardson, Miss Gladys Cassidy and Miss Jessie Richardson. This quartette formed a most pleasing and attractive group.

been improved. The orchard has been cleared and the trees pruned. Alfalfa fields at the hatchery grounds are being irrigated and everything put into ship-shape for the summer. A garden has been put in and this mountain resort bids fair to be a popular retreat for the colonists.

The poultry department is proving a greater success

Fattening Pens at the Colony Rabbitry Where Hundreds of Hares Are Fed.

than had been anticipated. With the addition of 1500 chicks this division has nearly 2500 fowls. These are selected for egg-making purposes, and they are producing in a manner that is highly satisfactory to all.

One of the most delightful evening's entertainments since the colony was founded, was the occasion of the first masquerade and dance given at the Llano club house in April. The affair was planned by the amusement committee, composed of Mrs. Rose Cederstrom, Miss Gladys Cassidy and Ray Keough. S. S. Stewart acted as master of ceremonies and the music was supplied by the colony orchestra, headed by D. C. Copley. He was assisted by Messrs. Brainerd, Engle, Schnitzer, Mrs. Cederstrom and others. Prizes were given for the best costumes and best sustained characters. All of the costumes for the evening's celebration were made in the colony and many of them were beautiful and all were a tribute to the versatility and ability of the colony women.

The winner of the first prize for the best costume and sustained character went to Miss Florence Cederstrom as "Queen of the Harem" and her honors were divided with Miss Dona Spencer as a gypsy maiden.

The prize for the best sustained character and costumed couple went to Ray Keough and Mrs. Frank Harper, who were garbed as "Llano Yaquis." Keough acted his part, as did his companion, in excellent and convincing style. Their costumes were well designed and Mrs. Harper made an ideal Indian maiden—lithe, tall and graceful.

Harry Thomas and William Schnitzer, both of whom were unmasked, kept every one guessing throughout the evening as to their identity. They won the prizes for the singles and added greatly to the merriment of the occasion. Both appeared as Ethiopians and as Scipio Africanus and the Congo Coon convulsed all hearers from time to time with their wit.

Among other costumes which were notable was that of Miss Kate Heffner, who was given honorable mention and who appeared as the soldier lassie.

Bert Engle, as a red button Chinese mandarin, had everyone guessing.

Charles McKay, as a Gibson girl, probably caused more laughter than anyone during the evening. Horace Farmer as a "middy girl," mystified even his closest associates.

Miss Eleanor Richards as Mary Jane was most charming, but she hardly deceived her friends.

Frank P. McMahon appeared as the Sultan of Turkey and Mrs. McMahon received many compliments and congratulations on her skill in wardrobe work, for she executed a beautiful piece of costuming with bright silks and satins.

Little Irene Harper and Evelyn Keough were favorites with all in their beautiful bright costumes as golden butterflies.

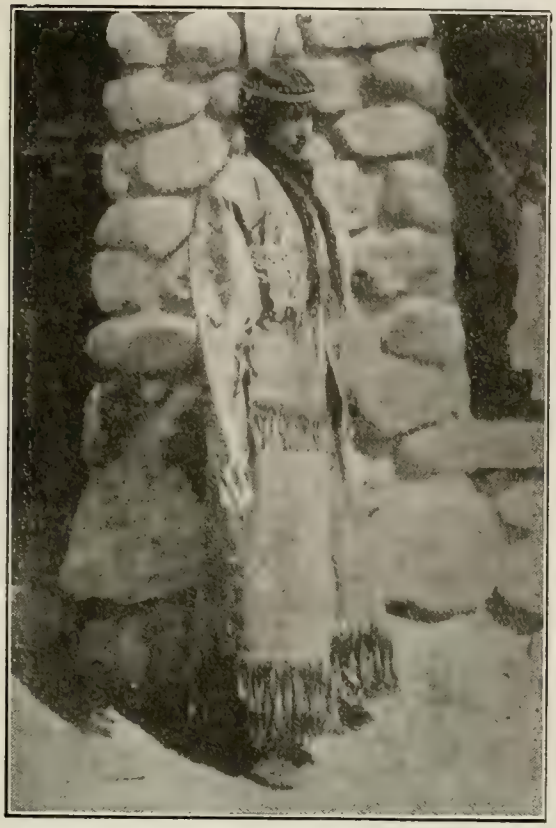
Miss Gladys Cassidy was a charming Pierette and as she danced with Edwin Thomas as Pierrot, the couple attracted much attention for gracefulness of manner.

The Misses Richardson, also in clown costume, were

A Humpty Dumpty Luncheon Party at Llano del Rio Colony

bewitching in their beauty and grace, and dancing together resembled spotted fawns more than the usual clumsy clown that wears this costume.

Among other costumes of the evening was that of Charlotte Earle, as a "baby"; Mrs. McMahon, as a "milkmaid"; George Mehr, a "Chinese"; Frank Har-



Mrs. Frank Harper as Indian Maiden. She, with Ray Keough, won first prize for best sustained characters of the evening.

per, a "cowboy"; Mrs. Ray Keough, a "cowgirl"; Miss Corrinne Leslie, a "Spanish dancer"; Leonard A. Cooke, as a "Johnny from Broadway"; George Milligan as "a bathing girl"; Bert Roland, a "blanket stiff"; Dan Leslie, a "soubrette"; Jenny Leslie, a "rag doll"; Miss Rose Powers, "Red Riding Hood"; John Leslie, an "Italian prince"; Miss Ethelwyn Stevens, a "Giesha girl"; Mrs. James White, "Chinese princess"; Miss Frances Heffner, "Irish peasant girl"; Mrs. Charles Earl, "German peasant"; Meyer Elkins, a "Servian prince." Mrs. Rose Cedarstrom, as a squaw, had the most puzzling costume of the evening and was not recognized even by the members of her family, until the hour came for unmasking.

The revelry lasted far into the night, and marked the best night's amusement since the colony began. Sunday morning, when the revelers appeared in the bright sunlight for the benefit of the photographer, an intensely amusing incident occurred. A man who has long known the Antelope Valley, but had not heard of the colony, drove his auto with his family down through the new town of Llano. His amazement was great at the sight of the bungalows and tents, but his astonishment and that of the others was boundless when he reached the spot just in front of the club house.

The masquers had just started an impromptu dance and the bright colors of their costumes and glint of the tinsel caught the rays of the morning sun. The traveler stopped his machine and all gazed in wonderment until the man caught sight of an acquaintance, and he shouted:

"Hey! Stanley! Where in —— am I? I thought I was on the road to Victorville."

The answer was: "You are on the road to Victorville, but you're going to stop here and learn something." And within a few minutes the traveler's children were mingling with the colony kids and having the time of their young life.

There will be a bond election within a few days for the purpose of voting for bonds for a new school house in the Llano district. Trustee Leslie has had the affair in charge. Five thousand dollars will be voted for the purpose of building the first school. There are now seventy pupils, and they are arriving at the rate of about eight per week. The trustees have decided to move the schoolrooms into three large tents for the summer. It is expcted the new school house will be ready for the fall term.

Thousands upon thousands of young trees in the colony nursery make a beautiful sight as they send up their tender foliage above the surface in long straight rows. This is a sight to gladden the eyes of all visitors. One can readily visualize the luscious fruits that some day will grow on those trees now so fresh and so tender.

The colony dairy cows showed a slight falling off in output during three weeks following the dehorning of the entire herd. They are coming back to their former good condition and the manager of that division reports a steady increase in the output.

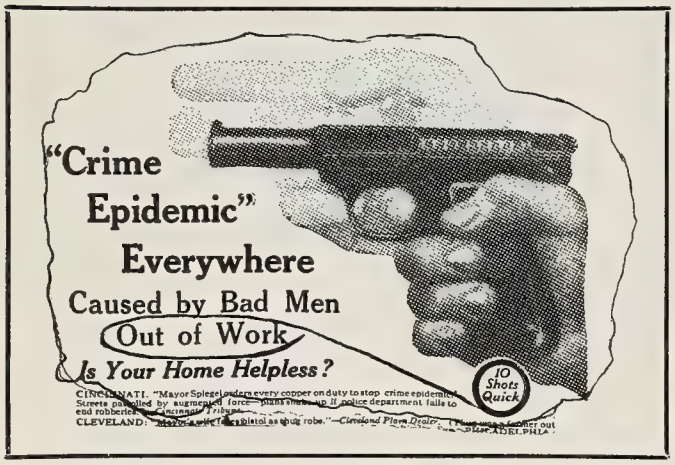
Hundreds of acres of grain have been planted during the past few weeks, and more is to follow. Next year large acreage of the wild lands now being planted in grain will be put in alfalfa.

W. A. Engle and S. S. Stewart are in charge of the water department of the colony. Engle as secretary of the Big Rock Creek Irrigation District is actively engaged in looking after the affairs of that important organization. He brings the water to the land and it is up to Stewart to distribute it.

Chief Engineer Earle E. Glass has been busily engaged in surveying and platting the second division of the City of Llano. He is in need of an assistant and the first engineer who joins the colony has a place awaiting him both at the draughting desk and in the field. It is likely one of the several applicants for this place will be accepted.

Disemployment, Crime, Slaughter!

TELLING the truth hurts business. This is especially true if your business is publishing a magazine or newspaper. When the present management took possession of this magazine, two full page bank ads added to the appearance and exchequer. Two editorials drove them from our midst. The truth about the banking system was distasteful to our customers. We have not ads for firearms. If we had we would



print this picture just the same. The picture and the editorial following are here reproduced by courtesy of the New York Call.

"The picture printed here is a portion of a revolver advertisement.

"It is an advertisement of the Savage automatic. We give the name of the gun because we want the people to know who it is that can be so vicious.

"This advertisement typifies capitalism. It epitomizes the philosophy of capitalism. It is just as brutal as capitalism, AND IT EXPOUNDS THE REMEDY OF CAPITALISM!

"Unemployment; crime epidemic; TEN SHOTS QUICK!

"Savage is the name of the gun. Savage the advertising that exploits it. Savage is the system that gives it its opportunity.

"But the advertisement does more than expound a brutal philosophy. It tells the deadly truth. Unemployment does make crime. Unemployment drives people to desperation. It makes them hungry and cold and they take desperate measures to get food and warmth.

"Then comes the Savage. Give them ten shots quick. Kill the hungry men. Shoot the freezing wretch. What do you think of that kind of talk?

"And now just a word about magazines that print such advertisements. Write to the advertising manager of the magazines and tell them that you do not like that kind of advertising. Tell him what your opinion of it is. Tell him that the hideous savagery and brutality is too ugly and too murderous to find a place in your home."

Truth About Mexico

AT LAST some light is being shed on the Mexican situation. John Kenneth Turner is writing a powerful series of articles for the Appeal to Reason in which he is giving the inside history of the struggle during the past four years. Turner has ruthlessly stripped the mask from Villa and shown him in his true light as an unscrupulous faker and a fraud. Many radical Americans have had faith in Villa because of the printed reports of the determination to free the land and stop the exploitation of the agarian workers. Turner has gathered a vast amount of facts about Mexico and believes there is imminent danger that the United States may soon be plunged into war with the southern country—that we shall attack Mexico "in self defense" in much the same manner as Germany attacked France and Belgium in self defense last summer. The writer challenges the sincerity of Woodrow Wilson and declares there are unmistakable signs that there are preparations for war with Mexico. President Wilson is charged with aiding Villa and spurning Carranza. Turner points out that the Constitutional party holds the men who are really men of importance in the revolutionary movement. Such men as Antonio Villareal, Obregon and L. Guiterrez de Lara are standing firm with Carranza and if Wall Street's pleas for aid to Villa should go unheeded there would soon be an end to the reign of terror in northern Mexico. Turner attributes most of the danger to the American people in regard to the Mexican situation to a venal press and the secret diplomacy of the Wilson administration. Socialists need not be told of the venality of the American press. That is an old story to them. That an invasion of Mexico would be disastrous alike to democratic movement in both countries no one can doubt. The Turner articles should be read with care by all Socialists and all should be prepared to act. Agitation and publicity on the part of the Socialists and the radical press undoubtedly has prevented intervention in the past. Prompt action may again save us.—F. E. W.

Booze and Revolution

By KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

PROHIBITION has not reduced the sale of liquor, but if the ruling class can succeed in cutting down drinking by liquor legislation, will it speed the coming revolution?

Most assuredly!

Sobriety means efficiency, and "efficiency" movements have in all ages been the incubators in which revolutions were hatched.

The ruling class has always desired more efficient slaves. They bred them up to be more efficient, and then found that efficiency in producing wealth also produced a desire on the part of the slave to enjoy more. In order to secure more, the slaves revolted.

The onward march of efficiency has produced a race of workers that seems to approach Nietzsche's "superman." Men who conquer earth and air and sea, who subdue time and space and natural forces, will hardly be satisfied by a slave's hut, a serf's cot, or a modern city slum. When that efficient worker has built a world of beauty, comfort and luxury, he will not stop at the puny gates of private property with which the ruling class would shut him out of the Paradise he has created, but he will use the same efficiency with which he built the gates to hammer them down again.

The ruling class wishes sober workers to create more wealth for them, revolutionists need sober men to organize the workers to demand and secure the wealth they have created. A man whose brain is pickled in whisky is of little value to the ruling class, and he is of inestimably less value to the working class. Efficiency oils the wheels of revolution.

Of course John D. Rockefeller does not realize the fact, but it is true nevertheless that the Hookworm Commission he is supporting in the South is doing more for the revolutionary awakening in Dixie than anything

God bless you, John! We are with you. You know, John, that you and the hookworms can't both feed on the same "cracker" at the same time, and we Socialists know that hookworms in the tummy and revolutionary thoughts in the brain cannot exist in the same man at the same time. You eliminate the hookworms, Johnny, and we will put the revolutionary thoughts where they will produce results. An efficient man is a rebellious man. And anything that raises the efficiency of the working class will speed the Revolution.

Get busy, you middle-class foes of booze! We guarantee that if you can keep men sober, we will organize them for revolution.

The Slaves

By MARGUERITE HEAD

A vast, pervading multitude, they walk
  Throughout the earth with weary, solemn tread;
They live—but lo! before my ken there flock
  The greater legions of the ages' dead,
Who passing by in vision, seem to mock
  Our lines of battle and our lines of bread.

The slaves of centuries, despised, reviled—
  These spectre millions make their anguished moan
In pleading accents: "We were once beguiled
  Like you who live; alas! had we but known
Our latent power, we had lived and smiled
  Through virile years to reap where we had sown.

"Because of ignorance we were oppressed;
  We did not reck the heart-destroying price
Our babes must pay for our accursed bequest
  Of bondage, poverty, disease and vice,
Or we had risen with a conquering zest
  To build for them, instead, a paradise.

"Shall ye, too, leave a heritage of blight
  To curse your sons and daughters with your woe?
Nay, seek to learn that ye may give them light
  To set their souls with love and truth aglow,
And dissipate this dark night
  That they its horrors nevermore may know."

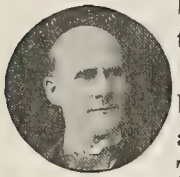
The dream is sped; the great remorseful throng
  Have ceased lamenting, and the voice is still.
The nameless host who drudged through eons long—
  Their unmarked graves the dust of every hill—
Exploited, driven low by want and wrong,
  Have all succumbed to one swift Reaper's will.

The serfs of ages!—working, fighting, dead!
  The earth is tarnished with the scarlet stain
Of martyred toilers—Oh, the stain is red!
  Hark! ye who bound men down for sordid gain
And know that while your victims toiled and bled,
  Your souls were branded with the guilt of Cain!

The Silent Souls in the Ranks

By EUGENE V. DEBS

THERE are many great hearts, splendid spirits, heroic souls in the Socialist Movement. One has but to think of these to find solace in the sorest trial.



The names of most of these are barely known. They suffer in silence and almost with joy for the cause. Their names are never in print. They do not seek office; they give, but do not receive applause.

They give but little and yet they give much, for they give their all. They know only how to give and do for the cause. They think of nothing else and least of all of themselves.

These are Socialists and of these is the Socialist Movement.

These silent comrades never dispute about anything, but their hand can be seen in everything. They make no noise, although they are constantly at work doing the things that others argue about and split hairs over. It is because of this nameless and fameless host that the Socialist Movement is fire-proof, bullet-proof and lightning-proof. Nothing can greatly injure it, or more than momentarily halt its march to victory.

My hat is off to these comrades of the rank and file who seek nothing of the Movement but the chance to serve it with all their hearts. When I think of them my heart leaps; hope is renewed, confidence strengthened and doubt vanishes.

The other day two of the comrades, brothers, crossed a mountain in snowshoes, a distance of twenty-five miles, to attend a meeting in Idaho. Still another comrade walked forty miles across a higher range to attend the same meeting.

Think of that!

Those who usually talk about making sacrifices for the cause know not the meaning of sacrifice.

They who really make sacrifices never talk about them.

Leaders may and often do disrupt a movement, but never make one. The rank and file create always, but never destroy.

The men and women, the boys and girls who are building up the Socialist Movement and putting their hearts and souls into it, are the greatest people in the world. They are making it possible for future generations "to rise on their dead selves as stepping stones" to the kingdom of light and love.

Inocuous First-Aid Bullets

By ARTHUR E. MACDONALD

A NEW bullet has been invented. A bullet which, it is claimed, will save thousands of lives and mitigate the suffering on the battlefields of future wars. Already there has been much agitation for its adoption.

You get it? We must have wars. Capitalism and God have decreed it. "Men shall cry, 'Peace, peace!' and there shall be no peace." We must go on shooting our fellows. But let us do it without making them suffer; without killing them.

This bullet has two annular grooves, the first of which is filled with a narcotic to deaden the pain, and the second with an antiseptic to cleanse the hole, check the flow of blood and speed the healing.

Then the wounded men can return to the firing line to be shot again and may possibly acquire a liking for the painless, harmless operation. It would be a simple matter to add a drug of the "habit-forming" variety to induce men to be more eager for a second "shot" of it.

It is a foregone conclusion that this bullet which is so efficient" and capitalistically "economic," which so "conserves" the supply of bullet stoppers for future use, will find much favor with those interested in increasing the output of the munitions of war.

To quote: "There is enough anesthetic in the bullet so that a wound even in a vital part will cause little shock to the nervous system." So writes one enthusiast in describing this latest addition to civilized warfare. "Nervous system" is appropriate, surely! Yet it is doubtful if the writer really meant that "the recipients of the humane missiles" must of necessity be ones without brains. But (whisper it) isn't that the natural conclusion to which one would come when thinking of them and this new "twilight sleep" bullet?—always excepting those who have ulterior reasons for inaugurating its use. Nervous systems! Haw!

The new invention has been offered to all nations now at war and to the United States Government. We sincerely hope the latter government, if it does elect to adopt this life-saving bullet, will not put in a joker to the effect that the old-fashioned, permanent-sleep kind are to be continued for use in quelling strikes and—oh, we beg your pardon. But, really, you know, altruistic bullets are almost too too-much.

An Appeal For Peace

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

SOME day the world must listen to the first cries for peace and know them to be genuine. Else here can come no peace.

War cannot always continue. There must be an end. And that may be a trite thing to say, but conversation is made up largely of a repetition of trite things.

I know the strong arguments that will be made by those who think it useless to discuss peace now. And I am convinced that there is in those arguments nothing that should be permitted to stop what agitation toward peace we have been able to bring into play.

First let us see what is to be said in discouragement of those who are agitating for peace.

They have no power to compel respect for their agitation. They can talk, but they cannot compel.

The issue over which the war is being fought is not settled.

If the war were to stop today, it would have to be fought out at some future date.

The majority of the physical force of the world is at war, and it cannot be stopped until one side or the other has been fought to the point of exhaustion.

There are not in the belligerent nations enough persons who actually want war stopped to have any effect on the powers that made the war and are continuing it.

The Socialists of America would, if confronted today by a war crisis, be themselves incapable of presenting a united front against war, but would be swept under the war tide.

And that is a formidable list of statements against which to battle for peace. But it is no more formidable than the actual condition that exists where war is.

And I think that, in spite of those arguments and whatever others may be brought forward, the agitation for peace will continue in America and in the countries at war until the war stops—or is stopped.

It has been pointed out that as time goes on and the warring powers become worn by exhaustion, the demand for peace will go up from those who rule, and that then peace will come, with the Socialists playing no role of importance whatever. But even if that is so, it must not deter us now. Nothing must deter us.

I am inclined to think that at least some of the objections brought forward as reasons for not acting are in reality means as excuses for not acting. Some find it easier to be negative than positive.

They say the war cannot be stopped until one side is exhausted. They merely say that; they do not prove it. A sufficient reaction against war in the belligerent countries will stop the war. That can be proved.

So go the objections to seeking peace. Let them go—and let them come. Any European government now at war can furnish a hundred reasons a minute for keeping the war going—at the expense of Labor. Their reasons don't interest me—and neither do the reasons given by any one else. Labor loses by war—the profiters win. Labor has had enough of war.

With Congressman London I believe our first and immediate step should be the sending of an able delegation to Europe for the purpose of gathering accurate information on the state of affairs as they concern the workers and their international relations.

For, going hand in hand with the task of agitating for the stopping of the war goes the task of rehabilitating the International. And the only way to rehabilitate the International is to rehabilitate it. That means that somebody must set about it.

This ambassadorial delegation ought to set about the work of bringing together the organized men and women of the nations at war. There are thousands of workers in England, in Austria, in France, in Germany, who want war stopped. They are working without international relations, and it appears that the only way in which they can be brought into relation with one another is by the good offices of workers from neutral nations. This not because of their lack of desire, but because of their lack of opportunity.

It should be the work of this delegation to see personally as many of the representatives of the workers in the various nations as possible and to keep the American workers fully informed as to the progress of their work.

The work of this delegation would at once furnish the American movement with a guide to its further activities. There would be given a basis for actual, practical operations.

The workers of America have held their peace well in the face of the European conflagration. They have been "neutral" so well that they are bound to command the respect of the workers of Europe.

But this is not all that we can do. We can, by a ceaseless agitation, encourage the workers of Europe to increase their own efforts to re-establish peace. And that is one of the biggest things that we can do. A great popular resentment against the war—a great swelling tide for peace rolling over the American continent would be an inspiration to the embattled work-

ers of Europe—and a good thing likewise for the workers of America.

That is true for the very good reason that every bit of sentiment against war in Europe increases the hatred of all wars—and the powers of capitalism evidently do not intend to overlook America.

I believe that a program along the line of what I have suggested will lead naturally to another and greater step—the calling of an international congress of workers—and that would be a great event!

There is enough to be done. And if there is energy it will find outlet. Let us rise and go forth in the fight for peace. When the workers of the nations at war are struggling against mighty odds for their principles is it not poor courage indeed that leads the workers of America to remain passive, "watchfully waiting"

We must throw our energy into a great crusade for peace. We must demand the end of war. We can do no less than the workers of Europe are doing. We ought to do much more.

Overloads of Charity

By IRVIN RAY

NEWSPAPERS throughout the land are commenting on the fact that the Charity Organization Society of New York City spends, as stated in its annual report, the sum of $1.50 in organization expenses for every $1 it places where it will do the most good among the poor.

Some of the papers roast the Charity Organization Society for absorbing so much in expenses. Others explain that if we are going to have organized charity at all the overhead expense is necessary, and must not be complained against.

I want to write about this overhead expense here, but I do not want to complain about it. Not at least on its own account.

The overhead expense is only an incident in the coming of professionalism into philanthropy.

And professionalism has come. We have Dr. Edward T. Devine, in a circular advertising the School of Philanthropy comparing careers in professional philanthropy with careers in the law, in medicine, in letters. We have both Dr. Edward T. Devine and W. Frank Persons, secretary of the Charity Organization Society of New York City, telling us it is none of the public's business what they personally get out of their professional services, because the money comes from private sources.

But does it come from private sources? We hear in the land also the ribald fling at the learned doctors of philanthropy, "What do you mean 'private sources' when you flaunt the poverty of the poor in the faces of the rich for a living?" Isn't the public entitled to an accounting on that?

If the heads of the powerful charity organizations merely engaged in giving relief with money showered down upon them, without their having to lobby for it, to coax it, to study the rich and how to coax it out of them, then I for one could largely forgive them all and let them go their way.

But in these days even a blind man knows that there are many things the rich want, in regard to the poor, besides the want to give them a little charity. They want, for one thing, to save their own claws from being clipped.

Charity folks must never follow their own inclinations if these inclinations lead them to the conclusion that changes in the laws of property are the things most to be desired. I have seen charity folks follow their inclinations to this point. I have seen what happened to them within their organization. They were cast out of countenance, out of favor, were refused promotion. I might fill whole pages with the stories those who were in and revolted against the charities Hierarchy and now are out.

And those who stay in—

We have seen how the movement for pensions for widowed mothers fell afoul of the private charity organizations and how they maintained a lobby at Albany to kill the bill.

And why a lobby? For the good of the poor, which are supposed to be the concern of the private charity workers? Of course not. For the good of the rich, who after having had this bill served up to them dead upon a platter, would feel just in the spirit to "contribute."

"We have felt in New York," said Mrs. John M. Glenn, a leading power in the Russell Sage Foundation, when she was asked to speak on pensions for widows at the Conference of Charities and Correction at Memphis last year, "that we do not wish to have a new form of care introduced in New York City. To demand of the state that it shall give relief to the widow and her children tends to lessen the family's sense of responsibility for its own."

It was all very beautiful of Mrs. Glenn to speak up that way. BUT ALSO, relief for widows by the state calls for taxes—taxes on the rich. A lobby maintained by Organized Charity to kill the bill means the saving of the rich from taxes.

Is it any wonder there is a nation-wide cynicism about Charity?—The Masses.

A Short Way to Llano

(Tune: "Tipperary.")

By Dan Rooke

Right up to Angel City,
Came a colonist one day,
As the bread line was a forming,
So every one was gay.
Telling tales of labor trouble,
And dispensing of hot air,
Till the colonist got excited,
And he hollered to them there.

Chorus:
It's a short way to the Llano,
It's a short way to go,
It's a short way to the Llano,
The greatest place I know.
Good-bye labor trouble,
Farewell all hot air,
It's a short, short way to the Llano
And my heart's right there.

The colonist sent a wireless,
To Llano very soon,
Saying should you need me there,
Send wireless at noon.
Things are all in a turmoil,
Dodging cars, and jitneys, too,
So if you think I'm needed,
I surely will get through.
Chorus.
Llano sent a wireless,
To the colonist at large,
Saying you had better come
Or you will miss your charge.
By train loads they are coming,
And auto buses, too,
And they all stop at Llano,
And never one gets through.
Chorus.
Llano, Cal., April, 1915.

My Politics

Being a Study in Capitalization and the Correct Use of Words, as Well as a Confession of Faith.

I AM not a Democrat because the Democratic party is not democratic.

I am not a Republican because the Republican party is not republican.

I am not a Progressive because the Progressive party is not progressive.

I am a Socialist because the Socialist party is democratic, is republican, is progressive and is Socialistic; and I am a democrat, a republican, a progressive and a Socialist.

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Send stamp for complete information.

W. SCOTT LEWIS

3493 Eagle Street. **Los Angeles, California**

Gen. Otis says editorially in The Times, of

EVERYMAN

(By Luke North)

"If law and order, respect for conventions and property rights are to be maintained in this land and its civilization continued, publications like Everyman must be suppressed . . ."

And again Gen. Otis says:

"Its lamentably brilliant pages pervert art to the cunning uses of social disturbers . . ."—and also, says the General, still speaking of Everyman:

"It is disturbing to mental stability."

Thank you kindly, General. I could ask no greater boon from the Los Angeles Times.—Luke.

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In Clubs of Four Fifty Cents

Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. II April, 1915 No. 12

Colonists and Rabbits

SINCE the Socialists invaded the Antelope Valley there has been a decided decrease in rabbits in that section immediately surrounding the Llano del Rio Colony. The valley has been, in years past, the scene of immense rabbit drives. The ranchers gathered in for miles and drove the long-eared jacks and the wild cottontails into pens and slaughtered them by the thousands. The colonists have not participated in any drives, but the hunters have kept meat in many a pot.

Now comes the news that Australia last year realized $3,000,000 from its rabbit crop. The animals formerly were a terrible pest there, but now they have been turned into profit making. According to a newspaper report one buyer alone, it seems, sent away over a ton of skins each week all through last season. It has been decided to start freezing-works at the place—that means carrying the surplus rabbit-crop over in cold storage. The exportation of rabbit-skins from Australia now exceeds in value over $3,000,000 annually, according to the Sydney report.

Now this is astonishing information. The antipodes are to be congratulated. For years we have been hearing about their pest of rabbits. Australians have long viewed with gloom the overrunning of their continent. What mosquitoes are to New Jersey or prairie-dogs to Kansas, or the gypsy-moth to New England, rabbits are to Australia—that has been the impression.

It was sixty years ago, or so, that an incautious gentleman of New South Wales obtained from Europe, and turned loose in the colony, three pairs of rabbits. As the population and wealth of Australia increased, the rabbits increased; and more than correspondingly. Until recently, it has been a tremendous problem how to check them—to say nothing of extermination. They drove farmers from their lands, and have threatened such devastation as has not been known since the succession of plagues paralyzed Egypt. Travelers report that rabbit-proof fences are characteristic of the Australian landscape.

The Australians have found a way, at last. They have solved the exasperating riddle by turning the rabbits to profit. A demand for rabbit has been created in the world's marts, it appears, especially for the skins. What was a nuisance, and a destructive one, is found to be marketable.

This is merely another illustration, of course, of an industrial miracle with which we are familiar —the ultilization of what has been thought useless, the working up of a by-product of commercial value.

The rabbit resources of Australi are probably inexhaustible. It wil be some time, at any rate, befor the country will need to take meas ures to conserve the supply, eve with the liveliest demand. Mean while, the happy situation is tha the Australians are able to sell wha they have plenty of, and do no want to keep—what, indeed, the would hitherto have been glad t pay to get rid of. Such luck i enough to make that celebrate Australian bird, the laughin jackass, split its sides with laugh ter, and the kangaroo leap for joy Llano del Rio colonists are rais ing hares by the hundreds and the can increase the product by th thousands.

The rabbitry may prove one o the most valuable departments i the California colony.

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NEW REVIEW
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The Stalker

(Continued From Page 14)

station and in the guise of a prospector reach some little railroad town!

The thought brought him to his feet with hope renewed. He wondered how Louise took the death of Higginbottom and if he would ever see her again. As he mused about the girl and their first meeting in a Fresno beer hall in the days before the "long hairs" put a quietus to the operations of his ilk, Jacques Lorillard entered his mind and accelerated his lagging steps.

A certain story concerning The Stalker, at the grim humor of which he had often laughed, did not now sit well on his stomach.

SOME years before Bonchar's advent in the hills a Fresno upstage carrying the money to pay off the flume company's employes was robbed and the lone driver killed. A Portuguese sheepherder was suspected. Jacques took the trail. After three days he returned—with an earringed ear and the heavy leather pouch containing all the money intact. The laugh-raising finale of the tale ran that the half-breed minion of the law staggered weakly into Strongarm's and nonchalantly throwing the grisly souvenirs of the chase on the bar, said:

"Geeve me wan dreenk wheeskee!"

UNTIL nightfall Bonchar plodded doggedly onward through the virgin forest toward the northeast. Dejected and footsore he sat down by a brook and removed his high-laced boots. After bathing his blistered feet he lay back upon a springy carpet of pine needles and was soon fast asleep. When he awoke the moon was high and flooding his drawn face with a light that seemed as day. Chilled to the bone, he picked up his footgear and moved back into the heavy shadows before replacing them.

The undulating howl of a band of fleeting coyotes died slowly out in the distance.

Of a sudden, is seemed to his taut nerves, the companionable night noises of the lesser life in his vicinity ceased. The quick ominous quiet denoted to his practised senses the presence of some predatory beast.

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He slowly raised his rifle and gazed intently along its barrel down the watercourse where intuition urged.

After a short wait there came the quick cracking of brush at a point twenty yards below him, near the creek. This was followed by a piercing shriek and the unmistakable sounds of a struggle. With upraised rifle Bonchar moved cautiously along in the shadow toward the spot whence came the uproar. Interest in the deadly conflict raging between these prowlers of the night led him to a position of vantage behind a large boulder, from which he could view the battle in the event that their belligerency brought them into the open and the light.

Hardly had he become settled when both combatants rolled, a snarling mass, out of the darkness. His impulse was to shoot, but some stronger instinct held his finger inert on the trigger. An instant later he was horrified to see a human arm extricate itself from the tangle and drive home a shining blade into the writhing, tawny body of a mountain lion. At once Bonchar let go at the feline, now trying to drag itself off into the brush.

The man sprawled convulsively about, face down, for a few moments and then lay still.

The gambler turned the body over on its back and gazed closely at the bloody, lacerated face and torn throat of the dead man.

"My God!" he remarked. "You were some stalker, Jacques, old boy, but, as the saying goes, 'There are OTHERS.'"

War and Potato Bread

The news comes from Germany that the Kaiser and his family are living on potato bread, the same as the common people and the soldiers, which reminds one of the old limerick:

"There was a young lady named Maude,
Who was suspected of being a fraud.
She never was able
To eat at the table,
But out in the pantry—Good Lawd."

Not the Llano Liz

"I understand that you have a new motor-car."

"Yes."

"Do you drive it yourself?"

"Nobody drives it. We coax it."

Young Colonists Wed

THERE was a flutter of excitement at the Los Angeles office of the llano del Rio Colony when Miss Mel-e Miller and Herbert Stanley Cal-ert quietly invited the office force to ccompany them to the courthouse nd witness their marriage. With a ozen comrades the young people alked to the Hall of Records, where less than thirty minutes they ere married. Judge Grant Jack-on performed the ceremony and nposed a fine of $2 on Calvert and romptly remitted it to the bride. Irs. Frank E. Wolfe and Hyman evin provided the material and gal advice for the occasion. Miss ucille Watson, a close friend of the ride, stood beside her during the eremony. The marriage is the re-ult of an attachment formed by the oung couple two years ago when hey became acquainted through heir membership of the Young Peo-le's Socialist League.

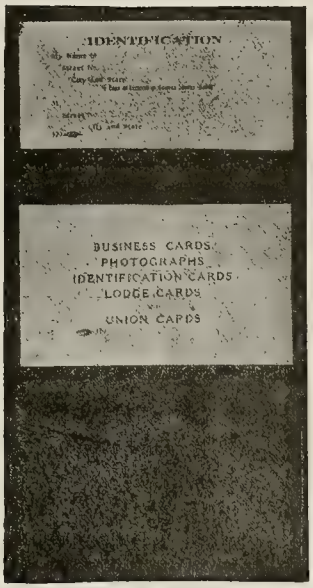
When the Llano del Rio Colony vas founded, Comrade Calvert was ne of the early rustlers for recruits nd it was through his efforts Miss Iiller entered the offices of the col-ny, where she soon got such a thor-ugh grasp of the business affairs f the enterprise that she has been valuable adjunct to the office. Both f the young people hold member-hips in the colony, but are not plan-ing to enter their permanent resi-lence there. Mrs. Calvert will re-nain in the colony office and her hus-and will continue his business in Los Angeles until the fall, when they plan o both attend the University of Cali-ornia.

Comrade Frank Miller, father of Mrs. Calvert, is a well known Social-st of Los Angeles, who has recently joined the colony and will soon take his family to Llano.

Both the young people have hun-lreds of friends among the radicals of California, and both have achieved some fame as propagandists in writ-ing and in public speaking. They will meet their friends of the younger colony set when they attend the May Day festivities at Llano.

The Y. P. S. L. comrades of Mr. and Mrs. Calvert are having consid-erable fun at their expense because of their concessions to convention-ality by being married by a bour-geoise judge in a capitalist court room. They take the chaffing quietly.

Socialists Attention!



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After the Masquerade

"Did you enjoy the dance?" asked Kate.

"Oh, fairly," answered George.

"Some of the girls told me they didn't enjoy the dance one bit."

"Well," said George, "I couldn't dance with them all."

A Bad Spell

Teacher: "What does P-r-z-e-m-y-s-l spell."

"Hay fever, Tommy."

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Start a saloon in your own house. Be the only customer. You will have no license to pay. Go to your wife and give her $2 to buy a gallon of whisky, and remember there are sixty-nine drinks in one gallon.

Buy your drinks from no one but your wife, and by the time the first gallon is gone she will have $8 to put into the bank and $2 to start business again.

Should you live ten years and continue to buy booze from her, and then die with snakes in your boots, she will have money enough to bury you decently, educate your children, buy a house and lot, marry a decent man and quit thinking about you.

Make It Constantograd?

THE "Congress of the Nobility" of Russia in solemn conclave at Petrograd adopted the following resolution:

> The vital interests of Russia require full possession of Constantinople, both shores of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles and the adjacent islands.

All right, messieurs of the nobility. Soyez vous tranquille. Remain safely at home. Henrivitch Dubbowski is on the firing line and after his conquest you can put him back to work while you take possession of the loot. Leave it to Henrivitch, he will do the fighting, starving and dying for you.

What's the Use?

The Lawyer—"You really want a divorce?"

The Wife—"Yes."

The Lawyer—"All right. What about the alimony?"

The Wife—"He can't pay any alimony."

The Lawyer—"Eh! What is this—a practical joke? Take my advice, madam, and go back home and wait until he gets something. Fifty dollars, please."

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Circumference of trunk at ground .....2 inches
Circumference of trunk at lower branches .....1½ inches

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RECEIVED SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT

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Circumference of trunk at lower branches .....3¼ inches

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